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Sunset on the Solway Sands—Storm rising—Horsemen hunting salmon.

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REDGAUNTLET

A TALE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

Master, go on and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.

As You Like It.

The Waverley novels. Library edition. v. 11.



NEW YORK
THE WAVERLEY BOOK COMPANY.

1898.



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INTRODUCTION TO REDGAUNTLET

THE Jacobite enthusiasm of the 18th century, particularly during the rebellion of 1745, afforded a theme, perhaps the finest that could be selected for fictitious composition, founded upon real or probable incident. This civil war, and its remarkable events, were remembered by the existing generation without any degree of the bitterness of spirit which seldom fails to attend internal dissension. The Highlanders, who formed the principal strength of Charles Edward's army, were an ancient and high-spirited race, peculiar in their habits of war and of peace, brave to romance, and exhibiting a character turning upon points more adapted to poetry than to the prose of real life. Their prince, young, valiant, patient of fatigue, and despising danger, heading his army on foot in the most toilsome marches, and defeating a regular force in three battles—all these were circumstances fascinating to the imagination, and might well be supposed to seduce young and enthusiastic minds to the cause in which they were found united, although wisdom and reason frowned upon the enterprise.

The adventurous Prince, as is well known, proved to be one of those personages who distinguish themselves during some single and extraordinarily brilliant period of their lives, like the course of a shooting star, at which men wonder, as well on account of the briefness as the brilliancy of its splendor. A long trace of darkness overshadowed the subsequent life of a man who, in his youth, showed himself so capable of great undertakings; and, without the painful task of tracing his course further, we may say the latter pursuits and habits of this unhappy prince are those painfully evincing a broken heart, which seeks refuge from its own thoughts in sordid enjoyments.

Still, however, it was long ere Charles Edward appeared to be—perhaps it was long ere he altogether became—so much degraded from his original self, as he enjoyed for a time the luster attending the progress and termination of his enterprise. Those who thought they discerned in his

subsequent conduct an insensibility to the distresses of his followers, coupled with that egotistical attention to his own interests which has been often attributed to the Stuart family, and which is the natural effect of the principles of divine right in which they were brought up, were now generally considered as dissatisfied and splenetic persons, who, displeased with the issue of their adventure, and finding themselves involved in the ruins of a falling cause, indulged themselves in undeserved reproaches against their leader. Indeed, such censures were by no means frequent among those of his followers who, if what was alleged had been just, had the best right to complain. Far the greater number of those unfortunate gentlemen suffered with the most dignified patience, and were either too proud to take notice of ill treatment on the part of their prince, or so prudent as to be aware their complaints would meet with little sympathy from the world. It may be added, that the greater part of the banished Jacobites, and those of high rank and consequence, were not much within reach of the influence of the Prince's character and conduct, whether well regulated or otherwise.

In the meantime, that great Jacobite conspiracy, of which the insurrection of 1745-46 was but a small part, precipitated into action on the failure of a far more general scheme, was resumed and again put into motion by the Jacobites of England, whose force had never been broken, as they had prudently avoided bringing it into the field. The surprising effect which had been produced by small means in 1745-46 animated their hopes for more important successes, when the whole Nonjuring interest of Britain, identified as it then was with great part of the landed gentlemen, should come forward to finish what had been gallantly attempted by a few Highland chiefs.

It is probable, indeed, that the Jacobites of the day were incapable of considering that the very small scale on which the effort was made was in one great measure the cause of its unexpected success. The remarkable speed with which the insurgents marched, the singularly good discipline which they preserved, the union and unanimity which for some time animated their councils, were all in a considerable degree produced by the smallness of their numbers. Notwithstanding the discomfiture of Charles Edward, the Nonjurors of the period long continued to nurse unlawful schemes, and to drink treasonable toasts, until age stole upon them. Another generation arose, who did not share

the sentiments which they cherished; and at length the sparkles of disaffection, which had long smoldered, but had never been heated enough to burst into actual flame, became entirely extinguished. But in proportion as the political enthusiasm died gradually away among men of ordinary temperament, it influenced those of warm imaginations and weak understandings, and hence wild schemes were formed, as desperate as they were adventurous.

Thus a young Scotchman of rank is said to have stooped so low as to plot the surprisal of St. James's Palace, and the assassination of the royal family. While these ill-digested and desperate conspiracies were agitated among the few Jacobites who still adhered with more obstinacy to their purpose, there is no question but that other plots might have been brought to an open explosion, had it not suited the policy of Sir Robert Walpole rather to prevent or disable the conspirators in their projects than to promulgate the tale of danger, which might thus have been believed to be more widely diffused than was really the case.

In one instance alone this very prudential and humane line of conduct was departed from, and the event seemed to confirm the policy of the general course. Doctor Archibald Cameron, brother of the celebrated Donald Cameron of Lochiel, attainted for the rebellion of 1745, was found by a party of soldiers lurking with a comrade in the wilds of Loch Katrine, five or six years after the battle of Culloden, and was there seized. There were circumstances in his case, so far as was made known to the public, which attracted much compassion, and gave to the judicial proceedings against him an appearance of cold-blooded revenge on the part of government; and the following argument of a zealous Jacobite in his favor was received as conclusive by Dr. Johnson and other persons who might pretend to impartiality. Dr. Cameron had never borne arms, although engaged in the Rebellion, but used his medical skill for the service, indifferently, of the wounded of both parties. His return to Scotland was ascribed exclusively to family affairs. His behavior at the bar was decent, firm, and respectful. His wife threw herself, on three different occasions, before George II. and the members of his family, was rudely repulsed from their presence, and at length placed, it was said, in the same prison with her husband, and confined with unmanly severity.

Dr. Cameron was finally executed, with all the severities of the law of treason; and his death remains in popular es-

timation a dark blot upon the memory of George II., being almost publicly imputed to a mean and personal hatred of Donald Cameron of Lochiel, the sufferer's heroic brother.

Yet the fact was, that whether the execution of Archibald Cameron was political or otherwise, it might certainly have been justified, had the King's ministers so pleased, upon reasons of a public nature. The unfortunate sufferer had not come to the Highlands solely upon his private affairs, as was the general belief; but it was not judged prudent by the English ministry to let it be generally known that he came to inquire about a considerable sum of money which had been remitted from France to the friends of the exiled family. He had also a commission to hold intercourse with the well-known McPherson of Cluny, chief of the clan Vourich, whom the Chevalier had left behind at his departure from Scotland in 1746, and who remained during ten years of proscription and danger, skulking from place to place in the Highlands, and maintaining an uninterrupted correspondence between Charles and his friends. That Dr. Cameron should have held a commission to assist this chief in raking together the dispersed embers of disaffection is in itself sufficiently natural, and, considering his political principles, in no respect dishonorable to his memory. But neither ought it to be imputed to George II. that he suffered the laws to be enforced against a person taken in the act of breaking them. When he lost his hazardous game, Dr. Cameron only paid the forfeit which he must have calculated upon. The ministers, however, thought it proper to leave Dr. Cameron's new schemes in concealment, lest by divulging them they had indicated the channel of communication which, it is now well known, they possessed to all the plots of Charles Edward. But it was equally ill-advised and ungenerous to sacrifice the character of the King to the policy of the administration. Both points might have been gained by sparing the life of Dr. Cameron after conviction, and limiting his punishment to perpetual exile.

These repeated and successive Jacobite plots rose and burst like bubbles on a fountain; and one of them, at least, the Chevalier judged of importance enough to induce him to risk himself within the dangerous precincts of the British capital. This appears from Dr. King's *Anecdotes of his Own Times*:—

September 1750.—I received a note from my Lady Primrose, who desired to see me immediately. As soon as I waited on her, she led me into her dressing room, and presented me to —. [The Chev-

alier, doubtless.] If I was surprised to find him there, I was still more astonished when he acquainted me with the motives which had induced him to hazard a journey to England at this juncture. The impatience of his friends who were in exile had formed a scheme which was impracticable; but although it had been as feasible as they had represented it to him, yet no preparation had been made, nor was anything ready to carry it into execution. He was soon convinced that he had been deceived; and therefore, after a stay in London of five days only, he returned to the place from whence he came [pp. 196, 197].

Dr. King was in 1750 a keen Jacobite, as may be inferred from the visit made by him to the Prince under such circumstances, and from his being one of that unfortunate person's chosen correspondents. He, as well as other men of sense and observation, began to despair of making their fortune in the party which they had chosen. It was indeed sufficiently dangerous; for, during the short visits just described, one of Dr. King's servants remarked the stranger's likeness to Prince Charles, whom he recognized from the common busts.

The occasion taken for breaking up the Stuart interest we shall tell in Dr. King's own words:—

When he (Charles Edward) was in Scotland, he had a mistress whose name is Walkenshaw, and whose sister was at that time, and is still, housekeeper at Leicester House. Some years after he was released from his prison, and conducted out of France, he sent for this girl, who soon acquired such a dominion over him that she was acquainted with all his schemes, and trusted with his most secret correspondence. As soon as this was known in England, all those persons of distinction who were attached to him were greatly alarmed; they imagined that this wench had been placed in his family by the English ministers; and, considering her sister's situation, they seemed to have some ground for their suspicion; wherefore, they despatched a gentleman to Paris, where the Prince then was, who had instructions to insist that Mrs. Walkenshaw should be removed to a convent for a certain term; but her gallant absolutely refused to comply with this demand; and although Mr. M'Namara, the gentleman who was sent to him, who has a natural eloquence and an excellent understanding, urged the most cogent reasons, and used all the arts of persuasion, to induce him to part with his mistress, and even proceeded so far as to assure him, according to his instructions, that an immediate interruption of all correspondence with his most powerful friends in England, and, in short, that the ruin of his interest, which was now daily increasing, would be the infallible consequence of his refusal, yet he continued inflexible, and all M'Namara's entreaties and remonstrances were ineffectual. M'Namara staid in Paris some days beyond the time prescribed him, endeavoring to reason the Prince into better temper; but finding him obstinately persevere in his first answer, he took his leave with concern and indignation, saying, as he passed out, "What has your family done, sir, thus to draw down the vengeance of Heaven on every branch of it, through so many ages?"

It is worthy of remark, that in all the conferences which M'Namara had with the Prince on this occasion, the latter declared that it was not a violent passion, or indeed any particular regard, which attached him to Mrs. Walkenshaw, and that he could see her removed from him without any concern; but he would not receive directions in respect to his private conduct from any man alive. When M'Namara returned to London and reported the Prince's answer to the gentlemen who had employed him, they were astonished and confounded. However, they soon resolved on the measures which they were to pursue for the future, and determined no longer to serve a man who could not be persuaded to serve himself, and chose rather to endanger the lives of his best and most faithful friends than part with an harlot whom, as he often declared, he neither loved nor esteemed [pp. 204-209].

From this anecdote, the general truth of which is indubitable, the principal fault of Charles Edward's temper is sufficiently obvious. It was a high sense of his own importance, and an obstinate adherence to what he had once determined on—qualities which, if he had succeeded in his bold attempt, gave the nation little room to hope that he would have been found free from the love of prerogative and desire of arbitrary power which characterized his unhappy grandfather. He gave a notable instance how far this was the leading feature of his character when, for no reasonable cause that can be assigned, he placed his own single will in opposition to the necessities of France, which, in order to purchase a peace become necessary to the kingdom, was reduced to gratify Britain by prohibiting the residence of Charles within any part of the French dominions. It was in vain that France endeavored to lessen the disgrace of this step by making the most flattering offers, in hopes to induce the Prince of himself to anticipate this disagreeable alternative, which, if seriously enforced, as it was likely to be, he had no means whatever of resisting, by leaving the kingdom as of his own free-will. Inspired, however, by the spirit of hereditary obstinacy, Charles preferred a useless resistance to a dignified submission, and by a series of idle bravadoes laid the French court under the necessity of arresting their late ally, and sending him to close confinement in the Bastille, from which he was afterwards sent out of the French dominions, much in the manner in which a convict is transported to the place of his destination.

In addition to these repeated instances of a rash and inflexible temper, Dr. King also adds faults alleged to belong to the Prince's character of a kind less consonant with his noble birth and high pretensions. He is said by this author to have been avaricious, or parsimonious at least, to such a

degree of meanness as to fail, even when he had ample means, in relieving the sufferers who had lost their fortune and sacrificed all in his ill-fated attempt.* We must receive, however, with some degree of jealousy what is said by Dr. King on this subject, recollecting that he had left at least, if he did not desert, the standard of the unfortunate prince, and was not therefore a person who was likely to form the fairest estimate of his virtues and faults. We must also remember that, if the exiled prince gave little, he had but little to give, especially considering how late he nourished the scheme of another expedition to Scotland, for which he was long endeavoring to hoard money.

The case, also, of Charles Edward must be allowed to have been a difficult one. He had to satisfy numerous persons, who, having lost their all in his cause, had, with that all, seen the extinction of hopes which they accounted nearly as good as certainties; some of these were perhaps clamorous in their applications, and certainly ill pleased with their want of success. Other parts of the Chevalier's conduct may have afforded grounds for charging him with coldness to the sufferings of his devoted followers. One of these was a sentiment which has nothing in it that is generous, but it was certainly a principle in which the young prince was trained, and which may be too probably denominated peculiar to his family, educated in all the high notions of passive obedience and non-resistance. If the unhappy prince gave implicit faith to the professions of statesmen holding such notions, which is implied by his whole conduct, it must have led to the natural, though ungracious, inference that the services of a subject could not, to whatever degree of ruin they might bring the individual, create a debt against his sovereign. Such a person could only boast that he had done his duty; nor was he entitled to be a claimant for a greater reward than it was convenient for the prince to bestow, or to hold his sovereign his debtor for losses which he had sustained through his loyalty. To a certain extent the Jacobite principles inevitably led to this cold and egotistical mode of reasoning on the part of the sovereign; nor, with all our natural pity for the situation of royalty in distress, do we feel entitled to affirm that Charles did not use this opiate to his feelings, on viewing the misery of his followers, while he certainly possessed, though in no great degree, the means of affording them more relief

* See Prince Charles Edward's Love of Money. Note 1.

than he practised. His own history, after leaving France, is brief and melancholy. For a time he seems to have held the firm belief that Providence, which had borne him through so many hazards, still reserved him for some distant occasion, in which he should be empowered to vindicate the honors of his birth. But opportunity after opportunity slipped by unimproved, and the death of his father gave him the fatal proof that none of the principal powers of Europe were, after that event, likely to interest themselves in his quarrel. They refused to acknowledge him under the title of the King of England, and, on his part, he declined to be then recognized as the Prince of Wales.

Family discord came to add its sting to those of disappointed ambition ; and, though a humiliating circumstance, it is generally acknowledged that Charles Edward, the adventurous, the gallant, and the handsome, the leader of a race of pristine valor, whose romantic qualities may be said to have died along with him, had, in his latter days, yielding to those humiliating habits of intoxication in which the meanest mortals seek to drown the recollection of their disappointments and miseries. Under such circumstances, the unhappy Prince lost the friendship even of those faithful followers who had most devoted themselves to his misfortunes, and was surrounded, with some honorable exceptions, by men of a lower description, regardless of the character which he was himself no longer able to protect.

It is a fact consistent with the Author's knowledge, that persons totally unentitled to, and unfitted for, such a distinction were presented to the unfortunate Prince in moments unfit for presentation of any kind. Amid these clouds was at length extinguished the torch which once shook itself over Britain with such terrific glare, and at last sunk in its own ashes, scarce remembered and scarce noted.

Meantime, while the life of Charles Edward was gradually wasting in disappointed solitude, the number of those who had shared his misfortunes and dangers had shrunk into a small handful of veterans, the heroes of a tale which had been told. Most Scottish readers who can count the number of sixty years must recollect many respected acquaintances of their youth who, as the established phrase gently worded it, had been "out in the forty-five." It may be said that their political principles and plans no longer either gained proselytes or attracted terror : those who held them had ceased to be the subjects either of fear or opposition. Jacobites were looked upon in society as men who

had proved their sincerity by sacrificing their interest to their principles; and in well regulated companies it was held a piece of ill-breeding to injure their feelings or ridicule the compromises by which they endeavored to keep themselves abreast of the current of the day. Such, for example, was the evasion of a gentleman of fortune in Perthshire, Mr. Oliphant of Gask, who, in having the newspapers read to him, caused the King and Queen to be designated by the initial letters of "K" and "Q," as if, by naming the full word, he might imply an acquiescence in the usurpation of the family of Hanover. George III., having heard of this gentleman's custom in the above and other particulars, commissioned the member for Perthshire to carry his compliments to the steady Jacobite. "That is," said the excellent old king, "not the compliments of the King of England, but those of the Elector of Hanover, and tell him how much I respect him for the steadiness of his principles."

Those who remember such old men will probably agree that the progress of time, which has withdrawn all of them from the field, has removed, at the same time, a peculiar and striking feature of ancient manners. Their love of past times, their tales of bloody battles fought against romantic odds, were all dear to the imagination, and their little idolatry of locks of hair, pictures, rings, ribbons, and other memorials of the time in which they still seemed to live, was an interesting enthusiasm; and although their political principles, had they existed in the relation of fathers, might have rendered them dangerous to the existing dynasty, yet, as we now recollect them, there could not be on the earth supposed to exist persons better qualified to sustain the capacity of innocuous and respectable grandsires.

It was while reflecting on these things that the novel of *Redgauntlet* was undertaken. But various circumstances in the composition induced the Author to alter its purport considerably as it passed through his hands, and to carry the action to that point of time when the Chevalier Charles Edward, though fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, was yet meditating a second attempt, which could scarcely have been more hopeless than his first; although one to which, as we have seen, the unfortunate Prince, at least as late as 1753, still looked with hope and expectation.*

1st April, 1832.

* [See Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. vii. pp. 213, 214.]

REDGAUNTLET

LETTER I

DARSIE LATIMER TO ALAN FAIRFORD

DUMFRIES.

Cur me exanimas querelis tuis? In plain English, Why do you deafen me with your croaking? The disconsolate tone in which you bade me farewell at Noble House,* and mounted your miserable hack to return to your law drudgery, still sounds in my ears. It seemed to say, "Happy dog! you can ramble at pleasure over hill and dale, pursue every object of curiosity that presents itself, and relinquish the chase when it loses interest; while I, your senior and your better, must, in this brilliant season, return to my narrow chamber and my musty books."

Such was the import of the reflections with which you saddened our parting bottle of claret, and thus I must needs interpret the terms of your melancholy adieu.

And why should this be so, Alan? Why the deuce should you not be sitting precisely opposite to me at this moment, in the same comfortable George Inn, thy heels on the fender, and thy juridical brow expanding its plications as a pun rose in your fancy? Above all, why, when I fill this very glass of wine, cannot I push the bottle to you, and say, "Fairford, you are chased!" "Why, I say, should not all this be, except because Alan Fairford has not the same true sense of friendship as Darsie Latimer, and will not regard our purses as common as well as our sentiments?"

I am alone in the world: my only guardian writes to me of a large fortune which will be mine when I reach the age

* The first stage on the road from Edinburgh to Dumfries, *via* Moffat.

of twenty-five complete ; my present income is, thou knowest, more than sufficient for all my wants ; and yet thou, traitor as thou art to the cause of friendship, dost deprive me of the pleasure of thy society, and submittest, besides, to self-denial on thine own part, rather than my wanderings should cost me a few guineas more ! Is this regard for my purse or for thine own pride ? Is it not equally absurd and unreasonable, whichever source it springs from ? For myself, I tell thee, I have, and shall have, more than enough for both. This same methodical Samuel Griffiths, of Ironmonger Lane, Guildhall, London, whose letter arrives as duly as quarter-day, has sent me, as I told thee, double allowance for this my twenty-first birthday, and an assurance, in his brief fashion, that it will be again doubled for the succeeding years, until I enter into possession of my own property. Still I am to refrain from visiting England until my twenty-fifth year expires ; and it is recommended that I shall forbear all inquiries concerning my family, and so forth, for the present.

Were it not that I recollect my poor mother in her deep widow's weeds, with a countenance that never smiled but when she looked on me, and then in such wan and woful sort as the sun when he glances through an April cloud—were it not, I say, that her mild and matron-like form and countenance forbid such a suspicion, I might think myself the son of some Indian director or rich citizen who had more wealth than grace, and a handful of hypocrisy to boot, and who was breeding up privately, and obscurely enriching, one of whose existence he had some reason to be ashamed. But, as I said before, I think on my mother, and am convinced as much as of the existence of my own soul that no touch of shame could arise from aught in which she was implicated. Meantime, I am wealthy and I am alone, and why does my friend scruple to share my wealth ?

Are you not my only friend, and have you not acquired a right to share my wealth ? Answer me that, Alan Fairford. When I was brought from the solitude of my mother's dwelling into the tumult of the Gait's Class at the High School—when I was mocked for my English accent—salted with snow as a Southern pig—rolled in the gutter for a Saxon pock-pudding, who, with stout arguments and stouter blows, stood forth my defender ? Why, Alan Fairford. Who beat me soundly when I brought the arrogance of an only son, and of course a spoiled urchin, to the forms of the little republic ? Why, Alan. And who taught me to smoke a

cobbler, pin a losen, head a bicker, and hold the bannets? * Alan, once more. If I became the pride of the "yards" and the dread of the hucksters in the High School Wynd, it was under thy patronage; and, but for thee, I had been contented with humbly passing through the Cowgate Port, without climbing over the top of it, and had never seen the Kittle Nine Steps† nearer than from Bareford's Parks. You taught me to keep my fingers off the weak and to clench my fist against the strong, to carry no tales out of school, to stand forth like a true man, obey the stern order of a "*Pande manum*," and endure my pawmies without wincing, like one that is determined not to be the better for them. In a word, before I knew thee, I knew nothing.

At college it was the same. When I was incorrigibly idle, your example and encouragement roused me to mental exertion, and showed me the way to intellectual enjoyment. You made me an historian, a metaphysician (*invita Minerva*)—nay, by Heaven! you had almost made an advocate of me as well as of yourself. Yes, rather than part with you, Alan, I attended a weary season at the Scotch Law Class, a wearier at the Civil; and with what excellent advantage, my note-book filled with caricatures of the professors and my fellow-students, is it not yet extant to testify:

Thus far have I held on with thee untired;

and, to say truth, purely and solely that I might travel the same road with thee. But it will not do, Alan. By my faith, man, I could as soon think of being one of those ingenious traders who cheat little Master Jackies on the outside of the partition with tops, balls, bats, and battle-dores as a member of the long-robed fraternity within, who impose on grown country gentlemen with bouncing brocards of law.‡ Now, don't you read this to your worthy father, Alan; he loves me well enough, I know, of a Saturday night, but he thinks me but idle company for any other day of the week. And here, I suspect, lies your real objection to taking a ramble with me through the southern counties in this delicious weather. I know the good gentleman has hard thoughts of me for being so unsettled as to leave Edinburgh before the session rises; perhaps, too, he

* Break a window, head a skirmish with stones, and hold the bonnet or handkerchief which used to divide High School boys when fighting.

† See Note 2.

‡ See Parliament House, Edinburgh. Note 3.

quarrels a little—I will not say, with my want of ancestry, but with my want of connections. He reckons me a lone thing in this world, Alan, and so in good truth I am; and it seems a reason to him why you should not attach yourself to me, that I can claim no interest in the general herd.

Do not suppose I forget what I owe him for permitting me to shelter for four years under his roof. My obligations to him are not the less, but the greater, if he never heartily loved me. He is angry, too, that I will not, or cannot, be a lawyer, and, with reference to you, considers my disinclination that way as *pessempi exempli*, as he might say.

But he need not be afraid that a lad of your steadiness will be influenced by such a reed shaken by the winds as I am. You will go on doubting with Dirleton, and resolving those doubts with Stewart,* until the cramp-speech has been spoken *moré solito* from the corner of the bench, and with covered head—until you have sworn to defend the liberties and privileges of the College of Justice, until the black gown is hung on your shoulders, and you are free as any of the faculty to sue or defend. Then will I step forth, Alan, and in a character which even your father will allow may be more useful to you than had I shared this splendid termination of your legal studies. In a word, if I cannot be a counsel, I am determined to be a *client*—a sort of person without whom a lawsuit would be as dull as a supposed case. Yes, I am determined to give you your first fee. One can easily, I am assured, get into a lawsuit—it is only the getting out which is sometimes found troublesome; and, with your kind father for an agent, and you for my counsel learned in the law, and the worshipful Master Samuel Griffiths to back me, a few sessions shall not tire my patience. In short, I will make my way into court, even it should cost me the making a *delict*, or at least a *quasi delict*. You see all is not lost of what Erskine wrote and Wallace taught.

Thus far I have fooled it off well enough; and yet, Alan, all is not at ease within me. I am affected with a sense of loneliness, the more depressing that it seems to me to be a solitude peculiarly my own. In a country where all the world have a circle of consanguinity, extending to sixth cousins at least, I am a solitary individual, having only one kind heart to throb in unison with my own. If I were condemned to labor for my bread, methinks I should less regard

* See Note 4. † See Note 5.

this peculiar species of deprivation. The necessary communication of master and servant would be at least a tie which would attach me to the rest of my kind ; as it is, my very independence seems to enhance the peculiarity of my situation. I am in the world as a stranger in the crowded coffee-house, where he enters, calls for what refreshments he wants, pays his bill, and is forgotten so soon as the waiter's mouth has pronounced his "Thank ye, sir."

I know your good father would term this "sinning my mercies," and ask how I should feel if, instead of being able to throw down my reckoning, I were obliged to deprecate the resentment of the landlord for consuming that which I could not pay for. I cannot tell how it is ; but, though this very reasonable reflection comes across me, and though I do confess that four hundred a-year in possession, eight hundred in near prospect, and the L—d knows how many hundreds more in the distance, are very pretty and comfortable things, yet I would freely give one-half of them to call your father "father," though he should scold me for my idleness every hour of the day, and to call you "brother," though a brother whose merits would throw my own so completely into the shade.

The faint, yet not improbable, belief often has come across me that your father knows something more about my birth and natural condition than he is willing to communicate ; it is so unlikely that I should have been left in Edinburgh at six years old, without any other recommendation than the regular payment of my board to old M——* of the High School. Before that time, as I have often told you, I have but a recollection of unbounded indulgence on my mother's part, and the most tyrannical exertion of caprice on my own. I remember still how bitterly she sighed, how vainly she strove to soothe me, while, in the full energy of despotism, I roared like ten bull calves for something which it was impossible to procure for me. She is dead, that kind, that ill-rewarded mother ! I remember the long faces, the darkened room, the black hangings, the mysterious impression made upon my mind by the hearse and mourning-coaches, and the difficulty which I had to reconcile all this to the disappearance of my mother. I do not

* Probably Matheson, the predecessor of Dr. Adam, to whose memory the Author and his contemporaries owe a deep debt of gratitude.—Alexander Matheson was rector of the High School from 1759 to 1768, and was succeeded by Dr. Alexander Adam, who survived till 1809 (*Laing*).

think I had before this event formed any idea of death, or that I had even heard of that final consummation of all that lives. The first acquaintance which I formed with it deprived me of my only relation.

A clergyman of venerable appearance, our only visitor, was my guide and companion in a journey of considerable length; and in the charge of another elderly man substituted in his place, I know not how or why. I completed my journey to Scotland—and this is all I recollect.

I repeat the little history now, as I have a hundred times done before, merely because I would wring some sense out of it. Turn, then, thy sharp, wire-drawing, lawyer-like ingenuity to the same task—make up my history as though thou wert shaping the blundering allegations of some blue-bonneted, hard-headed client into a condescendence of facts and circumstance, and thou shalt be, not my Apollo—*quid tibi cum lyra?*—but my Lord Stair. Meanwhile, I have written myself out of my melancholy and blue devils, merely by prosing about them; so I will now converse half an hour with Roan Robin in his stall; the rascal knows me already, and snickers whenever I cross the threshold of the stable.

The black which you bestrode yesterday morning promises to be an admirable roadster, and ambled as easily with Sam and the portmanteau as with you and your load of law-learning. Sam promises to be steady, and has hitherto been so. No long trial, you will say. He lays the blame of former inaccuracies on evil company—the people who were at the livery-stable were too seductive, I suppose; he denies he ever did the horse injustice—would rather have wanted his own dinner, he says. In this I believe him, as Roan Robin's ribs and coat show no marks of contradiction. However, as he will meet with no saints in the inns we frequent, and as oats are sometimes as speedily converted into ale as John Barleycorn himself, I shall keep a lookout after Master Sam. Stupid fellow! had he not abused my good-nature, I might have chatted to him to keep my tongue in exercise, whereas now I must keep him at a distance.

Do you remember what Mr. Fairford said to me on this subject—it did not become my father's son to speak in that manner to Sam's father's son? I asked you what your father could possibly know of mine, and you answered, "As much, you supposed, as he knew of Sam's—it was a proverbial expression." This did not quite satisfy me, though

I am sure I cannot tell why it should not. But I am returning to a fruitless and exhausted subject. Do not be afraid that I shall come back on this well-trodden yet pathless field of conjecture. I know nothing so useless, so utterly feeble and contemptible, as the groaning forth one's helpless lamentations into the ears of our friends.

I would fain promise you that my letters shall be as entertaining as I am determined they shall be regular and well filled. We have an advantage over the dear friends of old, every pair of them. Neither David and Jonathan, nor Orestes and Pylades, nor Damon and Pythias—although, in the latter case particularly, a letter by post would have been very acceptable—ever corresponded together; for they probably could not write, and certainly had neither posts nor franks to speed their effusions to each other; whereas yours, which you had from the old peer, being handled gently and opened with precaution, may be returned to me again, and serve to make us free of his Majesty's post-office during the whole time of my proposed tour.* Mercy upon us, Alan, what letters I shall have to send you, with an account of all that I can collect, of pleasant or rare, in this wild-goose jaunt of mine! All I stipulate is, that you do not communicate them to the *Scots Magazine*; † for though you used, in a left-handed way, to compliment me on my attainments in the lighter branches of literature, at the expense of my deficiency in the weightier matters of the law, I am not yet audacious enough to enter the portal which the learned Ruddiman so kindly opened for the acolytes of the Muses. *Vale, sis memor mei.* D. L.

P.S.—Direct to the post-office here. I shall leave orders to forward your letters wherever I may travel.

* See Franking Letters. Note 6.

† See Note 7.

LETTER II

ALAN FAIRFORD TO DARSIE LATIMER

NEGATUR, my dear Darsie—you have logic and law enough to understand the word of denial—I deny your conclusion. The premises I admit, namely, that when I mounted on that infernal hack I might utter what seemed a sigh, although I deemed it lost amid the puffs and groans of the broken-winded brute, matchless in the complication of her complaints by any save she, the poor man's mare,* renowned in song, that died

A mile aboon Dundee.

But credit me, Darsie, the sigh which escaped me concerned thee more than myself, and regarded neither the superior mettle of your cavalry nor your greater command of the means of traveling. I could certainly have cheerfully ridden on with you for a few days: and assure yourself I would not have hesitated to tax your better-filled purse for our joint expenses. But you know my father considers every moment taken from the law as a step downhill; and I owe much to his anxiety on my account, although its effects are sometimes troublesome. For example.

I found, on my arrival at the shop in Brown's Square, that the old gentleman had returned that very evening, impatient, it seems, of remaining a night out of the guardianship of the domestic Lares. Having this information from James, whose brow wore rather an anxious look on the occasion, I despatched a Highland chairman to the livery stable with my Bucephalus, and slunk, with as little noise, as might be, into my own den, where I began to mumble certain half-gnawed and not half-digested doctrines of our municipal code. I was not long seated when my father's visage was thrust, in a peering sort of way, through the half-opened door; and withdrawn, on seeing my occupation, with a half-articulated "humph!" which seemed to convey

* See "The Auld Man's Mare's Dead." Note 8.

a doubt of the seriousness of my application. If it were so, I cannot condemn him; for recollection of thee occupied me so entirely during an hour's reading, that although Stair laid before me, and notwithstanding that I turned over three or four pages, the sense of his lordship's clear and perspicuous style so far escaped me that I had the mortification to find my labor was utterly in vain.

Ere I had brought up my leeway, James appeared with his summons to our frugal supper—radishes, cheese, and a bottle of the old ale—only two plates though—and no chair set for Mr. Darsie by the attentive James Wilkinson. Said James, with his long face, lank hair, and a very long pigtail in its leathern strap, was placed, as usual, at the back of my father's chair, upright as a wooden sentinel at the door of a puppet-show. "You may go down, James," said my father; and exit Wilkinson. "What is to come next?" thought I; "for the weather is not clear on the paternal brow."

My boots encountered his first glance of displeasure, and he asked me, with a sneer, which way I had been riding. He expected me to answer. "Nowhere," and would then have been at me with his usual sarcasm, touching the humor of walking in shoes at twenty shillings a pair. But I answered with composure that I had ridden out to dinner as far as Noble House. He started (you know his way), as if I had said that I had dined at Jericho; and as I did not choose to seem to observe his surprise, but continued munching my radishes in tranquillity, he broke forth in ire.

"To Noble House, sir! and what had you to do at Noble House, sir? Do you remember you are studying law, sir? that your Scots law trials are coming on, sir? that every moment of your time just now is worth hours at another time? and have you leisure to go to Noble House, sir? and to throw your books behind you for so many hours? Had it been a turn in the Meadows, or even a game at golf—but Noble House, sir!"

"I went so far with Darsie Latimer, sir, to see him begin his journey."

"Darsie Latimer!" he replied in a softened tone. "Humph! Well, I do not blame you for being kind to Darsie Latimer; but it would have done as much good if you had walked with him as far as the toll-bar, and then made your farewells; it would have saved horse-hire—and your reckoning, too, at dinner."

"Latimer paid that, sir," I replied, thinking to soften the matter; but I had much better left it unspoken.

"The reckoning, sir!" replied my father. "And did you sponge upon any man for a reckoning? Sir, no man should enter the door of a public-house without paying his lawing."

"I admit the general rule, sir," I replied; "but this was a parting-cup between Darsie and me, and I should conceive it fell under the exception of *doch an dorroch*."

"You think yourself a wit," said my father, with as near an approach to a smile as ever he permits to gild the solemnity of his features; but, I reckon you did not eat your dinner standing, like the Jews at their Passover? and it was decided in a case before the town bailies of Cupar-Angus, when Luckie Simpson's cow had drunk up Luckie Jameson's browst of ale, while it stood in the door to cool, that there was no damage to pay, because the crummie drank without sitting down; such being the very circumstances constituting *doch an dorroch*, which is a standing drink, for which no reckoning is paid. Ha, sir! what says your advocateship—*feri*—to that? *Exceptio firmat regulam*. But come, fill your glass, Alan; I am not sorry ye have shown this attention to Darsie Latimer, who is a good lad, as times go; and having now lived under my roof since he left the school, why, there is really no great matter in coming under this small obligation to him."

As I saw my father's scruples were much softened by the consciousness of his superiority in the legal argument, I took care to accept my pardon as a matter of grace rather than of justice; and only replied, "We should feel ourselves duller of an evening, now that you were absent." I will give you my father's exact words in reply, Darsie. You know him so well that they will not offend you; and you are also aware that there mingles with the good man's preciseness and formality a fund of shrewd observation and practical good sense.

"It is very true," he said, "Darsie was a pleasant companion; but over waggish—over waggish, Alan, and somewhat scatter-brained. By the way, Wilkinson must get our ale bottled in English pints now, for a quart bottle is too much, night after night, for you and me, without his assistance. But Darsie, as I was saying, is an arch lad, and somewhat light in the upper story. I wish him well through the world; but he has little solidity, Alan—little solidity."

I scorn to desert an absent friend, Darsie, so I said for you a little more than my conscience warranted; but your defection from your legal studies had driven you far to leeward in my father's good opinion.

"Unstable as water, he shall not excel," said my father;

“or, as the Septuagint hath it, *Effusa est sicut aqua, non crescat*. He goeth to dancing-houses, and readeth novels—*sat est*.”

I endeavored to parry these texts by observing that the dancing houses amounted only to one night at La Pique's ball, the novels (so far as matter of notoriety, Darsie) to an odd volume of *Tom Jones*.

“But he danced from night to morning,” replied my father, “and he read the idle trash, which the author should have been scourged for, at least twenty times over. It was never out of his hand.”

I then hinted that in all probability your fortune was now so easy as to dispense with your prosecuting the law any farther than you had done; and therefore you might think you had some title to amuse yourself. This was the least palatable argument of all.

“If he cannot amuse himself with the law,” said my father, snappishly, “it is the worse for him. If he needs not law to teach him to make a fortune, I am sure he needs it to teach him how to keep one; and it would better become him to be learning this than to be scouring the country like a landlouser, going he knows not where, to see he knows not what, and giving treats at Noble House to fools like himself (an angry glance at poor me). Noble House, indeed!” he repeated, with elevated voice and sneering tone, as if there were something offensive to him in the very name, though I will venture to say that any place in which you had been extravagant enough to spend five shillings would have stood as deep in his reprobation.

Mindful of your idea that my father knows more of your real situation than he thinks proper to mention, I thought I would hazard a fishing observation. “I did not see,” I said, “how the Scottish law would be useful to a young gentleman whose fortune would seem to be vested in England.” I really thought my father would have beat me.

“D'ye mean to come round me, sir, *per ambages*, as Counselor Pest says? What is it to you where Darsie Latimer's fortune is vested, or whether he hath any fortune, ay or no? And what ill would the Scottish law do to him, though he had as much of it as either Stair or Bankton, sir? Is not the foundation of our municipal law the ancient code of the Roman Empire, devised at a time when it was so much renowned for its evil polity, sir, and wisdom? Go to your bed, sir, after your expedition to Noble House, and see that your lamp be burning, and your book before you, ere the sun

peeps. *Ars longa, vita brevis*—were it not a sin to call the divine science of the law by the inferior name of art.”

So my lamp did burn, dear Darsie, the next morning, though the owner took the risk of a domiciliary visitation, and lay snug in bed, trusting its glimmer might, without farther inquiry, be received as sufficient evidence of his vigilance. And now, upon this the third morning after your departure, things are but little better; for though the lamp burns in my den, and Voet, *On the Pandects*, hath his wisdom spread open before me, yet, as I only use him as a reading-desk on which to scribble this sheet of nonsense to Darsie Latimer, it is probable the vicinity will be of little furtherance to my studies.

And now, methinks, I hear thee call me an affected hypocritical varlet, who, living under such a system of distrust and restraint as my father chooses to govern by, nevertheless pretends not to envy you your freedom and independence.

Latimer, I will tell you no lies. I wish my father would allow me a little more exercise of my free will, were it but that I might feel the pleasure of doing what would please him of my own accord. A little more spare time, and a little more money to enjoy it, would, besides, neither misbecome my age nor my condition; and it is, I own, provoking to see so many in the same situation winging the air at freedom, while I sit here, caged up like a cobbler's linnet, to chant the same unvaried lesson from sunrise to sunset, not to mention the listening to so many lectures against idleness, as if I enjoyed or was making use of the means of amusement! But then I cannot at heart blame either the motive or the object of this severity.

For the motive—it is and can only be my father's anxious, devoted, and unremitting affection and zeal for my improvement, with a laudable sense of the honor of the profession to which he has trained me. As we have no near relations, the tie betwixt us is of even unusual closeness, though in itself one of the strongest which nature can form. I am, and have all along been, the exclusive object of my father's anxious hopes, and his still more anxious and engrossing fears: so what title have I to complain, although now and then these fears and hopes lead him to take a troublesome and incessant charge of all my motions? Besides, I ought to recollect, and, Darsie, I do recollect, that my father, upon various important occasions, has shown that he can be indulgent as well as strict. The leaving his old apartments in

the Luckenbooths was to him like divorcing the soul from the body ; yet Dr. R——* did but hint that the better air of this new district was more favorable to my health, as I was then suffering under the penalties of too rapid a growth, when he exchanged his old and beloved quarters, adjacent to the very Heart of Midlothian, for one of those new tenements, entire within themselves, which modern taste has so lately introduced.† Instance also the inestimable favor which he conferred on me by receiving you into his house, when you had only the unpleasant alternative of remaining, though a grown-up lad, in the society of mere boys. This was a thing so contrary to all my father's ideas of seclusion, of economy, and of the safety to my morals and industry which he wished to attain, by preserving me from the society of other young people, that, upon my word, I am always rather astonished how I should have had the impudence to make the request than that he should have complied with it.

Then for the object of his solicitude. Do not laugh, or hold up your hands, my good Darsie ; but, upon my word, I like the profession to which I am in the course of being educated, and am serious in prosecuting the preliminary studies. The law is my vocation—in an especial, and, I may say, in an hereditary way, my vocation ; for although I have not the honor to belong to any of the great families who form in Scotland, as in France, the noblesse of the robe, and, with us at least, carry their heads as high, or rather higher, than the noblesse of the sword—for the former consist more frequently of the “first-born of Egypt”—yet my grandfather, who, I daresay, was a most excellent person, had the honor to sign a bitter protest against the Union, in the respectable character of town-clerk to the ancient borough of Birlthegroat ; and there is some reason—shall I say to hope, or to suspect ?—that he may have been a natural son of a first cousin of the then Fairford of that Ilk, who had been long numbered among the minor barons. Now my father mounted a step higher on the ladder of legal promotion, being, as you know as well as I do, an eminent and respected Writer to his Majesty's Signet ; and I myself am destined to mount a round higher still, and wear the honored robe which is sometimes supposed, like charity, to cover a multitude of sins. I have, therefore, no choice but to climb upwards, since we have mounted thus high, or else to fall down at the imminent risk of my neck. So that I reconcile myself to my destiny ;

* See Note 9. † See Brown's Square, Edinburgh. Note 10,

and while you are looking from mountain peaks at distant lakes and friths, I am, *de apicibus juris*, consoling myself with visions of crimson and scarlet gowns—with the appendages of handsome cowls, well lined with salary.

You smile, Darsie, *more tuo*, and seem to say it is little worth while to cozen one's self with such vulgar dreams; yours being, on the contrary, of a high and heroic character, bearing the same resemblance to mine that a bench, covered with purple cloth and plentifully loaded with session papers, does to some Gothic throne, rough with barbaric pearl and gold. But what would you have? *Sua quemque trahit voluptas*. And my visions of preferment, though they may be as unsubstantial at present, are nevertheless more capable of being realized than your aspirations after the Lord knows what. What says my father's proverb? "Look to a gown of gold, and you will at least get a sleeve of it." Such is my pursuit; but what dost thou look to? The chance that the mystery, as you call it, which at present overclouds your birth and connections will clear up into something inexpressible and inconceivably brilliant; and this without any effort or exertion of your own, but purely by the good-will of Fortune. I know the pride and naughtiness of thy heart, and sincerely do I wish that thou hadst more beatings to thank me for than those which thou dost acknowledge so gratefully. Then had I thumped these Quixotical expectations out of thee, and thou hadst not, as now, conceived thyself to be the hero of some romantic history, and converted, in thy vain imagination, honest Griffiths, citizen and broker, who never bestows more than the needful upon his quarterly epistles, into some wise Aleander or sage Alquife, the mystical and magical protector of thy peerless destiny. But I know not how it was, thy skull got harder, I think, and my knuckles became softer; not to mention that at length thou didst begin to show about thee a spark of something dangerous, which I was bound to respect at least, if I did not fear it.

And while I speak of this, it is not much amiss to advise thee to correct a little this cock-a-hoop courage of thine. I fear much that, like a hot-mettled horse, it will carry the owner into some scrape, out of which he will find it difficult to extricate himself, especially if the daring spirit which bore thee thither should chance to fail thee at a pinch. Remember, Darsie, thou art not naturally courageous; on the contrary, we have long since agreed that, quiet as I am, I have the advantage in this important particular. My courage

consists, I think, in strength of nerves and constitutional indifference to danger ; which, though it never pushes me on adventure, secures me in full use of my recollection and tolerably complete self-possession, when danger actually arrives. Now, thine seems more what may be called intellectual courage—highness of spirit and desire of distinction ; impulses which render thee alive to the love of fame, and deaf to the apprehension of danger, until it forces itself suddenly upon thee. I own that, whether it is from my having caught my father's apprehensions, or that I have reason to entertain doubts of my own, I often think that this wildfire chase of romantic situation and adventure may lead thee into some mischief ; and then what would become of Alan Fairford ? They might make whom they pleased Lord Advocate or Solicitor-General, I should never have the heart to strive for it. All my exertions are intended to vindicate myself one day in your eyes ; and I think I should not care a farthing for the embroidered silk gown, more than for an old woman's apron, unless I had hopes that thou shouldst be walking the boards to admire, or perhaps to envy, me.

That this may be the case, I prithee—beware ! See not a Dulcinea in every slipshod girl, who, with blue eyes, fair hair, a tattered plaid, and a willow-wand in her gripe, drives out the village cows to the loaning. Do not think you will meet a gallant Valentine in every English rider, or an Orson in every Highland drover. View things as they are, and not as they may be magnified through thy teeming fancy. I have seen thee look at an old gravel pit, till thou madest out capes, and bays, and inlets, crags, and precipices, and the whole stupendous scenery of the isle of Feroe, in what was to all ordinary eyes a mere horse-pond. Besides, did I not once find thee gazing with respect at a lizard, in the attitude of one who looks upon a crocodile ? Now this is, doubtless, so far a harmless exercise of your imagination, for the puddle cannot drown you, nor the Lilliputian alligator eat you up. But it is different in society, where you cannot mistake the character of those you converse with, or suffer your fancy to exaggerate their qualities, good or bad, without exposing yourself not only to ridicule, but to great and serious inconveniences. Keep guard, therefore, on your imagination, my dear Darsie ; and let your old friend assure you, it is the point of your character most pregnant with peril to its good and generous owner. Adieu ! let not the franks of the worthy peer remain unemployed ; above all, *Sis memor mei*.

A. F.

LETTER III

DARSIE LATIMER TO ALAN FAIRFORD

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.

I HAVE received thine absurd and most conceited epistle. It is well for thee that, Lovelace and Belford like, we came under a convention to pardon every species of liberty which we may take with each other ; since, upon my word, there are some reflections in your last which would otherwise have obliged me to return forthwith to Edinburgh, merely to show you I was not what you took me for.

Why, what a pair of prigs hast thou made of us ! I plunging into scrapes, without having courage to get out of them ; thy sagacious self, afraid to put one foot before the other, lest it should run away from its companion, and so standing still like a post, out of mere faintness and coldness of heart, while all the world were driving full speed past thee. Thou a portrait-painter ! I tell thee, Alan, I have seen a better seated on the fourth round of a ladder, and painting a bare-breeched Highlander, holding a pint-stoup as big as himself, and a booted Lowlander, in a bob-wig, supporting a glass of like dimensions ; the whole being designed to represent the sign of the Salutation.

How hadst thou the heart to represent thine own individual self with all thy motions, like those of a great Dutch doll, depending on the pressure of certain springs, as duty, reflection, and the like, without the impulse of which thou wouldst doubtless have me believe thou wouldst not budge an inch ? But have I not seen Gravity out of his bed at midnight ? And must I, in plain terms, remind thee of certain mad pranks ? Thou hadst ever, with the gravest sentiments in thy mouth, and the most starched reserve in thy manner, a kind of a lumbering proclivity towards mischief, although with more inclination to set it a-going than address to carry it through ; and I cannot but chuckle internally when I think of having seen my most venerable monitor, the future president of some high Scottish court, puffing, blowing, and floundering like a clumsy cart-horse in a

bog where his efforts to extricate himself only plunged him deeper at every awkward struggle, till some one—I myself, for example—took compassion on the moaning monster and dragged him out by mane and tail.

As for me, my portrait is, if possible, even more scandalously caricatured. I fail or quail in spirit at the upcome! Where canst thou show me the least symptom of the recreant temper with which thou hast invested me (as I trust), merely to set off the solid and impassible dignity of thine own stupid indifference? If you ever saw me tremble, be assured that my flesh, like that of the old Spanish general, only quaked at the dangers into which my spirit was about to lead it. Seriously, Alan, this imputed poverty of spirit is a shabby charge to bring against your friend. I have examined myself as closely as I can, being, in very truth, a little hurt at your having such hard thoughts of me, and on my life I can see no reason for them. I allow you have, perhaps, some advantage of me in the steadiness and indifference of your temper; but I should despise myself if I were conscious of the deficiency in courage which you seem willing enough to impute to me. However, I suppose this ungracious hint proceeds from sincere anxiety for my safety; and so viewing it, I swallow it as I would do medicine from a friendly doctor, although I believed in my heart he had mistaken my complaint.

This offensive insinuation disposed of, I thank thee, Alan, for the rest of thy epistle. I thought I heard your good father pronouncing the words “Noble House” with a mixture of contempt and displeasure, as if the very name of the poor little hamlet were odious to him, or, as if you had selected, out of all Scotland, the very place at which you had no call to dine. But if he had had any particular aversion to that blameless village and very sorry inn, is it not his own fault that I did not accept the invitation of the laird of Glengallacher to shoot a buck in what he emphatically calls his “country”? Truth is, I had a strong desire to have complied with his lairdship’s invitation. To shoot a buck! Think how magnificent an idea to one who never shot anything but hedge-sparrows, and that with a horse-pistol, purchased at a broker’s stand in the Cowgate! You, who stand upon your courage, may remember that I took the risk of firing the said pistol for the first time, while you stood at twenty yards’ distance; and that when you were persuaded it would go off without bursting, forgetting all law but that of the biggest and strongest, you possessed yourself of it ex-

clusively for the rest of the holidays. Such a day's sport was no complete introduction to the noble art of deer-stalking, as it is practised in the Highlands; but I should not have scrupled to accept honest Glengallacher's invitation at the risk of firing a rifle for the first time, had it not been for the outcry which your father made at my proposal, in the full ardor of his zeal for King George, the Hanover succession, and the Presbyterian faith. I wish I had stood out, since I have gained so little upon his good opinion by submission. All his impressions concerning the Highlanders are taken from the recollections of the Forty-five, when he retreated from the West Port with his brother volunteers, each to the fortalice of his own separate dwelling, so soon as they heard the Adventurer was arrived with his clans as near them as Kirkliston. The flight of Falkirk—*parma non bene selecta*—in which I think your sire had his share with the undaunted western regiment, does not seem to have improved his taste for the company of the Highlanders (*quære*, Alan, dost thou derive the courage thou makest such boast of from an hereditary source?); and stories of Rob Roy MacGregor and Sergeant Alan Mohr Cameron* have served to paint them in still more sable colors to his imagination.

Now, from all I can understand, these ideas, as applied to the present state of the country, are absolutely chimerical. The Pretender is no more remembered in the Highlands than if the poor gentleman were gathered to his hundred and eight fathers, whose portraits adorn the ancient walls of Holyrood; the broadswords have passed into other hands; the targets are used to cover the butter-churns; and the race has sunk, or is fast sinking, from ruffling bullies into tame cheaters. Indeed, it was partly my conviction that there is little to be seen in the North which, arriving at your father's conclusion, though from different premises, inclined my course in this direction, where perhaps I shall see as little.

One thing, however, I *have* seen; and it was with pleasure the more indescribable, that I was debarred from treading the land which my eyes were permitted to gaze upon, like those of the dying prophet from the top of Mount Pisgah. I have seen, in a word, the fruitful shores of merry England—merry England! of which I boast myself a native, and on

* Of Rob Roy we have had more than enough. Alan Cameron, commonly called Sergeant Mohr, a freebooter of the same period, was equally remarkable for strength, courage and generosity.

which I gaze, even while raging floods and unstable quicksands divide us, with the filial affection of a dutiful son.

Thou canst not have forgotten, Alan—for when didst thou ever forget what was interesting to thy friend?—that the same letter from my friend Griffiths which doubled my income, and placed my motions at my own free disposal, contained a prohibitory clause, by which, reason none assigned, I was interdicted, as I respected my present safety and future fortunes, from visiting England; every other part of the British dominions, and a tour, if I pleased, on the Continent, being left to my own choice. Where is the tale, Alan, of a covered dish in the midst of a royal banquet, upon which the eyes of every guest were immediately fixed, neglecting all the dainties with which the table was loaded? This clause of banishment from England—from my native country—from the land of the brave, and the wise, and the free—affects me more than I am rejoiced by the freedom and independence assigned to me in all other respects. Thus, in seeking this extreme boundary of the country which I am forbidden to tread, I resemble the poor tethered horse, which, you may have observed, is always grazing on the very verge of the circle to which it is limited by its halter.

Do not accuse me of romance for obeying this impulse towards the South; nor suppose that, to gratify the imaginary longing of an idle curiosity, I am in any danger of risking the solid comforts of my present condition. Whoever has hitherto taken charge of my motions has shown me, by convincing proofs, more weighty than the assurances which they have withheld, that my real advantage is their principal object. I should be, therefore, worse than a fool did I object to their authority, even when it seems somewhat capriciously exercised; for assuredly, at my age, I might—entrusted as I am with the care and management of myself in every other particular—expect that the cause of excluding me from England should be frankly and fairly stated for my own consideration and guidance. However, I will not grumble about the matter. I shall know the whole story one day, I suppose; and perhaps, as you sometimes surmise, I shall not find there is any mighty matter in it after all.

Yet one cannot help wondering—but, plague on it, if I wonder any longer, my letter will be as full of wonders as one of Katterfelto's advertisements. I have a month's mind, instead of this damnable iteration of guesses and forebodings, to give thee the history of a little adventure which befell me yesterday; though I am sure you will, as usual,

turn the opposite end of the spy-glass on my poor narrative, and reduce, *more tuo*, to the most petty trivialities the circumstances to which thou accusest me of giving undue consequence. Hang thee, Alan, thou art as unfit a confidant for a youthful gallant with some spice of imagination as the old taciturn secretary of Pacardin of Trebizond. Nevertheless, we must each perform our separate destinies. I am doomed to see, act, and tell; thou, like a Dutchman, inclosed in the same diligence with a Gascon, to hear and shrug thy shoulders.

Of Dumfries, the capital town of this county, I have but little to say, and will not abuse your patience by reminding you that it is built on the gallant river Nith, and that its churchyard, the highest place of the whole town, commands an extensive and fine prospect. Neither will I take the traveler's privilege of inflicting upon you the whole history of Bruce poniarding the Red Comyn in the church of the Dominicans at this place, and becoming a king and patriot, because he had been a church-breaker and a murderer. The present Dumfriezers remember and justify the deed, observing, it was only a Papist church; in evidence whereof, its walls have been so completely demolished that no vestiges of them remain. They are a sturdy set of true-blue Presbyterians, these burghers of Dumfries; men after your father's own heart, zealous for the Protestant succession, the rather that many of the great families around are suspected to be of a different way of thinking, and shared, a great many of them, in the insurrection of the Fifteen, and some in the more recent business of the Forty-five. The town itself suffered in the latter era; for Lord Eleho, with a large party of the rebels, levied a severe contribution upon Dumfries, on account of the citizens having annoyed the rear of the Chevalier during his march into England.

Many of these particulars I learned from Provost C——, who, happening to see me in the market-place, remembered that I was an intimate of your father's, and very kindly asked me to dinner. Pray tell your father that the effects of his kindness to me follow me everywhere. I became tired, however, of this pretty town in the course of twenty-four hours, and crept along the coast eastwards, amusing myself with looking out for objects of antiquity, and sometimes making, or attempting to make, use of my new angling-rod. By the way, old Cotton's instructions, by which I hoped to qualify myself for one of the gentle society of anglers, are not worth a farthing for this meridian. I

learned this by mere accident, after I had waited four mortal hours. I shall never forget an impudent urchin, a cowerd, about twelve years old, without either brogue or bonnet, barelegged, and with a very indifferent pair of breeches—how the villain grinned in scorn at my landing-net, my plummet, and the gorgeous jury of flies which I had assembled to destroy all the fish in the river. I was induced at last to lend the rod to the sneering scoundrel, and, to see what he would make of it; and he not only half filled my basket in an hour, but literally taught me to kill two trouts with my own hand. This, and Sam having found the hay and oats, not forgetting the ale, very good at this small inn, first made me take the fancy of resting here for a day or two; and I have got my grinning blackguard of a *piscator* leave to attend on me, by paying sixpence a-day for a herd-boy in his stead.

A notably clean Englishwoman keeps this small house, and my bedroom is sweetened with lavender, has a clean sash-window, and the walls are, moreover, adorned with ballads of fair Rosamond and Cruel Barbara Allan. The woman's accent, though uncouth enough, sounds yet kindly in my ear; for I have never yet forgotten the desolate effect produced on my infant organs when I heard on all sides your slow and broad Northern pronunciation, which was to me the tone of a foreign land. I am sensible I myself have since that time acquired Scotch in perfection, and many a Scotticism withal. Still the sound of the English accentuation comes to my ears as the tones of a friend; and even when heard from the mouth of some wandering beggar, it has seldom failed to charm forth my mite. You Scotch, who are so proud of your own nationality, must make due allowance for that of other folks.

On the next morning, I was about to set forth to the stream where I had commenced angler the night before, but was prevented, by a heavy shower of rain, from stirring abroad the whole forenoon; during all which time I heard my varlet of a guide as loud with his blackguard jokes in the kitchen as a footman in the shilling gallery; so little are modesty and innocence the inseparable companions of of rusticity and seclusion.

When after dinner the day cleared, and we at length sallied out to the riverside, I found myself subjected to a new trick on the part of my accomplished preceptor. Apparently he liked fishing himself better than the trouble of instructing an awkward novice such as I; and in hopes of

exhausting my patience, and inducing me to resign the rod, as I had done on the preceding day, my friend contrived to keep me thrashing the water more than an hour with a pointless hook. I detected this trick at last, by observing the rogue grinning with delight when he saw a large trout rise and dash harmless away from the angle. I gave him a sound cuff, Alan ; but the next moment was sorry, and, to make amends, yielded possession of the fishing-rod for the rest of the evening, he undertaking to bring me home a dish of trouts for my supper, in atonement for his offenses.

Having thus got honorably rid of the trouble of amusing myself in a way I cared not for, I turned my steps towards the sea, or rather the Solway Firth, which here separates the two sister kingdoms, and which lay at about a mile's distance, by a pleasant walk over sandy knolls, covered with short herbage, which you call links, and we English downs.

But the rest of my adventure would weary out my fingers, and must be deferred until to-morrow, when you shall hear from me by way of continuation ; and, in the meanwhile, to prevent overhasty conclusions, I must just hint to you, we are but yet on the verge of the adventure which it is my purpose to communicate.

LETTER IV

THE SAME TO THE SAME

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.

I MENTIONED in my last that, having abandoned my fishing-rod as an unprofitable implement, I crossed over the open downs which divided me from the margin of the Solway. When I reached the banks of the great estuary, which are here very bare and exposed, the waters had receded from the large and level space of sand, through which a stream, now feeble and fordable, found its way to the ocean. The whole was illuminated by the beams of the low and setting sun, who showed his ruddy front, like a warrior prepared for defense, over a huge battlemented and turreted wall of crimson and black clouds, which appeared like an immense Gothic fortress, into which the lord of day was descending. His setting rays glimmered bright upon the wet surface of the sands and the numberless pools of water by which it was covered, where the inequality of the ground had occasioned their being left by the tide.

The scene was animated by the exertions of a number of horsemen, who were actually employed in hunting salmon. Ay, Alan, lift up your hands and eyes as you will, I can give their mode of fishing no name so appropriate: for they chased the fish at full gallop, and struck them with their barbed spears, as you see hunters spearing boars in the old tapestry. The salmon, to be sure, take the thing more quietly than the boars; but they are so swift in their own element, that to pursue and strike them is the task of a good horseman, with a quick eye, a determined hand, and full command both of his horse and weapon. The shouts of the fellows as they galloped up and down in the animating exercise, their loud bursts of laughter when any of their number caught a fall, and still louder acclamations when any of the party made a capital stroke with his lance, gave so much animation to the whole scene, that I caught the enthusiasm of the sport, and ventured forward a considerable space on the sands. The feats of one horseman, in particular, called forth so repeatedly the clamorous applause of his companions, that the very banks rang again with

their shouts. He was a tall man, well mounted on a strong black horse, which he caused to turn and wind like a bird in the air, carried a longer spear than the others, and wore a sort of fur cap or bonnet, with a short feather in it, which gave him on the whole rather a superior appearance to the other fishermen. He seemed to hold some sort of authority among them, and occasionally directed their motions both by voice and hand; at which times I thought his gestures were striking, and his voice uncommonly sonorous and commanding.

The riders began to make for the shore, and the interest of the scene was almost over, while I lingered on the sands, with my looks turned to the shores of England, still gilded by the sun's last rays, and, as it seemed, scarce distant a mile from me. The anxious thoughts which haunt me began to muster in my bosom, and my feet slowly and insensibly approached the river which divided me from the forbidden precincts, though without any formed intention, when my steps were arrested by the sound of a horse galloping; and as I turned the rider, the same fisherman whom I had formerly distinguished, called out to me, in an abrupt manner, "Soho, brother! you are too late for Bowness to-night—the tide will make presently."

I turned my head and looked at him without answering; for, to my thinking, his sudden appearance, or rather, I should say, his unexpected approach, had, amidst the gathering shadows and lingering light, something in it which was wild and ominous.

"Are you deaf?" he added, "or are you mad? or have you a mind for the next world?"

"I am a stranger," I answered, "and had no other purpose than looking on at the fishing; I am about to return to the side I came from."

"Best make haste then," said he. "He that dreams on the bed of the Solway may wake in the next world. The sky threatens a blast that will bring in the waves three feet abreast."

So saying, he turned his horse and rode off, while I began to walk back towards the Scottish shore, a little alarmed at what I had heard; for the tide advances with such rapidity upon these fatal sands, that well-mounted horsemen lay aside hopes of safety if they see its white surge advancing while they are yet at a distance from the bank.

These recollections grew more agitating, and, instead of walking deliberately, I began a race as fast as I could, feel-

ing, or thinking I felt, each pool of salt water through which I splashed grow deeper and deeper. At length the surface of the sand did seem considerably more intersected with pools and channels full of water—either that the tide was really beginning to influence the bed of the estuary, or, as I must own is equally probable, that I had, in the hurry and confusion of my retreat, involved myself in difficulties which I had avoided in my more deliberate advance. Either way, it was rather an unpromising state of affairs, for the sands at the same time turned softer, and my footsteps, so soon as I had passed, were instantly filled with water. I began to have odd recollections concerning the snugness of your father's parlor, and the secure footing afforded by the pavement of Brown's Square and Scot's Close, when my better genius, the tall fisherman, appeared once more close to my side, he and his sable horse looming gigantic in the now darkening twilight.

"Are you mad?" he said, in the same deep tone which had before thrilled on my ear, "or are you weary of your life? You will be presently amongst the quicksands." I professed my ignorance of the way, to which he only replied, "There is no time for prating; get up behind me."

He probably expected me to spring from the ground with the activity which these Borderers have, by constant practise, acquired in everything relating to horsemanship; but as I stood irresolute, he extended his hand, and grasping mine, bid me place my foot on the toe of his boot, and thus raised me in a trice to the croupe of his horse. I was scarce securely seated ere he shook the reins of his horse, who instantly sprung forward; but annoyed, doubtless, by the unusual burden, treated us to two or three bounds, accompanied by as many flourishes of his hind heels. The rider sat like a tower, notwithstanding that the unexpected plunging of the animal threw me forward upon him. The horse was soon compelled to submit to the discipline of the spur and bridle, and went off at a steady hand gallop; thus shortening the devious, for it was by no means a direct, path by which the rider, avoiding the loose quicksands, made for the northern bank.

My friend, perhaps I may call him my preserver—for, to a stranger, my situation was fraught with real danger—continued to press on at the same speedy pace, but in perfect silence, and I was under too much anxiety of mind to disturb him with any questions. At length we arrived at a part of the shore with which I was utterly unacquainted, when I

alighted and began to return, in the best fashion I could, my thanks for the important service which he had just rendered me.

The stranger only replied by an impatient "Pshaw!" and was about to ride off and leave me to my own resources, when I implored him to complete his work of kindness by directing me to Shepherd's Bush, which was, as I informed him, my home for the present.

"To Shepherd's Bush!" he said. "It is but three miles but if you know not the land better than the sand, you may break your neck before you get there; for it is no road for a moping boy in a dark night; and, besides, there are the brook and the fens to cross."

I was a little dismayed at this communication of such difficulties as my habits have not called on me to contend with. Once more the idea of thy father's fireside came across me; and I could have been well contented to have swapped the romance of my situation, together with the glorious independence of control which I possessed at the moment, for the comforts of the chimney-corner, though I were obliged to keep my eyes chained to Erskine's larger *Institutes*.

I asked my new friend whether he could not direct me to any house of public entertainment for the night; and supposing it probable he was himself a poor man, I added, with the conscious dignity of a well-filled pocket-book, that I could make it worth any man's while to oblige me. The fisherman making no answer, I turned away from him with as gallant an appearance of indifference as I could command, and began to take, as I thought, the path which he had pointed out to me.

His deep voice immediately sounded after me to recall me. "Stay, young man—stay, you have mistaken the road already. I wonder your friends send out such an inconsiderate youth, without some one wiser than himself to take care of him."

"Perhaps they might not have done so," said I, "if I had any friends who cared about the matter."

"Well, sir," he said, "it is not my custom to open my house to strangers, but your pinch is like to be a smart one; for, besides the risk from bad roads, fords, and broken ground, and the night, which looks both black and gloomy, there is bad company on the road sometimes—at least it has a bad name, and some have come to harm: so that I think I must for once make my rule give way to your necessity, and give you a night's lodging in my cottage."

Why was it, Alan, that I could not help giving an involuntary shudder at receiving an invitation so seasonable in itself, and so suitable to my naturally inquisitive disposition? I easily suppressed this untimely sensation; and, as I returned thanks, and expressed my hope that I should not disarrange his family, I once more dropped a hint of my desire to make compensation for any trouble I might occasion. The man answered very coldly, "Your presence will no doubt give me trouble, sir, but it is of a kind which your purse cannot compensate; in a word, although I am content to receive you as my guest, I am no publican to call a reckoning."

I begged his pardon, and, at his instance, once more seated myself behind him upon the good horse, which went forth steady as before—the moon, whenever she could penetrate the clouds, throwing the huge shadow of the animal, with its double burden, on the wild and bare ground over which we passed.

Thou mayst laugh till thou lettest the letter fall if thou wilt, but it reminded me of the magician Atlantes on his hippogriff, with a knight trussed up behind him, in the manner Ariosto has depicted that matter. Thou art, I know, matter-of-fact enough to affect contempt of that fascinating and delicious poem; but think not that, to conform with thy bad taste, I shall forbear any suitable illustration which now or hereafter may occur to me.

On we went, the sky blackening around us, and the wind beginning to pipe such a wild and melancholy tune as best suited the hollow sounds of the advancing tide, which I could hear at a distance, like the roar of some immense monster defrauded of its prey.

At length, our course was crossed by a deep dell or dingle, such as they call in some parts of Scotland a den, and in others a clench, or narrow glen. It seemed, by the broken glances which the moon continued to throw upon it, to be steep, precipitous, and full of trees, which are, generally speaking, rather scarce upon these shores. The descent by which we plunged into this dell was both steep and rugged, with two or three abrupt turnings; but neither danger nor darkness impeded the motion of the black horse, who seemed rather to slide upon his haunches than to gallop down the pass, throwing me again on the shoulders of the athletic rider, who, sustaining no inconvenience by the circumstance, continued to press the horse forward with his heel, steadily supporting him at the same time by raising

his bridle-hand, until we stood in safety at the bottom of the steep—not a little to my consolation, as, friend Alan, thou mayst easily conceive.

A very short advance up the glen, the bottom of which we had attained by this ugly descent, brought us in front of two or three cottages, one of which another blink of moonshine enabled me to rate as rather better than those of the Scottish peasantry in this part of the world; for the sashes seemed glazed, and there were what are called storm-windows in the roof, giving symptoms of the magnificence of a second story. The scene around was very interesting; for the cottages, and the yards or crofts annexed to them, occupied a “haugh,” or holm, of two acres, which a brook of some consequence (to judge from its roar) had left upon one side of the little glen while finding its course close to the further bank, and which appeared to be covered and darkened with trees, while the level space beneath enjoyed such stormy smiles as the moon had that night to bestow.

I had little time for observation, for my companion's loud whistle, seconded by an equally loud halloo, speedily brought to the door of the principal cottage a man and a woman, together with two large Newfoundland dogs, the deep baying of which I had for some time heard. A yelping terrier or two, which had joined the concert, were silent at the presence of my conductor, and began to whine, jump up, and fawn upon him. The female drew back when she beheld a stranger; the man, who had a lighted lantern, advanced, and, without any observation, received the horse from my host, and led him, doubtless, to stable, while I followed my conductor into the house. When he had passed the hallan, we entered a well-sized apartment, with a clean brick floor, where a fire blazed (much to my contentment) in the ordinary projecting sort of chimney common in Scottish houses. There were stone seats within the chimney; and ordinary utensils, mixed with fishing-spears, nets, and similar implement of sport, were hung around the walls of the place. The female who had first appeared at the door had now retreated into a side apartment. She was presently followed by my guide, after he had silently motioned me to a seat; and their place was supplied by an elderly woman, in a gray stuff gown, with a check apron and “toy,” obviously a menial, though neater in her dress than is usual in her apparent rank—an advantage which was counterbalanced by a very forbidding aspect. But the most singular part of her attire, in this very Protestant country, was a rosary, in which the smaller

beads were black oak, and those indicating the *paternoster* of silver, with a crucifix of the same metal.

This person made preparations for supper, by spreading a clean though coarse cloth over a large oaken table, placing trenchers and salt upon it, and arranging the fire to receive a gridiron. I observed her motions in silence; for she took no sort of notice of me, and as her looks were singularly forbidding, I felt no disposition to commence conversation.

When this duenna had made all preliminary arrangements, she took from the well-filled pouch of my conductor, which he had hung up by the door, one or two salmon, or grilises, as the smaller sort are termed, and selecting that which seemed best, and in highest season, began to cut it into slices and to prepare a grillade, the savory smell of which affected me so powerfully that I began sincerely to hope that no delay would intervene between the platter and the lip.

As this thought came across me the man who had conducted the horse to the stable entered the apartment, and discovered to me a countenance yet more uninviting than that of the old crone who was performing with such dexterity the office of cook to the party. He was perhaps sixty years old; yet his brow was not much furrowed, and his jet-black hair was only grizzled, not whitened, by the advance of age. All his motions spoke strength unabated; and, though rather undersized, he had very broad shoulders, was square-made, thin-flanked, and apparently combined in his frame muscular strength and activity; the last somewhat impaired perhaps by years, but the first remaining in full vigor. A hard and harsh countenance; eyes far sunk under projecting eyebrows, which were grizzled like his hair; a wide mouth, furnished from ear to ear with a range of unimpaired teeth, of uncommon whiteness, and a size and breadth which might have become the jaws of an ogre, completed this delightful portrait. He was clad like a fisherman, in jacket and trousers of the blue cloth commonly used by seamen, and had a Dutch case-knife, like that of a Ham-burgh skipper, stuck into a broad buff belt, which seemed as if it might occasionally sustain weapons of a description still less equivocally calculated for violence.

This man gave me an inquisitive, and, as I thought, a sinister, look upon entering the apartment; but, without any farther notice of me, took up the office of arranging the table, which the old lady had abandoned for that of cooking the fish, and, with more address than I expected from a per-

son of his coarse appearance, placed two chairs at the head of the table, and two stools below ; accommodating each seat to a cover, beside which he placed an allowance of barley-bread, and a small jug, which he replenished with ale from a large black-jack. Three of these jugs were of ordinary earthenware, but the fourth, which he placed by the right-hand cover at the upper end of the table, was a flagon of silver, and displayed armorial bearings. Beside this flagon he placed a salt-cellar of silver, handsomely wrought, containing salt of exquisite whiteness, with pepper and other spices. A sliced lemon was also presented on a small silver salver. The two large water-dogs, who seemed perfectly to understand the nature of the preparations, seated themselves one on each side of the table, to be ready to receive their portion of the entertainment. I never saw finer animals, or which seemed to be more influenced by a sense of decorum, excepting that they slobbered a little as the rich scent from the chimney was wafted past their noses. The small dogs ensconced themselves beneath the table.

I am aware that I am dwelling upon trivial and ordinary circumstances, and that perhaps I may weary out your patience in doing so. But conceive me alone in this strange place, which seemed, from the universal silence, to be the very temple of Harpocrates ; remember that this is my first excursion from home ; forget not that the manner in which I had been brought hither had the dignity of danger and something the air of an adventure, and that there was a mysterious incongruity in all I had hitherto witnessed ; and you will not, I think, be surprised that these circumstances, though trifling, should force themselves on my notice at the time, and dwell in my memory afterwards.

That a fisher, who pursued the sport perhaps for his amusement as well as profit, should be well mounted and better lodged than the lower class of peasantry had in it nothing surprising ; but there was something about all that I saw which seemed to intimate that I was rather in the abode of a decayed gentleman, who clung to a few of the forms and observances of former rank, than in that of a common peasant, raised above his fellows by comparative opulence.

Besides the articles of plate which I have already noticed, the old man now lighted and placed on the table a silver lamp, or "cruisie," as the Scottish term it, filled with very pure oil, which in burning diffused an aromatic fragrance, and gave me a more perfect view of the cottage walls, which I had hitherto only seen dimly by the light of the fire. The

bink, with its usual arrangement of pewter and earthenware, which was most strictly and critically clean, glanced back the flame of the lamp merrily from one side of the apartment. In a recess, formed by the small bow of a latticed window, was a large writing-desk of walnut-tree wood, curiously carved, above which arose shelves of the same, which supported a few books and papers. The opposite side of the recess contained (as far as I could discern, for it lay in shadow, and I could not at any rate have seen it but imperfectly from the place where I was seated) one or two guns, together with swords, pistols, and other arms—a collection which, in a poor cottage, and in a country so peaceful, appeared singular at least, if not even somewhat suspicious.

All these observations, you may suppose, were made much sooner than I have recorded, or you (if you have not skipped) have been able to read them. They were already finished, and I was considering how I should open some communication with the mute inhabitants of the mansion, when my conductor re-entered from the side door by which he had made his exit.

He had now thrown off his rough riding-cap and his coarse jockey-coat, and stood before me in a gray jerkin trimmed with black, which sat close to, and set off, his large and sinewy frame, and a pair of trousers of a lighter color, cut as close to the body as they are used by Highlandmen. His whole dress was of finer cloth than that of the old man; and his linen, so minute was my observation, clean and unsullied. His shirt was without ruffles, and tied at the collar with a black ribbon, which showed his strong and muscular neck rising from it, like that of an ancient Hercules. His head was small, with a large forehead and well-formed ears. He wore neither peruke nor hair-powder; and his chestnut locks, curling close to his head, like those of an antique statue, showed not the least touch of time, though the owner must have been at least fifty. His features were high and prominent in such a degree that one knew not whether to term them harsh or handsome. In either case, the sparkling gray eye, aquiline nose, and well-formed mouth combined to render his physiognomy noble and expressive. An air of sadness, or severity, or of both, seemed to indicate a melancholy, and, at the same time, a haughty, temper. I could not help running mentally over the ancient heroes to whom I might assimilate the noble form and countenance before me. He was too young, and evinced too little resignation to his fate, to resemble Belisarius. Coriolanus standing by the hearth

of Tullus Aufidius came nearer the mark ; yet the gloomy and haughty look of the stranger, had, perhaps, still more of Marius seated among the ruins of Carthage.

While I was lost in these imaginations, my host stood by the fire, gazing on me with the same attention which I paid to him, until, embarrassed by his look, I was about to break silence at all hazards. But the supper, now placed upon the table, reminded me, by its appearance, of those wants which I had almost forgotten while I was gazing on the fine form of my conductor. He spoke at length, and I almost started at the deep rich tone of his voice, though what he said was but to invite me to sit down to the table. He himself assumed the seat of honor, beside which the silver flagon was placed, and beckoned to me to sit beside him.

Thou knowest thy father's strict and excellent domestic discipline has trained me to hear the invocation of a blessing before we break the daily bread, for which we are taught to pray ; I paused a moment, and without designing to do so, I suppose my manner made him sensible of what I expected. The two domestics, or inferiors, as I should have before observed, were already seated at the bottom of the table, when my host shot a glance of a very peculiar expression towards the old man, observing, with something approaching to a sneer, " Cristal Nixon, say grace ; the gentleman expects one."

"The foul fiend shall be clerk and say "amen," when I turn chaplain," growled out the party addressed, in tones which might have become the condition of a dying bear. "If the gentleman is a Whig, he may please himself with his mummerly. My faith is neither in word nor writ, but in barley bread and brown ale."

"Mabel Moffat," said my guide looking at the old woman, and raising his sonorous voice, probably because she was hard of hearing, "canst thou ask a blessing upon our victuals."

The old woman shook her head, kissed the cross which hung from her rosary, and was silent.

"Mabel will say grace for no heretic," said the master of the house, with the same latent sneer on his brow and in his accent.

At the same moment, the side-door already mentioned opened, and the young woman (so she proved) whom I had first seen at the door of the cottage advanced a little way into the room, then stopped bashfully, as if she had observed that I was looking at her, and asked the master of the house "if he had called."

“Not louder than to make old Mabel hear me,” he replied. “And yet,” he added, as she turned to retire, “it is a shame a stranger should see a house where not one of the family can or will say grace ; do thou be our chaplain.”

The girl, who was really pretty, came forward with timid modesty, and, apparently unconscious that she was doing anything uncommon, pronounced the benediction in a silver-toned voice, and with affecting simplicity, her cheek coloring just so much as to show that, on a less solemn occasion, she would have felt more embarrassed.

Now, if thou expectest a fine description of this young woman, Alan Fairford, in order to entitle thee to taunt me with having found a Dulcinea in the inhabitant of a fisherman’s cottage on the Solway Firth, thou shalt be disappointed ; for, having said she seemed very pretty, and that she was a sweet and gentle-speaking creature, I have said all concerning her that I can tell thee. She vanished when the benediction was spoken.

My host, with a muttered remark on the cold of our ride, and the keen air of the Solway sands, to which he did not seem to wish an answer, loaded my plate from Mabel’s gril-lade, which, with a large wooden bowl of potatoes, formed our whole meal. A sprinkling from the lemon gave a much higher zest than the usual condiment of vinegar ; and I promise you that whatever I might hitherto have felt, either of curiosity or suspicion, did not prevent me from making a most excellent supper, during which little passed betwixt me and my entertainer, unless that he did the usual honors of the table with courtesy, indeed, but without even the affectation of hearty hospitality which those in his (apparent) condition generally affect on such occasions, even when they do not actually feel it. On the contrary, his manner seemed that of a polished landlord towards an unexpected and unwelcome guest, whom, for the sake of his own credit, he receives with civility, but without either good-will or cheerfulness.

If you ask how I learned all this, I cannot tell you ; nor, were I to write down at length the insignificant intercourse which took place between us, would it perhaps serve to justify these observations. It is sufficient to say that, in helping his dogs, which he did from time to time with great liberality, he seemed to discharge a duty much more pleasing to himself than when he paid the same attention to his guest. Upon the whole, the result on my mind was as I tell it you.

When supper was over, a small case-bottle of brandy, in a

curious frame of silver filigree, circulated to the guests. I had already taken a small glass of the liquor, and, when it had passed to Mabel and to Cristal, and was again returned to the upper end of the table, I could not help taking the bottle in my hand, to look more at the armorial bearings, which were chased with considerable taste on the silver framework. Encountering the eye of my entertainer, I instantly saw that my curiosity was highly distasteful; he frowned, bit his lip, and showed such uncontrollable signs of impatience that, setting the bottle immediately down, I attempted some apology. To this he did not deign either to reply or even to listen; and Cristal at a signal from his master removed the object of my curiosity, as well as the cup, upon which the same arms were engraved.

There ensued an awkward pause, which I endeavored to break by observing, that "I feared my intrusion upon his hospitality had put his family to some inconvenience."

"I hope you see no appearance of it, sir," he replied, with cold civility. "What inconvenience a family so retired as ours may suffer from receiving an unexpected guest is like to be trifling, in comparison of what the visitor himself sustains from want of his accustomed comforts. So far, therefore, as our connection stands, our accounts stand clear."

Notwithstanding this discouraging reply, I blundered on, as is usual in such cases, wishing to appear civil, and being, perhaps, in reality the very reverse. "I was afraid," I said, "that my presence had banished one of the family (looking at the side-door) from this table."

"If," he coldly replied, "I meant the young woman whom I had seen in the apartment, he bid me observe that there was room enough at the table for her to have seated herself, and meat enough, such as it was, for her supper. I might, therefore, be assured, if she had chosen it, she would have supped with us."

There was no dwelling on this or any other topic longer; for my entertainer, taking up the lamp, observed, that "My wet clothes might reconcile me for the night to their custom of keeping early hours; that he was under the necessity of going abroad by peep of day to-morrow morning, and would call me up at the same time, to point out the way by which I was to return to the Shepherd's Bush."

This left no opening for further explanation; nor was there room for it on the usual terms of civility; for, as he neither asked my name nor expressed the least interest

concerning my condition, I—the obliged person—had no pretense to trouble him with such inquiries on my part.

He took up the lamp and led me through the side-door into a very small room, where a bed had been hastily arranged for my accommodation, and, putting down the lamp, directed me to leave my wet clothes on the outside of the door, that they might be exposed to the fire during the night. He then left me having muttered something which was meant to pass for “Good-night.”

I obeyed his directions with respect to my clothes, the rather that, in spite of the spirits which I had drank, I felt my teeth begin to chatter, and received various hints from an aguish feeling that a town-bred youth, like myself, could not at once rush into all the hardihood of country sports with impunity. But my bed, though coarse and hard, was dry and clean ; and I soon was so little occupied with my heats and tremors as to listen with interest to a heavy foot, which seemed to be that of my landlord, traversing the boards (there was no ceiling, as you may believe) which roofed my apartment. Light, glancing through these rude planks, became visible as soon as my lamp was extinguished ; and the noise of the slow, solemn, and regular step continued, and I could distinguish that the person turned and returned as he reached the end of the apartment, it seemed clear to me that the walker was engaged in no domestic occupation, but merely pacing to and fro for his own pleasure. “An odd amusement this,” I thought, “for one who has been engaged at least a part of the preceding day in violent exercise, and who talked of rising by the peep of dawn on the ensuing morning.”

Meantime I heard the storm, which had been brewing during the evening, begin to descend with a vengeance ; sounds as of distant thunder (the noise of the more distant waves, doubtless on the shore) mingled with the roaring of the neighboring torrent, and with the crashing, groaning, and even screaming of the trees in the glen, whose boughs were tormented by the gale. Within the house, windows clattered and doors clapped, and the walls, though sufficiently substantial for a building of the kind, seemed to me to totter in the tempest.

But still the heavy steps perambulating the apartment over my head were distinctly heard, amid the roar and fury of the elements. I thought more than once I even heard a groan ; but I frankly own that, placed in this unusual situation, my fancy may have misled me. I was tempted

several times to call aloud, and ask whether the turmoil around us did not threaten danger to the building which we inhabited ; but when I thought of the secluded and unsocial master of the dwelling, who seemed to avoid human society, and to remain unperturbed amid the elemental war, it seemed that to speak to him at that moment would have been to address the spirit of the tempest himself, since no other being, I thought, could have remained calm and tranquil while winds and waters were thus raging around.

In process of time, fatigue prevailed over anxiety and curiosity. The storm abated, or my senses became deadened to its terrors, and I fell asleep ere yet the mysterious paces of my host had ceased to shake the flooring over my head.

It might have been expected that the novelty of my situation, although it did not prevent my slumbers, would have at least diminished their profoundness and shortened their duration. It proved, otherwise, however ; for I never slept more soundly in my life, and only awoke when, at morning dawn, my landlord shook me by the shoulder, and dispelled some dream, of which, fortunately for you, I have no recollection, otherwise you would have been favored with it, in hopes you might have proved a second Daniel upon the occasion.

“ You sleep sound,” said his full deep voice ; “ ere five years have rolled over your head, your slumbers will be lighter—unless ere then you are wrapped in the sleep which is never broken.”

“ How !” said I, starting up in the bed ; “ do you know anything of me—of my prospects—of my views in life ?”

“ Nothing,” he answered, with a grim smile ; “ but it is evident you are entering upon the world young, inexperienced, and full of hopes, and I do but prophesy to you what I would to any one in your condition. But come ; there lie your clothes ; a brown crust and a draught of milk wait you, if you choose to break your fast ; but you must make haste.”

“ I must first,” I said, “ take the freedom to spend a few minutes alone, before beginning the ordinary works of the day.”

“ Oh ! humph ! I cry your devotions pardon,” he replied, and left the apartment.

Alan, there is something terrible about this man.

I joined him, as I had promised, in the kitchen where we had supped over night, where I found the articles which

he had offered me for breakfast, without butter or any other addition.

He walked up and down, while I partook of the bread and milk ; and the slow, measured, weighty step seemed identified with those which I had heard last night. His pace, from its funereal slowness, seemed to keep time with some current of internal passion, dark, slow, and unchanged. "We run and leap by the side of a lively and bubbling brook," thought I, internally, "as if we would run a race with it ; but beside waters deep, slow, and lonely our pace is sullen and silent as their course. What thoughts may be now corresponding with that furrowed brow and bearing time with that heavy step !"

"If you have finished," said he, looking up to me with a glance of impatience, as he observed that I ate no longer, but remained with my eyes fixed upon him, "I wait to show you the way."

We went out together, no individual of the family having been visible excepting my landlord. I was disappointed of the opportunity which I watched for of giving some gratuity to the domestics, as they seemed to be. As for offering any recompense to the master of the household, it seemed to me impossible to have attempted it.

What would I have given for a share of thy composure, who wouldst have thrust half-a-crown into a man's hand whose necessities seemed to crave it, conscious that you did right in making the proffer, and not caring sixpence whether you hurt the feelings of him whom you meant to serve ! I saw thee once give a penny to a man with a long beard, who, from the dignity of his exterior, might have represented Solon. I had not thy courage, and therefore I made no tender to my mysterious host, although, notwithstanding his display of silver utensils, all around the house bespoke narrow circumstances, if not actual poverty.

We left the place together. But I hear thee murmur thy very new and appropriate ejaculation, *Ohe jam satis !* The rest for another time. Perhaps I may delay farther communication till I learn how my favors are valued.

LETTER V

ALAN FAIRFORD TO DARSIE LATIMER

I HAVE thy two last epistles, my dear Darsie, and, expecting the third, have been in no hurry to answer them. Do not think my silence ought to be ascribed to my failing to take interest in them, for, truly, they excel (though the task was difficult) thy usual excellings. Since the moon-calf who earliest discovered the Pandemonium of Milton in an expiring woodfire, since the first ingenious urchin who blew bubbles out of soap and water, thou, my best of friends, hast the highest knack at making histories out of nothing. Wert thou to plant the bean in the nursery tale, thou wouldst make out, so soon as it began to germinate, that the castle of the giant was about to elevate its battlements on the top of it. All that happens to thee gets the touch of the wonderful and the sublime from thy own rich imagination. Didst ever see what artists call a Claude Lorraine glass, which spreads its own particular hue over the whole landscape which you see through it? Thou beholdest ordinary events just through such a medium.

I have looked carefully at the facts of thy last long letter, and they are just such as might have befallen any little truant of the High School who had got down to Leith sands, gone beyond the "prawn dub," wet his hose and shoon, and, finally, had been carried home, in compassion, by some high-kilted fishwife, cursing all the while the trouble which the brat occasioned her.

I admire the figure which thou must have made, clinging for dear life behind the old fellow's back, thy jaws chattering with fear, thy muscles cramped with anxiety. Thy execrable supper of broiled salmon, which was enough to ensure the nightmare's regular visits for a twelvemonth, may be termed a real affliction; but as for the storm of Thursday last (such, I observe, was the date), it roared, whistled, howled, and bellowed as fearfully amongst the old chimney-heads in the Candlemaker Row as it could on the Solway shore, for the very wind of it—*teste me per totam noctem vigilante*. And then in the morning again, when—

Lord help you !—in your sentimental delicacy you bid the poor man adieu without even tendering him half-a-crown for supper and lodging !

You laugh at me for giving a penny (to be accurate, though, thou shouldst have said sixpence) to an old fellow whom thou, in thy high flight, wouldst have sent home supperless because he was like Solon or Belisarius. But you forget that the affront descended like a benediction into the pouch of the old gaberlunzie, who overflowed in blessings upon the generous donor. Long ere he would have thanked thee, Darsie, for thy barren veneration of his beard and his bearing. Then you laugh at my good father's retreat from Falkirk, just as if it were not time for a man to trudge when three or four mountain knaves, with naked claymores, and heels as light as their fingers, were scampering after him crying "furinish." You remember what he said himself when the laird of Bucklivat told him that "furinish" signified, "stay awhile." "What the devil," he said, surprised out of his Presbyterian correctness by the unreasonableness of such a request under the circumstances, "would the scoundrels have had me stop to have my head cut off?"

Imagine such a train at your own heels, Darsie, and ask yourself whether you would not exert your legs as fast as you did in flying from the Solway tide. And yet you impeach my father's courage ! I tell you he has courage enough to do what is right and to spurn what is wrong—courage enough to defend a righteous cause with hand and purse, and to take the part of the poor man against his oppressor, without fear of the consequences to himself. This is civil courage, Darsie ; and it is of little consequence to most men in this age and country whether they ever possess military courage or no.

Do not think I am angry with you, though I thus attempt to rectify your opinions on my father's account. I am well aware that, upon the whole, he is scarce regarded with more respect by me than by thee. And while I am in a serious humor, which it is difficult to preserve with one who is perpetually tempting me to laugh at him, pray, dearest Darsie, let not thy ardor for adventure carry thee into more such scrapes as that of the Solway sands. The rest of the story is a mere imagination ; but that stormy evening night have proved, as the clown says to Lear, a "naughty night to swim in."

As for the rest, if you can work mysterious and romantic heroes out of old cross-grained fishermen, why, I for one will

reap some amusement by the metamorphosis. Yet hold! even there, there is some need of caution. This same female chaplain—thou sayest so little of her, and so much of every one else, that it excites some doubt in my mind. “Very pretty” she is, it seems, and that is all thy discretion informs me of. There are cases in which silence implies other things than consent. Wert thou ashamed or afraid, Darsie, to trust thyself with the praises of the very pretty grace-sayer? As I live, thou blushest! Why, do I not know thee an inveterate squire of dames? and have I not been in thy confidence? An elegant elbow, displayed when the rest of the figure was muffled in a cardinal, or a neat, well-turned ankle and instep, seen by chance as its owner tripped up the Old Assembly Close,* turned thy brain for eight days. Thou wert once caught, if I remember rightly, with a single glance of a single matchless eye, which, when the fair owner withdrew her veil, proved to be single in the literal sense of the word. And, besides, were you not another time enamored of a voice—a new voice, that mingled in the psalmody at the Old Greyfriars’ church—until you discovered the proprietor of that dulcet organ to be Miss Dolly MacIzzard, who is both “back and breast,” as our saying goes?

All these things considered, and contrasted with thy artful silence on the subject of this grace-saying Nereid of thine, I must beg thee to be more explicit upon that subject in thy next, unless thou wouldst have me form the conclusion that thou thinkest more of her than thou carest to talk of.

You will not expect much news from this quarter, as you know the monotony of my life, and are aware it must at present be devoted to uninterrupted study. You have said a thousand times that I am only qualified to make my way by dint of plodding, and therefore plod I must.

My father seems to be more impatient of your absence than he was after your first departure. He is sensible, I believe, that our solitary meals want the light which your gay humor was wont to throw over them, and feels melancholy, as men do when the light of the sun is no longer upon the landscape. If it is thus with him, thou mayst imagine it is much more so with me, and canst conceive how heartily I wish that thy frolic were ended, and thou once more our inmate.

* Of old this almost deserted alley formed the most common access betwixt the High Street and the southern suburbs

I resume my pen, after a few hours' interval, to say that an incident has occurred on which you will yourself be building a hundred castles in the air, and which even I, jealous as I am of such baseless fabrics, cannot but own affords ground for singular conjecture.

My father has of late taken me frequently along with him when he attends the courts, in his anxiety to see me properly initiated into the practical forms of business. I own I feel something on his account and my own from this over-anxiety, which, I daresay renders us both ridiculous. But what signifies my repugnance? My father drags me up to his counsel learned in the law. "Are you quite ready to come on to-day, Mr. Crossbite? This is my son, designed for the bar; I take the liberty to bring him with me to-day to the consultation, merely that he may see how these things are managed."

Mr. Crossbite smiles and bows, as a lawyer smiles on the solicitor who employs him, and, I daresay, thrusts his tongue into his cheek and whispers into the first great wig that passes him, "What the d—l does old Fairford mean by letting loose his whelp on me?"

As I stood beside them, too much vexed at the childish part I was made to play to derive much information from the valuable arguments of Mr. Crossbite, I observed a rather elderly man, who stood with his eyes firmly bent on my father, as if he only waited an end of the business in which he was engaged to address him. There was something, I thought, in the gentleman's appearance which commanded attention. Yet his dress was not in the present taste, and though it had once been magnificent, was now antiquated and unfashionable. His coat was of branched velvet, with a satin lining, a waistcoat of violet-colored silk, much embroidered; his breeches the same stuff as the coat. He wore square-toed shoes, with foretops, as they are called; and his silk stockings were rolled up over his knee, as you may have seen in pictures, and here and there on some of those originals who seem to pique themselves on dressing after the mode of Methuselah. A *chapeau bras* and sword necessarily completed his equipment, which, though out of date, showed that it belonged to a man of distinction.

The instant Mr. Crossbite had ended what he had to say, this gentleman walked up to my father with, "Your servant, Mr. Fairford; it is long since you and I met."

My father, whose politeness, you know, is exact and formal, bowed and hemmed, and was confused, and at length

professed that the distance since they had met was so great that though he remembered the face perfectly, the name, he was sorry to say, had—really—somehow—escaped his memory.

“Have you forgot Herries of Birrenswork?” said the gentleman, and my father bowed even more profoundly than before; though I think his reception of his old friend seemed to lose some of the respectful civility which he bestowed on him while his name was yet unknown. It now seemed to be something like the lip-courtesy which the heart would have denied had ceremony permitted.

My father, however, again bowed low, and hoped he saw him well.

“So well, my good Mr. Fairford, that I come hither determined to renew my acquaintance with one or two old friends, and with you in the first place. I halt at my old resting-place; you must dine with me to-day at Paterson’s, at the head of the Horse Wynd; it is near your new fashionable dwelling, and I have business with you.”

My father excused himself respectfully, and not without embarrassment—“He was particularly engaged at home.”

“Then I will dine with you, man,” said Mr. Herries of Birrenswork; “the few minutes you can spare me after dinner will suffice for my business; and I will not prevent you a moment from minding your own—I am no bottle-man.”

You have often remarked that my father, though a scrupulous observer of the rites of hospitality, seems to exercise them rather as a duty than as a pleasure; indeed, but for a conscientious wish to feed the hungry and receive the stranger, his doors would open to guests much seldomer than is the case. I never saw so strong an example of this peculiarity (which I should otherwise have said is caricatured in your description) as in his mode of homologating the self-given invitation of Mr. Herries. The embarrassed brow, and the attempt at a smile which accompanied his “We will expect the honor of seeing you in Brown Square at three o’clock,” could not deceive any one, and did not impose upon the old laird. It was with a look of scorn that he replied, “I will relieve you then till that hour, Mr. Fairford;” and his whole manner seemed to say, “It is my pleasure to dine with you, and I care not whether I am welcome or no.”

When he turned away, I asked my father who he was.

“An unfortunate gentleman,” was the reply.

“He looks pretty well on his misfortunes,” replied I. “I should not have suspected that so gay an outside was lacking a dinner.”

"Who told you that he does?" replied my father. "He is *omni suspicione major*, so far as worldly circumstances are concerned. It is to be hoped he makes a good use of them, though, if he does, it will be for the first time in his life."

"He has then been an irregular liver?" insinuated I.

My father replied by that famous brocard with which he silences all unacceptable queries, turning in the slightest degree upon the failings of our neighbors—"If we mend our own faults, Alan, we shall all of us have enough to do, without sitting in judgment upon other folks."

Here I was again at fault; but rallying once more I observed, he had the air of a man of high rank and family.

"He is well entitled," said my father, "representing Herries of Birrenswork—a branch of that great and once powerful family of Herries, the elder branch whereof merged in the house of Nithsdale at the death of Lord Robin the Philosopher, Anno Domini sixteen hundred and sixty-seven."

"Has he still," said I, "his patrimonial estate of Birrenswork?"

"No," replied my father; "so far back as his father's time, it was a mere designation, the property being forfeited by Herbert Herries's following his kinsman the Earl of Derwentwater to the Preston affair in 1715. But they keep up the designation, thinking, doubtless, that their claims may be revived in more favorable times for Jacobites and for Popery; and folks who in no way partake of their fantastic capriccios do yet allow it to pass unchallenged, *ex comitate*, if not *ex misericordia*. But were he the Pope and the Pretender both, we must get some dinner ready for him, since he has thought fit to offer himself. So hasten home, my lad, and tell Hannah, Cook Epps, and James Wilkinson to do their best; and do thou look out a pint or two of Maxwell's best. It is in the fifth bin; there are the keys of the wine-cellar. Do not leave them in the lock. You know poor James's failing, though he is an honest creature under all other temptations; and I have but two bottles of the old brandy left, we must keep it for medicine, Alan."

Away went I—made my preparations; the hour of dinner came, and so did Mr. Herries of Birrenswork.

If I had thy power of imagination and description, Darsie, I could make out a fine, dark, mysterious, Rembrandt-looking portrait of this same stranger, which should be as far superior to thy fisherman as a shirt of chain-mail is to a her-ring-net. I can assure you there is some matter for descrip-

tion about him ; but knowing my own imperfections, I can only say, I thought him eminently disagreeable and ill-bred. No, "ill-bred" is not the proper word ; on the contrary, he appeared to know the rules of good breeding perfectly, and only to think that the rank of the company did not require that he should attend to them—a view of the matter infinitely more offensive than if his behavior had been that of uneducated and proper rudeness. While my father said grace, the laird did all but whistle aloud ; and when I, at my father's desire, returned thanks, he used his toothpick, as if he had waited that moment for its exercise.

So much for kirk ; with king matters went even worse. My father, thou knowest, is particularly full of deference to his guests ; and in the present case he seemed more than usually desirous to escape every cause of dispute. He so far compromised his loyalty as to announce merely "The King" as his first toast after dinner, instead of the emphatic "King George" which is his usual formula. Our guest made a motion with his glass, so as to pass it over the water-decanter which stood beside him, and added, "Over the water."

My father colored, but would not seem to hear this. Much more there was of careless and disrespectful in the stranger's manner and tone of conversation ; so that, though I know my father's prejudices in favor of rank and birth, and though I am aware his otherwise masculine understanding has never entirely shaken off the slavish awe of the great which in his earlier days they had so many modes of commanding, still I could hardly excuse him for enduring so much insolence—such it seemed to be—as this self-invited guest was disposed to offer to him at his own table.

One can endure a traveler in the same carriage, if he treads upon your toes by accident, or even through negligence ; but it is very different when, knowing that they are rather of a tender description, he continues to pound away at them with his hoofs. In my poor opinion—and I am a man of peace—you can, in that case, hardly avoid a declaration of war.

I believe my father read my thoughts in my eye ; for, pulling out his watch, he said, "Half-past four, Alan—you should be in your own room by this time ; Birrenswark will excuse you."

Our visitor nodded carelessly, and I had no longer any pretense to remain. But as I left the room I heard this magnate of Nithsdale distinctly mention the name of "Latimer." I lingered ; but at length a direct hint from my

father obliged me to withdraw ; and when, an hour afterwards, I was summoned to partake of a cup of tea, our guest had departed. He had business that evening in the High Street, and could not spare time even to drink tea. I could not help saying, I considered his departure as a relief from incivility. "What business has he to upbraid us," I said, "with the change of our dwelling from a more inconvenient to a better quarter of the town ? What was it to him if we chose to imitate some of the conveniences or luxuries of an English dwelling-house, instead of living piled up above each other in flats ? Have his patrician birth and aristocratic fortunes given him any right to censure those who dispose of the fruits of their own industry according to their own pleasure ?"

My father took a long pinch of snuff, and replied, "Very well, Alan—very well indeed. I wish Mr. Crossbite or Counselor Pest had heard you ; they must have acknowledged that you have a talent for forensic elocution ; and it may not be amiss to try a little declamation at home now and then, to gather audacity and keep yourself in breath. But touching the subject of this paraffle of words, it's not worth a pinch of tobacco. D'ye think that I care for Mr. Herries of Birrenswork more than any other gentleman who comes here about business, although I do not care to go tilting at his throat, because he speaks like a gray goose as he is ? But to say no more about him, I want to have Darsie Latimer's present direction ; for it is possible I may have to write the lad a line with my own hand—and yet I do not well know—but give me the direction at all events."

I did so, and if you have heard from my father accordingly, you know more, probably, about the subject of this letter than I who write it. But if you have not, then shall I have discharged a friend's duty, in letting you know that there certainly is something afloat between this disagreeable laird and my father in which you are considerably interested.

Adieu ! and although I have given thee a subject for waking dreams, beware of building a castle too heavy for the foundation, which, in the present instance, is barely the word "Latimer" occurring in a conversation betwixt a gentleman of Dumfriesshire and a W. S. of Edinburgh.

Cætera prorsus ignoro.

LETTER VI

DARSIE LATIMER TO ALAN FAIRFORD

(In continuation of Letters III. and IV.)

I TOLD thee I walked out into the open air with my grave and stern landlord. I could now see more perfectly than on the preceding night the secluded glen, in which stood the two or three cottages which appeared to be the abode of him and his family.

It was so narrow, in proportion to its depth, that no ray of the morning sun was likely to reach it till it should rise high in the horizon. Looking up the dell, you saw a brawling brook issuing in foaming haste from a covert of under-wood, like a race-horse impatient to arrive at the goal; and, if you gazed yet more earnestly, you might observe part of a high waterfall glimmering through the foliage, and giving occasion, doubtless, to the precipitate speed of the brook. Lower down, the stream became more placid, and opened into a quiet piece of water, which afforded a rude haven to two or three fishermen's boats, then lying high and dry on the sand, the tide being out. Two or three miserable huts could be seen beside this little haven, inhabited probably by the owners of the boats, but inferior in every respect to the establishment of mine host, though that was miserable enough.

I had but a minute or two to make these observations, yet during that space my companion showed symptoms of impatience, and more than once shouted, "Cristal—Cristal Nixon," until the old man of the preceding evening appeared at the door of one of the neighboring cottages or out-houses, leading the strong black horse which I before commemorated, ready bridled and saddled. My conductor made Cristal a sign with his finger, and, turning from the cottage door, led the way up the steep path or ravine which connected the sequestered dell with the open country.

Had I been perfectly aware of the character of the road down which I had been hurried with so much impetuosity on the preceding evening, I greatly question if I should have ventured the descent; for it deserved no better name

than the channel of a torrent, now in a good measure filled with water, that dashed in foam and fury into the dell, being swelled with the rains of the preceding night. I ascended this ugly path with some difficulty, although on foot, and felt dizzy when I observed, from such traces as the rains had not obliterated, that the horse seemed almost to have slid down it upon his haunches the evening before.

My host threw himself on his horse's back without placing a foot in the stirrup, passed me in the perilous ascent, against which he pressed his steed as if the animal had had the footing of a wildcat. The water and mud splashed from his heels in his reckless course, and a few bounds placed him on the top of the bank, where I presently joined him, and found the horse and rider standing still as a statue; the former panting and expanding his broad nostrils to the morning wind, the latter motionless, with his eye fixed on the first beams of the rising sun, which already began to peer above the eastern horizon, and gild the distant mountains of Cumberland and Liddesdale.

He seemed in a reverie, from which he started at my approach, and putting his horse in motion, led the way at a leisurely pace, through a broken and sandy road, which traversed a waste, level, and uncultivated tract of downs, intermixed with morass, much like that in the neighborhood of my quarters at Shepherd's Bush. Indeed, the whole open ground of this district, where it approaches the sea, has, except in a few favored spots, the same uniform and dreary character.

Advancing about a hundred yards from the brink of the glen, we gained a still more extensive command of this desolate prospect, which seemed even more dreary, as contrasted with the opposite shores of Cumberland, crossed and intersected by ten thousand lines of trees growing in hedge-rows, shaded with groves and woods of considerable extent, and animated by hamlets and villas, from which thin clouds of smoke already gave sign of human life and human industry.

My conductor had extended his arm, and was pointing the road to Shepherd's Bush, when the step of a horse was heard approaching us. He looked sharply around, and having observed who was approaching, proceeded in his instructions to me, planting himself at the same time in the very middle of the path, which, at the place where we halted, had a slough on the one side and a sandbank on the other.

I observed that the rider who approached us slackened his

horse's pace from a slow trot to a walk, as if desirous to suffer us to proceed, or at least to avoid passing us at a spot where the difficulty of doing so must have brought us very close to each other. You know my old failing, Alan, and that I am always willing to attend to anything in preference to the individual who has for the time possession of the conversation.

Agreeably to this amiable propensity, I was internally speculating concerning the cause of the rider keeping aloof from us, when my companion, elevating his deep voice so suddenly and so sternly as at once to recall my wandering thoughts, exclaimed, "In the name of the devil, young man, do you think that others have no better use for their time than you have, that you oblige me to repeat the same thing to you three times over? Do you see, I say, yonder thing at a mile's distance, that looks like a finger-post, or rather like a gallows? I would it had a dreaming fool hanging upon it, as an example to all meditative moon-calves! Yon gibbet-looking pole will guide you to the bridge, where you must pass the large brook; then proceed straight forwards, till several roads divide at a cairn. Plague on thee, thou art wandering again!"

It is indeed quite true that at this moment the horseman approached us, and my attention was again called to him as I made way to let him pass. His whole exterior at once showed that he belonged to the Society of Friends, or, as the world and the world's law call them, Quakers. A strong and useful iron-gray galloway showed, by its sleek and good condition, that the merciful man was merciful to his beast. His accouterments were in the usual unostentatious, but clean and serviceable, order which characterizes these sectaries. His long surtout of dark-gray superfine cloth descended down to the middle of his leg, and was buttoned up to his chin to defend him against the morning air. As usual, his ample beaver hung down without button or loop, and shaded a comely and placid countenance, the gravity of which appeared to contain some seasoning of humor, and had nothing in common with the pinched Puritanical air affected by devotees in general. The brow was open and free from wrinkles, whether of age or hypocrisy. The eye was clear, calm, and considerate, yet appeared to be disturbed by apprehension, not to say fear, as pronouncing the usual salutation of "I wish thee a good morrow, friend," he indicated by turning his palfrey close to one side of the path a wish to glide past us with as little trouble as possible, just

as a traveler would choose to pass a mastiff of whose peaceable intentions he is by no means confident.

But my friend, not meaning, perhaps, that he should get off so easily, put his horse quite across the path, so that, without plunging into the slough or scrambling up the bank, the Quaker could not have passed him. Neither of these was an experiment without hazard greater than the passenger seemed willing to incur. He halted, therefore, as if waiting till my companion should make way for him; and, as they sat fronting each other, I could not help thinking that they might have formed no bad emblem of Peace and War; for although my conductor was unarmed, yet the whole of his manner, his stern look, and his upright seat on horseback were entirely those of a soldier in undress. He accosted the Quaker in these words—"So ho! friend Joshua, thou art early to the road this morning. Has the Spirit moved thee and thy righteous brethren to act with some honesty and pull down yonder tide-nets that keep the fish from coming up the river?"

"Surely, friend, not so," answered Joshua, firmly, but good-humoredly at the same time; "thou canst not expect that our own hands should pull down what our own purses established. Thou killest the fish with spear, line, and coble-net; and we with snares and with nets, which work by the ebb and the flow of the tide. Each doth what seems best in his eyes to secure a share of the blessing which Providence hath bestowed on the river, and that within his own bounds. I prithee seek no quarrel against us, for thou shalt have no wrong at our hand."

"Be assured I will take none at the hand of any man, whether his hat be cocked or broad-brimmed," answered the fisherman. "I tell you in fair terms, Joshua Geddes, that you and your partners are using unlawful craft to destroy the fish in the Solway by stake-nets and wears; and that we, who fish fairly, and like men, as our fathers did, have daily and yearly less sport and less profit. Do not think gravity or hypocrisy can carry it off as you have done. The world knows you, and we know you. You will destroy the salmon which make the livelihood of fifty poor families, and then wipe your mouth and go to make a speech at meeting. But do not hope it will last thus. I give you fair warning, we will be upon you one morning soon, when we will not leave a stake standing in the pools of the Solway; and down the tide they shall every one go, and well if we do not send a lessee along with them."

"Friend," replied Joshua, with a constrained smile, "but that I know thou dost not mean as thou say'st. I would tell thee we are under the protection of this country's laws; nor do we the less trust to obtain their protection, that our principles permit us not, by any act of violent resistance, to protect ourselves."

"All villainous cant and cowardice," exclaimed the fisherman, "and assumed merely as a cloak to your hypocritical avarice."

"Nay, say not cowardice, my friend," answered the Quaker, "since thou knowest there may be as much courage in enduring as in acting; and I will be judged by this youth, or by any one else, whether there is not more cowardice—even in the opinion of that world whose thoughts are the breath in thy nostrils—in the armed oppressor who doth injury than in the defenseless and patient sufferer who endureth it with constancy."

"I will change no more words with you on the subject," said the fisherman, who, as if something moved at the last argument which Mr. Geddes had used, now made room for him to pass forward on his journey. "Do not forget, however," he added, "that you have had fair warning, nor suppose that we will accept of fair words in apology for foul play. These nets of yours are unlawful, they spoil our fishings, and we will have them down at all risks and hazards. I am a man of my word, friend Joshua."

"I trust thou art," said the Quaker; but thou art the rather bound to be cautious in rashly affirming what thou wilt never execute. For I tell thee, friend, that though there is as great a difference between thee and one of our people as there is between a lion and a sheep, yet I know and believe that thou hast so much of the lion in thee that thou wouldst scarce employ thy strength and thy rage upon that which professeth no means of resistance. Report says so much good of thee, at least, if it says little more."

"Time will try," answered the fisherman; "and hark thee, Joshua, before we part I will put in thee the way of doing one good deed, which, credit me, is better than twenty moral speeches. Here is a stranger youth, whom Heaven has so scantily gifted with brains that he will bewilder himself in the sands, as he did last night, unless thou wilt kindly show him the way to Shepherd's Bush: for I have been in vain endeavoring to make him comprehend the road thither. Hast thou so much charity under thy simplicity, Quaker, as to do this good turn?"

"Nay, it is thou, friend," answered Joshua, "that dost lack charity, to suppose any one unwilling to do so simple a kindness."

"Thou art right ; I should have remembered it can cost thee nothing. Young gentleman, this pious pattern of primitive simplicity will teach thee the right way to the Shepherd's Bush—ay, and will himself shear thee like a sheep, if you come to buying and selling with him."

He then abruptly asked me how long I intended to remain at Shepherd's Bush.

I replied I was at present uncertain—as long, probably, as I could amuse myself in the neighborhood.

"You are fond of sport?" he added, in the same tone of brief inquiry.

I answered in the affirmative, but added, I was totally inexperienced.

"Perhaps, if you reside here for some days," he said, "we may meet again, and I may have the chance of giving you a lesson."

Ere I could express either thanks or assent, he turned short round with a wave of his hand, by way of adieu, and rode back to the verge of the dell from which we had emerged together ; and as he remained standing upon the banks I could long hear his voice while he shouted down to those within its recesses.

Meanwhile the Quaker and I proceeded on our journey for some time in silence ; he restraining his sober-minded steed to a pace which might have suited a much less active walker than myself, and looking on me from time to time with an expression of curiosity, mingled with benignity. For my part, I cared not to speak first. It happened I had never before been in company with one of this particular sect, and, afraid that in addressing him I might unwittingly infringe upon some of their prejudices or peculiarities, I patiently remained silent. At length he asked me whether I had been long in the service of the Laird, as men called him.

I repeated the words "in his service" with such an accent of surprise as induced him to say, "Nay, but, friend, I mean no offense ; perhaps I should have said in his society—an inmate, I mean, in his house?"

"I am totally unknown to the person from whom we have just parted," said I, "and our connection is only temporary. He had the charity to give me his guidance from the sands, and a night's harborage from the tempest. So our acquaintance began, and there is likely to end : for you may observe

that our friend is by no means is apt to encourage familiarity."

"So little so," answered my companion, "that thy case is, I think, the first in which I ever heard of his receiving any one into his house; that is, if thou hast really spent the night there."

"Why should you doubt it?" replied I; "there is no motive I can have to deceive you, nor is the object worth it."

"Be not angry with me," said the Quaker; "but thou knowest that thine own people do not, as we humbly endeavor to do, confine themselves within the simplicity of truth, but employ the language of falsehood, not only for profit, but for compliment, and sometimes for mere diversion. I have heard various stories of my neighbor, of most of which I only believe a small part, and even then they are difficult to reconcile with each other. But this being the first time I ever heard of his receiving a stranger within his dwelling made me express some doubts. I pray thee let them not offend thee."

"He does not," said I, "appear to possess in much abundance the means of exercising hospitality, and so may be excused from offering it in ordinary cases."

"That is to say, friend," replied Joshua, "thou hast supped ill, and perhaps breakfasted worse. Now my small tenement, called Mount Sharon, is nearer to us by two miles than thine inn; and although going thither may prolong thy walk, as taking thee off the straighter road to Shepherd's Bush, yet methinks exercise will suit thy youthful limbs, as well as a good plain meal thy youthful appetite. What say'st thou, my young acquaintance?"

"If it puts you not to inconvenience," I replied; for the invitation was cordially given, and my bread and milk had been hastily swallowed, and in small quantity.

"Nay," said Joshua, "use not the language of compliment with those who renounce it. Had this poor courtesy been very inconvenient, perhaps I had not offered it."

"I accept the invitation then," said I, "in the same good spirit in which you give it."

The Quaker smiled, reached me his hand; I shook it, and we traveled on in great cordiality with each other. The fact is, I was much entertained by contrasting in my own mind the open manner of the kind-hearted Joshua Geddes with the abrupt, dark, and lofty demeanor of my entertainer on the preceding evening. Both were blunt and unceremonious; but the plainness of the Quaker had the

character of devotional simplicity, and was mingled with the more real kindness, as if honest Joshua was desirous of atoning by his sincerity for the lack of external courtesy. On the contrary, the manners of the fisherman were those of one to whom the rules of good behavior might be familiar, but who, either from pride or misanthropy, scorned to observe them. Still I thought of him with interest and curiosity, notwithstanding so much about him that was repulsive; and I promised myself, in the course of my conversation with the Quaker, to learn all he knew on the subject. He turned the conversation, however, into a different channel, and inquired into my own condition of life, and views in visiting this remote frontier.

I only thought it necessary to mention my name, and add, that I had been educated to the law, but finding myself possessed of some independence, I had of late permitted myself some relaxation, and was residing at Shepherd's Bush to enjoy the pleasure of angling.

"I do thee no harm, young man," said my new friend, "in wishing thee a better employment for thy grave hours, and a more humane amusement, if amusement thou must have, for those of a lighter character."

"You are severe, sir," I replied. "I heard you but a moment since refer yourself to the protection of the laws of the country; if there be laws, there must be lawyers to explain and judges to administer them."

Joshua smiled, and pointed to the sheep which were grazing on the downs over which we were traveling. "Were a wolf," he said, "to come even now upon yonder flocks, they would crowd for protection, doubtless, around the shepherd and his dogs; yet they are bitten and harassed daily by the one, shorn and finally killed and eaten, by the other. But I say not this to shock you; for, though laws and lawyers are evils, yet they are necessary evils in this probationary state of society, till man shall learn to render unto his fellows that which is their due, according to the light of his own conscience, and through no other compulsion. Meanwhile I have known many righteous men who have followed thy intended profession in honesty and uprightness of walk. The greater their merit who walk erect in a path which so many find slippery."

"And angling," said I, "you object to that also as an amusement—you who, if I understand rightly what passed between you and my late landlord, are yourself a proprietor of fisheries?"

"Not a proprietor," he replied, "I am only, in copartnery with others, a tacksman or lessee of some valuable salmon-fisheries a little down the coast. But mistake me not. The evil of angling, with which I class all sports, as they are called, which have the sufferings of animals for their end and object, does not consist in the mere catching and killing those animals with which the bounty of Providence hath stocked the earth for the good of man, but in making their protracted agony a principle of delight and enjoyment. I do indeed cause these fisheries to be conducted for the necessary taking, killing, and selling the fish; and, in the same way, were I a farmer, I should send my lambs to market. But I should as soon think of contriving myself a sport and amusement out of the trade of the butcher as out of that of the fisher."

We argued this point no further; for, though I thought his arguments a little too high-strained, yet, as my mind acquitted me of having taken delight in aught but the theory of field-sports, I did not think myself called upon stubbornly to advocate a practise which had afforded me so little pleasure.

We had by this time arrived at the remains of an old finger-post, which my host had formerly pointed out as a landmark. Here a ruinous wooden bridge, supported by long posts resembling crutches, served me to get across the water, while my new friend sought a ford a good way higher up, for the stream was considerably swelled.

As I paused for his rejoining me, I observed an angler at a little distance pouching trout after trout, as fast almost as he could cast his line; and I own, in spite of Joshua's lecture on humanity, I could not but envy his adroitness and success—so natural is the love of sport to our minds, or so easily are we taught to assimilate success in field-sports with ideas of pleasure, and with the praise due to address and agility. I soon recognized in the successful angler little Benjie, who had been my guide and tutor in that gentle art, as you have learned from my former letters. I called—I whistled. The rascal recognized me, and, starting like a guilty thing, seemed hesitating whether to approach or to run away; and when he determined on the former, it was to assail me with a loud, clamorous, and exaggerated report of the anxiety of all at the Shepherd's Bush for my personal safety—how my landlady had wept, how Sam and the hostler had not the heart to go to bed, but sat up all night drinking, and how he himself had been up long before day-break to go in quest of me.

“And you were switching the water, I suppose,” said I, “to discover my dead body?”

This observation produced a long “Na—a—a” of acknowledged detection; but, with his natural impudence, and confidence in my good-nature, he immediately added, “That he thought I would like a fresh trout or twa for breakfast, and the water being in such rare trim for the saumon raun,* he couldna help taking a cast.”

While we were engaged in this discussion, the honest Quaker returned to the further end of the wooden bridge to tell me he could not venture to cross the brook in its present state, but would be under the necessity to ride round by the stone bridge, which was a mile and a half higher up than his own house. He was about to give me directions how to proceed without him, and inquire for his sister, when I suggested to him that, if he pleased to trust his horse to little Benjie, the boy might carry him round by the bridge, while we walked the shorter and more pleasant road.

Joshua shook his head, for he was well acquainted with Benjie, who, he said, was the naughtiest varlet in the whole neighborhood. Nevertheless, rather than part company, he agreed to put the pony under his charge for a short season, with many injunctions that he should not attempt to mount, but lead the pony, even Solomon, by the bridle, under the assurances of sixpence in case of proper demeanor, and penalty that, if he transgressed the orders given him, “verily he should be scourged.”

Promises cost Benjie nothing, and he showered them out wholesale; till the Quaker at length yielded up the bridle to him, repeating his charges, and enforcing them by holding up his forefinger. On my part, I called to Benjie to leave the fish he had taken at Mount Sharon, making, at the same time, an apologetic countenance to my new friend, not being quite aware whether the compliment would be agreeable to such a condemner of field-sports.

He understood me at once, and reminded me of the practical distinction betwixt catching the animals as an object of cruel and wanton sport and eating them as lawful and gratifying articles of food after they were killed. On the latter point he had no scruples; but, on the contrary, assured me that this brook contained the real red trout, so highly esteemed by all connoisseurs, and that, when eaten within an hour of their being caught, they had a peculiar

* The bait made of salmon-row salted and preserved. In a swollen river, and about the month of October, it is a most deadly bait.

firmness of substance and delicacy of flavor which rendered them an agreeable addition to a morning meal, especially when earned, like ours, by early rising and an hour or two's wholesome exercise.

But, to thy alarm be it spoken, Alan, we did not come so far as the frying of our fish without farther adventure. So it is only to spare thy patience, and mine own eyes, that I pull up for the present, and send thee the rest of my story in a subsequent letter.

LETTER VII

THE SAME TO THE SAME

(In continuation)

LITTLE BENJIE, with the pony, having been sent off on the left side of the brook, the Quaker and I sauntered on, like the cavalry and infantry of the same army occupying the opposite banks of a river, and observing the same line of march. But, while my worthy companion was assuring me of a pleasant greensward walk to his mansion, little Benjie, who had been charged to keep in sight, chose to deviate from the path assigned him, and turning to the right, led his charge, Solomon, out of our vision.

"The villain means to mount him!" cried Joshua, with more vivacity than was consistent with his profession of passive endurance.

I endeavored to appease his apprehensions, as he pushed on, wiping his brow with vexation, assuring him that, if the boy did mount, he would, for his own sake, ride gently.

"You do not know him," said Joshua, rejecting all consolation; "*he* do anything gently! no, he will gallop Solomon—he will misuse the sober patience of the poor animal who has borne me so long! Yes, I was given over to my own devices when I ever let him touch the bridle, for such a little miscreant there never was before him in this country!"

He then proceeded to expatiate on every sort of rustic enormity of which he accused Benjie. He had been suspected of snaring partridges; was detected by Joshua himself in liming singing-birds; stood fully charged with having worried several cats, by aid of a lurcher which attended him, and which was as lean, and ragged, and mischievous as his master. Finally, Benjie stood accused of having stolen a duck, to hunt it with the said lurcher, which was as dexterous on water as on land. I chimed in with my friend, in order to avoid giving him further irritation, and declared, I should be disposed, from my own experience, to give up Benjie as one of Satan's imps. Joshua Geddes began to censure the phrase as too much exaggerated, and otherwise

unbecoming the mouth of a reflecting person ; and, just as I was apologizing for it, as being a term of common parlance, we heard certain sounds on the opposite side of the brook, which seemed to indicate that Solomon and Benjie were at issue together. The sand-hills behind which Benjie seemed to take his course had concealed from us, as doubtless he meant they should, his ascent into the forbidden saddle, and, putting Solomon to his mettle, which he was seldom called upon to exert, they had cantered away together in great amity, till they came near to the ford from which the palfrey's legitimate owner had already turned back.

Here a contest of opinions took place between the horse and his rider. The latter, according to his instructions, attempted to direct Solomon towards the distant bridge of stone ; but Solomon opined that the ford was the shortest way to his own stable. The point was sharply contested, and we heard Benjie gee-hupping, tchek-tcheking, and, above all, flogging in great style ; while Solomon, who, docile in his general habits, was now stirred beyond his patience, made a great trampling and recalcitration ; and it was their joint noise which we heard, without being able to see, though Joshua might too well guess, the cause of it.

Alarmed at these indications, the Quaker began to shout out, " Benjie, thou varlet !—Solomon, thou fool ! " when the couple presented themselves in full drive, Solomon having now decidedly obtained the better of the conflict, and bringing his unwilling rider in high career down to the ford. Never was there anger changed so fast into humane fear as that of my good companion. " The varlet will be drowned ! " he exclaimed—" a widow's son !—her only son !—and drowned ! Let me go—— " And he struggled with me stoutly as I hung upon him, to prevent him from plunging into the ford.

I had no fear whatever for Benjie ; for the blackguard vermin, though he could not manage the refractory horse, stuck on his seat like a monkey. Solomon and Benjie scrambled through the ford with little inconvenience, and resumed their gallop on the other side.

It was impossible to guess whether on this last occasion Benjie was running off with Solomon or Solomon with Benjie ; but, judging from character and motives, I rather suspected the former. I could not help laughing as the rascal passed me, grinning betwixt terror and delight, perched on the very pommel of the saddle, and holding

with extended arms by bridle and mane ; while Solomon, the bit secured between his teeth, and his head bored down betwixt his fore-legs, passed his master in this unwonted guise as hard as he could pelt.

"The mischievous bastard !" exclaimed the Quaker, terrified out of his usual moderation of speech—"the doomed gallows-bird ! he will break Solomon's wind to a certainty."

I prayed him to be comforted ; assured him a brushing gallop would do his favorite no harm ; and reminded him of the censure he had bestowed on me a minute before for applying a harsh epithet to the boy.

But Joshua was not without his answer. "Friend youth," he said, "thou didst speak of the lad's soul, which thou didst affirm belonged to the enemy, and of that thou couldst say nothing of thine own knowledge ; on the contrary, I did but speak of his outward man, which will assuredly be suspended by a cord, if he mendeth not his manners. Men say that, young as he is, he is one of the Laird's gang."

"Of the Laird's gang !" said I, repeating the words in surprise. "Do you mean the person with whom I slept last night ? I heard you call him the Laird. Is he at the head of a gang ?"

"Nay, I meant not precisely a gang," said the Quaker, who appeared in his haste to have spoken more than he intended—"a company, or party, I should have said ; but thus, it is, friend Latimer, with the wisest men, when they permit themselves to be perturbed with passion, and speak as in a fever, or as with the tongue of the foolish and the forward. And although thou hast been hasty to mark my infirmity, yet I grieve not that thou hast been a witness to it, seeing that the stumbles of the wise may be no less a caution to youth and inexperience than is the fall of the foolish."

This was a sort of acknowledgment of what I had already begun to suspect—that my new friend's real goodness of disposition, joined to the acquired quietism of his religious sect, had been unable entirely to check the effervescence of a temper naturally warm and hasty.

Upon the present occasion, as if sensible he had displayed a greater degree of emotion than became his character, Joshua avoided further allusion to Benjie and Solomon, and proceeded to solicit my attention to the natural objects around us, which increased in beauty and interest as, still

conducted by the meanders of the brook, we left the common behind us, and entered a more cultivated and inclosed country, where arable and pasture land was agreeably varied with groves and hedges. Descending now almost close to the stream, our course lay through a little gate, into a path-way kept with great neatness, the sides of which were decorated with trees and flowering shrubs of the hardier species ; until, ascending by a gentle slope, we issued from the grove, and stood almost at once in front of a low but very neat building, of an irregular form ; and my guide, shaking me cordially by the hand, made me welcome to Mount Sharon.

The wood through which we had approached this little mansion was thrown around it both on the north and north-west, but, breaking off into different directions, was intersected by a few fields, well watered and sheltered. The house fronted to the south-east, and from thence the pleasure-ground, or, I should rather say, the gardens, sloped down to the water. I afterwards understood that the father of the present proprietor had a considerable taste for horticulture, which had been inherited by his son, and had formed these gardens, which, with their shaven turf, pleached alleys, wildernesses, and exotic trees and shrubs, greatly excelled anything of the kind which had been attempted in the neighborhood.

If there was a little vanity in the complacent smile with which Joshua Geddes saw me gaze with delight on a scene so different from the naked waste we had that day traversed in company, it might surely be permitted to one who, cultivating and improving the beauties of nature, had found therein, as he said, bodily health and a pleasing relaxation for the mind. At the bottom of the extended gardens the brook wheeled round in a wide semicircle, and was itself their boundary. The opposite side was no part of Joshua's domain, but the brook was there skirted by a precipitous rock of limestone, which seemed a barrier of nature's own erecting around his little Eden of beauty, comfort, and peace.

"But I must not let thee forget," said the kind Quaker, "amidst thy admiration of these beauties of our little inheritance, that thy breakfast has been a light one."

So saying, Joshua conducted me to a small sashed door opening under a porch amply mantled by honeysuckle and clematis, into a parlor of moderate size ; the furniture of which, in plainness and excessive cleanliness, bore the characteristic marks of the sect to which the owner belonged.

Thy father's Hannah is generally allowed to be an exception to all Scottish housekeepers, and stands unparalleled for cleanliness among the women of Auld Reekie ; but the cleanliness of Hannah is sluttishness compared to the scrupulous purifications of these people, who seem to carry into the minor decencies of life that conscientious rigor which they affect in their morals.

The parlor would have been gloomy, for the windows were small and the ceiling low ; but the present proprietor had rendered it more cheerful by opening one end into a small conservatory, roofed with glass, and divided from the parlor by a partition of the same. I have never before seen this very pleasing manner of uniting the comforts of an apartment with the beauties of the garden, and I wonder it is not more practised by the great. Something of the kind is hinted at in a paper of the *Spectator*.

As I walked towards the conservatory to view it more closely, the parlor chimney engaged my attention. It was a pile of massive stone, entirely out of proportion to the size of the apartment. On the front had once been an armorial scutcheon ; for the hammer, or chisel, which had been employed to deface the shield and crest had left uninjured the scroll beneath, which bore the pious motto, " Trust in God." Black-letter, you know, was my early passion, and the tombstones in the Greyfriars' churchyard early yielded up to my knowledge as a decipherer what little they could tell of the forgotten dead.

Joshua Geddes paused when he saw my eye fixed on this relic of antiquity. " Thou canst read it ? " he said.

I repeated the motto, and added, there seemed vestiges of a date.

" It should be 1537," said he ; " for so long ago, at the least computation, did my ancestors, in the blinded times of Papistry, possess these lands, and in that year did they build their house."

" It is an ancient descent," said I, looking with respect upon the monument. " I am sorry the arms have been defaced."

It was perhaps impossible for my friend, Quaker as he was, to seem altogether void of respect for the pedigree which he began to recount to me, disclaiming all the while the vanity usually connected with the subject ; in short, with the air of mingled melancholy, regret, and conscious dignity with which Jack Fawkes used to tell us, at college, of his ancestor's unfortunate connection with the Gunpowder Plot.

“Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher,” thus harangued Joshua Geddes of Mount Sharon, “if we ourselves are nothing in the sight of Heaven, how much less than nothing must be our derivation from rotten bones and mouldering dust, whose immortal spirits have long since gone to their private account! Yes, friend Latimer, my ancestors were renowned among the ravenous and bloodthirsty men who then dwelt in this vexed country; and so much were they famed for successful freebooting, robbery, and bloodshed, that they are said to have been called Geddes, as likening them to the fish called a jack, pike, or luce, and in our country tongue, a “ged.” A goodly distinction truly for Christian men! Yet did they paint this shark of the fresh water upon their shields, and these profane priests of a wicked idolatry, the empty boasters called heralds, who make engraven images of fishes, fowls, and four-footed beasts, that men may fall down and worship them, assigned the ged for the device and escutcheon of my fathers, and hewed it over their chimneys, and placed it above their tombs; and the men were elated in mind, and became yet more ged-like, slaying, leading into captivity, and dividing the spoil, until the place where they dwelt obtained the name of Sharing Knowe, from the booty which was there divided amongst them and their accomplices. But a better judgment was given to my father’s father, Philip Geddes, who, after trying to light his candle at some of the vain wildfires then held aloft at different meetings and steeple-houses, at length obtained a spark from the lamp of the blessed George Fox, who came into Scotland spreading light among darkness, as he himself hath written, as plentifully as fly the sparkles from the hoof of the horse which gallops swiftly along the stony road.” Here the good Quaker interrupted himself with, “And that is very true, I must go speedily to see after the condition of Solomon.”

A Quaker servant here entered the room with a tray, and inclining his head towards his master, but not after the manner of one who bows, said composedly, “Thou art welcome home, friend Joshua, we expected thee not so early; but what hath befallen Solomon thy horse?”

“What hath befallen him, indeed,” said my friend, “hath he not been returned hither by the child whom they call Benjie?”

“He hath,” said his domestic, “but it was after a strange fashion; for he came hither at a swift and furious pace, and

flung the child Benjie from his back, upon the heap of dung which is in the stable-yard."

"I am glad of it," said Joshua, hastily—"glad of it, with all my heart and spirit! But stay, he is the child of the widow—hath the boy any hurt?"

"Not so," answered the servant, "for he rose and fled swiftly."

Joshua muttered something about a scourge, and then inquired after Solomon's present condition.

"He seetheth like a steaming cauldron," answered the servant; "and Bauldie, the lad, walketh him about the yard with a halter, lest he take cold."

Mr. Geddes hastened to the stable-yard to view personally the condition of his favorite, and I followed, to offer my counsel as a jockey—don't laugh, Alan; sure I have jockeyship enough to assist a Quaker—in this unpleasing predicament.

The lad who was leading the horse seemed to be no Quaker, though his intercourse with the family had given him a touch of their prim sobriety of look and manner. He assured Joshua that his horse had received no injury, and I even hinted that the exercise would be of service to him. Solomon himself neighed towards his master, and rubbed his head against the good Quaker's shoulder, as if to assure him of his being quite well; so that Joshua returned in comfort to his parlor, where breakfast was now about to be displayed.

I have since learned that the affection of Joshua for his pony is considered as inordinate by some of his own sect; and that he has been much blamed for permitting it to be called by the name of Solomon, or any other name whatever; but he has gained so much respect and influence among them that they overlook these foibles.

I learned from him (whilst the old servant, Jehoiachim, entering and re-entering, seemed to make no end of the materials which he brought in for breakfast) that his grandfather Philip, the convert of George Fox, had suffered much from the persecution to which these harmless devotees were subjected on all sides during that intolerant period, and much of their family estate had been dilapidated. But better days dawned on Joshua's father, who, connecting himself by marriage with a wealthy family of Quakers in Lancashire, engaged successfully in various branches of commerce, and redeemed the remnants of the property, changing its name in sense, without much alteration of

sound, from the Border appellation of Sharing Knoweto the evangelical appellation of Mount Sharon.

This Philip Geddes, as I before hinted, had imbibed the taste for horticulture and the pursuits of the florist which are not uncommon among the peaceful sect he belonged to. He had destroyed the remnants of the old peel-house, substituting the modern mansion in its place ; and while he reserved the hearth of his ancestors, in memory of their hospitality, as also the pious motto which they had chanced to assume, he failed not to obliterate the worldly and military emblems displayed upon the shield and helmet, together with all their blazonry.

In a few minutes after Mr. Geddes had concluded the account of himself and his family, his sister Rachel, the only surviving member of it, entered the room. Her appearance is remarkably pleasing, and although her age is certainly thirty at least, she still retains the shape and motion of an earlier period. The absence of everything like fashion or ornament was, as usual, atoned for by the most perfect neatness and cleanliness of her dress ; and her simple close cap was particularly suited to eyes which had the softness and simplicity of the dove's. Her features were also extremely agreeable, but had suffered a little through the ravages of that professed enemy to beauty, the small-pox—a disadvantage which was in part counterbalanced by a well-formed mouth, teeth like pearls, and a pleasing sobriety of smile, that seemed to wish good here and hereafter to every one she spoke to. You cannot make any of your vile inferences here, Alan, for I have given a full-length picture of Rachel Geddes ; so that you cannot say in this case, as in the letter I have just received, that she was passed over as a subject on which I feared to dilate. More of this anon.

Well, we settled to our breakfast after a blessing, or rather an extempore prayer, which Joshua made upon the occasion, and which the Spirit moved him to prolong rather more than I felt altogether agreeable. Then, Alan, there was such a despatching of the good things of the morning as you have not witnessed since you have seen Darsie Latimer at breakfast. Tea and chocolate, eggs, ham, and pastry, not forgetting the broiled fish, disappeared with a celerity which seemed to astonish the good-humored Quakers, who kept loading my plate with supplies, as if desirous of seeing whether they could by any possibility tire me out. One hint, however, I received which put me in mind where I was. Miss Geddes had offered me some sweet-cake, which, at the

moment, I declined; but presently afterwards, seeing it within my reach, I naturally enough helped myself to a slice, and had just deposited it beside my plate, when Joshua, mine host, not with the authoritative air of Sancho's doctor, Tirtea Fuera, but in a very calm and quiet manner, lifted it away and replaced it on the dish, observing only, "Thou didst refuse it before, friend Latimer."

These good folks, Alan, make no allowance for what your father calls the Aberdeen man's privilege of "taking his word again," or what the wise call second thoughts.

Bating this slight hint that I was among a precise generation, there was nothing in my reception that was peculiar—unless, indeed, I were to notice the solicitous and uniform kindness with which all the attentions of my new friends were seasoned, as if they were anxious to assure me that the neglect of worldly compliments interdicted by their sect only served to render their hospitality more sincere. At length my hunger was satisfied, and the worthy Quaker, who, with looks of great good-nature, had watched my progress, thus addressed his sister:

"This young man, Rachel, hath last night sojourned in the tents of our neighbor, whom men call the Laird. I am sorry I had not met him the evening before, for our neighbor's hospitality is too unfrequently exercised to be well prepared with the means of welcome."

"Nay, but, Joshua," said Rachel, "if our neighbor hath done a kindness, thou shouldst not grudge him the opportunity; and if our young friend hath fared ill for a night, he will the better relish what Providence may send him of better provisions."

"And that he may do so at leisure," said Joshua, "we will pray him, Rachel, to tarry a day or twain with us; he is young, and is but now entering upon the world, and our habitation may, if he will, be like a resting-place, from which he may look abroad upon the pilgrimage which he must make and the path which he has to travel. What sayest thou, friend Latimer? We constrain not our friends to our ways, and thou art, I think, too wise to quarrel with us for following our own fashions; and if we should even give thee a word of advice, thou wilt not, I think, be angry, so that it is spoken in season."

You know, Alan, how easily I am determined by anything resembling cordiality; and so, though a little afraid of the formality of my host and hostess, I accepted their invitation,

provided I could get some messenger to send to Shepherd's Bush for my servant and portmanteau.

"Why, truly, friend," said Joshua, "thine outward frame would be improved by cleaner garments; but I will do thine errand myself to the Widow Gregson's house of reception, and send thy lad hither with thy clothes. Meanwhile, Rachel will show thee these little gardens, and then will put thee in some way of spending thy time usefully, till our meal calls us together at the second hour afternoon. I bid thee farewell for the present, having some space to walk, seeing I must leave the animal Solomon to his refreshing rest."

With these words, Mr. Joshua Geddes withdrew. Some ladies we have known would have felt, or at least affected, reserve or embarrassment at being left to do the honors of the grounds to—(it will be out, Alan)—a smart young fellow, an entire stranger. She went out for a few minutes, and returned in her plain cloak and bonnet, with her beaver gloves, prepared to act as my guide, with as much simplicity as if she had been to wait upon thy father. So forth I sallied with my fair Quaker.

If the house at Mount Sharon be merely a plain and convenient dwelling, of moderate size, and small pretensions, the gardens and offices, though not extensive, might rival an earl's in point of care and expense. Rachel carried me first to her own favorite resort, a poultry-yard, stocked with a variety of domestic fowls, of the more rare as well as the more ordinary kinds, furnished with every accommodation which may suit their various habits. A rivulet, which spread into a pond for the convenience of the aquatic birds, trickled over gravel as it passed through the yards dedicated to the land poultry, which were thus amply supplied with the means they use for digestion.

All these creatures seemed to recognize the presence of their mistress, and some especial favorites hastened to her feet, and continued to follow her as far as their limits permitted. She pointed out their peculiarities and qualities, with the discrimination of one who had made natural history her study; and I own I never looked on barn-door fowls with so much interest before—at least until they were boiled or roasted. I could not help asking the trying question, how she could order the execution of any of the creatures of which she seemed so careful.

"It was painful," she said, "but it was according to the law of their being. They must die; but they knew not when death was approaching; and in making them comfort-

able while they lived, we contributed to their happiness as much as the conditions of their existence permitted to us."

I am not quite of her mind, Alan. I do not believe either pigs or poultry would admit that the chief end of their being was to be killed and eaten. However, I did not press the argument, from which my Quaker seemed rather desirous to escape; for, conducting me to the greenhouse, which was extensive, and filled with the choicest plants, she pointed out an aviary which occupied the farther end, where, she said, she employed herself with attending the inhabitants, without being disturbed with any painful recollections concerning their future destination.

I will not trouble you with any account of the various hot-houses and gardens and their contents. No small sum of money must have been expended in erecting and maintaining them in the exquisite degree of good order which they exhibited. The family, I understood, were connected with that of the celebrated Millar, and had imbibed his taste for flowers and for horticulture. But instead of murdering botanical names, I will rather conduct you to the policy, or pleasure-garden, which the taste of Joshua or his father had extended on the banks betwixt the house and river. This also, in contradistinction to the prevailing simplicity, was ornamented in an unusual degree. There were various compartments, the connection of which was well managed, and although the whole ground did not exceed five or six acres, it was so much varied as to seem four times larger. The space contained close alleys and open walks, a very pretty artificial waterfall, a fountain also, consisting of a considerable *jet d'eau*, whose streams glittered in the sunbeams and exhibited a continual rainbow. There was a "cabinet of verdure," as the French call it, to cool the summer heat, and there was a terrace sheltered from the northeast by a noble holly hedge, with all its glittering spears, where you might have the full advantage of the sun in the clear frosty days of winter.

I know that you, Alan, will condemn all this as bad and antiquated; for, ever since Dodsley has described the Leasowes, and talked of Brown's imitations of nature, and Horace Walpole's late *Essay on Gardening*, you are all for simple nature—condemn walking up and down stairs in the open air, and declare for wood and wilderness. But *ne quid nimis*. I would not deface a scene of natural grandeur or beauty by the introduction of crowded artificial decorations; yet such may, I think, be very interesting where the situation, in its natural state, otherwise has no particular charm. So that

when I have a country-house—who can say how soon?—you may look for grottoes, and cascades, and fountains; nay, if you vex me by contradiction, perhaps I may go the length of the temple. So provoke me not, for you see of what enormities I am capable.

At any rate, Alan, had you condemned as artificial the rest of friend Geddes's grounds, there is a willow walk by the very verge of the stream so sad, so solemn, and so silent that it must have commanded your admiration. The brook, restrained at the ultimate boundary of the grounds by a natural dam-dike or ledge of rocks, seemed, even in its present swoln state, scarcely to glide along; and the pale willow trees, dropping their long branches into the stream, gathered around them little coronals of the foam that floated down from the more rapid stream above. The high rock which formed the opposite bank of the brook was seen dimly through the branches, and its pale and splintered front, garlanded with long streamers of briars and other creeping plants, seemed a barrier between the quiet path which we trod and the toiling and bustling world beyond. The path itself, following the sweep of the stream, made a very gentle curve; enough, however, served by its inflection completely to hide the end of the walk until you arrived at it. A deep and sullen sound, which increased as you proceeded, prepared you for this termination, which was indeed only a plain root-seat, from which you looked on a fall of about six or seven feet, where the brook flung itself over the ledge of natural rock I have already mentioned, which there crossed its course.

The quiet and twilight seclusion of this walk rendered it a fit scene for confidential communing; and having nothing more interesting to say to my fair Quaker, I took the liberty of questioning her about the Laird; for you are, or ought to be, aware that, next to discussing the affairs of the heart, the fair sex are most interested in those of their neighbors.

I did not conceal either my curiosity or the check which it had received from Joshua, and I saw that my companion answered with embarrassment. "I must not speak otherwise than truly," she said; "and therefore I tell thee that my brother dislikes, and that I fear, the man of whom thou hast asked me. Perhaps we are both wrong; but he is a man of violence, and hath great influence over many, who, following the trade of sailors and fishermen, become as rude as the elements with which they contend. He hath no cer-

tain name among them, which is not unusual, their rude fashion being to distinguish each other by nicknames; and they have called him the Laird of the Lakes—not remembering there should be no one called Lord, save one only—in idle derision, the pools of salt water left by the tide among the sands being called the Lakes of Solway.”

“Has he no other revenue than he derives from these sands?” I asked.

“That I cannot answer,” replied Rachel: “men say that he wants not money though he lives like an ordinary fisherman, and that he imparts freely of his means to the poor around him. They intimate that he is a man of consequence, once deeply engaged in the unhappy affair of the rebellion, and even still too much in danger from the government to assume his own name. He is often absent from his cottage at Brokenburn Cliffs for weeks and months.”

“I should have thought,” said I, “that the government would scarce, at this time of day, be likely to proceed against any one even of the most obnoxious rebels. Many years have passed away——”

“It is true,” she replied; “yet such persons may understand that their being connived at depends on their living in obscurity. But indeed there can nothing certain be known among these rude people. The truth is not in them; most of them participate in the unlawful trade betwixt these parts and the neighboring shore of England, and they are familiar with every species of falsehood and deceit.”

“It is a pity,” I remarked, “that your brother should have neighbors of such a description, especially as I understand he is at some variance with them.”

“Where, when, and about what matter?” answered Miss Geddes, with an eager and timorous anxiety, which made me regret having touched on the subject.

I told her, in a way as little alarming as I could devise, the purport of what had passed betwixt this Laird of the Lakes and her brother at their morning’s interview.

“You affright me much,” answered she; “it is this very circumstance which has scared me in the watches of the night. When my brother Joshua withdrew from an active share in the commercial concerns of my father, being satisfied with the portion of worldly substance which he already possessed, there were one or two undertakings in which he retained an interest, either because his withdrawing might have been prejudicial to friends or because he wished to

retain some mode of occupying his time. Amongst the more important of these is a fishing-station on the coast, where by certain improved modes of erecting snares opening at the advance of the tide and shutting at the reflux, many more fish are taken than can be destroyed by those who, like the men of Brokenburn, use only the boat-net and spear, or fishing-rod. They complain of these tide-nets, as men call them, as an innovation, and pretend to a right to remove and destroy them by the strong hand. I fear me, this man of violence, whom they call the Laird, will execute these his threats, which cannot be without both loss and danger to my brother."

"Mr. Geddes," said I, "ought to apply to the civil magistrate; there are soldiers at Dumfries who would be detached for his protection."

"Thou speakest, friend Latimer," answered the lady, "as one who is still in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity. God forbid that we should endeavor to preserve nets of flax and stakes of wood, or the Mammon of gain which they procure for us, by the hands of men of war, and at the risk of spilling human blood!"

"I respect your scruples," I replied; "but since such is your way of thinking, your brother ought to avert the danger by compromise or submission."

"Perhaps it would be best," answered Rachel; "but what can I say? Even in the best-trained temper there may remain some leaven of the old Adam; and I know not whether it is this or a better spirit that maketh my brother Joshua determine that, though he will not resist force by force, neither will he yield up his right to mere threats, or encourage wrong to others by yielding to menaces. His partners, he says, confide in his steadiness, and that he must not disappoint them by yielding up their right for the fear of the threats of man, whose breath is in his nostrils."

This observation convinced me that the spirit of the old sharers of the spoil was not utterly departed even from the bosom of the peaceful Quaker; and I could not help confessing internally that Joshua had the right, when he averred that there was as much courage in sufferance as in exertion.

As we approached the further end of the willow walk, the sullen and continuous sound of the dashing waters became still more and more audible, and at length rendered it difficult for us to communicate with each other. The conversation dropped, but apparently my companion continued to dwell upon the apprehensions which it had excited. At the

bottom of the walk we obtained a view of the cascade, where the swollen brook flung itself in foam and tumult over the natural barrier of rock, which seemed in vain to attempt to bar its course. I gazed with delight, and, turning to express my sentiments to my companion, I observed that she had folded her hands in an attitude of sorrowful resignation, which showed her thoughts were far from the scene which lay before her. When she saw that her abstraction was observed, she resumed her former placidity of manner; and having given me sufficient time to admire this termination of our sober and secluded walk, proposed that we should return to the house through her brother's farm. "Even we Quakers, as we are called, have our little pride," she said; "and my brother Joshua would not forgive me were I not to show thee the fields which he taketh delight to cultivate after the newest and best fashion; for which, I promise thee, he had received much praise from good judges, as well as some ridicule from those who think it folly to improve on the customs of our ancestors."

As she spoke, she opened a low door, leading through a moss and ivy-covered wall, the boundary of the pleasure-ground, into the open fields; through which we moved by a convenient path, leading, with good taste and simplicity, by stile and hedge-row, through pasturage, and arable, and woodland; so that, in all ordinary weather, the good man might, without even soiling his shoes, perform his perambulation round the farm. There were seats also, on which to rest; and though not adorned with inscriptions, nor quite so frequent in occurrence as those mentioned in the account of the Leasowes, their situation was always chosen with respect to some distant prospect to be commanded, or some home-view to be enjoyed.

But what struck me most in Joshua's domain was the quantity and the tameness of the game. The hen partridge scarce abandoned the roost at the foot of the hedge where she had assembled her covey, though the path went close beside her; and the hare, remaining on her form, gazed at us as we passed, with her full black eye, or, rising lazily and hopping to a little distance, stood erect to look at us with more curiosity than apprehension. I observed to Miss Geddes the extreme tameness of these timid and shy animals, and she informed me that their confidence arose from protection in the summer and relief during the winter.

"They are pets," she said, "of my brother, who considers them as the better entitled to this kindness than they are a

race persecuted by the world in general. He denieth himself," she said, "even the company of a dog, that these creatures may here at least enjoy undisturbed security. Yet this harmless or humane propensity, or humor, hath given offense," she added, "to our dangerous neighbor."

She explained this, by telling me that my host of the preceding night was remarkable for his attachment to field-sports, which he pursued without much regard to the wishes of the individuals over whose property he followed them. The undefined mixture of respect and fear with which he was generally regarded induced most of the neighboring landholders to connive at what they would perhaps in another have punished as a trespass; but Joshua Geddes would not permit the intrusion of any one upon his premises, and as he had before offended several country neighbors, who, because he would neither shoot himself nor permit others to do so, compared him to a dog in the manger, so he now aggravated the displeasure which the Laird of the Lakes had already conceived against him, by positively debarring him from pursuing his sport over his grounds. "So that," said Rachel Geddes, "I sometimes wish our lot had been cast elsewhere than in these pleasant borders, where, if we had less of beauty around us, we might have had a neighborhood of peace and good-will."

We at length returned to the house, where Miss Geddes showed me a small study, containing a little collection of books, in two separate presses.

"These," said she, pointing to a smaller press, "will, if thou, bestowest thy leisure upon them, do thee good; and these," pointing to the other and larger cabinet, "can, I believe, do thee little harm. Some of our people do indeed hold that every writer who is not with us is against us; but brother Joshua is mitigated in his opinions, and correspondeth with our friend John Scot of Amwell, who hath himself constructed verses well approved of even in the world. I wish thee many good thoughts till our family meet at the hour of dinner."

Left alone, I tried both collections; the first consisted entirely of religious and controversial tracts, and the latter formed a small collection of history, and of moral writers, both in prose and verse.

Neither collection promising much amusement, thou hast, in these close pages, the fruits of my tediousness; and truly, I think, writing history (one's self being the subject) is as amusing as reading that of foreign countries at any time.

Sam, still more drunk than sober, arrived in due time with my portmanteau, and enabled me to put my dress into order better befitting this temple of cleanliness and decorum, where (to conclude) I believe I shall be a sojourner for more days than one.*

P. S.—I have noted your adventure, as you home-bred youths may perhaps term it, concerning the visit of your doughty laird. We travelers hold such an incident of no great consequence, though it may serve to embellish the uniform life of Brown's Square. But art thou not ashamed to attempt to interest one who is seeing the world at large, and studying human nature on a large scale, by so bad a narrative? Why, what does it amount to, after all, but that a Tory laird dined with a Whig lawyer? no very uncommon matter, especially as you state Mr. Herries to have lost the estate, though retaining the designation. The laird behaves with haughtiness and impertinence—nothing out of character in that; is *not* kicked downstairs, as he ought to have been, were Alan Fairford half the man that he would wish his friends to think him. Ay, but then, as the young lawyer, instead of showing his friend the door, chose to make use of it himself, he overheard the laird aforesaid ask the old lawyer concerning Darsie Latimer—no doubt earnestly inquiring after the handsome, accomplished inmate of his family, who has so lately made Themis his bow, and declined the honor of following it farther. You laugh at me for my air-drawn castles; but confess, have they not surer footing, in general, than two words spoken by such a man as Herries? And yet—and yet, I would rally the matter off, Alan, but in dark nights even the glow-worm becomes an object of lustre, and to one plunged in my uncertainty and ignorance the slightest gleam that promises intelligence is interesting. My life is like the subterranean river in the Peak of Derby, visible only where it crosses the celebrated cavern. I am here, and this much I know; but where I have sprung from, or whither my course of life is like to tend, who shall tell me? Your father, too, seemed interested and alarmed, and talked of writing. Would to Heaven he may! I send daily to the post-town for letters.

* See Author's Residence with Quakers. Note 11.

LETTER VIII

ALAN FAIRFORD TO DARSIE LATIMER

THOU mayst clap thy wings and crow as thou pleasest. You go in search of adventures, but adventures come to me unsought for; and oh! in what a pleasing shape came mine, since it arrived in the form of a client, and a fair client to boot! What think you of that, Darsie, you who are such a sworn squire of dames? Will this not match my adventures with thine, that hunt salmon on horseback, and will it not, besides, eclipse the history of a whole tribe of broadbrims? But I must proceed methodically.

When I returned to-day from the college, I was surprised to see a broad grin distending the adust countenance of the faithful James Wilkinson, which, as the circumstance seldom happens above once a-year, was matter of some surprise. Moreover, he had a knowing glance with his eye, which I should have as soon expected from a dumb-waiter—an article of furniture to which James, in his usual state, may be happily assimilated. “What the devil is the matter, James?”

“The devil may be in the matter, for aught I ken,” said James, with another provoking grin; “for here has been a woman calling for you, Maister Alan.”

“A woman calling for me!” said I in surprise; for you know well that, excepting old Aunt Peggy, who comes to dinner of a Sunday, and the still older Lady Bedrocket, who calls ten times a-year for the quarterly payment of her jointure of four hundred merks, a female scarce approaches our threshold, as my father visits all his female clients at their own lodgings. James protested, however, that there had been a lady calling, and for me. “As bonny a lass as I have seen,” added James, “since I was in the Fusileers, and kept company with Peg Baxter.” Thou knowest all James’s gay recollections go back to the period of his military service, the years he has spent in ours having probably been dull enough.

“Did the lady leave no name nor place of address?”

“No,” replied James; “but she asked when ye wad be at

hame, and I appointed her for twelve o'clock, when the house wad be quiet, and your father at the bank."

"For shame, James! how can you think my father's being at home or abroad could be of consequence? The lady is of course a decent person?"

"I'se uphaud her that, sir; she is nane of your—whew (here James supplied a blank with a low whistle); but I didna ken—my maister makes an unco work if a woman comes here."

I passed into my own room, not ill-pleased that my father was absent, notwithstanding that I had thought it proper to rebuke James for having so contrived it. I disarranged my books, to give them the appearance of a graceful confusion on the table, and laying my foils (useless since your departure) across the mantelpiece, that the lady might see I was *tam Marte quam Mercurio*, I endeavored to dispose my dress so as to resemble an elegant morning dishabille, gave my hair the general shade of powder which marks the gentleman, laid my watch and seals on the table, to hint that I understood the value of time; and when I had made all these arrangements, of which I am a little ashamed when I think of them, I had nothing better to do than to watch the dial-plate till the index pointed to noon. Five minutes elapsed, which I allowed for variation of clocks; five minutes more rendered me anxious and doubtful; and five minutes more would have made me impatient.

Laugh as thou wilt, but remember, Darsie, I was a lawyer expecting his first client; a young man, how strictly bred up I need not remind you, expecting a private interview with a young and beautiful woman. But ere the third term of five minutes had elapsed, the door-bell was heard to tinkle low and modestly, as if touched by some timid hand.

James Wilkinson, swift in nothing, is, as thou knowest, peculiarly slow in answering the door-bell; and I reckoned on five minutes good ere his solemn step should have ascended the stair. Time enough, thought I, for a peep through the blinds, and was hastening to the window accordingly. But I reckoned without my host, for James, who had his own curiosity as well as I, was lying *perdu* in the lobby, ready to open the door at the first tinkle; and there was, "This way ma'am. Yes, ma'am. The lady, Mr. Alan," before I could get to the chair in which I proposed to be discovered, seated in all legal dignity. The consciousness of being half caught in the act of peeping, joined to that native air of

awkward bashfulness of which I am told the law will soon free me, kept me standing on the floor in some confusion ; while the lady, disconcerted on her part, remained on the threshold of the room. James Wilkinson, who had his senses most about him, and was perhaps willing to prolong his stay in the apartment, busied himself in setting a chair for the lady, and recalled me to my good breeding by the hint. I invited her to take possession of it, and bid James withdraw.

My visitor was undeniably a lady, and probably considerably above the ordinary rank ; very modest, too, judging from the mixture of grace and timidity with which she moved, and at my entreaty sat down. Her dress was, I should suppose, both handsome and fashionable ; but it was much concealed by a walking-cloak of green silk, fancifully embroidered ; in which, though heavy for the season, her person was enveloped, and which, moreover, was furnished with a hood.

The devil take that hood, Darsie ! for I was just able to distinguish that, pulled as it was, over the face, it concealed from me, as I was convinced, one of the prettiest countenances I have seen, and which, from a sense of embarrassment, seemed to be crimsoned with a deep blush. I could see her complexion was beautiful, her chin finely turned, her lips coral, and her teeth rivals to ivory. But further the deponent sayeth not ; for a clasp of gold, ornamented with a sapphire, closed the envious mantle under the incognita's throat, and the cursed hood concealed entirely the upper part of the face.

I ought to have spoken first, that is certain : but ere I could get my phrases well arranged, the young lady, rendered desperate, I suppose, by my hesitation, opened the conversation herself.

"I fear I am an intruder, sir ; I expected to meet an elderly gentleman."

This brought me to myself. "My father, madam, perhaps ? But you inquired for Alan Fairford ; my father's name is Alexander."

"It is Mr. Alan Fairford, undoubtedly, with whom I wished to speak," she said, with greater confusion ; "but I was told that he was advanced in life."

"Some mistake, madam, I presume, betwixt my father and myself ; our Christian names have the same initials, though the terminations are different. I—I—I would esteem it a most fortunate mistake, if I could have the honor of

supplying my father's place in anything that would be of service to you."

"You are very obliging, sir." A pause, during which she seemed undetermined whether to rise or sit still.

"I am just about to be called to the bar, madam," said I, in hopes to remove her scruples to open her case to me; "and if my advice or opinion could be of the slightest use, although I cannot presume to say that they are much to be depended upon, yet——"

The lady arose. "I am truly sensible of your kindness, sir; and I have no doubt of your talents. I will be very plain with you—it is you whom I came to visit; although, now that we have met, I find it will be much better that I should commit my communication to writing."

"I hope, madam, you will not be so cruel—so tantalizing, I would say. Consider, you are my first client; your business my first consultation; do not do me the displeasure of withdrawing your confidence because I am a few years younger than you seem to have expected. My attention shall make amends for my want of experience."

"I have no doubt of either," said the lady, in a grave tone, calculated to restrain the air of gallantry with which I had endeavored to address her. "But when you have received my letter, you will find good reasons assigned why a written communication will best suit my purpose. I wish, you, sir, a good morning." And she left the apartment, her poor baffled counsel scraping, and bowing, and apologizing for anything that might have been disagreeable to her, although the front of my offense seems to be my having been discovered to be younger than my father.*

The door was opened, out she went, walked along the pavement, turned down the close, and put the sun, I believe, into her pocket when she disappeared, so suddenly did dulness and darkness sink down on the square, when she was no longer visible. I stood for a moment as if I had been senseless, not recollecting what a fund of entertainment I must have supplied to our watchful friends on the other side of the green. Then it darted on my mind that I might dog her, and ascertain at least who or what she was. Off I set, ran down the close, where she was no longer to be seen, and demanded of one of the dyer's lads whether he had seen a lady go down the close, or had observed which way she turned.

"A leddy!" said the dyer, staring at me with a rainbow

* See Green Mantle, Note 12.

countenance. "Mr. Alan, what takes you out, rinning like daft, without your hat?"

"The devil take my hat!" answered I, running back, however, in quest of it, snatched it up and again sallied forth. But as I reached the head of the close once more, I had sense enough to recollect that all pursuit would be now in vain. Besides, I saw my friend, the journeyman dyer, in close confabulation with a pea-green personage of his own profession, and was conscious, like Scrub, that they talked of me, because they laughed consumedly. I had no mind, by a second sudden appearance, to confirm the report that Advocate Fairford was "gaen daft," which had probably spread from Campbell's Close foot to the Mealmarket Stairs, and so slunk back within my own hole again.

My first employment was to remove all traces of that elegant and fanciful disposition of my effects from which I had hoped for so much credit; for I was now ashamed and angry at having thought an instant upon the mode of receiving a visit which had commenced so agreeably, but terminated in a manner so unsatisfactory. I put my folios in their places, threw the foils into the dressing closet, tormenting myself all the while with the fruitless doubt whether I had missed an opportunity or escaped a stratagem, or whether the young person had been really startled, as she seemed to intimate, by the extreme youth of her intended legal adviser. The mirror was not unnaturally called into aid; and that cabinet counselor pronounced me rather short, thick-set, with a cast of features fitter, I trust, for the bar than for a ball; not handsome enough for blushing virgins to pine for my sake, or even to invent sham cases to bring them to my chambers, yet not ugly enough, either, to scare those away who came on real business; dark, to be sure, but *nigri sunt hyacinthi*; there are pretty things to be said in favor of that complexion.

At length—as common sense will get the better in all cases when a man will but give it fair play—I began to stand convicted in my own mind as an ass before the interview, for having expected too much; an ass during the interview, for having failed to extract the lady's real purpose; and an especial ass now that it was over, for thinking so much about it. But I can think of nothing else, and therefore I am determined to think of this to some good purpose.

You remember Murtough O'Hara's defense of the Catholic doctrine of confession; because, "by his soul, his sins were always a great burden to his mind till he had told them to

the priest ; and once confessed, he never thought more about them." I have tried this receipt, therefore ; and having poured my secret mortification into thy trusty ear, I will think no more about this maid of the mist,

Who, with no face, as 'twere, outfaced me.

—Four o'clock.

Plague on her green mantle, she can be nothing better than a fairy ; she keeps possession of my head yet ! All during dinner-time I was terribly absent ; but luckily, my father gave the whole credit of my reverie to the abstract nature of the doctrine, *Vinco vincentem, ergo vinco te* ; upon which brocard of law the professor this morning lectured. So I got an early dismissal to my own crib, and here am I studying, in one sense, *vincere vincentem*, to get the better of the silly passion of curiosity—I think—I think it amounts to nothing else—which has taken such possession of my imagination, and is perpetually worrying me with the question—Will she write or no ? She will not—she will not ! So says Reason, and adds, Why should she take the trouble to enter into correspondence with one who, instead of a bold, alert, prompt gallant, proved a chicken-hearted boy, and left her the whole awkwardness of explanation, which he should have met half-way ? But then, says Fancy, she *will* write, for she was not a bit that sort of person whom you, Mr. Reason, in your wisdom, take her to be. She was disconcerted enough, without my adding to her distress by an impudent conduct on my part. And she will write, for—

By Heaven, she HAS written, Darsie, and with a vengeance ! Here is her letter, thrown into the kitchen by a cadie, too faithful to be bribed, either by money or whisky, to say more than that he received it, with sixpence, from an ordinary-looking woman, as he was plying on his station near the Cross.

“FOR ALAN FAIRFORD, ESQUIRE, BARRISTER.

“SIR—Excuse my mistake of to-day. I had accidentally learned that Mr. Darsie Latimer had an intimate friend and associate in a Mr. A. Fairford. When I inquired for such a person, he was pointed out to me at the Cross, as I think the exchange of your city is called, in the character of a respectable elderly man—your father, as I now understand. On inquiry at Brown Square, where I understood he resided,

I used the full name of Alan, which naturally occasioned you the trouble of this day's visit. Upon further inquiry, I am led to believe that you are likely to be the person most active in the matter to which I am now about to direct your attention; and I regret much that circumstances, arising out of my own particular situation, prevent my communicating to you personally what I now apprise you of in this manner.

"Your friend, Mr. Darsie Latimer, is in a situation of considerable danger. You are doubtless aware that he has been cautioned not to trust himself in England. Now, if he has not absolutely transgressed this friendly injunction, he has at least approached as nearly to the menaced danger as he could do, consistently with the letter of the prohibition. He has chosen his abode in a neighborhood very perilous to him; and it is only by a speedy return to Edinburgh, or at least by a removal to some more remote part of Scotland, that he can escape the machinations of those whose enmity he has to fear. I must speak in mystery, but my words are not the less certain; and, I believe, you know enough of your friend's fortunes to be aware that I could not write this much without being even more intimate with them than you are.

"If he cannot, or will not, take the advice here given, it is my opinion that you should join him, if possible, without delay, and urge, by your personal presence, and entreaty, the arguments which may prove ineffectual in writing. One word more, and I implore of your candor to take it as it is meant. No one supposes that Mr. Fairford's zeal in his friend's service needs to be quickened by mercenary motives. But report says that Mr. Alan Fairford, not having yet entered on his professional career, may, in such a case as this, want the means, though he cannot want the inclination, to act with promptitude. The inclosed note Mr. Alan Fairford must be pleased to consider as his first professional emolument; and she who sends it hopes it will be the omen of unbounded success, though the fee comes from a hand so unknown as that of

GREEN MANTLE."

A bank-note of £20 was the enclosure, and the whole incident left me speechless with astonishment. I am not able to read over the beginning of my own letter, which forms the introduction to this extraordinary communication. I only know that, though mixed with a quantity of foolery (God knows, very much different from my present feelings),

it gives an account sufficiently accurate of the mysterious person from whom this letter comes, and that I have neither time nor patience to separate the absurd commentary from the text, which it is so necessary you should know.

Combine this warning, so strangely conveyed, with the caution impressed on you by your London correspondent, Griffiths, against your visiting England ; with the character of your Laird of the Solway Lakes ; with the lawless habits of the people on that frontier country, where warrants are not easily executed, owing to the jealousy entertained by either country of the legal interference of the other ; remember, that even Sir John Fielding said to my father that he could never trace a rogue beyond the Briggend of Dumfries ; think that the distinctions of Whig and Tory, Papist and Protestant, still keep that country in a loose and comparatively lawless state—think of all this, my dearest Darsie, and remember that, while at this Mount Sharon of yours, you are residing with a family who are actually menaced with forcible interference, and who, while their obstinacy provokes violence, are by principle bound to abstain from resistance.

Nay, let me tell you, professionally, that the legality of the mode of fishing practised by your friend Joshua is greatly doubted by our best lawyers ; and that, if the stake-nets be considered as actually an unlawful obstruction raised in the channel of the estuary, an assembly of persons who shall proceed, *via facti*, to pull down and destroy them would not, in the eye of the law, be esteemed guilty of a riot. So, by remaining where you are, you are likely to be engaged in a quarrel with which you have nothing to do, and thus to enable your enemies, whoever these may be, to execute, amid the confusion of a general hubbub, whatever designs they may have against your personal safety. Black-fishers, poachers, and smugglers are a sort of gentry that will not be much checked, either by your Quaker's texts or by your chivalry. If you are Don Quixote enough to lay lance in rest in defense of those of the stake-net and of the sad-colored garment, I pronounce you but a lost knight ; for, as I said before, I doubt if these potent redressors of wrongs, the justices and constables, will hold themselves warranted to interfere. In a word, return my dear Amadis ; the adventure of the Solway nets is not reserved for your worship. Come back and I will be your faithful Sancho Panza upon a more hopeful quest. We will beat about together in search of this Urganda, the Unknown She of the Green

Mantle, who can read this, the riddle of thy fate, better than wise Eppie of Buckhaven,* or Cassandra herself.

I would fain trifle, Darsie ; for, in debating with you, jests will sometimes go farther than arguments ; but I am sick at heart, and cannot keep the ball up. If you have a moment's regard for the friendship we have so often vowed to each other, let my wishes for once prevail over your own venturous and romantic temper. I am quite serious in thinking that the information communicated to my father by this Mr. Herries and the admonitory letter of the young lady bear upon each other ; and that, were you here, you might learn something from one or other, or from both, that might throw light on your birth and parentage. You will not, surely, prefer an idle whim to the prospect which is thus held out to you ?

I would, agreeably to the hint I have received in the young lady's letter (for I am confident that such is her condition), have ere now been with you to urge these things, instead of pouring them out upon paper. But you know that the day for my trial is appointed ; I have already gone through the form of being introduced to the examiners, and have gotten my titles assigned me. All this should not keep me at home, but my father would view any irregularity upon this occasion as a mortal blow to the hopes which he has cherished most fondly during his life, viz., my being called to the bar with some credit. For my own part, I know there is no great difficulty in passing these formal examinations, else how have some of our acquaintance got through them ? But to my father these formalities compose an august and serious solemnity, to which he has long looked forward, and my absenting myself at this moment would wellnigh drive him distracted. Yet I shall go altogether distracted myself if I have not an instant assurance from you that you are hastening hither. Meanwhile, I have desired Hannah to get your little crib into the best order possible. I cannot learn that my father has yet written to you ; nor has he spoken more of his communication with Birrenswark ; but when I let him have some inkling of the dangers you are at present incurring, I know my request that you will return immediately will have his cordial support.

Another reason yet—I must give a dinner, as usual, upon my admission, to our friends ; and my father, laying aside

* Well known in the chap-book called the *History of Buckhaven*.

all his usual considerations of economy, has desired it may be in the best style possible. Come hither then, dear Darsie ! or I protest to you, I shall send examination, admission-dinner, and guests to the devil, and come in person to fetch you with a vengeance. Thine, in much anxiety.

A. F.

LETTER IX

ALEXANDER FAIRFORD, W.S., TO MR. DARSIE LATIMER

DEAR MR. DARSIE :

Having been your *factor loco tutoris*, or rather, I ought to say in correctness, since I acted without warrant from the court, your *negotiorum gestor*, that connection occasions my present writing. And although, having rendered an account of my intromissions, which have been regularly approved of, not only by yourself (whom I could not prevail upon to look at more than the docket and sum total), but also by the worthy Mr. Samuel Griffiths of London, being the hand through whom the remittances were made, I may, in some sense, be considered as to you *functus officio*, yet, to speak facetiously, I trust you will not hold me accountable as a vicious intromitter, should I still consider myself as occasionally interested in your welfare. My motives for writing at this time are twofold.

I have met with a Mr. Herries of Birrenswork, a gentleman of very ancient descent, but who hath in time past been in difficulties, nor do I know if his affairs are yet well redd. Birrenswork says that he believes he was very familiar with your father, whom he states to have been called Ralph Latimer of Langeote Hail, in Westmoreland; and he mentioned family affairs which it may be of the highest importance to you to be acquainted with; but as he seemed to decline communicating them to me, I could not civilly urge him thereanent. This much I know, that Mr. Herries had his own share in the late desperate and unhappy matter of 1745, and was in trouble about it, although that is probably now over. Moreover, although he did not profess the Popish religion openly, he had an eye that way. And both of these are reasons why I have hesitated to recommend him to a youth who maybe hath not altogether so well founded his opinions concerning kirk and state that they might not be changed by some sudden wind of doctrine. For I have observed ye, Master Darsie, to be rather tinctured with the old leaven of prelacy—this under your leave: and although God forbid that you should be in any manner dis-

affected to the Protestant Hanoverian line, yet ye have ever loved to hear the blawing, bleezing stories which the Highland gentlemen tell of those troublous times, which, if it were their will, they had better pretermit, as tending rather to shame than to honor. It is come to me also by a side-wind, as I may say, that you have been neighboring more than was needful among some of the pestilent sect of Quakers—a people who own neither priest, nor king, nor civil magistrate, nor the fabric of our law, and will not depone either in *civilibus* or *criminalibus*, be the loss to the lieges what it may. Anent which heresies, it were good ye read *The Snake in the Grass*, or *The Foot out of the Snare*, being both well-approved tracts touching these doctrines.

Now, Mr. Darsie, ye are to judge for yourself whether ye can safely to your soul's weal remain longer among these Papists and Quakers—these defections on the right hand and fallings away on the left; and truly if you can confidently resist these evil examples of doctrine, I think ye may as well tarry in the bounds where ye are, until you see Mr. Herries of Birrenswork, who does assuredly know more of your matters than I thought had been communicated to any man in Scotland. I would fain have precognosced him myself on these affairs, but found him unwilling to speak out, as I have partly intimated before.

To call a new cause—I have the pleasure to tell you, that Alan has passed his private Scots Law examinations with good approbation, a great relief to my mind, especially as worthy Mr. Pest told me in my ear there was no fear of the “callant,” as he familiarly calls him, which gives me great heart. His public trials, which are nothing in comparison save a mere form, are to take place, by order of the Honorable Dean of Faculty, on Wednesday first; and on Friday he puts on the gown, and gives a bit chuck of dinner to his friends and acquaintances, as is, you know, the custom. Your company will be wished for there, Master Darsie, by more than him, which I regret to think is impossible to have, as well by your engagements as that our cousin, Peter Fairford, comes from the west on purpose, and we have no place to offer him but your chamber in the wall. And to be plain with you, after my use and wont, Master Darsie, it may be as well that Alan and you do not meet till he is hefted as it were to his new calling. You are a pleasant gentleman, and full of daffing, which may well become you, as you have enough (as I understand) to uphold your merry

humor. If you regard the matter wisely, you would perchance consider that a man of substance should have a douce and staid demeanor ; yet you are so far from growing grave and considerate with the increase of your annual income, that the richer you become, the merrier I think you grow. But this must be at your own pleasure, so far as you are concerned. Alan, however (overpassing my small savings), has the world to win ; and louping and laughing, as he and you were wont to do, would soon make the powder flee out of his wig and the pence out of his pocket. Nevertheless, I trust you will meet when you return from your rambles ; for there is a time, as the wise man sayeth, for gathering and a time for casting away ; it is always the part of a man of sense to take the gathering time first. I remain, dear sir, your well-wishing friend, and obedient to command.

ALEXANDER FAIRFORD.

P.S.—Alan's thesis* is upon the title *De periculo et comodo rei venditæ*, and is a very pretty piece of Latinity. Ross House, in our neighborhood, is nearly finished, and is thought to excel Duff House in ornature.

*See Note 13.

LETTER X

DARSIE LATIMER TO ALAN FAIRFORD

THE plot thickens, Alan. I have your letter, and also one from your father. The last makes it impossible for me to comply with the kind request which the former urges. No, I cannot be with you, Alan; and that for the best of all reasons—I cannot and ought not to counteract your father’s anxious wishes. I do not take it unkind of him that he desires my absence. It is natural that he should wish for his son, what his son so well deserves, the advantage of a wiser and steadier companion than I seem to him. And yet I am sure I have often labored hard enough to acquire that decency of demeanor which can no more be suspected of breaking bounds than an owl of catching a butterfly.

But it was in vain that I have knitted my brows till I had the headache, in order to acquire the reputation of a grave, solid, and well-judging youth. Your father always has discovered, or thought that he discovered, a hare-brained eccentricity lying folded among the wrinkles of my forehead, which rendered me a perilous associate for the future counselor and ultimate judge. Well, Corporal Nym’s philosophy must be my comfort, “Things must be as they may.” I cannot come to your father’s house, where he wishes not to see me; and as to your coming hither—by all that is dear to me, I vow that, if you are guilty of such a piece of reckless folly—not to say undutiful cruelty, considering your father’s thoughts and wishes—I will never speak to you again as long as I live! I am perfectly serious. And besides, your father, while he in a manner prohibits me from returning to Edinburgh, gives me the strongest reasons for continuing a little while longer in this country, by holding out the hope that I may receive from your old friend, Mr. Herries of Birrenswork, some particulars concerning my origin, with which that ancient recusant seems to be acquainted.

That gentleman mentioned the name of a family in Westmoreland, with which he supposes me connected. My inquiries here after such a family have been ineffectual, for

the Borderers, on either side, know little of each other. But I shall doubtless find some English person of whom to make inquiries, since the confounded fetterlock clapped on my movements by old Griffiths prevents me repairing to England in person. At least, the prospect of obtaining some information is greater here than elsewhere; it will be an apology for my making a longer stay in this neighborhood, a line of conduct which seems to have your father's sanction, whose opinion must be sounder than that of your wandering damoiselle.

If the road were paved with dangers which leads to such a discovery, I cannot for a moment hesitate to tread it. But in fact there is no peril in the case. If the tritons of the Solway shall proceed to pull down honest Joshua's tide-nets, I am neither Quixote enough in disposition nor Goliath enough in person to attempt their protection. I have no idea of attempting to prop a fallen house, by putting my shoulders against it. And indeed Joshua gave me a hint that the company which he belongs to, injured in the way threatened (some of them being men who thought after the fashion of the world), would pursue the rioters at law, and recover damages, in which probably his own ideas of non-resistance will not prevent his participating. Therefore the whole affair will take its course as law will, as I only mean to interfere when it may be necessary to direct the course of the plaintiffs to thy chambers; and I request they may find thee intimate with all the Scottish statutes concerning salmon-fisheries, from the *Ler Aquarium* downward.

As for the Lady of the Mantle, I will lay a wager that the sun so bedazzled thine eyes on that memorable morning that everything thou didst look upon seemed green; and notwithstanding James Wilkinson's experience in the Fusileers, as well as his negative whistle, I will venture to hold a crown that she is but a what-shall-call-'um after all. Let not even the gold persuade you to the contrary. She may make a shift to cause you to disgorge that, and (immense spoil!) a session's fees to boot, if you look not all the sharper about you. Or if it should be otherwise, and if indeed there lurk some mystery under this visitation, credit me, it is one which thou canst not penetrate, nor can I as yet even attempt to explain it; since, if I prove mistaken, and mistaken I may easily be, I would be fain to creep into Phalaris's bull, were it standing before me ready heated, rather than be roasted with thy raillery. Do not tax me with want of confidence; for the instant I can throw any

light on the matter thou shalt have it ; but while I am only blundering about in the dark, I do not choose to call wise folks to see me, perchance, break my nose against a post. So if you marvel at this,

E'en marvel on till time makes all things plain.

In the meantime, kind Alan, let me proceed in my diurnal.

On the third or fourth day after my arrival at Mount Sharon, Time, that bald sexton to whom I have just referred you, did certainly limp more heavily along with me than he had done at first. The quaint morality of Joshua and Huguenot simplicity of his sister began to lose much of their raciness with their novelty, and my mode of life, by dint of being very quiet, began to feel abominably dull. It was, as thou say'st, as if the Quakers had put the sun in their pockets : all around was soft and mild, and even pleasant ; but there was, in the whole routine, a uniformity, a want of interest, a helpless and hopeless languor, which rendered life insipid. No doubt, my worthy host and hostess felt none of this void, this want of excitement, which was becoming oppressive to their guest. They had their little round of occupations, charities, and pleasures ; Rachel had her poultry-yard and conservatory, and Joshua his garden. Besides this, they enjoyed, doubtless, their devotional meditations ; and, on the whole, time glided softly and imperceptibly on with them, though to me, who long for stream and cataract, it seemed absolutely to stand still. I meditated returning to Shepherd's Bush, and began to think, with some hankering, after little Benjie and the rod. The imp has ventured hither, and hovers about to catch a peep of me now and then ; I suppose the little sharper is angling for a few more sixpences. But this would have been, in Joshua's eyes, a return of the washed sow to wallowing in the mire, and I resolved, while I remained his guest, to spare him so violent a shock to his prejudices. The next point was, to shorten the time of my proposed stay ; but, alas ! that I felt to be equally impossible. I had named a week ; and however rashly my promise had been pledged, it must be held sacred, even according to the letter, from which the Friends permit no deviation.

All these considerations wrought me up to a kind of impatience yesterday evening ; so that I snatched up my hat, and prepared for a sally beyond the cultivated farm and

ornamented grounds of Mount Sharon, just as if I were desirous to escape from the realms of art into those of free and unconstrained nature.

I was scarcely more delighted when I first entered this peaceful demesne than I now was—such is the instability and inconsistency of human nature!—when I escaped from it to the open downs, which had formerly seemed so waste and dreary. The air I breathed felt purer and more bracing. The clouds, riding high upon a summer breeze, drove, in gay succession, over my head, now obscuring the sun, now letting its rays stream in transient flashes upon various parts of the landscape, and especially upon the broad mirror of the distant Firth of Solway.

I advanced on the scene with the light step of a liberated captive; and, like John Bunyan's Pilgrim, could have found in my heart to sing as I went on my way. It seemed as if my gaiety had accumulated while suppressed, and that I was, in my present joyous mood, entitled to expend the savings of the previous week. But just as I was about to uplift a merry stave, I heard, to my joyous surprise, the voices of three or more choristers, singing, with considerable success, the lively old catch:

“ For all our men were very, very merry,
And all our men were drinking:
There were two men of mine,
Three men of thine,
And three that belong'd to old Sir Thom o' Lyne;
As they went to the ferry, they were very, very merry,
And all our men were drinking.”*

As the chorus ended, there followed a loud and hearty laugh by way of cheers. Attracted by sounds which were so congenial to my present feelings, I made towards the spot from which they came, cautiously, however, for the downs, as had been repeatedly hinted to me, had no good name; and the attraction of the music, without rivaling that of the syrens in melody, might have been followed by similarly inconvenient consequences to an incautious amateur.

I crept on, therefore, trusting that the sinuosities of the ground, broken, as it was, into knolls and sand-pits, would permit me to obtain a sight of the musicians before I should be observed by them. As I advanced, the old ditty was again raised. The voices seemed those of a man and two boys; they were rough, but kept good time, and were man-

* See “All our men were very, very merry.” Note 14.

aged with too much skill to belong to the ordinary country people.

“ Jack look'd at the sun, and cried, ‘ Fire, fire, fire ;’
 Jem stabled his keffel in Birkendale mire ;
 Tom startled a calf, and halloo'd for a stag ;
 Will mounted a gate-post, instead of his nag ;
 For all our men were very, very merry,
 And all our men were drinking ;
 There were two men of mine,
 Three men of thine,
 And three that belong'd to old Sir Thom o' Lyne ;
 As they went to the ferry, they were very, very merry,
 For all our men were drinking.”

The voices, as they mixed in their several parts, and ran through them, untwisting and again entwining all the links of the merry old catch, seemed to have a little touch of the bacchanalian spirit which they celebrated, and showed plainly that the musicians were engaged in the same joyous revel as the “ menyie ” of old Sir Thom o' Lyne. At length I came within sight of them, three in number, where they sat cosily niched into what you might call a “ bunker ”—a little sand-pit, dry and snug, and surrounded by its banks and a screen of whins in full bloom.

The only one of the trio whom I recognized as a personal acquaintance was the notorious little Benjie, who, having just finished his stave, was cramming a huge luncheon of pie-crust into his mouth with one hand, while in the other he held a foaming tankard, his eyes dancing with all the glee of a forbidden revel ; and his features, which have at all times a mischievous archness of expression, confessing the full sweetness of stolen waters and bread eaten in secret.

There was no mistaking the profession of the male and female, who were partners with Benjie in these merry doings. The man's long, loose-bodied greatcoat (wrap-rascal, as the vulgar term it), the fiddle-case, with its straps, which lay beside him, and a small knapsack which might contain his few necessities ; a clear gray eye ; features which, in contending with many a storm, had not lost a wild and careless expression of glee, animated at present, when he was exercising for his own pleasure the arts which he usually practised for bread—all announced one of those peripatetic followers of Orpheus whom the vulgar call a strolling fiddler. Gazing more attentively, I easily discovered that, though the poor musician's eyes were open, their sense was shut, and that the ecstasy with which he turned them up to Heaven only derived its apparent expression

from his own internal emotions, but received no assistance from the visible objects around. Beside him sat his female companion, in a man's hat, a blue coat, which seemed also to have been an article of male apparel, and a red petticoat. She was cleaner, in person and in clothes, than such itinerants generally are ; and, having been in her day a strapping *bona roba*, she did not even yet neglect some attention to her appearance : wore a large amber necklace and silver ear-rings, and had her plaid fastened across her breast with a brooch of the same metal.

The man also looked clean, notwithstanding the meanness of his attire, and had a decent silk handkerchief well knotted about his throat, under which peeped a clean owrelay. His beard, also, instead of displaying a grizzly stubble, unmowed for several days, flowed in thick and comely abundance over the breast, to the length of six inches, and mingled with his hair, which was but beginning to exhibit a touch of age. To sum up his appearance, the loose garment which I have described was secured around him by a large old-fashioned belt, with brass studs, in which hung a dirk, with a knife and fork, its usual accompaniments. Altogether, there was something more wild and adventurous-looking about the man than I could have expected to see in an ordinary modern crowder ; and the bow which he now and then drew across the violin, to direct his little choir, was decidedly that of no ordinary performer.

You must understand, that many of these observations were the fruits of after remark ; for I had scarce approached so near as to get a distinct view of the party, when my friend Benjie's lurching attendant, which he calls by the appropriate name of Hemp, began to cock his tail and ears, and, sensible of my presence, flew, barking like a fury, to the place where I had meant to lie concealed till I heard another song. I was obliged, however, to jump on my feet, and intimidate Hemp, who would otherwise have bit me, by two sound kicks on the ribs, which sent him howling back to his master.

Little Benjie seemed somewhat dismayed at my appearance ; but, calculating on my placability, and remembering, perhaps, that the ill-used Solomon was no palfrey of mine, he speedily affected great glee, and almost in one breath assured the itinerants that I was " a grand gentleman, and had plenty of money, and was very kind to poor folk ; " and informed me that this was " Willie Steenson — Wandering Willie — the best fiddler that ever kittled thairm with horsehair."

The woman rose and courtesied ; and Wandering Willie sanctioned his own praises with a nod, and the ejaculation, "All is true that the little boy says."

I asked him if he was of this country.

"*This country !*" replied the blind man. "I am of every country in broad Scotland, and a wee bit of England to the boot. But yet I am, in some sense, of this country ; for I was born within hearing of the roar of Solway. Will I give your honor a touch of the auld bread-winner ?"

He preluded as he spoke, in a manner which really excited my curiosity ; and then taking the old tune of "Galashiels" for his theme, he graced it with a number of wild, complicated, and beautiful variations ; during which it was wonderful to observe how his sightless face was lighted up under the conscious pride and heartfelt delight in the exercise of his own very considerable powers.

"What think you of that, now, for threescore and twa ?"

I expressed my surprise and pleasure.

"A rant, man—an auld rant," said Willie ; "naething like the music ye hae in your ball-houses and your playhouses in Edinbro' ; but it's weel aneugh anes in a way at a dike-side. Here's another ; its no a Scots tune, but it passes for ane. Oswald made it himsell, I reckon ; he has cheated mony ane, but he canna cheat Wandering Willie."

He then played your favorite air of "Roslin Castle," with a number of beautiful variations, some of which I am certain were almost extempore.

"You have another fiddle there, my friend," said I. "Have you a comrade ?" But Willie's ears were deaf, or his attention was still busied with the tune.

The female replied in his stead, "O ay, sir, troth we have a partner—a gangrel body like oursells. No but my hinnie might have been better if he had liked ; for mony a bein nook in mony a braw house has been offered to my hinnie Willie, if he wad but just bide still and play to the gentles."

"Whisht, woman—whisht !" said the blind man, angrily, shaking his locks ; "dinna deave the gentleman wi' your havers. Stay in a house and play to the gentles !—strike up when my lady pleases, and lay down the bow when my lord bids ! Na—na, that's nae life for Willie. Look out, Maggie—peer out, woman, and see if ye can see Robin coming. Deil be in him ! he has got to the lee-side of some smuggler's punch-bowl, and he wunna budge the night, I doubt."

"That is your consort's instrument," said I. "Will you give me leave to try my skill?" I slipped at the same time a shilling into the woman's hand.

"I dinna ken whether I dare trust Robin's fiddle to ye," said Willie, bluntly. His wife gave him a twitch. "Hout awa', Maggie," he said, in contempt of the hint, "though the gentleman may hae gien ye siller, he may have nae bow-hand for a' that, and I'll no trust Robin's fiddle wi' an ignoramus. But that's no sae muckle amiss," he added, as I began to touch the instrument; "I am thinking ye have some skill o' the craft."

To confirm him in this favorable opinion, I began to execute such a complicated flourish as I thought must have turned Crowdero into a pillar of stone with envy and wonder. I scaled the top of the finger-board, to dive at once to the bottom, skipped with flying fingers, like Timotheus, from shift to shift, struck arpeggios and harmonic tones; but without exciting any of the astonishment which I had expected.

Willie indeed listened to me with considerable attention; but I was no sooner finished than he immediately mimicked on his own instrument the fantastic complication of tones which I had produced, and made so whimsical a parody of my performance that, although somewhat angry, I could not help laughing heartily, in which I was joined by Benjie, whose reverence for me held him under no restraint; while the poor dame, fearful, doubtless, at my taking offense at this familiarity, seemed divided betwixt her conjugal reverence for her Willie and her desire to give him a hint for his guidance.

At length the old man stopped of his own accord, and, as if he had sufficiently rebuked me by his mimicry, he said, "But for a' that, ye will play very weel wi' a little practise and some gude teaching. But ye maun learn to put the heart into it, man—to put the heart into it."

I played an air in simpler taste, and received more decided approbation.

"That's something like it, man. Od, ye are a clever birkie!"

The woman touched his coat again. "The gentleman is a gentleman, Willie; ye maunna speak that gate to him, hinnie."

"The deevil I maunna!" said Willie; "and what for maunna I? If he was ten gentles, he canna draw a bow like me, can he?"

"Indeed I cannot, my honest friend," said I; "and if you will go with me to a house hard by, I would be glad to have a night with you."

Here I looked round, and observed Benjie smothering a laugh, which I was sure had mischief in it. I seized him suddenly by the ear, and made him confess that he was laughing at the thoughts of the reception which a fiddler was likely to get from the Quakers at Mount Sharon. I chucked him from me, not sorry that his mirth had reminded me in time of what I had for the moment forgotten; and invited the itinerant to go with me to Shepherd's Bush, from which I proposed to send word to Mr. Geddes that I should not return home that evening. But the minstrel declined this invitation also. He was engaged for the night, he said, to a dance in the neighborhood, and vented a round execration on the laziness or drunkenness of his comrade, who had not appeared at the place of rendezvous.

"I will go with you instead of him," said I, in a sudden whim; "and I will give you a crown to introduce me as your comrade."

"*You* gang instead of Rob the Rambler! My certie, freend, ye are no blate!" answered Wandering Willie, in a tone which announced death to my frolic.

But Maggie, whom the offer of the crown had not escaped, began to open on that scent with a maundering sort of lecture. "O Willie! hinnie Willie, when will ye learn to be wise? There's a crown to be won for naething but saying ae man's name instead of anither. And, wae's me! I hae just a shilling of this gentleman's gieing and a boddle of my ain; and ye wunna bend your will sae muckle as to take up the siller that's flung at your feet! Ye will die the death of a cadger's powney in a wreath of drift! and what can I do better than lie down and die wi' you! for ye winna let me win siller to keep either you or mysell leevin."

"Haud your nonsense tongue, woman," said Willie, but less absolutely than before. "Is he a real gentleman, or ane of the player-men?"

"I'se uphaud him a real gentleman," said the woman.

"I'se uphaud ye ken little of the matter," said Willie; let us see haud of your hand, neebor, gin ye like."

I gave him my hand. He said to himself, "Ay—ay, here are fingers that have seen canny service." Then running his hand over my hair, my face, and my dress, he went on with his soliloquy—"Ay—ay, muisted hair, braid-claith o' the best, and seenteen hundred linen on his back, at the

least o' it. And how do you think, my braw birkie, that ye are to pass for a tramping fiddler?"

"My dress is plain," said I—indeed, I had chosen my most ordinary suit, out of compliment to my Quaker friends—"and I can easily pass for a young farmer out upon a frolic. Come, I will double the crown I promised you."

"Damn your crowns!" said the disinterested man of music. "I would like to have a round wi' you, that's certain; but a farmer, and with a hand that never held plough-stilt or pettle, that will never do. Ye may pass for a trades lad from Dumfries, or a student upon the ramble, or the like o' that. But hark ye, lad; if ye expect to be ranting amang the queans o' lasses where ye are gaun, ye will come by the waur, I can tell ye; for the fishers are wild chaps, and will bide nae taunts."

I promised to be civil and cautious; and, to smooth the good woman, I slipped the promised piece into her hand. The acute organs of the blind man detected this little manoeuvre.

"Are ye at it again wi' the siller, ye jaud? I'll be sworn ye wad rather hear ae twalpenney clink against another than have a spring from Rory Dall,* if he was coming alive again anes errand. Gang down the gate to Luckie Gregson's and get the things ye want, and bide there till ele'en hours in the morn; and if ye see Robin, send him on to me."

"Am I no gaun to the ploy, then?" said Maggie, in a disappointed tone.

"And what for should ye?" said her lord and master; "to dance a' night, I'se warrant, and no to be fit to walk your tae's-length the morn, and we have ten Scots miles afore us? Na, na. Stable the steed, and pit your wife to bed, when there's night wark to do."

"Aweel—aweel, Willie hinnie, ye ken best; but O, take an unco care o' yoursell, and mind ye hae nae the blessing o' sight."

"Your tongue gars me whiles tire of the blessing of hearing, woman," replied Willie, in answer to this tender exhortation.

But I now put in for my interest. "Halloo, good folks, remember that I am to send the boy to Mount Sharon, and if you go to the Shepherd's Bush, honest woman, how the deuce am I to guide the blind man where he is going? I know little or nothing of the country."

* Blind Rorie, a famous performer, according to tradition.

“And ye ken mickle less of my hinnie, sir,” replied Maggie, “that think he needs ony guiding: he’s the best guide himsell that ye’ll find between Criffell and Carlisle. Horse-road and footpath, parish-road and kirk-road, high-road and cross-road, he kens ilka foot of ground in Nithsdale.”

“Ay, ye might have said in braid Scotland, gudewife,” added the fiddler. “But gang your ways, Maggie, that’s the first wise word ye hae spoke the day. I wish it was dark night, and rain, and wind, for the gentleman’s sake, that I might show him there is whiles when ane had better want een than have them; for I am as true a guide by darkness as by daylight.”*

Internally as well pleased that my companion was not put to give me this last proof of his skill, I wrote a note with a pencil, desiring Samuel to bring my horses at midnight, when I thought my frolic would be well-nigh over, to the place to which the bearer should direct him, and I sent little Benjie with an apology to the worthy Quakers.

As we parted in different directions, the good woman said, “Oh, sir, if ye wad but ask Willie to tell ye ane of his tales to shorten the gate! He can speak like ony minister frae the pulpit, and he might have been a minister himsell,——”

“Haud your tongue, ye fule!” said Willie. “But stay, Meg—gie me a kiss; we maunna part in anger, neither.” And thus our society separated.

* See Faculties of the Blind. Note 15.

LETTER XI

THE SAME TO THE SAME

You are now to conceive us proceeding in our different directions across the bare downs. Yonder flies little Benjie to the northward, with Hemp scampering at his heels, both running as if for dear life so long as the rogue is within sight of his employer, and certain to take the walk very easy so soon as he is out of ken. Stepping westward, you see Maggie's tall form and high-crowned hat, relieved by the fluttering of her plaid upon the left shoulder, darkening as the distance diminishes her size, and as the level sunbeams begin to sink upon the sea. She is taking her quiet journey to the Shepherd's Bush.

Then, stoutly striding over the lea, you have a full view of Darsie Latimer, with his new acquaintance, Wandering Willie, who, bating that he touched the ground now and then with his staff, not in a doubtful groping manner, but with the confident air of an experienced pilot, heaving the lead when he has the soundings by heart, walks as firmly and boldly as if he possessed the eyes of Argus. There they go, each with his violin slung at his back, but one of them at least totally ignorant whither their course is directed.

And wherefore did you enter so keenly into such a mad frolic? says my wise counselor. Why, I think, upon the whole, that as a sense of loneliness, and a longing for that kindness which is interchanged in society, led me to take up my temporary residence at Mount Sharon, the monotony of my life there, the quiet simplicity of the conversation of the Geddeses, and the uniformity of their amusements and employments, wearied out my impatient temper, and prepared me for the first escapade which chance might throw in my way.

What would I have given that I could have procured that solemn grave visage of thine, to dignify this joke, as it has done full many a one of thine own! Thou hast so happy a knack of doing the most foolish things in the wisest manner, that thou mightst pass thy extravagancies for rational actions, even in the eyes of prudence herself.

From the direction which my guide observed, I began to suspect that the dell at Brokenburn was our probable destination; and it became important to me to consider whether I could, with propriety, or even perfect safety, intrude myself again upon the hospitality of my former host. I therefore asked Willie whether we were bound for the Laird's, as folk called him.

"Do ye ken the Laird?" said Willie, interrupting a sonata of Corelli, of which he had whistled several bars with great precision.

"I know the Laird a little, said I; "and therefore I was doubting whether I ought to go to his town in disguise."

"And I should doubt, not a little only, but a great deal, before I took ye there, my chap," said Wandering Willie; "for I am thinking it wad be worth little less than broken banes baith to you and me. Na—na, chap, we are no ganging to the Laird's, but to a blythe birling at the Brokenburn-foot, where there will be mony a braw lad and lass; and maybe there may be some of the Laird's folk, for he never comes to sic splores himsell. He is all for fowling-piece and salmon spear, now that pike and musket are out of the question."

"He has been a soldier, then?" said I.

"I'se warrant him a soger," answered Willie; "but take my advice, and speer as little about him as he does about you. Best to let sleeping dogs lie. Better sae naething about the Laird, my man, and tell me instead, what sort of a chap ye are, that are sae ready to cleik in with an auld gaberlunzie fiddler? Maggie says ye're gentle, but a shilling maks a' the difference that Maggie kens between a gentle and a semple, and your crowns wad mak ye a prince of the blood in her een. But I am ane that kens full weel that ye may wear good claithes, and have a saft hand, and yet that may come of idleness as weel as gentrice."

I told him my name, with the same addition I had formerly given to Mr. Joshua Geddes—that I was a law student, tired of my studies, and rambling about for exercise and amusement.

"And are ye in the wont of drawing up wi' a' the gangrel bodies that ye meet on the highroad, or find cowering in a sand-bunker upon the links?" demanded Willie.

"Oh no; only with honest folks like yourself, Willie," was my reply.

"Honest folks like me! How do ye ken whether I am honest, or what I am? I may be the deevil himsell for

what ye ken, for he has power to come disguised like an angel of light ; and besides, he is a prime fiddler. He played a sonata to Corelli, ye ken."

There was something odd in this speech and the tone in which it was said. It seemed as if my companion was not always in his constant mind, or that he was willing to try if he could frighten me. I laughed at the extravagance of his language, however, and asked him in reply if he was fool enough to believe that the foul fiend would play so silly a masquerade.

"Ye ken little about it—little about it," said the old man, shaking his head and beard, and knitting his brows. "I could tell ye something about that."

What his wife mentioned of his being a tale-teller as well as a musician now occurred to me ; and as you know I like tales of superstition, I begged to have a specimen of his talent as we went along.

"It is very true," said the blind man, "that when I am tired of scraping thairm or singing ballants, I whiles make a tale serve the turn among the country bodies ; and I have some fearsome anes, that make the auld carlines shake on the settle, and the bits o' bairns skirl on their minnies out frae their beds. But this that I am gann to tell you was a thing that befell in our ain house in my father's time—that is, my father was then a hafflins callant ; and I tell it to you, that it may be a lesson to you, that are but a young, thoughtless chap, wha ye draw up wi' on a lonely road ; for muckle was the dool and care that came o't to my gudesire."

He commenced his tale accordingly, in a distinct narrative tone of voice, which he raised and depressed with considerable skill—at times sinking almost into a whisper, and turning his clear but sightless eyeballs upon my face, as if it had been possible for him to witness the impression which his narrative made upon my features. I will not spare you a syllable of it, although it be of the longest ; so I make a dash—and begin.

Wandering Willie's Tale

Ye maun have heard of Sir Robert Redgauntlet of that ilk, who lived in these parts before the dear years. The country will lang mind him ; and our fathers used to draw breath thick if ever they heard him named. He was out wi' the Hielandmen in Montrose's time ; and again he was in the

hills wi' Glencairn in the saxteen hundred and fifty-twa; and sae when King Charles the Second came in, wha was in sic favor as the Laird of Redgauntlet? He was knighted at Louon court, wi' the King's ain sword; and being a red-hot prelatist, he came down here, rampaung like a lion, with commissions of lieutenancy (and of lunacy, for what I ken), to put down a' the Whigs and Covenanters in the country. Wild wark they made of it; for the Whigs were as dour as the Cavaliers were fierce, and it was which should first tire the other. Redgauntlet was aye for the strong hand; and his name is kenn'd as wide in the country as Claverhouse's or Tam Dalvell's. Glen, nor dargle, nor mountain, nor cave could hide the puir Hill-folk when Redgauntlet was out with bugle and bloodhound after them, as if they had been sae mony deer. And troth when they fand them, they didna mak muckle mair ceremony than a Hielandman wi' a roe-buck. It was just, "Will ye tak the test?" If not, "Make ready—present—fire!" and there lay the recusant.

Far and wide was Sir Robert hated and feared. Men thought he had a direct compact with Satan; that he was proof against steel, and that bullets happed aff his buff-coat like hailstones from a hearth; that he had a mear that would turn a hare on the side of Carrifra Gauns—and muckle to the same purpose, of whilk mair anon. The best blessing they wared on him was, "Deil scowp wi' Redgauntlet!" He wasna a bad maister to his ain folk though, and was weel aneugh liked by his tenants; and as for the lackies and troopers that raid out wi' him to the persecutions, as the Whigs ca'd those killing times, they wad hae drunken themselves blind to his health at ony time.

Now you are to ken that my gudesire lived on Redgauntlet's grund; they ca' the place Primrose Knowe. We had lived on the grund, and under the Redgauntlets, since the riding days, and lang before. It was a pleasant bit; and I think the air is callerer and fresher there than onywhere else in the country. It's a' deserted now; and I sat on the broken door-cheek three days since, and was glad I couldna see the plight the place was in; but that's a' wide o' the mark. There dwelt my gudesire, Steenie Steenson, a rambling, rattling chiel he had been in his young days, and could play weel on the pipes; he was famous at "Hoopers and Girders," a' Cumberland couldna touch him at "Jockie Lattin," and he had the finest finger for the back-lilt between Berwick and Carlisle. The like o' Steenie wasna the sort that they made Whigs o'. And so he became a Tory, as they ca' it,

which we now ca' Jacobites, just out of a kind of necessity, that he might belong to some side or other. He had nae ill to the Whig bodies, and liked little to see the bluid rin, though, being obliged to follow Sir Robert in hunting and hosting, watching and warding, he saw muckle mischief, and maybe did some that he couldna avoid.

Now Steenie was a kind of favorite with his master, and kenn'd a' the folks about the castle, and was often sent for to play the pipes when they were at their merriment. Auld Dougal MacCallum, the butler, that had followed Sir Robert through gude and ill, thick and thin, pool and stream, was specially fond of the pipes, and aye gae my gudesire his gude word wi' the laird ; for Dougal could turn his master round his finger.

Weel, round came the Revolution, and it had like to have broken the hearts baith of Dougal and his master. But the change was not a'thegither sae great as they feared, and other folk thought for. The Whigs made an unco crawling what they wad do with their auld enemies, and in special wi' Sir Robert Redgauntlet. But there were ower many great folks dipped in the same doings to mak a spick and span new warld. So Parliament passed it a' ower easy ; and Sir Robert, bating that he was held to hunting foxes instead of Covenanters, remained just the man he was. His revel was as loud, and his hall as weel lighted, as ever it had been, though maybe he lacked the fines of the Nonconformists, that used to come to stock his larder and cellar ; for it is certain he began to be keener about the rents than his tenants used to find him before, and they behooved to be prompt to the rent-day, or else the laird wasna pleased. And he was sic an awsome body that naebody cared to anger him ; for the oaths he swore and the rage that he used to get into, and the looks that he put on, made men sometimes think him a devil incarnate.*

Weel, my gudesire was nae manager—no that he was a very great misguider—but he hadna the saving gift, and he got twa terms' rent in arrear. He got the first brash at Whitsunday put ower wi' fair word and piping ; but when Martinmas came, there was a summons from the grund-officer to come wi' the rent on a day preceese, or else Steenie behooved to flit. Sair wark he had to get the siller ; but he was weel-freended, and at last he got the baill scraped thegither—a thousand merks ; the maist of it was from a neigh-

*See William III. and the Covenanters. Note 16.

bor they ca'd Laurie Lapraik—a sly tod. Laurie had walth o' gear—could hunt wi' the hound and rin wi' the hare—and be Whig or Tory, saunt or sinner, as the wind stood. He was a professor in this Revolution warld; but he liked an orra sough of this warld, and a tune on the pipes weel aneugh at a bye-time; and abune a', he thought he had gude security for the siller he lent my gudesire ower the stocking at Primrose Knowe.

Away trots my gudesire to Redgauntlet Castle, wi' a heavy purse and a light heart, glad to be out of the laird's danger. Weel, the first thing he learned at the castle was that Sir Robert had fretted himsell into a fit of the gout, because he did not appear before twelve o'clock. It wasna a'thegither for sake of the money, Dougal thought; but because he didna like to part wi' my gudesire aff the grund. Dougal was glad to see Steenie, and brought him into the great oak parlor, and there sat the laird his leesome lane, excepting that he had beside him a great ill-favored jackanape, that was a special pet of his—a cankered beast it was, and mony an ill-natured trick it played; ill to please it was, and easily angered—ran about the haill castle, chattering and yowling, and pinching and biting folk, especially before ill weather, or disturbances in the state. Sir Robert ca'd it Major Weir, after the warlock that was burnt;* and few folk liked either the name or the conditions of the creature—they thought there was something in it by ordinar—and my gudesire was not just easy in his mind when the door shut on him, and he saw himself in the room wi naebody but the laird, Dougal MacCallum, and the major, a thing that hadna chanced to him before.

Sir Robert sat, or, I should say, lay, in a great armed chair, wi' his grand velvet gown, and his feet on a cradle; for he had baith gout and gravel, and his face looked as gash and ghastly as Satan's. Major Weir sat opposite to him, in a red laced coat, and the laird's wig on his head; and aye as Sir Robert girned wi' pain, the jackanape girned too, like a sheep's-head between a pair of tangs—an ill-faured, fearsome couple they were. The laird's buff-coat was hung on a pin behind him, and his broadsword and his pistols within reach; for he keepit up the auld fashion of having the weapons ready, and a horse saddled day and night, just as he used to do when he was able to loup on horseback, and away after ony of the Hill-folk he could get

* A celebrated wizard, executed [1670] at Edinburgh for sorcery and other crimes.

speerings of. Some said it was for fear of the Whigs taking vengeance, but I judge it was just his auld custom—he wasna gien to fear onything. The rental-book, wi' its black cover and brass clasps, was lying beside him; and a book of sculdudry sangs was put betwixt the leaves, to keep it open at the place where it bore evidence against the goodman of Primrose Knowe, as behind the hand with his mails and duties. Sir Robert gave my gudesire a look as if he would have withered his heart in his bosom. Ye maun ken he had a way of bending his brows that men saw the visible mark of a horse-shoe in his forehead, deep-dinted, as if it had been stamped there.

“Are ye come light-handed, ye son of a toom whistle?” said Sir Robert. “Zounds, if you are——”

My gudesire, with as gude a countenance as he could put on, made a leg, and placed the bag of money on the table wi' a dash, like a man that does something clever. The laird drew it to him hastily. “Is it all here, Steenie, man?”

“Your honor will find it right,” said my gudesire.

“Here, Dougal,” said the laird, “gie Steenie a tass of brandy downstairs, till I count the siller and write the receipt.”

But they werena weel out of the room when Sir Robert gied a yelloch that garr'd the castle rock. Back ran Dougal—in flew the livery-men—yell on yell gied the laird, ilk ane mair awfu' than the ither. My gudesire knew not whether to stand or flee, but he ventured back into the parlor, where a' was gaun hirdie-girdie—naeboddy to say “come in” or “gae out.” Terribly the laird roared for cauld water to his feet, and wine to cool his throat; and “Hell, hell, hell, and its flames,” was aye the word in his mouth. They brought him water, and when they plunged his swoln feet into the tub, he cried out it was burning; and folk say that it *did* bubble and sparkle like a seething cauldron. He flung the cup at Dougal's head, and said he had given him blood instead of burgundy; and sure aneugh, the lass washed clotted blood aff the carpet the neist day. The jackanape they ca'd Major Weir, it jibbered and cried as if it was mocking its master. My gudesire's head was like to turn; he forgot baith siller and receipt, and downstairs he banged; but as he ran, the shrieks came faint and fainter; there was a deep-drawn shivering groan, and word gaed through the castle that the laird was dead.

Weel, away came my gudesire wi' his finger in his mouth, and his best hope was that Dougal had seen the money-bag,

and heard the laird speak of writing the receipt. The young laird, now Sir John, came from Edinburgh to see things put to rights. Sir John and his father never gree'd weel. Sir John had been bred an advocate, and afterwards sat in the last Scots Parliament and voted for the Union, having gotten, it was thought, a rug of the compensations; if his father could have come out of his grave he would have brained him for it on his awn hearthstane. Some thought it was easier counting with the auld rough knight than the fair-spoken young ane—but mair of that anon.

Dougal MacCallum, poor body, neither grat nor graned, but gaed about the house looking like a corpse, but directing, as was his duty, a' the order of the grand funeral. Now, Dougal looked aye waur and waur when night was coming, and was aye the last to gang to his bed, whilk was in a little round just opposite the chamber of dais, whilk his master occupied while he was living, and where he now lay in state, as they ca'd it, weel-a-day! The night before the funeral, Dougal could keep his awn counsel nae langer; he came down with his proud spirit, and fairly asked auld Hutcheon to sit in his room with him for an hour. When they were in the round, Dougal took ae tass of brandy to himsell and gave another to Hutcheon, and wished him all health and lang life, and said that, for himsell, he wasna lang for this world; for that, every night since Sir Robert's death, his silver call had sounded from the state chamber, just as it used to do at nights in his lifetime, to call Dougal to help to turn him in his bed. Dougal said that, being alone with the dead on that floor of the tower (for naebody cared to wake Sir Robert Redgauntlet like another corpse), he had never daured to answer the call, but that now his conscience checked him for neglecting his duty; for, "though death breaks service," said MacCallum, "it shall never break my service to Sir Robert; and I will answer his next whistle, so be you will stand by me Hutcheon."

Hutcheon had nae will to the wark, but he had stood by Dougal in battle and broil, and he wad not fail him at this pinch; so down the carles sat ower a stoup of brandy, and Hutcheon, who was something of a clerk, would have read a chapter of the Bible; but Dougal would hear naething but a blaud of Davie Lindsay, whilk was the waur preparation.

When midnight came, and the house was quiet as the grave, sure aneugh the silver whistle sounded as sharp and ahrill as if Sir Robert was blowing it, and up gat the twa auld serving-men and tottered into the room where the dead

man lay. Hutcheon saw aneugh at the first glance ; for there were torches in the room, which showed him the foul fiend in his ain shape, sitting on the laird's coffin ! Ower he couped as if he had been dead. He could not tell how lang he lay in a trance at the door, but when he gathered himself he cried on his neighbor, and getting nae answer, roused the house, when Dougal was found lying dead within twa steps of the bed where his master's coffin was placed. As for the whistle, it was gaen anes and aye ; but mony a time was it heard at the top of the house on the bartizan, and amang the auld chimneys and turrets, where the howlets have their nests. Sir John hushed the matter up, and the funeral passed ower without mair bogle-wark.

But when a' was ower, and the laird was beginning to settle his affairs, every tenant was called up for his arrears, and my gudesire for the full sum that stood against him in the rental-book. Weel, away he trots to the castle, to tell his story, and there he is introduced to Sir John, sitting in his father's chair, in deep mourning, with weepers and hanging cravat, and a small walking rapier by his side, instead of the auld broadsword that had a hundredweight of steel about it, what with blade, chape, and basket-hilt. I have heard their communing so often tauld ower, that I almost think I was there mysell, though I couldna be born at the time. (In fact, Alan, my companion mimicked, with a good deal of humor, the flattering, conciliating tone of the tenant's address, and the hypocritical melancholy of the laird's reply. His grandfather, he said, had, while he spoke, his eye fixed on the rental-book, as if it were a mastiff-dog that he was afraid would spring up and bite him).

"I wuss ye joy, sir, of the head seat, and the white loaf, and the braid lairdship. Your father was a kind man to friends and followers ; muckle grace to you, Sir John, to fill his shoon—his boots, I suld say, for he seldom wore shoon, unless it were muils when he had the gout."

"Ay, Steenie," quoth the laird, sighing deeply, and putting his napkin to his een, "his was a sudden call, and he will be missed in the country ; no time to set his house in order : weel prepared Godward, no doubt, which is the root of the matter, but left us behind a tangled hesp to wind, Steenie. Hem ! hem ! We maun go to business, Steenie ; much to do, and little time to do it in."

Here he opened the fatal volume. I have heard of a thing they call Doomsday Book —I am clear it has been a rental-of back-ganging tenants.

"Stephen," said Sir John, still in the same soft sleekit tone of voice—"Stephen Stevenson, or Steenson, ye are down here for a year's rent behind the hand, due at last term."

Stephen. "Please your honor, Sir John, I paid it to your father."

Sir John. "Ye took a receipt then, doubtless, Stephen, and can produce it?"

Stephen. "Indeed I hadna time, an it like your honor; for nae sooner had I set down the siller, and just as his honor Sir Robert, that's gaen, drew it till him to count it, and write out the receipt, he was ta'en wi' the pains that removed him."

"That was unlucky," said Sir John, after a pause. "But ye maybe paid it in the presence of somebody. I want but a *talis qualis* evidence, Stephen. I would go ower strictly to work with no poor man."

Stephen. "Troth, Sir John, there was naeboddy in the room but Dougal MacCallum, the butler. But, as your honor kens, he has e'en followed his auld master."

"Very unlucky again, Stephen," said Sir John, without altering his voice a single note. "The man to whom ye paid the money is dead; and the man who witnessed the payment is dead too; and the siller, which should have been to the fore, is neither seen nor heard tell of in the repositories. How am I to believe a' this?"

Stephen. "I dinna ken, your honor; but there is a bit memorandum note of the very coins—for, God help me! I had to borrow out of twenty purses—and I am sure that ilka man there set down will take his grit oath for what purpose I borrowed the money."

Sir John. "I have little doubt ye borrowed the money, Steenie. It is the *payment* to my father that I want to have some proof of."

Stephen. "The siller maun be about the house, Sir John. And since your honor never got it, and his honor that was canna have taen it wi' him, maybe some of the family may have seen it."

Sir John. "We will examine the servants, Stephen; that is but reasonable."

But lackey and lass, and page and groom, all denied stoutly that they had ever seen such a bag of money as my gudesire described. What was waur, he had unluckily not mentioned to any living soul of them his purpose of paying his rent. Ae quean had noticed something under his arm, but she took it for the pipes.

Sir John Redgauntlet ordered the servants out of the room, and then said to my gudesire, "Now, Steenie, ye see you have fair play; and, as I have little doubt ye ken better where to find the siller than any other body, I beg, in fair terms, and for your own sake, that you will end this fasherie; for, Stephen, ye maun pay or flit."

"The Lord forgie your opinion," said Stephen, driven almost to his wit's end—"I am an honest man."

"So am I, Stephen," said his honor; "and so are all the folks in the house, I hope. But if there be a knave amongst us, it must be he that tells the story he cannot prove." He paused, and then added, mair sternly, "If I understand your trick, sir, you want to take advantage of some malicious reports concerning things in this family, and particularly respecting my father's sudden death, thereby to cheat me out of the money, and perhaps take away my character, by insinuating that I have received the rent I am demanding. Where do you suppose this money to be? I insist upon knowing."

My gudesire saw everything look sae muckle against him that he grew nearly desperate; however, he shifted from one foot to another, looked to every corner of the room, and made no answer.

"Speak out, sirrah," said the laird, assuming a look of his father's—a very particular ane, which he had when he was angry: it seemed as if the wrinkles of his frown made that selfsame fearful shape of a horse's shoe in the middle of his brow—"speak out, sir! I *will* know your thoughts. Do you suppose that I have this money?"

"Far be it frae me to say so," said Stephen.

"Do you charge any of my people with having taken it?"

"I wad be laith to charge them that may be innocent," said my gudesire; "and if there be any one that is guilty, I have nae proof."

"Somewhere the money must be, if there is a word of truth in your story," said Sir John; "I ask where you think it is, and demand a correct answer?"

"In hell, if you *will* have my thoughts of it," said my gudesire, driven to extremity—"in hell! with your father, his jackanape, and his silver whistle."

Down the stairs he ran, for the parlor was nae place for him after such a word, and he heard the laird swearing blood and wounds behind him, as fast as ever did Sir Robert, and roaring for the bailie and the baron-officer.

Away rode my gudesire to his chief creditor, him they ca'd

Laurie Lapraik, to try if he could make anything out of him ; but when he tauld his story he got but the warst word in his wame—thief, beggar, and dyvour were the safest terms ; and to the boot of these hard terms, Laurie brought up the old story of his dipping his hand in the blood of God's saunts, just as if a tenant could have helped riding with the laird, and that a laird like Sir Robert Redgauntlet. My gudesire was by this time far beyond the bounds of patience, and while he and Laurie were at deil speed the liars, he was wanchancie aneugh to abuse Lapraik's doctrine as weel as the man, and said things that garr'd folks' flesh grue that heard them ; he wasna just himsell, and he had lived wi' a wild set in his day.

At last they parted, and my gudesire was to ride hame through the wood of Pitmurkie, that is a' fou of black firs, as they say. I ken the wood, but the firs may be black or white for what I can tell. At the entry of the wood there is a wild common, and on the edge of the common a little lonely change-house, that was keepit then by a hostler-wife—they suld hae ca'd her Tibbie Faw—and there puir Steenie cried for a mutchkin of brandy, for he had had no refreshment the haill day. Tibbie was earnest wi' him to take a bite o' meat, but he couldna think o't, nor would he take his foot out of the stirrup, and took off the brandy wholly at twa draughts, and named a toast at each—the first was, the memory of Sir Robert Redgauntlet, and might he never lie quiet in his grave till he had righted his poor bond-tenant ; and the second was, a health to Man's Enemy, if he would but get back the pock of siller, or tell him what came o't, for he saw the haill world was like to regard him as a thief and a cheat, and he took that waur than even the ruin of his house and hauld.

On he rode, little caring where. It was a dark night turned, and the trees made it yet darker, and he let the beast take its ain road through the wood ; when, all of a sudden, from tired and wearied that it was before, the nag began to spring, and flee, and stend, that my gudesire could hardly keep the saddle ; upon the whilk, a horseman, suddenly riding up beside him, said, “That's a mettle beast of yours, freend ; will you sell him ?” So saying, he touched the horse's neck with his riding wand, and it fell into its auld heigh-ho of a stumbling trot. “But his spunk's soon out of him, I think,” continued the stranger, “and that is like mony a man's courage, that thinks he wad do great things till he come to the proof,”

My gudesire scarce listened to this, but spurred his horse, with "Gude e'en to you, freend."

But it's like the stranger was aye that doesna lightly yield his point; for, ride as Steenie liked, he was aye beside him at the selfsame pace. At last my gudesire, Steenie Steenson, grew half angry, and, to say the truth, half feared.

"What is it that ye want with me, freend?" he said. "If ye be a robber, I have nae money; if ye be a leal man, wanting company, I have nae heart to mirth or speaking; and if ye want to ken the road, I scarce ken it mysell."

"If you will tell me your grief," said the stranger, "I am one that, though I have been sair misca'd in the world, am the only hand for helping my freends."

So my gudesire, to ease his ain heart, mair than from any hope of help, told him the story from beginning to end.

"It's a hard pinch," said the stranger; "but I think I can help you."

"If you could lend me the money, sir, and take a lang day—I ken nae other help on earth," said my gudesire.

"But there may be some under the earth," said the stranger. "Come, I'll be frank wi' you; I could lend you the money on bond, but you would maybe scruple my terms. Now, I can tell you that your auld laird is disturbed in his grave by your curses, and the wailing of your family, and if ye daur venture to go to see him, he will give you the receipt."

My gudesire's hair stood on end at this proposal, but he thought his companion might be some humorsome chield that was trying to frighten him, and might end with lending him the money. Besides, he was bauld wi' brandy, and desperate wi' distress; and he said he had courage to go to the gate of hell, and a step farther, for that receipt.

The stranger laughed.

Weel, they rode on through the thickest of the wood, when, all of a sudden, the horse stopped at the door of a great house; and, but that he knew the place was ten miles off, my father would have thought he was at Redgauntlet Castle. They rode into the outer courtyard, through the muckle faulding yetts, and aneath the auld portecullis; and the whole front of the house was lighted, and there were pipes and fiddles, and as much dancing and deray within as used to be in Sir Robert's house at Pace and Yule, and such high seasons. They lap off, and my gudesire, as seemed to him, fastened his horse to the very ring he had tied him to that morning, when he gaed to wait on the young Sir John.

“God!” said my gudesire, “if Sir Robert’s death be but a dream!”

He knocked at the ha’ door just as he was wont, and his auld acquaintance, Dougal MacCallum, just after his wont, too, came to open the door, and said, “Piper Steenie, are ye there, lad? Sir Robert has been crying for you.”

My gudesire was like a man in a dream; he looked for the stranger, but he was gane for the time. At last he just tried to say, “Ha! Dougal Driveower, are ye living? I thought ye had been dead.”

“Never fash yoursell wi’ me,” said Dougal, “but look to yoursell; and see ye take naething frae onybody here, neither meat, drink, or siller, except just the receipt that is your ain.”

So saying, he led the way through halls and trances that were weel kenn’d to my gudesire, and into the auld oak parlor; and there was as much singing of profane sangs, and birling of red wine, and speaking blasphemy and sculduddry, as had ever been in Redgauntlet Castle when it was at the blythest.

But, Lord take us in keeping! what a set of ghastly revelers they were that sat round that table! My gudesire kenn’d mony that had long before gane to their place, for often had he piped to the most part in the hall of Redgauntlet. There was the fierce Middleton, and the dissolute Rothés, and the crafty Lauderdale; and Dalyell, with his bald head and a beard to his girdle; and Earlshall, with Cameron’s blude on his hand; and wild Bonshaw, that tied blessed Mr. Cargill’s limbs till the blude sprung; and Dumbarton Douglas, the twice-turned traitor baith to country and king. There was the Bluidy Advocate MacKenzie, who, for his worldly wit and wisdom, had been to the rest as a god. And there was Claverhouse, as beautiful as when he lived, with his long, dark, curled locks, streaming down over his laced buff-coat, and his left-hand always on his right spule-blade, to hide the wound that the silver bullet had made.* He set apart from them all, and looked at them with a melancholy, haughty countenance; while the rest hallooed, and sung, and laughed, that the room rang. But their smiles were fearfully contorted from time to time; and their laughter passed into such wild sounds as made my gudesire’s very nails grow blue, and chilled the marrow in his banes.

They that waited at the table were just the wicked serv-

* See Persecutors of the Covenanters. Note 17.

ing-men and troopers that had done their work and cruel bidding on earth. There was the Lang Lad of the Nether-town, that helped to take Argyle; and the bishop's summoner, that they called the Deil's Rattle-bag; and the wicked guardsmen, in their laced coats; and the savage Highland Amorites, that shed blood like water; and mony a proud serving-man, haughty of heart and bloody of hand, cringing to the rich, and making them wickeder than they would be; grinding the poor to powder, when the rich had broken them to fragments. And mony, mony mair were coming and ganging, a' as busy in their vocation as if they had been alive.

Sir Robert Redgauntlet, in the midst of a' this fearful riot, cried, wi' a voice like thunder, on Steenie Piper to come to the board-head, where he was sitting, his legs stretched out before him, and swathed up with flannel, with his holster pistols aside him, while the great broadsword rested against his chair, just as my gudesire had seen him the last time upon earth—the very cushion for the jackanape was close to him, but the creature itself was not there; it wasna its hour, it's likely; for he heard them say as he came forward, "Is not the major come yet?" And another answered, "The jackanape will be here betimes the morn." And when my gudesire came forward, Sir Robert, or his ghaist, or the deevil in his likeness, said, "Weel, piper, hae ye settled wi' my son for the year's rent?"

With much ado my father gat breath to say that Sir John would not settle without his honor's receipt.

"Ye shall hae that for a tune of the pipes, Steenie," said the appearance of Sir Robert. "Play us up, Weel hoddled, Luckie."

Now this was a tune my gudesire learned frae a warlock, that heard it when they were worshiping Satan at their meetings, and my gudesire had sometimes played it at the ranting suppers in Redgauntlet Castle, but never very willingly; and now he grew cauld at the very name of it, and said, for excuse, he hadna his pipes wi' him.

"MacCallum, ye limb of Beelzebub," said the fearfu' Sir Robert, "bring Steenie the pipes that I am keeping for him."

MacCallum brought a pair of pipes might have served the piper of Donald of the Isles. But he gave my gudesire a nudge as he offered them; and looking secretly and closely, Steenie saw that the chanter was of steel, and heated to a white heat; so he had fair warning not to trust his fingers

with it. So he excused himself again, and said he was faint and frightened, and had not wind aneugh to fill the bag.

“Then ye maun eat and drink, Steenie,” said the figure; “for we do little else here; and it’s ill speaking between a fou man and a fasting.”

Now these were the very words that the bloody Earl of Douglas said to keep the king’s messenger in hand, while he cut the head off MacLellan of Bombie, at the Threave Castle,* and that put Steenie mair and mair on his guard. So he spoke up like a man and said he came neither to eat, or drink, or make minstrelsy, but simply for his ain—to ken what was come o’ the money he had paid, and to get a discharge for it; and he was so stout hearted by this time, that he charged Sir Robert for conscience’ sake (he had no power to say the holy name), and as he hoped for peace and rest, to spread no snares for him, but just to give him his ain.

The appearance gnashed its teeth and laughed, but it took from a large pocketbook the receipt, and handed it to Steenie. “There is your receipt, ye pitiful cur; and for the money, my dog whelp of a son may go look for it in the Cat’s Cradle.”

My gudesire uttered mony thanks, and was about to retire when Sir Robert roared aloud, “Stop though, thou sackdoudling son of a whore! I am not done with thee. HERE we do nothing for nothing; and you must return on this very day twelvemonth to pay your master the homage that you owe me for my protection.”

My father’s tongue was loosed of a suddenty, and he said aloud, “I refer mysell to God’s pleasure, and not to yours.”

He had no sooner uttered the word than all was dark around him, and he sunk on the earth with such a sudden shock, that he lost both breath and sense.

How lang Steenie lay there, he could not tell; but when he came to himsell, he was lying in the auld kirkyard of Redgauntlet parochine, just at the door of the family aisle, and the scutcheon of the auld knight, Sir Robert, hanging over his head. There was a deep morning fog on grass and gravestone around him, and his horse was feeding quietly beside the minister’s twa cows. Steenie would have thought the whole was a dream, but he had the receipt in his hand, fairly written and signed by the auld laird; only the last letters of his name were a little disorderly, written like one seized with sudden pain.

*The reader is referred for particulars to *Pitscottie’s History of Scotland*.

Sorely troubled in his mind, he left that dreary place, rode through the mist to Redgauntlet Castle, and with much ado he got speech of the laird.

"Well, you dyvour bankrupt," was the first word, "have you brought me my rent?"

"No," answered my gudesire, "I have not; but I have brought your honor Sir Robert's receipt for it."

"How, sirrah? Sir Robert's receipt! You told me he had not given you one."

"Will your honor please to see if that bit line is right?"

Sir John looked at every line, and at every letter, with much attention, and at last at the date, which my gudesire had not observed—"From my appointed place," he read, "this twenty-fifth of November." What! That is yesterday! Villain, thou must have gone to Hell for this!"

"I got it from your honor's father; whether he be in Heaven or Hell, I know not," said Steenie.

"I will delate you for a warlock to the privy council!" said Sir John. "I will send you to your master, the devil, with the help of a tar-barrel and a torch!"

"I intend to delate mysell to the presbytery," said Steenie, "and tell them all I have seen last night, whilk are things fitter for them to judge of than a borrel man like me."

Sir John paused, composed himsell, and desired to hear the full history; and my gudesire told it him from point to point, as I have told it you—word for word, neither more nor less."

Sir John was silent again for a long time, and at last he said, very composedly, "Steenie, this story of yours concerns the honor of many a noble family besides mine; and if it be a leasing-making, to keep yourself out of my danger, the least you can expect is to have a red-hot iron driven through your tongue, and that will be as bad as scauding your fingers with a red-hot chanter. But yet it may be true, Steenie; and if the money cast up, I shall not know what to think of it. But where shall we find the Cat's Cradle? There are cats enough about the old house, but I think they kitten without the ceremony of bed or cradle."

"We were best ask Hutcheon," said my gudesire: "he kens a' the odd corners about as weel as—another serving man that is now gane, and that I wad not like to name."

Aweel, Hutcheon, when he was asked, told them that a ruinous turret, lang disused, next to the clock-house, only accessible by a ladder, for the opening was on the outside,

and far above the battlements, was called of old, the Cat's Cradle.

"There will I go immediately," said Sir John; and he took (with what purpose, Heaven kens) one of his father's pistols from the hall-table, where they had lain since the night he died, and hastened to the battlements.

It was a dangerous place to climb, for the ladder was auld and frail, and wanted ane or twa rounds. However, up got Sir John, and entered at the turret door, where his body stopped the only little light that was in the bit turret. Something flees at him wi' a vengeance, maist dang him back ower; bang gaed the knight's pistol, and Hutcheon, that held the ladder, and my gudesire that stood beside him, hears a loud skelloch. A minute after, Sir John flings the body of the jackanape down to them, and cries that the siller is fund, and that they should come up and help him. And there was the bag of siller sure aneugh, and mony orra things besides that had been missing for mony a day. And Sir John, when he had riped the turret weel, led my gudesire into the dining-parlor, and took him by the hand, and spoke kindly to him, and said he was sorry he should have doubted his word, and that he would hereafter be a good master to him, to make amends.

"And now, Steenie," said Sir John, "although this vision of yours tends, on the whole to my father's credit, as an honest man, that he should, even after his death, desire to see justice done to a poor man like you, yet you are sensible that ill-dispositioned men might make bad constructions upon it, concerning his soul's health. So, I think, we had better lay the haill dirdum on that ill-deedie creature, Major Weir, and say naething about your dream in the wood of Pitmurkie. You had taken ower muckle brandy to be very certain about ony thing; and, Steenie, this receipt (his hand shook while he held it out), it's but a queer kind of document, and we will do best, I think, to put it quietly in the fire."

"Od, but for as queer as it is, it's a' the voucher I have for my rent," said my gudesire, who was afraid, it may be, of losing the benefit of Sir Robert's discharge.

"I will bear the contents to your credit in the rental-book, and give you a discharge under my own hand," said Sir John, "and that on the spot. And, Steenie, if you can hold your tongue about this matter, you shall sit, from this term downward, at an easier rent."

"Mony thanks to your honor," said Steenie, who saw

easily in what corner the wind was ; “doubtless I will be comfortable to all your honor’s commands ; only I would willingly speak wi’ some powerful minister on the subject, for I do not like the sort of sounons of appointment whilk your honor’s father——”

“Do not call the phantom my father !” said Sir John, interrupting him.

“Weel, then, the thing that was so like him,” said my gudesire ; “he spoke of my coming back to him this time twelvemonth, and it’s a weight on my conscience.”

“Aweel, then,” said Sir John, “if you be so much distressed in mind, you may speak to our minister of the parish ; he is a douce man, regards the honor of our family, and the mair that he may look for some patronage from me.”

Wi’ that my gudesire readily agreed that the receipt should be burned, and the laird threw it into the chimney with his ain hand. Burn it would not for them, though ; but away it flew up the lum, wi’ a lang train of sparks at its tail, and a hissing noise like a squib.

My gudesire gaed down to the manse, and the minister, when he had heard the story, said it was his real opinion that, though my gudesire had gaen very far in tampering with dangerous matters, yet, as he had refused the devil’s arles (for such was the offer of meat and drink), and had refused to do homage by piping at his bidding, he hoped, that if he held a circumspect walk hereafter, Satan could take little advantage by what was come and gane. And, indeed, my gudesire, of his ain accord, lang forswore baith the pipes and the brandy ; it was not even till the year was out, and the fatal day passed, that he would so much as take the fiddle, or drink usquebaugh or tippenny.

Sir John made up his story about the jackanape as he liked himsell ; and some believe till this day there was no more in the matter than the filching nature of the brute. Indeed, ye’ll no hinder some to threap that it was nane o’ the Auld Enemy that Dougal and my gudesire [Hutcheon] saw in the laird’s room, but only that wanchancie creature, the major, capering on the coffin ; and that, as to the blawing on the laird’s whistle that was heard after he was dead, the filthy brute could do that as weel as the laird himsell, if no better. But Heaven kens the truth, whilk first came out by the minister’s wife, after Sir John and her ain gudeman were baith in the molds. And then, my gudesire, wha was failed in his limbs, but not in his judgment or memory—at

least nothing to speak of—was obliged to tell the real narrative to his freends for the credit of his good name. He might else have been charged for a warlock.*

THE shades of evening were growing thicker around us as my conductor finished his long narrative with this moral—“Ye see, birkie, it is nae chancy thing to tak a stranger traveler for a guide when ye are in an uncouth land.”

“I should not have made that inference,” said I. “Your grandfather’s adventure was fortunate for himself, whom it saved from ruin and distress; and fortunate for his landlord also, whom it prevented from committing a gross act of injustice.”

“Ay, but they had baith to sup the sauce o’t sooner or later,” said Wanderer Willie. “What was fristed wasna forgiven. Sir John died before he was much over three-score; and it was just like of a moment’s illness. And for my gudeshire, though he departed in fulness of years, yet there was my father, a yauld man of forty-five, fell down betwixt the stilts of his pleugh, and raise never again, and left nae bairn but me, a puir, sightless, fatherless, motherless creature, could neither work nor want. Things gaed weel aneugh at first; for Sir Redwald Redgauntlet, the only son of Sir John, and the oye of auld Sir Robert, and, wae’s me! the last of the honorable house, took the farm off our hands, and brought me into his household to have care of me. He liked music, and I had the best teachers baith England and Scotland could gie me. Mony a merry year was I wi’ him; but wae’s me! he gaed out with other pretty men in the Forty-five—— I’ll say nae mair about it. My head never settled weel since I lost him; and if I say another word about it, deil a bar will I have the heart to play the night. Look out, my gentle chap,” he resumed, in a different tone, “ye should see the lights in Brokenburn Glen by this time.”

* See Excessive Lamentation. Note 18.

LETTER XII

THE SAME TO THE SAME

Tam Luter was their minstrel meet,
Gude Lord as he could lance,
He played sae shrill and sang sae sweet,
Till Towsie took a trance.
Auld Lightfoot there he did forleet,
And counterfeited France;
He used himself as man discreet,
And took up Morrice danse
Sae loud,
At Christ's Kirk on the Green that day.

KING JAMES I.

I CONTINUE to scribble at length, though the subject may seem somewhat deficient in interest. Let the grace of the narrative, therefore, and the concern we take in each other's matters, make amends for its tenuity. We fools of fancy, who suffer ourselves, like Malvolio, to be cheated with our own visions, have, nevertheless, this advantage over the wise ones of the earth, that we have our whole stock of enjoyments under our own command, and can dish for ourselves an intellectual banquet with most moderate assistance from external objects. It is, to be sure, something like the feast which the Barmecide served up to Alnaschar; and we cannot be expected to get fat upon such diet. But then, neither is there repletion nor nausea, which often succeed the grosser and more material revel. On the whole, I still pray, with the *Ode to Castle-Building*—

Give me thy hope which sickens not the heart;
Give me thy wealth which has no wings to fly;
Give me the bliss thy visions can impart;
Thy friendship give me, warm in poverty!

And so, despite thy solemn smile and sapient shake of the head, I will go on picking such interest as I can out of my trivial adventures, even though that interest should be the creation of my own fancy; nor will I cease to inflict on thy devoted eyes the labor of perusing the scrolls in which I shall record my narrative.

My last broke off as we were on the point of descending

into the glen at Brokenburn by the dangerous track which I had first traveled *en croupe* behind a furious horseman, and was now again to brave under the precarious guidance of a blind man.

It was now getting dark ; but this was no inconvenience to my guide, who moved on, as formerly, with instinctive security of step, so that we soon reached the bottom, and I could see lights twinkling in the cottage which had been my place of refuge on a former occasion. It was not thither, however, that our course was directed. We left the habitation of the Laird to the left, and turning down the brook, soon approached the small hamlet which had been erected at the mouth of the stream, probably on account of the convenience which it afforded as a harbor to the fishing-boats. A large low cottage, full in our front, seemed highly illuminated ; for the light not only glanced from every window and aperture in its frail walls, but was even visible from rents and fractures in the roof, composed of tarred shingles, repaired in part by thatch and divot.

While these appearances engaged my attention, that of my companion was attracted by a regular succession of sounds, like a bouncing on the floor, mixed with a very faint noise of music, which Willie's acute organs at once recognized and accounted for, while to me it was almost inaudible. The old man struck the earth with his staff in a violent passion. "The whoreson fisher rabble ! They have brought another violer upon my walk ! They are such smuggling blackguards, that they must run in their very music ; but I'll sort them waur than ony gauger in the country. Stay—hark—it's no a fiddle neither ; it's the pipe and tabor bastard, Simon of Sowport, frae the Nicol Forest ; but I'll pipe and tabor him ! Let me hae ance my left hand on his cravat, and ye shall see what my right will do. Come away, chap—come away, gentle chap ; nae time to be picking and waling your steps." And on he passed with long and determined strides, dragging me along with him.

I was not quite easy in his company ; for now, that his minstrel pride was hurt, the man had changed from the quiet, decorous, I might almost say respectable, person which he seemed while he told his tale, into the appearance of a fierce, brawling, dissolute stroller ; so that when he entered the large hut, where a great number of fishers, with their wives and daughters, were engaged in eating, drinking, and dancing, I was somewhat afraid that the impatient violence of my companion might procure us an indifferent reception.

But the universal shout of welcome with which Wandering Willie was received—the hearty congratulations—the repeated “Here’s t’ye, Willie!”—“Whare hae ye been, ye blind deevil?” and the call upon him to pledge them—above all, the speed with which the obnoxious pipe and tabor were put to silence, gave the old man such effectual assurance of undiminished popularity and importance as at once put his jealousy to rest, and changed his tone of offended dignity into one better fitted to receive such cordial greetings. Young men and women crowded round to tell how much they were afraid some mischance had detained him, and how two or three young fellows had set out in quest of him.

“It was nae mischance, praised be Heaven,” said Willie, “but the absence of the lazy loon Rob the Rambler, my comrade, that didna come to meet me on the links; but I hae gotten a braw consort in his stead, worth a dozen of him, the unhang’d blackguard.”

“And wha is’t tou’s gotten, Wullie, lad?” said half a score of voices, while all eyes were turned on your humble servant, who kept the best countenance he could, though not quite easy at becoming the center to which all eyes were pointed.

“I ken him by his hemmed cravat,” said one fellow; “it’s Gil Hobson, the souple tailor frae Burgh. Ye are welcome to Scotland, ye prick-the-clout loon,” he said, thrusting forth a paw much the color of a badger’s back, and of most portentous dimensions.

“Gil Hobson! Gil whoreson!” exclaimed Wandering Willie; “it’s a gentle chap that I judge to be an apprentice wi’ auld Joshua Geddes to the Quaker trade.”

“What trade be’s that, man?” said he of the badger-colored fist.

“Canting and lying,” said Willie, which produced a thundering laugh; “but I am teaching the callant a better trade, and that is feasting and fiddling.”

Willie’s conduct in thus announcing something like my real character was contrary to compact; and yet I was rather glad he did so, for the consequence of putting a trick upon these rude and ferocious men might, in case of discovery, have been dangerous to us both, and I was at the same time delivered from the painful effort to support a fictitious character. The good company, except perhaps one or two of the young women, whose looks expressed some desire for better acquaintance, gave themselves no farther trouble

about me ; but, while the seniors resumed their places near an immense bowl, or rather reeking caldron of brandy-punch, the younger arranged themselves on the floor, and called loudly on Willie to strike up.

With a brief caution to me to "mind my credit, for fishers have ears, though fish have none," Willie led off in capital style, and I followed, certainly not so as to disgrace my companion, who every now and then gave me a nod of approbation. The dances were, of course, the Scottish jigs, and reels, and "twasome dances," with a strathspey or hornpipe for interlude ; and the want of grace, on the part of the performers, was amply supplied by truth of ear, vigor and decision of step, and the agility proper to the Northern performers. My own spirits rose with the mirth around me, and with old Willie's admirable execution, and frequent "weel dune, gentle chap, yet !" and, to confess the truth, I felt a great deal more pleasure in this rustic revel than I have done at the more formal balls and concerts in your famed city, to which I have sometimes made my way. Perhaps this was because I was a person of more importance to the presiding matron of Brokenburn-foot than I had the means of rendering myself to the far-famed Miss Nickie Murray, the patroness of your Edinburgh assemblies. The person I mean was a buxom dame of about thirty, her fingers loaded with many a silver ring, and three or four of gold ; her ankles liberally displayed from under her numerous blue, white, and scarlet short petticoats, and attired in hose of the finest and whitest lamb's-wool, which arose from shoes of Spanish cordwain, fastened with silver buckles. She took the lead in my favor, and declared "that the brave young gentleman should not weary himself to death wi' playing, but take the floor for a dance or twa."

"And what's to come of me, Dame Martin ?" said Willie.

"Come o' thee ?" said the dame ; "mischanter on the auld beard o' ye ! ye could play for twenty hours on end, and tire out the haill countryside wi' dancing before ye laid down your bow, saving for a bye-drink or the like o' that."

"In troth, dame," answered Willie, "ye are nae sae far wrang ; sae if my comrade is to take his dance, ye maun gie me my drink, and then bob it away like Madge of Middlebie."

The drink was soon brought, but while Willie was partaking of it, a party entered the hut, which arrested my attention at once, and intercepted the intended gallantry with which I had proposed to present my hand to the fresh-

colored, well-made, white-ankled Thetis, who had obtained me manumission from my musical task.

This was nothing less than the sudden appearance of the old woman whom the Laird had termed Mabel; Cristal Nixon, his male attendant; and the young person who had said grace to us when I supped with him.

This young person—Alan, thou art in thy way a bit of a conjurer—this young person whom I *did not* describe, and whom you, for that very reason, suspected was not an indifferent object to me—is, I am sorry to say it, in very fact not so much so as in prudence she ought. I will not use the name of “love” on this occasion; for I have applied it too often to transient whims and fancies to escape your satire, should I venture to apply it now. For it is a phrase, I must confess, which I have used—a romancer would say profaned—a little too often, considering how few years have passed over my head. But seriously, the fair chaplain of Brokenburn has been often in my head when she had no business there; and if this can give thee any clue for explaining my motives in lingering about the country, and assuming the character of Willie’s companion, why, hang me, thou art welcome to make use of it—a permission for which thou needest not thank me much, as thou wouldst not have failed to assume it, whether it were given or no.

Such being my feelings, conceive how they must have been excited when, like a beam upon a cloud, I saw this uncommonly beautiful girl enter the apartment in which they were dancing; not, however, with the air of an equal, but that of a superior, come to grace with her presence the festival of her dependants. The old man and woman attended, with looks as sinister as hers were lovely, like two of the worst winter months waiting upon the bright-eyed May.

When she entered—wonder if thou wilt—she wore a *green mantle*, such as thou hast described as the garb of thy fair client, and confirmed what I had partly guessed from thy personal description, that my chaplain and thy visitor were the same person. There was an alteration on her brow the instant she recognized me. She gave her cloak to her female attendant, and, after a momentary hesitation, as if uncertain whether to advance or retire, she walked into the room with dignity and composure, all making way, the men unbonneting and the women courtesying respectfully, as she assumed a chair which was reverently placed for her accommodation, apart from others.

There was then a pause, until the bustling mistress of the ceremonies, with awkward but kindly courtesy, offered the young lady a glass of wine, which was at first declined, and at length only thus far accepted, that, bowing round to the festive company, the fair visitor wished them all health and mirth, and, just touching the brim with her lip, replaced it on the salver. There was another pause; and I did not immediately recollect, confused as I was by this unexpected apparition, that it belonged to me to break it. At length a murmur was heard around me, being expected to exhibit—nay, to lead down the dance—in consequence of the previous conversation.

“Deil’s in the fiddler lad,” was muttered from more quarters than one—“saw folk ever sic a thing as a shame-faced fiddler before?”

At length a venerable triton, seconding his remonstrances with a hearty thump on my shoulder, cried out, “To the floor—to the floor, and let us see how ye can fling; the lassies are a’ waiting.”

Up I jumped, sprung from the elevated station which constituted our orchestra, and, arranging my ideas as rapidly as I could, advanced to the head of the room, and, instead of offering my hand to the white-footed Thetis aforesaid, I venturously made the same proposal to her of the Green Mantle.

The nymph’s lovely eyes seemed to open with astonishment at the audacity of this offer; and, from the murmurs I heard around me, I also understood that it surprised, and perhaps offended, the bystanders. But after the first moment’s emotion, she wreathed her neck, and drawing herself haughtily up, like one who was willing to show that she was sensible of the full extent of her own condescension, extended her hand towards me, like a princess gracing a squire of low degree.

There is affectation in all this, thought I to myself, if the Green Mantle has borne true evidence, for young ladies do not make visits, or write letters to counsel learned in the law, to interfere in the motions of those whom they hold as cheap as this nymph seems to do me; and if I am cheated by a resemblance of cloaks, still I am interested to show myself in some degree worthy of the favor she has granted with so much state and reserve. The dance to be performed was the old Scots jig, in which you are aware I used to play no sorry figure at La Pique’s, when thy clumsy movements used to be rebuked by raps over the knuckles with that great

professor's fiddlestick. The choice of the tune was left to my comrade Willie, who, having finished his drink, feloniously struck up to the well known and popular measure.

Merrily danced the Quaker's wife,
And merrily danced the Quaker.

An astounding laugh arose at my expense, and I should have been annihilated, but that the smile which mantled on the lip of my partner had a different expression from that of ridicule, and seemed to say, "Do not take this to heart." And I did not, Alan. My partner danced admirably, and I like one who was determined, if outshone, which I could not help, not to be altogether thrown into the shade.

I assure you our performance, as well as Willie's music, deserved more polished spectators and auditors; but we could not then have been greeted with such enthusiastic shouts of applause as attended while I handed my partner to her seat, and took my place by her side, as one who had a right to offer the attentions usual on such an occasion. She was visibly embarrassed, but I was determined not to observe her confusion, and to avail myself of the opportunity of learning whether this beautiful creature's mind was worthy of the casket in which nature had lodged it.

Nevertheless, however courageously I formed this resolution, you cannot but too well guess the difficulties I must needs have felt in carrying it into execution: since want of habitual intercourse with the charmers of the other sex has rendered me a sheepish cur, only one grain less awkward than thyself. Then she was so very beautiful, and assumed an air of so much dignity, that I was like to fall under the fatal error of supposing she should only be addressed with something very clever; and in the hasty racking which my brains underwent in this persuasion, not a single idea occurred that common sense did not reject as fustian on the one hand, or weary, flat, and stale criticism on the other. I felt as if my understanding were no longer my own, but was alternately under the dominion of *Aldiborontiphoscophornio*, and that of his facetious friend *Rigdumfunnidos*.* How did I envy at that moment our friend Jack Oliver, who produces with such happy complacence his fardel of small talk, and who, as he never doubts his own powers of affording amusement, passes them current with every pretty woman

* These jocular names, by way of contrast, were given by Scott to the two brothers, James and John Ballantyne (*Laing*).

he approaches, and fills up the intervals of chat by his complete acquaintance with the exercise of the fan, the *flacon*, and the other duties of the *cavaliere servente*. Some of these I attempted, but I suppose it was awkwardly ; at least the Lady Greenmantle received them as a princess accepts the homage of a clown.

Meantime the floor remained empty, and as the mirth of the good meeting was somewhat checked, I ventured, as a *dernier ressort*, to propose a minuet. She thanked me, and told me, haughtily enough, "She was here to encourage the harmless pleasures of these good folks, but was not disposed to make an exhibition of her own indifferent dancing for their amusement."

She paused a moment, as if she expected me to suggest something ; and as I remained silent and rebuked, she bowed her head more graciously, and said, "Not to affront you, however, a country dance, if you please."

What an ass was I, Alan, not to have anticipated her wishes ! Should I not have observed that the ill-favored couple, Mabel and Cristal, had placed themselves on each side of her seat, like the supporters of the royal arms ? The man, thick, short, shaggy, and hirsute, as the lion ; the female, skin-dried, tight-laced, long, lean, and hungry-faced, like the unicorn. I ought to have recollected that under the close inspection of two such watchful slavages our communication, while in repose, could not have been easy ; that the period of dancing a minuet was not the very choicest time for conversation ; but that the noise, the exercise, and the mazy confusion of a country dance, where the inexperienced performers were every now and then running against each other, and compelling the other couples to stand still for a minute at a time, besides the more regular repose afforded by the intervals of the dance itself, gave the best possible openings for a word or two spoken in season, and without being liable to observation.

We had but just led down when an opportunity of the kind occurred, and my partner said, with great gentleness and modesty, "It is not perhaps very proper in me to acknowledge an acquaintance that is not claimed ; but I believe I speak to Mr. Darsie Latimer ?"

"Darsie Latimer was indeed the person that had now the honor and happiness——"

I would have gone on in the false gallop of compliment, but she cut me short. "And why," she said, "is Mr. Latimer here, and in disguise, or at least assuming an office

unworthy of a man of education? I beg pardon," she continued; "I would not give you pain, but surely making an associate of a person of that description——"

She looked towards my friend Willie, and was silent. I felt heartily ashamed of myself, and hastened to say it was an idle frolic, which want of occupation has suggested, and which I could not regret, since it had procured me the pleasure I at present enjoyed.

Without seeming to notice my compliment, she took the next opportunity to say, "Will Mr. Latimer permit a stranger who wishes him well to ask whether it is right that, at his active age, he should be in so far void of occupation as to be ready to adopt low society for the sake of idle amusement?"

"You are severe, madam," I answered; "but I cannot think myself degraded by mixing with any society where I meet——"

Here I stopped short, conscious that I was giving my answer an unhandsome turn. The *argumentum ad hominem*, the last to which a polite man has recourse, may, however, be justified by circumstances, but seldom or never the *argumentum ad fœminam*.

She filled up the blank herself which I had left. "Where you meet *me*, I suppose you would say? But the case is different. I am, from my unhappy fate, obliged to move by the will of others, and to be in places which I would by my own will gladly avoid. Besides, I am, except for these few minutes, no participator of the revels—a spectator only, and attended by my servants. Your situation is different; you are here by choice, the partaker and minister of the pleasures of a class below you in education, birth, and fortunes. If I speak harshly, Mr. Latimer," she added, with much sweetness of manner, "I mean kindly."

I was confounded by her speech, "severe in youthful wisdom"; all of naive or lively, suitable to such a dialogue, vanished from my recollection, and I answered, with gravity like her own, "I am, indeed, better educated than these poor people; but you, madam, whose kind admonition I am grateful for, must know more of my condition than I do myself; I dare not say I am their superior in birth, since I know nothing of my own, or in fortunes, over which hangs an impenetrable cloud."

"And why should your ignorance on these points drive you into low society and idle habits?" answered my female monitor. "Is it manly to wait till fortune cast her beams

upon you, when by exertion of your own energy you might distinguish yourself? Do not the pursuits of learning lie open to you—of manly ambition—of war? But no—not of war, that has already cost you too dear.”

“I will be what you wish me to be,” I replied with eagerness. “You have but to choose my path, and you shall see if I do not pursue it with energy, were it only because you command me.”

“Not because I command you,” said the maiden, “but because reason, common sense, manhood, and, in one word, regard for your own safety, give the same counsel.”

“At least permit me to reply, that reason and sense never assumed a fairer form—of persuasion,” I hastily added; for she turned from me, nor did she give me another opportunity of continuing what I had to say till the next pause of the dance, when, determined to bring our dialogue to a point, I said, “You mentioned manhood also, madam, and, in the same breath, personal danger. My ideas of manhood suggest that it is cowardice to retreat before dangers of a doubtful character. You, who appear to know so much of my fortunes that I might call you my guardian angel, tell me what these dangers are, that I may judge whether manhood calls on me to face or to fly them.”

She was evidently perplexed by this appeal.

“You make me pay dearly for acting as your humane adviser,” she replied at last. “I acknowledge an interest in your fate, and yet I dare not tell you whence it arises; neither am I at liberty to say why, or from whom, you are in danger; but it is not less true that danger is near and imminent. Ask me no more, but, for your own sake, begone from this country. Elsewhere you are safe; here you do but invite your fate.”

“But am I doomed to bid thus farewell to almost the only human being who has showed an interest in my welfare? Do not say so; say that we shall meet again, and the hope shall be the leading star to regulate my course!”

“It is more than probable,” she said—“much more than probable that we may never meet again. The help which I now render you is all that may be in my power; it is such as I should render to a blind man whom I might observe approaching the verge of a precipice; it ought to excite no surprise, and requires no gratitude.”

So saying, she again turned from me, nor did she address me until the dance was on the point of ending, when she said, “Do not attempt to speak to or approach me again in

the course of the night ; leave the company as soon as you can, but not abruptly, and God be with you."

I handed her to her seat, and did not quit the fair palm I held without expressing my feelings by a gentle pressure. She colored slightly, and withdrew her hand, but not angrily. Seeing the eyes of Cristal and Mabel sternly fixed on me, I bowed deeply, and withdrew from her ; my heart saddening, and my eyes becoming dim in spite of me, as the shifting crowd hid us from each other.

It was my intention to have crept back to my comrade Willie, and resumed my bow with such spirit as I might, although at the moment I would have given half my income for an instant's solitude. But my retreat was cut off by Dame Martin with the frankness—if it is not an inconsistent phrase—of rustic coquetry, that goes straight up to the point.

"Ay, lad, ye seem unco sune weary, to dance sae lightly? Better the nag that ambles a'the day than him that makes a brattle for a mile, and then's dune wi' the road."

This was a fair challenge, and I could not decline accepting it. Besides, I could see Dame Martin was queen of the revels ; and so many were the rude and singular figures about me, that I was by no means certain whether I might not need some protection. I seized on her willing hand, and we took our places in the dance, where, if I did not acquit myself with all the accuracy of step and movement which I had before attempted, I at least came up to the expectations of my partner, who said, and almost swore, "I was prime at it"; while, stimulated to her utmost exertions, she herself frisked like a kid, snapped her fingers like castanets, whooped like a Bacchanal, and bounded from the floor like a tennis-ball—ay, till the color of her garters was no particular mystery. She made the less secret of this, perhaps, that they were sky-blue, and fringed with silver.

The time has been that this would have been special fun ; or rather, last night was the only time I can recollect these four years when it would *not* have been so ; yet, at this moment, I cannot tell you how I longed to be rid of Dame Martin. I almost wished she would sprain one of those "many-twinkling" ankles, which served her so alertly ; and when, in the midst of her exuberant caprioling, I saw my former partner leaving the apartment, and with eyes, as I thought, turning towards me, this unwillingness to carry on the dance increased to such a point, that I was almost about to feign a sprain or a dislocation myself, in order to put an

end to the performance. But there were around me scores of old women, all of whom looked as if they might have some sovereign recipe for such an accident; and, remembering Gil Blas and his pretended disorder in the robbers' cavern, I thought it as wise to play Dame Martin fair, and dance till she thought proper to dismiss me. What I did I resolved to do strenuously, and in the latter part of the exhibition I cut and sprang from the floor as high and as perpendicularly as Dame Martin herself; and received, I promise you, thunders of applause, for the common people always prefer exertion and agility to grace. At length Dame Martin could dance no more, and, rejoicing at my release, I led her to a seat, and took the privilege of a partner to attend her.

"Heh, sirs," exclaimed Dame Martin, "I am sair forfoughten! Troth, callant, I think ye hae been amaiest the death o' me."

I could only atone for the alleged offense by fetching her some refreshment, of which she readily partook.

"I have been lucky in my partners," I said, "first that pretty young lady, and then you, Mrs. Martin."

"Hout wi' your fleeching," said Dame Martin. "Gae wa—gae wa, lad; dinna blaw in folks' lugs that gate; me and Miss Liliac even'd thegither! Na—na, lad; od, she is maybe four or five years younger than the like o'me—by and attour her gentle havings."

"She is the Laird's daughter?" said I, in as careless a tone of inquiry as I could assume.

"His daughter, man! Na—na, only his niece; and sib aneugh to him, I think."

"Ay, indeed," I replied; "I thought she had borne his name?"

"She bears her ain name, and that's Liliac."

"And has she no other name?" asked I.

"What needs she another till she gets a gudeman?" answered my Thetis, a little miffed perhaps—to use the women's phrase—that I turned the conversation upon my former partner, rather than addressed it to herself.

There was a short pause, which was interrupted by Dame Martin observing, "They are standing up again."

"True," said I, having no mind to renew my late violent capriole, "and I must go help old Willie."

Ere I could extricate myself, I heard poor Thetis address herself to a sort of merman in a jacket of seaman's blue and a pair of trowsers (whose hand, by the way, she had rejected

at an earlier part of the evening), and intimate that she was now disposed to take a trip.

"Trip away then, dearie," said the vindictive man of the waters, without offering his hand; "there," pointing to the floor, "is a roomy berth for you."

Certain I had made one enemy, and perhaps two, I hastened to my original seat beside Willie, and began to handle my bow. But I could see that my conduct had made an unfavorable impression: the words, "flory conceited chap," "hafflins gentle," and at length the still more alarming epithet of "spy," began to be buzzed about, and I was heartily glad when the apparition of Sam's visage at the door, who was already possessed of and draining a can of punch, gave me assurance that my means of retreat were at hand. I intimated as much to Willie, who probably had heard more of the murmurs of the company than I had, for he whispered, "Ay, ay,—awa' wi' ye—ower lang here; slide out canny—dinna let them see ye are on the tramp."

I slipped half-a-guinea into the old man's hand, who answered, "Truts, pruts, nonsense! but I'se no refuse, trusting ye can afford it. Awa' wi' ye; and if onybody stops ye, cry on me."

I glided, by his advice, along the room as if looking for a partner, joined Sam, whom I disengaged with some difficulty from his can, and we left the cottage together in a manner to attract the least possible observation. The horses were tied in a neighboring shed, and as the moon was up and I was now familiar with the road, broken and complicated as it is, we soon reached the Shepherd's Bush, where the old landlady was sitting up waiting for us, under some anxiety of mind, to account for which she did not hesitate to tell me that some folks had gone to Brokenburn from her house or neighboring towns that did not come so safe back again. "Wandering Willie," she said, "was doubtless a kind of protection."

Here Willie's wife, who was smoking in the chimney-corner, took up the praises of her "hinnie," as she called him, and endeavored to awaken my generosity afresh, by describing the dangers from which, as she was pleased to allege, her husband's countenance had assuredly been the means of preserving me. I was not, however, to be fooled out of more money at this time, and went to bed in haste, full of various cogitations.

I have since spent a couple of days betwixt Mount Sharon and this place, and betwixt reading, writing to thee this

momentous history, forming plans for seeing the lovely Lilius, and—partly, I think, for the sake of contradiction—angling a little in spite of Joshua's scruples, though I am rather liking the amusement better as I begin to have some success in it.

And now, my dearest Alan, you are in full possession of my secret—let me as frankly into the recesses of your bosom. How do you feel towards this fair *ignis fatuus*, this lily of the desert? Tell me honestly; for however the recollection of her may haunt my own mind, my love for Alan Fairford surpasses the love of woman. I know, too, that when you *do* love it will be to

Love once and love no more.

A deep consuming passion, once kindled in a breast so steady as yours, would never be extinguished but with life. I am of another and more volatile temper, and though I shall open your next with a trembling hand and uncertain heart, yet let it bring a frank confession that this fair unknown has made a deeper impression on your gravity than you reckoned for, and you will see I can tear the arrow from my own wound, barb and all. In the meantime, though I have formed schemes once more to see her, I will, you may rely on it, take no step for putting them into practise. I have refrained from this hitherto, and I give you my word of honor I shall continue to do so; yet why should you need any further assurance from one who is so entirely yours
as
D. L.

P.S.—I shall be on thorns till I receive your answer. I read and re-read your letter, and cannot for my soul discover what your real sentiments are. Sometimes I think you write of her as one in jest, and sometimes I think that cannot be. Put me at ease as soon as possible.

LETTER XIII

ALAN FAIRFORD TO DARSIE LATIMER

I WRITE on the instant, as you direct ; and in a tragicomic humor, for I have a tear in my eye and a smile on my cheek. Dearest Darsie, sure never a being but yourself could be so generous—sure never a being but yourself could be so absurd ! I remember when you were a boy you wished to make your fine new whip a present to old aunt Peggy, merely because she admired it : and now, with like unreflecting and unappropriate liberality, you would resign your beloved to a smoke-dried young sophister, who cares not one of the hairs which it is his occupation to split for all the daughters of Eve. I in love with your Liliast—your green-mantle—your unknown enchantress ! why I scarce saw her for five minutes, and even then only the tip of her chin was distinctly visible. She was well made, and the tip of her chin was of a most promising cast for the rest of the face ; but, Heaven save you ! she came upon business ! and for a lawyer to fall in love with a pretty client on a single consultation would be as wise as if he became enamored of a particularly bright sunbeam which chanced for a moment to gild his bar-wig. I give you my word I am heart-whole ; and, moreover, I assure you that, before I suffer a woman to sit near my heart's core, I must see her full face, without mask or mantle, ay, and know a good deal of her mind into the bargain. So never fret yourself on my account, my kind and generous Darsie ; but, for your own sake, have a care, and let not an idle attachment, so lightly taken up, lead you into serious danger.

On this subject I feel so apprehensive, that now when I am decorated with the honors of the gown, I should have abandoned my career at the very starting to come to you, but for my father having contrived to clog my heels with fetters of a professional nature. I will tell you the matter at length, for it is comical enough ; and why should not you list to my juridical adventures, as well as I to those of your fiddling knight-errantry ?

It was after dinner, and I was considering how I might

best introduce to my father the private resolution I had formed to set off for Dumfriesshire, or whether I had not better run away at once, and plead my excuse by letter, when, assuming the peculiar look with which he communicates any of his intentions respecting me that he suspects may not be altogether acceptable, "Alan," he said, "ye now wear a gown—ye have opened shop, as we would say of a more mechanical profession—and, doubtless, ye think the floor of the court is strewed with guineas, and that ye have only to stoop down to gather them?"

"I hope I am sensible, sir," I replied, "that I have some knowledge and practise to acquire, and must stoop for that in the first place."

"It is well said," answered my father; and, always afraid to give too much encouragement, added—"very well said, if it be well acted up to. Stoop to get knowledge and practise is the very word. Ye know very well, Alan, that, in the other faculty who study the *ars medendi*, before the young doctor gets to the bedsides of palaces, he must, as they call it, walk the hospitals, and cure Lazarus of his sores, before he be admitted to prescribe for Dives, when he has gout or indigestion——"

"I am aware, sir, that——"

"Whisht—do not interrupt the court. Well, also the chirurgeons have an useful practise, by which they put their apprentices and *tyrones* to work upon senseless dead bodies, to which, as they can do no good, so they certainly can do as little harm; while at the same time the *tyro*, or apprentice, gains experience, and becomes fit to whip off a leg or arm from a living subject as cleanly as ye would slice an onion."

"I believe I guess your meaning, sir," answered I; "and were it not for a very particular engagement——"

"Do not speak to me of engagements; but whisht, there is a good lad, and do not interrupt the court."

My father, you know, is apt—he it said with all filial duty—to be a little prolix in his harangues. I had nothing for it but to lean back and listen.

"Maybe you think, Alan, because I have, doubtless, the management of some actions in dependence, whilk my worthy clients have entrusted me with, that I may think of airing them your way instantler; and so setting you up in practise, so far as my small business or influence may go; and, doubtless, Alan, that is a day whilk I hope may come round. But then, before I give, as the proverb hath it,

"My own fish-guts to my own sea-maws," I must, for the sake of my own character, be very sure that my sea-maw can pick them to some purpose. What say ye?"

"I am so far," answered I, "from wishing to get early into practise, sir, that I would willingly bestow a few days——"

"In farther study, ye would say, Alan. But that is not the way either; ye must walk the hospitals—ye must cure Lazarus—ye must cut and carve on a departed subject, to show your skill."

"I am sure," I replied, "I will undertake the cause of any poor man with pleasure, and bestow as much pains upon it as if it were a duke's; but for the next two or three days——"

"They must be devoted to close study, Alan—very close study indeed; for ye must stand primed for a hearing, *in presentia dominorum*, upon Tuesday next."

"I sir!" I replied in astonishment. "I have not opened my mouth in the Outer House yet!"

"Never mind the Court of the Gentiles, man," said my father; "we will have you into the sanctuary at once—over shoes, over boots."

"But, sir, I should really spoil any cause thrust on me so hastily."

"Ye cannot spoil it, Alan," said my father, rubbing his hands with much complacency; "that is the very cream of the business, man: it is just, as I said before, a subject upon which all the *tyrones* have been trying their whittles for fifteen years, and as there have been about ten or a dozen agents concerned, and each took his own way, the case is come to that pass that Stair or Arniston could not mend it. And I do not think even you, Alan, can do it much harm; ye may get credit by it, but ye can lose none."

"And pray what is the name of my happy client, sir?" said I, ungraciously enough, I believe.

"It is a well-known name in the Parliament House," replied my father. "To say the truth, I expect him every moment; it is Peter Peebles."*

"Peter Peebles!" exclaimed I, in astonishment; "he is an insane beggar, as poor as Job and as mad as a March hare!"

"He has been pleading in the court for fifteen years," said my father, in a tone of commiseration, which seemed to

* See Note 19.

acknowledge that this fact was enough to account for the poor man's condition both in mind and circumstances.

"Besides, sir," I added, "he is on the poor's roll; and you know there are advocates regularly appointed to manage those cases; and for me to presume to interfere——"

"Whisht, Alan!—never interrupt the court; all *that* is managed for ye like a tee'd ball (my father sometimes draws his similes from his once favorite game of golf). You must know, Alan, that Peter's cause was to have been opened by young Dumtoustie—ye may ken the lad, a son of Dumtoustie of that Ilk, member of Parliament for the county of ——, and a nephew of the laird's younger brother, worthy Lord Bladderskate, whilk ye are aware sounds as like being akin to a peatship* and a sheriffdom as a sieve is sib to a riddle. Now, Saunders [Peter] Drudgeit, my lord's clerk, came to me this morning in the House, like ane bereft of his wits; for it seems that young Dumtoustie is ane of the poor's lawyers, and Peter Peebles's process had been remitted to him of course. But so soon as the hare-brained goose saw the pokes—as, indeed, Alan, they are none of the least—he took fright, called for his nag, lap on, and away to the country is he gone; "and so," said Saunders, "my lord is at his wit's end wi' vexation and shame, to see his nevoy break off the course at the very starting." "I'll tell you, Saunders," said I, "were I my lord, and a friend or kinsman of mine should leave the town while the court was sitting, that kinsman, or be he what he liked, should never darken my door again." And then, Alan, I thought to turn the ball our own way; and I said that you were a gey sharp birkie, just off the irons, and if it would oblige my lord, and so forth, you would open Peter's cause on Tuesday, and make some handsome apology for the necessary absence of your learned friend, and the loss which your client and the court had sustained, and so forth. Saunders lap at the proposition like a cock at a grossart; for, he said, the only chance was to get a new hand, that did not ken the charge he was taking upon him; for there was not a lad of two sessions' standing that was not dead-sick of Peter Peebles and his cause; and he advised me to break the matter gently to you at the first; but I told him you were a good bairn, Alan, and had no will and pleasure in these matters but mine."

* Formerly, a lawyer, supposed to be under the peculiar patronage of any particular judge, was invidiously termed his "peat" or "pet."

What could I say, Darsie, in answer to this arrangement, so very well meant—so very vexatious at the same time? To imitate the defection and flight of young Dumtoustie was at once to destroy my father's hopes of me for ever; nay, such is the keenness with which he regards all connected with his profession, it might have been a step to breaking his heart. I was obliged, therefore, to bow in sad acquiescence, when my father called to James Wilkinson to bring the two bits of pokes he would find on his table.

Exit James, and presently re-enters, bending under the load of two huge leathern bags, full of papers to the brim, and labeled on the greasy backs with the magic impress of the clerks of court, and the title, "Peebles against Plainstones." This huge mass was deposited on the table, and my father, with no ordinary glee in his countenance, began to draw out the various bundles of papers, secured by none of your red tape or whipeord, but stout, substantial casts of tarred rope, such as might have held small crafts at their moorings.

I made a last and desperate effort to get rid of the impending job. "I am really afraid, sir, that this case seems so much complicated, and there is so little time to prepare, that we had better move the court to supersede it till next session."

"How, sir! how, Alan!" said my father. "Would you approbate and reprobate, sir? You have accepted the poor man's cause, and if you have not his fee in your pocket, it is because he has none to give you; and now would you approbate and reprobate in the same breath of your mouth? Think of your oath of office, Alan, and your duty to your father, my dear boy."

Once more, what could I say? I saw, from my father's hurried and alarmed manner, that nothing could vex him so much as failing in the point he had determined to carry, and once more intimated my readiness to do my best, under every disadvantage.

"Well—well, my boy," said my father, "the Lord will make your days long in the land for the honor you have given to your father's gray hairs. You may find wiser advisers, Alan, but none that can wish you better."

My father, you know, does not usually give way to expressions of affection, and they are interesting in proportion to their rarity. My eyes began to fill at seeing his glisten; and my delight at having given him such sensible gratification would have been unmingled, but for the thoughts of you.

These out of the question, I could have grappled with the bags, had they been as large as corn-sacks. But, to turn what was grave into farce, the door opened, and Wilkinson ushered in Peter Peebles.

You must have seen this original, Darsie, who, like others in the same predicament, continues to haunt the courts of justice, where he has made shipwreck of time, means, and understanding. Such insane paupers have sometimes seemed to me to resemble wrecks lying upon the shoals on the Goodwin Sands, or in Yarmouth Roads, warning other vessels to keep aloof from the banks on which they have been lost ; or rather such ruined clients are like scarecrows and potato-bogles, distributed through the courts to scare away fools from the scene of litigation.

The identical Peter wears a huge greatcoat, threadbare and patched itself, yet carefully so disposed and secured by what buttons remains, and many supplementary pins, as to conceal the still more infirm state of his under-garments. The shoes and stockings of a plowman were, however, seen to meet at his knees with a pair of brownish, blackish breeches ; a rusty-colored handkerchief, that has been black in its day, surrounded his throat, and was an apology for linen. His hair, half gray, half black, escaped in elf-locks around a huge wig, made of tow, as it seemed to me, and so much shrunk that it stood up on the very top of his head ; above which he plants, when covered, an immense cocked hat, which, like the chieftain's banner in an ancient battle, may be seen any sederunt day betwixt nine and ten, high towering above all the fluctuating and changeful scene in the Outer House, where his eccentricities often make him the centre of a group of petulant and teasing boys, who exercise upon him every art of ingenious torture. His countenance, originally that of a portly, comely burgess, is now emaciated with poverty and anxiety, and rendered wild by an insane lightness about the eyes ; a withered and blighted skin and complexion ; features begrimed with snuff, charged with the self-importance peculiar to insanity ; and a habit of perpetually speaking to himself. Such was my unfortunate client ; and I must allow, Darsie, that my profession had need to do a great deal of good, if, as is much to be feared, it brings many individuals to such a pass.

After we had been, with a good deal of form, presented to each other, at which time I easily saw by my father's manner that he was desirous of supporting Peter's character in my eyes as much as circumstances would permit, "Alan,"

he said, "this is the gentleman who has agreed to accept of you as his counsel, in place of young Dumtoustie."

"Entirely out of favor to my old acquaintance your father," said Peter, with a benign and patronizing countenance—"out of respect to your father, and my old intimacy with Lord Bladderskate. Otherwise, by the *Regiam Majestatem*! I would have presented a petition and complaint against Daniel Dumtoustie, advocate, by name and surname—I would, by all the practiques! I know the forms of process, and I am not to be trifled with."

My father here interrupted my client, and reminded him that there was a good deal of business to do, as he proposed to give the young counsel an outline of the state of the conjoined process, with a view to letting him into the merits of the cause, disencumbered from the points of form. "I have made a short abbreviate, Mr. Peebles," said he; "having sat up late last night and employed much of this morning in wading through these papers, to save Alan some trouble, and I am now about to state the result."

"I will state it myself," said Peter, breaking in without reverence upon his solicitor.

"No, by no means," said my father; "I am your agent for the time."

"Mine eleventh in number," said Peter; "I have a new one every year; I wish I could get a new coat as regularly."

"Your agent for the time," resumed my father; "and you, who are acquainted with the forms know that the client states the cause to the agent, the agent to the counsel——"

"The counsel to the lord ordinary," continued Peter, once set a-going, like the peal of an alarm clock, "the ordinary to the Inner House, the president to the bench. It is just like the rope to the man, the man to the ax, the ax to the ox, the ox to the water, the water to the fire——"

"Hush, for Heaven's sake, Mr. Peebles," said my father, cutting his recitation short; "time wears on, we must get to business; you must not interrupt the court, you know. Hem—hem! From this abbreviate it appears——"

"Before you begin," said Peter Peebles, "I'll thank you to order me a morsel of bread and cheese, or some cauld meat, or broth, or the like alimentary provision, I was so anxious to see your son that I could not eat a mouthful of dinner."

Heartily glad, I believe, to have so good a chance of stop-

ping his client's mouth effectually, my father ordered some cold meat ; to which James Wilkinson, for the honor of the house, was about to add the brandy bottle, which remained on the sideboard, but, at a wink from my father, supplied its place with small beer. Peter charged the provisions with the rapacity of a famished lion ; and so well did the diversion engage him, that though, while my father stated the case, he looked at him repeatedly, as if he meant to interrupt his statement, yet he always found more agreeable employment for his mouth, and returned to the cold beef with an avidity which convinced me he had not had such an opportunity for many a day of satiating his appetite. Omitting much formal phraseology and many legal details, I will endeavor to give you, in exchange for your fiddler's tale, the history of a litigant, or rather, the history of his lawsuit.

"Peter Peebles and Paul Plainstones," said my father, "entered into partnership in the year —, as mercers and linen-drappers, in the Luckenbooths, and carried on a great line of business to mutual advantage. But the learned counsel needeth not to be told, *societas est mater discordiarum*: partnership oft makes pleaship. The company being dissolved by mutual consent in the year —, the affairs had to be wound up, and after certain attempts to settle the matter extra-judicially, it was at last brought into the court, and has branched out into several distinct processes, most of whilk have been conjoined by the ordinary. It is to the state of these processes that counsel's attention is particularly directed. There is the original action of Peebles *v.* Plainstones, convening him for payment of £3000, less or more, as alleged balance due by Plainstones. 2dly, There is a counter action, in which Plainstones is pursuer and Peebles defender, for £2500, less or more, being balanced alleged *per contra* to be due by Peebles. 3dly, Mr. Peebles's seventh agent advised an action of compt and reckoning at his instance, wherein what balance should prove due on either side might be fairly struck and ascertained. 4thly, To meet the hypothetical case, that Peebles might be found liable in a balance to Plainstones, Mr. Wildgoose, Mr. Peeble's eighth agent, recommended a multiplepoinding, to bring all parties concerned into the field."

My brain was like to turn at this account of lawsuit within lawsuit, like a next of chip-boxes, with all of which I was expected to make myself acquainted.

"I understand," I said, "that Mr. Peebles claims a sum

of money from Plainstones—how then can he be his debtor? And if not his debtor, how can he bring a multiplepoinding, the very summons of which sets forth that the pursuer does owe certain monies, which he is desirous to pay by warrant of a judge?”

“Ye know little of the matter, I doubt, friend,” said Mr. Peebles; “a multiplepoinding is the safest *remedium juris* in the whole form of process. I have known it conjoined with a declarator of marriage. Your beef is excellent,” he said to my father, who in vain endeavored to resume his legal disquisition, “but something highly powdered; and the twopenny is undeniable, but it is small swipes—small swipes—more of hop than malt; with your leave I’ll try your black bottle.”

My father started to help him with his own hand, and in due measure; but, infinitely to my amusement, Peter got possession of the bottle by the neck, and my father’s ideas of hospitality were far too scrupulous to permit his attempting, by any direct means, to redeem it; so that Peter returned to the table triumphant, with his prey in his clutch.

“Better have a wine-glass, Mr. Peebles,” said my father, in an admonitory tone; “you will find it pretty strong.”

“If the kirk is ower muckle, we can sing mass in the quire,” said Peter, helping himself in the goblet out of which he had been drinking the small beer. “What is it, usquebaugh?—BRANDY, as I am an honest man! I had almost forgotten the name and taste of brandy. Mr. Fairford, elder, your good health (a mouthful of brandy). Mr. Alan Fairford, wishing you well through your arduous undertaking (another go-down of the comfortable liquor). And now, though you have given a tolerable breviate of this great lawsuit, of whilk everybody has heard something that has walked the boards in the Outer House—here’s to ye again, by way of interim decreet—yet ye have omitted to speak a word of the arrestments.”

“I was just coming to that point, Mr. Peebles.”

“Or of the action of suspension of the charge on the bill.”

“I was just coming to that.”

“Or the advocacion of the sheriff court process.”

“I was just coming to it.”

“As Tweed comes to Melrose, I think,” said the litigant; and then filling his goblet about a quarter full of brandy, as if in absence of mind, “Oh, Mr. Alan Fairford, ye are a lucky man to buckle to such a cause as mine at the very

outset ! It is like a specimen of all causes, man. By the Regiam, there is not a *remedium juris* in the practiques but ye'll find a spice o't. Here's to your getting weel through with it. Pshut—I am drinking naked spirits, I think. But if the heathen be ower strong, we'll christen him with the brewer," here he added a little small beer to his beverage, paused, rolled his eyes, winked, and proceeded. "Mr. Fairford—the action of assault and battery, Mr. Fairford, when I compelled the villain Plainstaness to pull my nose within two steps of King Charles's statue, in the Parliament Close, there I had him in a hose-net. Never man could tell me how to shape that process ; no counsel that ever selled wind could condescend and say whether it were best to proceed by way of petition and complaint, *ad vindictam publicam*, with consent of his Majesty's advocate, or by action on the statute for battery, *pendente lite*, whilk would be the winning my plea at once, and so getting a back-door out of court. By the Regiam, that beef and brandy is unco het at my heart—I maun try the ale again (sipped a little beer), and the ale's but cauld, I maun e'en put in the rest of the brandy."

He was as good as his word, and proceeded in so loud and animated a style of elocution, thumping the table, drinking and snuffing alternately, that my father, abandoning all attempts to interrupt him, sat silent and ashamed, suffering and anxious for the conclusion of the scene.

"And then to come back to my pet process of all—my battery and assault process, when I had the good luck to provoke him to pull my nose at the very threshold of the court whilk was the very thing I wanted. Mr. Pest—ye ken him, Daddie Fairford ?—old Pest was for making it out "hamesucken," for he said the court might be said—said—ugh !—to be my dwelling-place. I dwell mair there than ony gate else, and the essence of hamesucken is to strike a man in his dwelling-place—mind that, young advocate—and so there's hope Plainstaness may be hanged, as many has for a less matter ; "for, my lords"—will Pest say to the judiciary bodies—"my lords, the Parliament House is Peebles's place of dwelling," says he, "being *commune forum*, and *commune forum est commune domicilium*." Lass, fetch another glass of whisky, and score it—time to gae hame—by the practiques, I cannot find the jug—yet there's twa of them, I think. By the Regiam, Fairford—Daddie Fairford—lend us twal pennies to buy sneeshing, mine is done. Macer, call another cause."

The box fell from his hands, and his body would at the same time have fallen from the chair, had I not supported him.

"This is intolerable," said my father. "Call a chairman, James Wilkinson, to carry this degraded, worthless, drunken beast home."

When Peter Peebles was removed from this memorable consultation, under the care of an able-bodied Celt, my father hastily bundled up the papers, as a showman whose exhibition has miscarried hastes to remove his booth. "Here are my memoranda, Alan," he said in a hurried way; "look them carefully over, compare them with the processes, and turn it in your head before Tuesday. Many a good speech has been made for a beast of a client; and harkye, lad—harkye, I never intended to cheat you of your fee when all was done, though I would have liked to have heard the speech first; but there is nothing like corning the horse before the journey. Here are five goud guineas in a silk purse—of your poor mother's netting, Alan; she would have been a blythe woman to have seen her young son with a gown on his back. But no more of that; be a good boy, and to the work like a tiger."

I did set to work, Darsie; for who could resist such motives? With my father's assistance, I have mastered the details, confused as they are; and on Tuesday I shall plead as well for Peter Peebles as I could for a duke. Indeed, I feel my head so clear on the subject as to be able to write this long letter to you; into which, however, Peter and his lawsuit have insinuated themselves so far as to show you how much they at present occupy my thoughts. Once more, be careful of yourself, and mindful of me, who am ever thine, while

ALAN FAIRFORD."

From circumstances to be hereafter mentioned, it was long ere this letter reached the person to whom it was addressed.

CHAPTER I

NARRATIVE

THE advantage of laying before the reader, in the words of the actors themselves, the adventures which we must otherwise have narrated in our own has given great popularity to the publication of epistolary correspondence, as practised by various great authors, and by ourselves in the preceding chapters. Nevertheless, a genuine correspondence of this kind (and Heaven forbid it should be in any respect sophisticated by interpolations of our own !) can seldom be found to contain all in which it is necessary to instruct the reader for his full comprehension of the story. Also it must often happen that various prolixities and redundancies occur in the course of an interchange of letters which must hang as a dead weight on the progress of the narrative. To avoid this dilemma, some biographers have used the letters of the personages concerned, or liberal extracts from them, to describe particular incidents, or express the sentiments which they entertained ; while they connect them occasionally with such portions of narrative as may serve to carry on the thread of the story.

It is thus that the adventurous travelers who explore the summit of Mont Blanc now move on through the crumbling snow-drift so slowly that their progress is almost imperceptible, and anon abridge their journey by springing over the intervening chasms which cross their path with the assistance of their pilgrim-staves. Or, to make a briefer simile, the course of story-telling which we have for the present adopted resembles the original discipline of the dragoons, who were trained to serve either on foot or horseback, as the emergencies of the service required. With this explanation, we shall proceed to narrate some circumstances which Alan Fairford did not, and could not, write to his correspondent.

Our reader, we trust, has formed somewhat approaching to a distinct idea of the principal characters who have appeared before him during our narrative ; but in case our good opinion of his sagacity has been exaggerated, and in order to satisfy such as are addicted to the laudable practise of

“skipping” (with whom we have at times a strong fellow-feeling) the following particulars may not be superfluous.

Mr. Saunders Fairford, as he was usually called, was a man of business of the old school, moderate in his charges, economical and even niggardly in his expenditure, strictly honest in conducting his own affairs and those of his clients, but taught by long experience to be wary and suspicious in observing the motions of others. Punctual as the clock of St. Giles tolled nine, the neat dapper form of the little hale old gentleman was seen at the threshold of the court hall, or, at farthest, at the head of the back stairs, trimly dressed in a complete suit of snuff-colored brown, with stockings of silk or woollen, as suited the weather ; a bobwig and a small cocked hat ; shoes blacked as Warren would have blacked them ; silver shoe-buckles, and a gold stock-buckle. A nose-gay in summer and a sprig of holly in winter completed his well-known dress and appearance. His manners corresponded with his attire, for they were scrupulously civil, and not a little formal. He was an elder of the kirk, and, of course, zealous for King George and the government even to slaying, as he had showed by taking up arms in their cause. But then, as he had clients and connections of business among families of opposite political tenets, he was particularly cautious to use all the conventional phrases which the civility of the time had devised as an admissible mode of language betwixt the two parties. Thus he spoke sometimes of the Chevalier, but never either of the Prince, which would have been sacrificing his own principles, or of the Pretender, which would have been offensive to those of others. Again, he usually designated the rebellion as the ‘affair’ of 1745, and spoke of any one engaged in it as a person who had been ‘out’ at a certain period.* So that, on the whole, Mr. Fairford was a man much liked and respected on all sides, though his friends would not have been sorry if he had given a dinner more frequently, as his little cellar contained some choice old wine, of which, on such rare occasions, he was no niggard.

The whole pleasure of this good, old-fashioned man of method, besides that which he really felt in the discharge of his daily business, was the hope to see his son Alan, the only fruit of a union which death early dissolved, attain what in the father’s eyes was the proudest of all distinctions—the rank and fame of a well-employed lawyer.

Every profession has its peculiar honors, and Mr. Fair-

* See Old-fashioned Scottish Civility. Note 20.

ford's mind was constructed upon so limited and exclusive a plan, that he valued nothing save the objects of ambition which his own represented. He would have shuddered at Alan's acquiring the renown of a hero, and laughed with scorn at the equally barren laurels of literature ; it was by the path of the law alone that he was desirous to see him rise to eminence, and the probabilities of success or disappointment were the thoughts of his father by day and his dream by night.

The disposition of Alan Fairford, as well as his talents, were such as to encourage his father's expectations. He had acuteness of intellect, joined to habits of long and patient study, improved no doubt by the discipline of his father's house ; to which, generally speaking, he conformed with the utmost docility, expressing no wish for greater or more frequent relaxation than consisted with his father's anxious and severe restriction. When he did indulge in any juvenile frolics, his father had the candor to lay the whole blame upon his more mercurial companion, Darsie Latimer.

This youth, as the reader must be aware, had been received as an inmate into the family of Mr. Fairford, senior, at a time when some of the delicacy of constitution which had abridged the life of his consort began to show itself in the son, and when the father was, of course, peculiarly disposed to indulge his slightest wish. That the young Englishman was able to pay a considerable board was a matter of no importance to Mr. Fairford ; it was enough that his presence seemed to make his son cheerful and happy. He was compelled to allow that " Darsie was a fine lad, though unsettled," and he would have had some difficulty in getting rid of him, and the apprehensions which his levities excited, had it not been for the voluntary excursion which gave rise to the preceding correspondence, and in which Mr. Fairford secretly rejoiced, as affording the means of separating Alan from his gay companion, at least until he should have assumed, and become accustomed to, the duties of his dry and laborious profession.

But the absence of Darsie was far from promoting the end which the elder Mr. Fairford had expected and desired. The young men were united by the closest bonds of intimacy ; and the more so, that neither of them sought nor desired to admit any others into their society. Alan Fairford was averse to general company, from a disposition naturally reserved, and Darsie Latimer from a painful sense of his own unknown origin, peculiarly afflicting in a country where high and low

are professed genealogists. The young men were all in all to each other; it is no wonder, therefore, that their separation was painful, and that its effects upon Alan Fairford, joined to the anxiety occasioned by the tenor of his friend's letters, greatly exceeded what the senior had anticipated. The young man went through his usual duties, his studies, and the examinations to which he was subjected, but with nothing like the zeal and assiduity which he had formerly displayed; and his anxious and observant father saw but too plainly that his heart was with his absent comrade.

A philosopher would have given way to this tide of feeling, in hopes to have diminished its excess, and permitted the youths to have been some time together, that their intimacy might have been broken off by degrees; but Mr. Fairford only saw the more direct mode of continued restraint, which, however, he was desirous of veiling under some plausible pretext. In the anxiety which he felt on this occasion, he had held communication with an old acquaintance, Peter Drudgeit, with whom the reader is partly acquainted. "Alan," he said, "was ance wud and aye waur; and he was expecting every moment when he would start off in a wildgoose chase after the callant Latimer; Will Sampson, the horse-hirer in Candlemaker Row, had given him a hint that Alan had been looking for a good hack, to go to the country for a few days. And then to oppose him downright—he could not but think on the way his poor mother was removed. Would to Heaven he was yoked to some tight piece of business, no matter whether well or ill paid, but some job that would hamshackle him at least until the courts rose, if it were but for decency's sake."

Peter Drudgeit sympathized, for Peter had a son who, reason or none, would needs exchange the torn and inky fustian sleeves for the blue jacket and white lapels; and he suggested, as the reader knows, the engaging our friend Alan in the matter of Poor Peter Peebles, just opened by the desertion of young Dumtoustie, whose defection would be at the same time concealed; and this, Drudgeit said, "would be felling two dogs with one stone."

With these explanations, the reader will hold a man of the elder Fairford's sense and experience free from the hazardous and impatient curiosity with which boys fling a puppy into a deep pond, merely to see if the creature can swim. However confident in his son's talents, which were really considerable, he would have been very sorry to have involved him in the duty of pleading a complicated and difficult

case, upon his very first appearance at the bar, had he not resorted to it as an effectual way to prevent the young man from taking a step which his habits of thinking represented as a most fatal one at his outset of life.

Betwixt two evils, Mr. Fairford chose that which was in his own apprehension the least; and, like a brave officer sending forth his son to battle, rather chose he should die upon the breach than desert the conflict with dishonor. Neither did he leave him to his own unassisted energies. Like Alpheus preceding Hercules, he himself encountered the Augean mass of Peter Peebles's law-matters. It was to the old man a labor of love to place in a clear and undistorted view the real merits of this case, which the carelessness and blunders of Peter's former solicitors had converted into a huge chaotic mass of unintelligible technicality; and such was his skill and industry, that he was able, after the severe toil of two or three days, to present to the consideration of the young counsel the principal facts of the case, in a light equally simple and comprehensible. With the assistance of a solicitor so affectionate and indefatigable, Alan Fairford was enabled, when the day of trial arrived, to walk towards the court, attended by his anxious yet encouraging parent, with some degree of confidence that he would lose no reputation upon this arduous occasion.

They were met at the door of the court by Poor Peter Peebles, in his usual plenitude of wig and celsitude of hat. He seized on the young pleader like a lion on his prey. "How is a' wi' you, Mr. Alan—how is a' wi' you, man? The awfu' day is come at last—a day that will be lang minded in this house. Poor Peter Peebles against Plainstones—conjoined processes—hearing in presence—stands for the Short Roll for this day. I have not been able to sleep for a week for thinking of it, and, I dare to say, neither has the Lord President himsell—for such a cause! But your father garr'd me tak a wee drap ower muckle of his pint bottle the other night; it's no right to mix brandy wi' business, Mr. Fairford. I would have been the waur o' liquor if I would have drunk as muckle as you twa would have had me. But there's a time for a' things, and if ye will dine with me after the case is heard, or, whilk is the same, or maybe better, I'll gang my ways hame wi' you, and I winna object to a cheerfu' glass, within the bounds of moderation."

Old Fairford shrugged his shoulders and hurried past the client, saw his son wrapt in the sable bombazine, which, in his eyes, was more venerable than an archbishop's lawn, and

could not help fondly patting his shoulder, and whispering to him to take courage, and show he was worthy to wear it. The party entered the Outer Hall of the court, once the place of meeting of the ancient Scottish Parliament, and which corresponds to the use of Westminster Hall in England, serving as a vestibule to the Inner House, as it is termed, and a place of dominion to certain sedentary personages called Lords Ordinary.

The earlier part of the morning was spent by old Fairford in reiterating his instructions to Alan, and in running from one person to another, from whom he thought he could still glean some grains of information, either concerning the point at issue or collateral cases. Meantime Poor Peter Peebles, whose shallow brain was altogether unable to bear the importance of the moment, kept as close to his young counsel as shadow to substance, affected now to speak loud, now to whisper in his ear, now to deck his ghastly countenance with wreathed smiles, now to cloud it with a shade of deep and solemn importance, and anon to contort it with the sneer of scorn and derision. These moods of the client's mind were accompanied with singular "mopings and mowings," fantastic gestures, which the man of rags and litigation deemed appropriate to his changes of countenance. Now he brandished his arm aloft, now thrust his fist straight out, as if to knock his opponent down; now he laid his open palm on his bosom, and now flinging it abroad, he gallantly snapped his fingers in the air.

These demonstrations, and the obvious shame and embarrassment of Alan Fairford, did not escape the observation of the juvenile idlers in the hall. They did not, indeed, approach Peter with their usual familiarity, from some feeling of deference towards Fairford, though many accused him of conceit in presuming to undertake at this early stage of his practise a case of considerable difficulty. But Alan, notwithstanding this forbearance, was not the less sensible that he and his companion were the subjects of many a passing jest and many a shout of laughter, with which that region at all times abounds.

At length the young counsel's patience gave way, and as it threatened to carry his presence of mind and recollection along with it, Alan frankly told his father that, unless he was relieved from the infliction of his client's personal presence and instructions, he must necessarily throw up his brief and decline pleading the case.

"Hush—hush, my dear Alan," said the old gentleman,

Peter Peebles capturing Allan Fairford.



almost at his own wit's end upon hearing this dilemma ; "dinna mind the silly ne'er-do-weel ; we cannot keep the man from hearing his own cause, though he be not quite right in the head."

"On my life, sir," answered Alan, "I shall be unable to go on : he drives everything out of my remembrance ; and if I attempt to speak seriously of the injuries he has sustained, and the condition he is reduced to, how can I expect but that the very appearance of such an absurd scarecrow will turn it all into ridicule ?"

"There is something in that," said Saunders Fairford, glancing a look at Poor Peter, and then cautiously inserting his forefinger under his bobwig, in order to rub his temple and aid his invention ; "he is no figure for the fore-bar to see without laughing. But how to get rid of him ? To speak sense, or anything like it, is the last thing he will listen to. Stay, ay—Alan, my darling, hae patience ; I'll get him off on the instant, like a gowff ba'."

So saying, he hastened to his ally, Peter Drudgeit, who, on seeing him with marks of haste in his gait and care upon his countenance, clapped his pen behind his ear, with "What's the stir now, Mr. Saunders ? Is there aught wrang ?"

"Here's a dollar, man," said Mr. Saunders ; "now or never, Peter, do me a good turn. Yonder's your namesake, Peter Peebles, will drive the swine through our bonny hanks of yarn ; * get him over to John's Coffee-house, man—gie him his meridian—keep him there, drunk or sober, till the hearing is ower."

"Eneugh said," quoth Peter Drudgeit, no way displeased with his own share in the service required. "We'se do your bidding."

Accordingly, the scribe was presently seen whispering in the ear of Peter Peebles, whose responses came forth in the following broken form :—

"Leave the court for ae minute on this great day of judgment !—not I, by the Reg—— Eh ! what ? Brandy, did ye say—Franch Brandy ? Couldna ye fetch a stoup to the bar under your coat, man ? Impossible ! Na, if it's clean impossible, and if we have an hour good till they get through the single bills and the summar-roll, I carena if I cross the close wi' you ; I am sure I need something to keep my heart up this awful day ; but I'll no stay above an instant—not above a minute of time—nor drink aboon a single gill."

In a few minutes afterwards, the two Peters were seen

* See Swine in Hanks of Yarn. Note 21.

moving through the Parliament Close (which newfangled affectation has termed a Square), the triumphant Drudgeit leading captive the passive Peebles, whose legs conducted him towards the dram-shop, while his reverted eyes were fixed upon the court. They dived into the Cimmerian abysses of John's Coffee-house,* formerly the favorite rendezvous of the classical and genial Doctor Pitcairn, and were for the present seen no more.

Relieved from his tormentor, Alan Fairford had time to rally his recollections, which, in the irritation of his spirits, had nearly escaped him, and to prepare himself for a task the successful discharge or failure in which must, he was aware, have the deepest influence upon his fortunes. He had pride, was not without a consciousness of talent, and the sense of his father's feelings upon the subject impelled him to the utmost exertion. Above all, he had that sort of self-command which is essential to success in every arduous undertaking, and he was constitutionally free from that feverish irritability by which those whose over-active imaginations exaggerate difficulties render themselves incapable of encountering such when they arrive.

Having collected all the scattered and broken associations which were necessary, Alan's thoughts reverted to Dumfriesshire and the precarious situation in which he feared his beloved friend had placed himself; and once and again he consulted his watch, eager to have his present task commenced and ended, that he might hasten to Darsie's assistance. The hour and moment at length arrived. The macer shouted, with all his well-remembered brazen strength of lungs, "Poor Peter Peebles *versus* Plainstones, *per* Dumtoustie *et* Tough.—Maister Da-a-niel Dumtoustie!" Dumtoustie answered not the summons, which, deep and swelling as it was, could not reach across the Queensferry; but our Maister Alan Fairford appeared in his place.

The court was very much crowded; for much amusement had been received on former occasions when Peter had volunteered his own oratory, and had been completely successful in routing the gravity of the whole procedure, and putting to silence, not indeed the counsel of the opposite party, but his own.

Both bench and audience seemed considerably surprised at the juvenile appearance of the young man who appeared in the room of Dumtoustie, for the purpose of opening this complicated and long-depending process, and the common

* See John's Coffee-house. Note 22.

herd were disappointed at the absence of Peter the client, the Punchinello of the expected entertainment. The judges looked with a very favorable countenance on our friend Alan, most of them being acquainted, more or less, with so old a practitioner as his father, and all, or almost all, affording, from civility, the same fair play to the first pleading of a counsel which the House of Commons yields to the maiden speech of one of its members.

Lord Bladderskate was an exception to this general expression of benevolence. He scowled upon Alan from beneath his large, shaggy, gray eyebrows, just as if the young lawyer had been usurping his nephew's honors, instead of covering his disgrace : and, from feelings which did his lordship little honor, he privately hoped the young man would not succeed in the cause which his kinsman had abandoned.

Even Lord Bladderskate, however, was, in spite of himself, pleased with the judicious and modest tone in which Alan began his address to the court, apologizing for his own presumption, and excusing it by the sudden illness of his learned brother, for whom the labor of opening a cause of some difficulty and importance had been much more worthily designed. He spoke of himself as he really was, and of young Dumtoustie as what he ought to have been, taking care not to dwell on either topic a moment longer than was necessary. The old judge's looks became benign ; his family pride was propitiated, and, pleased equally with the modesty and civility of the young man whom he had thought forward and officious, he relaxed the scorn of his features into an expression of profound attention, the highest compliment, and the greatest encouragement, which a judge can render to the counsel addressing him.

Having succeeded in securing the favorable attention of the court, the young lawyer, using the lights which his father's experience and knowledge of business had afforded him, proceeded, with an address and clearness unexpected from one of his years, to remove from the case itself those complicated formalities with which it had been loaded, as a surgeon strips from a wound the dressings which have been hastily wrapped round it, in order to proceed to his cure *secundum artem*. Developed of the cumbrous and complicated technicalities of litigation, with which the perverse obstinacy of the client, the inconsiderate haste or ignorance of his agent, and the evasions of a subtle adversary, had invested the process, the cause of Poor Peter Peebles, standing upon its simple merits, was no bad subject for the

declamation of a young counsel, nor did our friend Alan fail to avail himself of its strong points.

He exhibited his client as a simple-hearted, honest, well-meaning man, who, during a copartnership of twelve years, had gradually become impoverished, while his partner (his former clerk), having no funds but his share of the same business, into which he had been admitted without any advance of stock, had become gradually more and more wealthy.

“Their association,” said Alan, and the little flight was received with some applause, “resembled the ancient story of the fruit which was carved with a knife poisoned on one side of the blade only, so that the individual to whom the envenomed portion was served drew decay and death from what afforded savor and sustenance to the consumer of the other moiety.” He then plunged boldly into the *mare magnum* of accompts between the parties; he pursued each false statement from the waste-book to the day-book, from the day-book to the bill-book, from the bill-book to the ledger; placed the artful interpolations and insertions of the fallacious Plainstones in array against each other, and against the fact; and, availing himself to the utmost of his father’s previous labors, and his own knowledge of accompts, in which he had been sedulously trained, he laid before the court a clear and intelligible statement of the affairs of the copartnery, showing with precision that a large balance must, at the dissolution, have been due to his client, sufficient to have enabled him to have carried on business on his own account, and thus to have retained his situation in society as an independent and industrious tradesman. “But, instead of this justice being voluntarily rendered by the former clerk to his former master—by the party obliged to his benefactor—by one honest man to another, his wretched client had been compelled to follow his quondam clerk, his present debtor, from court to court; had found his just claims met with well-invented but unfounded counter-claims; had seen his party shift his character of pursuer or defender as often as harlequin effects his transformations, till, in a chase so varied and so long, the unhappy litigant had lost substance, reputation, and almost the use of reason itself, and came before their lordships an object of thoughtless derision to the unreflecting, of compassion to the better-hearted, and of awful meditation to every one who considered that, in a country where excellent laws were administered by upright and incorruptible judges, a man might pursue an almost indisputable claim through

all the mazes of litigation, lose fortune, reputation, and reason itself in the chase, and at length come before the Supreme Court of his country in the wretched condition of his unhappy client, a victim to protracted justice and to that hope delayed which sickens the heart."

The force of this appeal to feeling made as much impression on the bench as had been previously effected by the clearness of Alan's argument. The absurd form of Peter himself, with his tow-wig, was fortunately not present to excite any ludicrous emotion, and the pause that took place when the young lawyer had concluded his speech was followed by a murmur of approbation, which the ears of his father drank in as the sweetest sounds that had ever entered them. Many a hand of gratulation was thrust out to his grasp, trembling as it was with anxiety, and finally with delight; his voice faltering as he replied, "Ay—ay, I kenn'd Alan was the lad to make a spoon or spoil a horn."*

The counsel on the other side arose, an old practitioner, who had noted too closely the impression made by Alan's pleadings not to fear the consequences of an immediate decision. He paid the highest compliments to his very young brother—the Benjamin, as he would presume to call him, of the learned faculty; said the alleged hardships of Mr. Peebles were compensated by his being placed in a situation where the benevolence of their lordships had assigned him gratuitously such assistance as he might not otherwise have obtained at a high price; and allowed his young brother had put many things in such a new point of view that, although he was quite certain of his ability to refute them, he was honestly desirous of having a few hours to arrange his answer, in order to be able to follow Mr. Fairford from point to point. He had further to observe, there was one point of the case to which his brother, whose attention had been otherwise so wonderfully comprehensive, had not given the consideration which he expected; it was founded on the interpretation of certain correspondence which had passed betwixt the parties soon after the dissolution of the copartnery."

The court having heard Mr. Tough, readily allowed him two days for preparing himself, hinting, at the same time, that he might find his task difficult; and affording the young counsel, with high encomiums upon the mode in which he

* Said of an adventurous gipsy, who resolves at all risks to convert a sheep's horn into a spoon.

had acquitted himself, the choice of speaking either now or at next calling of the cause upon the point which Plainstanes's lawyer had adverted to.

Alan modestly apologized for what in fact had been an omission very pardonable in so complicated a case, and professed himself instantly ready to go through that correspondence, and prove that it was in form and substance exactly applicable to the view of the case he had submitted to their lordships. He applied to his father, who sat behind him, to hand him from time to time the letters, in the order in which he meant to read and comment upon them.

Old Counselor Tough had probably formed an ingenious enough scheme to blunt the effect of the young lawyer's reasoning, by thus obliging him to follow up a process of reasoning, clear and complete in itself, by a hasty and extemporary appendix. If so, he seemed likely to be disappointed; for Alan was well prepared on this, as on other parts of the cause, and recommenced his pleading with a degree of animation and spirit which added force even to what he had formerly stated, and might perhaps have occasioned the old gentleman to regret his having again called him up; when his father, as he handed him the letters, put one into his hand which produced a singular effect on the pleader.

At the first glance, he saw that the paper had no reference to the affairs of Peter Peebles; but the first glance also showed him what, even at that time and in that presence, he could not help reading; and which, being read, seemed totally to disconcert his ideas. He stopped short in his harangue, gazed on the paper with a look of surprise and horror, uttered an exclamation, and, flinging down the brief which he had in his hand, hurried out of court without returning a single word of answer to the various questions—"What was the matter?" "Was he taken unwell?" "Should not a chair be called?" etc. etc. etc.

The elder Mr. Fairford, who remained seated, and looking as senseless as if he had been made of stone, was at length recalled to himself by the anxious inquiries of the judges and the counsel after his son's health. He then rose with an air in which was mingled the deep habitual reverence in which he held the court with some internal cause of agitation, and with difficulty mentioned something of a mistake—a piece of bad news. Alan, he hoped, would be well enough to-morrow. But unable to proceed farther, he clasped his hands together, exclaiming, "My son! my son!" and left the court hastily, as if in pursuit of him.

“What’s the matter with the auld bitch next?”* said an acute metaphysical judge, though somewhat coarse in his manners, aside to his brethren. “This is a daft cause, Bladderskate. First, it drives the poor man mad that aught it; then your nevoy goes daft with fright, and flies the pit; then this smart young hopeful is aff the hooks with too hard study, I fancy; and now auld Saunders Fairford is as lunatic as the best of them. What say ye till’t, ye bitch?”

“Nothing, my lord,” answered Bladderskate, much too formal to admire the levities in which his philosophical brother sometimes indulged—“I say nothing, but pray to Heaven to keep our own wits.”

“Amen—amen,” answered his learned brother; “for some of us have but few to spare.”

The court then arose, and the audience departed, greatly wondering at the talent displayed by Alan Fairford at his first appearance, in a case so difficult and so complicated, and assigning an hundred conjectural causes, each different from the others, for the singular interruption which had clouded his day of success. The worst of the whole was, that six agents, who had each come to the separate resolution of thrusting a retaining fee into Alan’s hand as he left the court, shook their heads as they returned the money into their leathern pouches, and said, “That the lad was clever, but they would like to see more of him before they engaged him in the way of business; they did not like his louping away like a flea in a blanket.”

* Tradition ascribes this whimsical style of language to the ingenious and philosophical Lord Kaimes.

CHAPTER II

HAD our friend Alexander Fairford known the consequences of his son's abrupt retreat from the court, which are mentioned in the end of the last chapter, it might have accomplished the prediction of the lively old judge and driven him to utter distraction. As it was, he was miserable enough. His son had risen ten degrees higher in his estimation than ever, by his display of juridical talents, which seemed to assure him that the applause of the judges and professors of the law, which, in his estimation, was worth that of all mankind besides, authorized to the fullest extent the advantageous estimate which even his parental partiality had been induced to form of Alan's powers. On the other hand he felt that he was himself a little humbled, from a disguise which he had practised towards this son of his hopes and wishes.

The truth was that, on the morning of this eventful day, Mr. Alexander Fairford had received from his correspondent and friend, Provost Crosbie of Dumfries, a letter of the following tenor:—

“DEAR SIR—Your respected favor of 25th ultimo, per favor of Mr. Darsie Latimer, reached me in safety, and I showed to the young gentleman such attentions as he was pleased to accept of. The object of my present writing is twofold. First, the council are of opinion that you should now begin to stir in the thirlage cause ; and they think they will be able, from evidence *noviter repertum*, to enable you to amend your condescendence upon the use and wont of the burgh, touching the *grana invecata et illata*. So you will please consider yourself as authorized to speak to Mr. Pest, and lay before him the papers which you will receive by the coach. The council think that a fee of two guineas may be sufficient on this occasion, as Mr. Pest had three for drawing the original condescendence.

“I take the opportunity of adding, that there has been great riot among the Solway fishermen, who have destroyed, in a masterful manner, the stake nets set up near the mouth of this river ; and have besides attacked the house of Quaker Geddes, one of the principal partners of the Tide-net Fish-

ing Company, and done a great deal of damage. Am sorry to add, young Master Latimer was in the fray and has not since been heard of. Murder is spoke of, but that may be a word of course. As the young gentleman has behaved rather oddly while in these parts, as in declining to dine with me more than once, and going about the country with strolling fiddlers and such-like, I rather hope that his present absence is only occasioned by a frolic ; but as his servant has been making inquiries of me respecting his master, I thought it best to acquaint you in course of post. I have only to add, that our sheriff has taken a precognition, and committed one or two of the rioters. If I can be useful in this matter, either by advertising for Mr. Latimer as missing, publishing a reward, or otherwise, I will obey your respected instructions, being your most obedient to command,

“ WILLIAM CROSBIE.”

When Mr. Fairford received this letter, and had read it to an end, his first idea was to communicate it to his son, that an express might be instantly despatched, or a king's messenger sent with proper authority to search after his late guest.

The habits of the fishers were rude, as he well knew, though not absolutely sanguinary or ferocious ; and there had been instances of their transporting persons who had interfered in their smuggling trade to the Isle of Man and elsewhere, and keeping them under restraint for many weeks. On this account Mr. Fairford was naturally led to feel anxiety concerning the fate of his late inmate ; and, at a less interesting moment, would certainly have set out himself, or licensed his son to go, in pursuit of his friend.

But, alas ! he was both a father and an agent. In the one capacity, he looked on his son as dearer to him than all the world besides ; in the other, the lawsuit which he conducted was to him like an infant to its nurse, and the case of Poor Peter Peebles against Plainstones was, he saw, adjourned, perhaps *sine die*, should this document reach the hands of his son. The mutual and enthusiastical affection betwixt the young men was well known to him ; and he concluded that, if the precarious state of Latimer were made known to Alan Fairford, it would render him not only unwilling, but totally unfit, to discharge the duty of the day, to which the old gentleman attached such ideas of importance.

On mature reflection, therefore, he resolved, though not without some feelings of compunction, to delay communi-

cating to his son the disagreeable intelligence which he had received, until the business of the day should be ended. The delay, he persuaded himself, could be of little consequence to Darsie Latimer, whose folly, he dared to say, had led him into some scrape which would meet an appropriate punishment in some accidental restraint, which would be thus prolonged for only a few hours longer. Besides, he would have time to speak to the sheriff of the county, perhaps to the King's Advocate, and set about the matter in a regular manner, or, as he termed it, as summing up the duties of a solicitor, to "agé as accords."

The scheme, as we have seen, was partially successful, and was only ultimately defeated, as he confessed to himself with shame, by his own very unbusiness-like mistake of shuffling the provost's letter, in the hurry and anxiety of the morning, among some papers belonging to Peter Peebles's affairs, and then handing it to his son, without observing the blunder. He used to protest, even till the day of his death, that he never had been guilty of such an inaccuracy as giving a paper out of his hand without looking at the docketing, except on that unhappy occasion, when, of all others, he had such particular reason to regret his negligence.

Disturbed by these reflections, the old gentleman had, for the first time in his life, some disinclination, arising from shame and vexation, to face his own son; so that, to protract for a little the meeting which he feared would be a painful one, he went to wait upon the sheriff-depute, who he found had set off for Dumfries, in great haste, to superintend in person the investigation which had been set on foot by his substitute. This gentleman's clerk could say little on the subject of the riot, excepting that it had been serious, much damage done to property, and some personal violence offered to individuals, but, as far as he had yet heard, no lives lost on the spot.

Mr. Fairford was compelled to return home with this intelligence; and on inquiring at James Wilkinson where his son was, received for answer, that "Maister Alan was in his own room, and very busy."

"We must have our explanation over," said Saunders Fairford to himself. "Better a finger off as aye wagging"; and going to the door of his son's apartment, he knocked at first gently, then more loudly, but received no answer. Somewhat alarmed at this silence, he opened the door of the chamber; it was empty—clothes lay mixed in confusion with the law-books and papers, as if the inmate had been engaged

in hastily packing for a journey. As Mr. Fairford looked around in alarm, his eye was arrested by a sealed letter lying upon his son's writing-table, and addressed to himself. It contained the following words:—

“MY DEAREST FATHER—

“You will not, I trust, be surprised, nor perhaps very much displeased, to learn that I am now on my way to Dumfriesshire, to learn, by my own personal investigation, the present state of my dear friend, and afford him such relief as may be in my power, and which, I trust, will be effectual. I do not presume to reflect upon you, dearest sir, for concealing from me information of so much consequence to my peace of mind and happiness; but I hope your having done so will be, if not an excuse, at least some mitigation, of my present offense, in taking a step of consequence without consulting your pleasure; and, I must further own, under circumstances which perhaps might lead to your disapprobation of my purpose. I can only say, in further apology, that if anything unhappy, which Heaven forbid! shall have occurred to the person who, next to yourself, is dearest to me in this world, I shall have on my heart, as a subject of eternal regret, that, being in a certain degree warned of his danger, and furnished with the means of obviating it, I did not instantly hasten to his assistance, but preferred giving my attention to the business of this unlucky morning. No view of personal distinction, nothing, indeed, short of your earnest and often expressed wishes, could have detained me in town till this day, and having made this sacrifice to filial duty, I trust you will hold me excused, if I now obey the calls of friendship and humanity. Do not be in the least anxious on my account; I shall know, I trust, how to conduct myself with due caution in any emergence which may occur, otherwise my legal studies for so many years have been to little purpose. I am fully provided with money, and also with arms, in case of need; but you may rely on my prudence in avoiding all occasions of using the latter, short of the last necessity. God Almighty bless you, my dearest father! and grant that you may forgive the first, and, I trust, the last, act approaching towards premeditated disobedience of which I either have now or shall hereafter have to accuse myself. I remain, till death, your dutiful and affectionate son,

“ALAN FAIRFORD.”

“P. S.—I shall write with the utmost regularity, acquaint-

ing you with my motions, and requesting your advice. I trust my stay will be very short, and I think it possible that I may bring back Darsie along with me.

The paper dropped from the old man's hand when he was thus assured of the misfortune which he apprehended. His first idea was to get a post-chaise and pursue the fugitive ; but he recollected that, upon the very rare occasions when Alan had shown himself indocile to the *patria potestas*, his natural ease and gentleness of disposition seemed hardened into obstinacy, and that now, entitled, as arrived at the years of majority, and a member of the learned faculty, to direct his own motions, there was great doubt whether, in the event of his overtaking his son, he might be able to prevail upon him to return back. In such a risk of failure, he thought it wiser to desist from his purpose, especially as even his success in such a pursuit would give a ridiculous *éclat* to the whole affair, which could not be otherwise than prejudicial to his son's rising character.

Bitter, however, were Saunders Fairford's reflections as, again picking up the fatal scroll, he threw himself into his son's leathern easy-chair, and bestowed upon it a disjointed commentary. "Bring back Darsie ! little doubt of that : the bad shilling is sure enough to come back again. I wish Darsie no worse ill than that he were carried where the silly fool Alan should never see him again. It was an ill hour that he darkened my doors in, for, ever since that, Alan has given up his ain old-fashioned mother wit for the t'other's capernoited maggots and nonsense. Provided with money ! You must have more than I know of, then, my friend, for I trow I kept you pretty short for your own good. Can he have gotten more fees ? or does he think five guineas has neither beginning nor end ? Arms ! What would he do with arms, or what would any man do with them that is not a regular soldier under government, or else a thief taker ? I have had enough of arms, I trow, although I carried them for King George and the government. But this is a worse strait than Falkirk field yet ! Gude guide us, we are poor, inconsistent creatures ! To think the lad should have made so able an appearance, and then bolted off this gate, after a glaiket ne'er-do-weel, like a hound upon a false scent ! Las-a-day ! it's a sore thing to see a stunkard cow kick down the pail when it's reaming fou. But, after all, it's an ill bird that defiles its ain nest. I must cover up the scandal as well as I can. What's the matter now, James ?"

"A message, sir," said James Wilkinson, "from my Lord President, and he hopes Mr. Alan is not seriously indisposed."

"From the Lord President? the Lord preserve us! I'll send an answer this instant; bid the lad sit down, and ask him to drink, James. Let me see," continued he, taking a sheet of gilt paper, "how we are to draw our answers."

Ere his pen had touched the paper, James was in the room again.

"What now, James?"

"Lord Bladderskate's lad is come to ask how Mr. Alan is, as he left the court——"

"Ay—ay—ay," answered Saunders, bitterly; "he has e'en made a moonlight flitting, like my lord's ain nevoy."

"Shall I say sae, sir?" said James, who, as an old soldier, was literal in all things touching the service.

"The devil! no—no! Bid the lad sit down and taste our ale. I will write his lordship an answer."

Once more the gilt paper was resumed, and once more the door was opened by James.

"Lord —— sends his servitor to ask after Mr. Alan."

"Oh, the deevil take their civility!" said poor Saunders.

"Set him down to drink too. I will write to his lordship."

"The lads will bide your pleasure, sir, as lang as I keep the bicker fou; but this ringing is like to wear out the bell, I think; there are they at it again."

He answered the fresh summons accordingly, and came back to inform Mr. Fairford that the Dean of Faculty was below, inquiring for Mr. Alan. "Will I set him down to drink too?" said James.

"Will you be an idiot, sir?" said Mr. Fairford. "Show Mr. Dean into the parlor."

In going slowly down-stairs, step by step, the perplexed man of business had time enough to reflect that, if it be possible to put a fair gloss upon a true story, the verity always serves the purpose better than any substitute which ingenuity can devise. He therefore told his learned visitor that, although his son had been incommoded by the heat of the court, and the long train of hard study, by day and night, preceding his exertions, yet he had fortunately so far recovered as to be in condition to obey upon the instant a sudden summons which had called him to the country on a matter of life and death.

"It should be a serious matter indeed that takes my young friend away at this moment," said the good-natured Dean.

"I wish he had stayed to finish his pleading, and put down

old Tough. Without compliment, Mr. Fairford, it was as fine a first appearance as I ever heard. I should be sorry your son did not follow it up in a reply. Nothing like striking while the iron is hot."

Mr. Saunders Fairford made a bitter grimace as he acquiesced in an opinion which was indeed decidedly his own; but he thought it most prudent to reply, "That the affair which rendered his son Alan's presence in the country absolutely necessary regarded the affairs of a young gentleman of great fortune, who was a particular friend of Alan's, and who never took any material step in his affairs without consulting his counsel learned in the law."

"Well—well, Mr. Fairford, you know best," answered the learned Dean; "if there be death or marriage in the case, a will or a wedding is to be preferred to all other business. I am happy Mr. Allan is so much recovered as to be able for travel, and wish you a very good morning."

Having thus taken his ground to the Dean of Faculty, Mr. Fairford hastily wrote cards in answer to the inquiry of the three judges, accounting for Alan's absence in the same manner. These, being properly sealed and addressed, he delivered to James, with directions to dismiss the parti-colored gentry, who, in the meanwhile, had consumed a gallon of twopenny ale while discussing points of law, and addressing each other by their masters' titles.*

The exertions which these matters demanded, and the interest which so many persons of legal distinction appeared to have taken in his son, greatly relieved the oppressed spirit of Saunders Fairford, who continued to talk mysteriously of the very important business which had interfered with his son's attendance during the brief remainder of the session. He endeavored to lay the same unction to his own heart; but here the application was less fortunate, for his conscience told him that no end, however important, which could be achieved in Darsie Latimer's affairs could be balanced against the reputation which Alan was like to forfeit by deserting the cause of Poor Peter Peebles.

In the meanwhile, although the haze which surrounded the cause, or causes, of that unfortunate litigant had been for a time dispelled by Alan's eloquence, like a fog by the thunder of artillery, yet it seemed once more to settle down upon the mass of litigation, thick as the palpable darkness of Egypt, at the very sound of Mr. Tough's voice, who, on the second day of Mr. Alan's departure, was heard in

* See titles of Scottish Judges. Note 23.

answer to the opening counsel. Deep-mouthed, long-breathed, and pertinacious, taking a pinch of snuff betwixt [after] every sentence, which otherwise seemed interminable, the veteran pleader prosed over all the themes which had been treated so luminously by Fairford; he quietly and imperceptibly replaced all the rubbish which the other had cleared away; and succeeded in restoring the veil of obscurity and unintelligibility which had for many years darkened the case of Peebles against Plainstones; and the matter was once more hung up by a remit to an accountant, with instruction to report before answer. So different a result from that which the public had been led to expect from Alan's speech gave rise to various speculations.

The client himself opined that it was entirely owing, first, to his own absence during the first day's pleading, being, as he said, deboshed with brandy, usquebaugh, and other strong waters, at John's Coffee-house, *per ambayes* of Peter Drudgeit, employed to that effect by and through the device, counsel, and covyne of Saunders Fairford, his agent, or pretended agent; secondly, by the flight and voluntary desertion of the younger Fairford, the advocate; on account of which he served both father and son with a petition and complaint against them, for malversation in office. So that the apparent and most probable issue of this cause seemed to menace the melancholy Mr. Saunders Fairford with additional subject for plague and mortification which was the more galling, as his conscience told him that the case was really given away, and that a very brief resumption of the former argument, with reference to the necessary authorities and points of evidence, would have enabled Alan, by the mere breath, as it were, of his mouth, to blow away the various cobwebs with which Mr. Tough had again invested the proceedings. But it went, he said, just like a decret in absence, and was lost for want of a contradictor.

In the meantime, nearly a week passed over without Mr. Fairford hearing a word directly from his son. He learned, indeed, by a letter from Mr. Crosbie, that the young counselor had safely reached Dumfries, but had left that town upon some ulterior researches, the purpose of which he had not communicated. The old man, thus left to suspense and to mortifying recollections, deprived also of the domestic society to which he had been habituated, began to suffer in body as well as in mind. He had formed the determination of setting out in person for Dumfriesshire, when, after

having been dogged, peevish, and snappish to his clerks and domestics to an unusual and almost intolerable degree, the acrimonious humors settled in a hissing-hot fit of the gout, which is a well-known tamer of the most froward spirits, and under whose discipline we shall, for the present, leave him, as the continuation of this history assumes, with the next division, a form somewhat different from direct narrative and epistolary correspondence, though partaking of the character of both.

CHAPTER III

JOURNAL OF DARSIE LATIMER

The following address is written on the inside of the envelope which contained the Journal.

INTO what hands soever these leaves may fall, they will instruct him, during a certain time at least, in the history of the life of an unfortunate young man, who, in the heart of a free country, and without any crime being laid to his charge, has been, and is, subjected to a course of unlawful and violent restraint. He who opens this letter is therefore conjured to apply to the nearest magistrate, and, following such indications as the papers may afford, to exert himself for the relief of one who, while he possesses every claim to assistance which oppressed innocence can give, has, at the same time, both the inclination and the means of being grateful to his deliverers. Or, if the person obtaining these letters shall want courage or means to effect the writer's release, he is, in that case, conjured, by every duty of a man to his fellow-mortals, and of a Christian towards one who professes the same holy faith, to take the earliest measures for conveying them with speed and safety to the hands of Alan Fairford, Esq., advocate, residing in the family of his father, Alexander Fairford, Esq., Writer to the Signet, Brown's Square, Edinburgh. He may be assured of a liberal reward, besides the consciousness of having discharged a real duty to humanity.

MY DEAREST ALAN—

Feeling as warmly towards you in doubt and in distress as I ever did in the brightest days of our intimacy, it is to you whom I address a history which may perhaps fall into very different hands. A portion of my former spirit descends to my pen when I write your name, and indulging the happy thought that you may be my deliverer from my present uncomfortable and alarming situation, as you have been my guide and counselor on every former occasion, I will subdue the dejection which would otherwise overwhelm me. There-

fore, as, Heaven knows, I have time enough to write, I will endeavor to pour my thoughts out, as fully and freely as of old, though probably without the same gay and happy levity.

If the papers should reach other hands than yours, still I will not regret this exposure of my feelings; for, allowing for an ample share of the folly incidental to youth and inexperience, I fear not that I have much to be ashamed of in my narrative; nay, I even hope that the open simplicity and frankness with which I am about to relate every singular and distressing circumstance may prepossess even a stranger in my favor; and that, amid the multitude of seemingly trivial circumstances which I detail at length, a clue may be found to effect my liberation.

Another chance certainly remains—the Journal, as I may call it, may never reach the hands either of the dear friend to whom it is addressed or those of an indifferent stranger, but may become the prey of the persons by whom I am at present treated as a prisoner. Let it be so—they will learn from it little but what they already know; that, as a man and an Englishman, my soul revolts at the usage which I have received; that I am determined to essay every possible means to obtain my freedom; that captivity has not broken my spirit; and that, although they may doubtless complete their oppression by murder, I am still willing to bequeath my cause to the justice of my country. Undeterred, therefore, by the probability that my papers may be torn from me, and subjected to the inspection of one in particular, who, causelessly my enemy already, may be yet farther incensed at me for recording the history of my wrongs, I proceed to resume the history of events which have befallen me since the conclusion of my last letter to my dear Alan Fairford, dated, if I mistake not, on the 5th day of this still current month of August.

Upon the night preceding the date of that letter, I had been present, for the purpose of an idle frolic, at a dancing party at the village of Brokenburn, about six miles from Dumfries; many persons must have seen me there, should the fact appear of importance sufficient to require investigation. I danced, played on the violin, and took part in the festivity till about midnight, when my servant, Samuel Owen, brought me my horses, and I rode back to a small inn called Shepherd's Bush, kept by Mrs. Gregson, which had been occasionally my residence for about a fortnight past. I spent the earlier part of the forenoon in writing a letter which I have already mentioned, to you, my dear Alan, and which,

I think, you must have received in safety. Why did I not follow your advice, so often given me? Why did I linger in the neighborhood of a danger to which a kind voice had warned me? These are now unavailing questions. I was blinded by a fatality, and remained fluttering like a moth around the candle, until I have been scorched to some purpose.

The greater part of the day * had passed, and time hung heavy on my hands. I ought perhaps to blush at recollecting what has been often objected to me by the dear friend to whom this letter is addressed, viz. the facility with which I have in moments of indolence, suffered my motions to be directed by any person who chanced to be near me, instead of taking the labor of thinking or deciding for myself. I had employed for some time, as a sort of guide and errand-boy, a lad named Benjamin, the son of one Widow Coltherd, who lives near the Shepherd's Bush, and I cannot but remember that, upon several occasions, I had of late suffered him to possess more influence over my motions than at all became difference of our age and condition. At present he exerted himself to persuade me that it was the finest possible sport to see the fish taken out from the nets placed in the Solway at the reflux of the tide, and urged my going thither this evening so much, that, looking back on the whole circumstances, I cannot but think he had some especial motive for his conduct. These particulars I have mentioned, that, if these papers fall into friendly hands, the boy may be sought after and submitted to examination.

His eloquence being unable to persuade me that I should take any pleasure in seeing the fruitless struggles of the fish when left in the nets and deserted by the tide, he artfully suggested that Mr. and Miss Geddes, a respectable Quaker family well known in the neighborhood, and with whom I had contracted habits of intimacy, would possibly be offended if I did not make them an early visit. Both, he said, had been particularly inquiring the reasons of my leaving their house rather suddenly on the previous day. I resolved, therefore, to walk up to Mount Sharon and make my apologies; and I agreed to permit the boy to attend upon me, and wait my return from the house, that I might fish on my way homeward to Shepherd's Bush, for which amusement, he assured me, I would find the evening most favorable. I mention this minute circumstance because I strongly suspect that this boy had a presentiment how the evening was to

* ["A couple of days," on p. 130]

terminate with me, and entertained the selfish though childish wish of securing to himself an angling-rod which he had often admired, as a part of my spoils. I may do the boy wrong, but I had before remarked in him the peculiar art of pursuing the trifling objects of cupidity proper to his age with the systematic address of much riper years.

When we had commenced our walk, I upbraided him with the coolness of the evening, considering the season, the easterly wind, and other circumstances, unfavorable for angling. He persisted in his own story, and made a few casts, as if to convince me of my error, but caught no fish; and, indeed, as I am now convinced, was much more intent on watching my motions than on taking any. When I ridiculed him once more on his fruitless endeavors, he answered, with a sneering smile, that "the trouts would not rise because there was thunder in the air"—an intimation which, in one sense, I have found too true.

I arrived at Mount Sharon; was received by my friends there with their wonted kindness; and after being a little rallied on my having suddenly left them on the preceding evening, I agreed to make atonement by staying all night, and dismissed the lad who attended with my fishing-rod to carry that information to Shepherd's Bush. It may be doubted whether he went thither or in a different direction.

Betwixt eight and nine o'clock, when it began to become dark, we walked on the terrace to enjoy the appearance of the firmament, glittering with ten million of stars, to which slight touch of early frost gave tenfold luster. As we gazed on this splendid scene, Miss Geddes, I think, was the first to point out to our admiration a shooting or falling star, which, she said, drew a long train after it. Looking to the part of the heavens which she pointed out, I distinctly observed two successive sky-rockets arise and burst in the sky.

"These meteors," said Mr. Geddes, in answer to his sister's observation, "are not formed in heaven, nor do they bode any good to the dwellers upon earth."

As he spoke, I looked to another quarter of the sky, and a rocket, as if a signal in answer to those which had already appeared, rose high from the earth, and burst apparently among the stars.

Mr. Geddes seemed very thoughtful for some minutes, and then said to his sister, "Rachel, though it waxes late, I must go down to the fishing-station and pass the night in the overseer's room there."

"Nay, then," replied the lady, "I am but too well assured

that the sons of Belial are menacing these nets and devices. Joshua, art thou a man of peace, and wilt thou willingly and wittingly thrust thyself where thou mayst be tempted by the old man Adam within thee to enter into debate and strife?"

"I am a man of peace, Rachel," answered Mr. Geddes, "even to the utmost extent which our friends can demand of humanity; and neither have I ever used, nor, with the help of God, will I at any future time employ, the arm of flesh to repel or to revenge injuries. But if I can, by mild reasons and firm conduct, save those rude men from committing a crime, and the property belonging to myself and others from sustaining damage, surely I do but the duty of a man and a Christian."

With these words, he ordered his horse instantly; and his sister, ceasing to argue with him, folded her arms upon her bosom, and looked up to heaven with a resigned and yet sorrowful countenance.

These particulars may appear trivial, but it is better in my present condition to exert my faculties in recollecting the past, and in recording it, than waste them in vain and anxious anticipations of the future.

It would have been scarcely proper in me to remain in the house from which the master was thus suddenly summoned away, and I therefore begged permission to attend him to the fishing-station, assuring his sister that I would be a guarantee for his safety.

The proposal seemed to give much pleasure to Miss Geddes.

"Let it be so, brother," she said, "and let the young man have the desire of his heart, that there may be a faithful witness to stand by thee in the hour of need, and to report how it shall fare with thee."

"No, Rachel," said the worthy man, "thou art to blame in this, that, to quiet thy apprehensions on my account, thou shouldst thrust into danger—if danger it shall prove to be—this youth, our guest, for whom, doubtless, in case of mishap, as many hearts will ache as may be afflicted on our account."

"Nay my good friend," said I, taking Mr. Geddes's hand "I am not so happy as you suppose me. Were my span to be concluded this evening, few would so much as know that such a being had existed for twenty years on the face of the earth; and of these few, only one would sincerely regret me. Do not, therefore, refuse me the privilege of attending you, and of showing, by so trifling an act of kindness, that, if I have few friends, I am at least desirous to serve them."

"Thou hast a kind heart, I warrant thee," said Joshua Geddes, returning the pressure of my hand. "Rachel, the young man shall go with me. Why should he not face danger, in order to do justice and preserve peace? There is that within me," he added, looking upwards, and with a passing enthusiasm which I had not before observed, and the absence of which perhaps rather belonged to the sect than to his own personal character—"I say, I have that within which assures me that, though the ungodly may rage even like the storm of the ocean, they shall not have freedom to prevail against us."

Having spoken thus, Mr. Geddes appointed a pony to be saddled for my use; and having taken a basket with some provisions, and a servant to carry back the horses, for which there was no accommodation at the fishing-station, we set off about nine o'clock at night, and after three-quarters of an hour's riding arrived at our place of destination.

The station consists, or then consisted, of huts for four or five fishermen, a cooperage and sheds, and a better sort of cottage, at which the superintendent resided. We gave our horses to the servant, to be carried back to Mount Sharon, my companion expressing himself humanely anxious for their safety, and knocked at the door of the house. At first we only heard a barking of dogs; but these animals became quiet on snuffing beneath the door, and acknowledging the presence of friends. A hoarse voice then demanded, in rather unfriendly accents, who we were and what we wanted; and it was not until Joshua named himself, and called upon his superintendent to open, that the latter appeared at the door of the hut, attended by three large dogs of the Newfoundland breed. He had a flambeau in his hand, and two large, heavy ship-pistols stuck into his belt. He was a stout, elderly man, who had been a sailor, as I learned, during the earlier part of his life, and was now much confided in by the Fishing Company, whose concerns he directed under the orders of Mr. Geddes.

"Thou didst not expect me to-night, friend Davies?" said my friend to the old man, who was arranging seats for us by the fire.

"No, Master Geddes," answered he, "I did not expect you, nor, to speak the truth, did I wish for you either."

"These are plain terms, John Davies," answered Mr. Geddes.

"Ay—ay, sir, I know your worship loves no holyday speeches."

"Thou dost guess, I suppose, what brings us here so late, John Davies?" said Mr. Geddes.

"I do suppose, sir," answered the superintendent, "that it was because these d—d smuggling wreckers on the coast are showing their lights to gather their forces, as they did the night before they broke down the dam-dike and wears up the country; but if that same be the case, I wish once more you had staid away, for your worship carries no fighting tackle aboard, I think, and there will be work for such ere morning, your worship."

"Worship is due to Heaven only, John Davies," said Geddes. "I have often desired these to desist from using that phrase to me."

"I won't then," said John; "no offense meant. But how the devil can a man stand picking his words, when he is just going to come to blows?"

"I hope not, John Davies," said Joshua Geddes. "Call in the rest of the men, that I may give them their instructions."

"I may cry till doomsday, Master Geddes, ere a soul answers: the cowardly lubbers have all made sail—the cooper, and all the rest of them—so soon as they heard the enemy were at sea. They have all taken to the long-boat, and left the ship among the breakers, except little Phil and myself—they have by——!"

"Swear not at all, John Davies; thou art an honest man, and I believe, without an oath, that thy comrades love their own bones better than my goods and chattels. And so thou hast no assistance but little Phil against a hundred men or two?"

"Why, there are the dogs, your honor knows, Neptune and Thetis, and the puppy may do something; and then though your worship—I beg pardon—though your honor be no great fighter, this young gentleman may bear a hand."

"Ay, and I see you are provided with arms," said Mr. Geddes; "let me see them."

"Ay—ay, sir; here be a pair of buffers will bite as well as bark—these will make sure of two rogues at least. It would be a shame to strike without firing a shot. Take care, your honor, they are double-shotted."

"Ay, John Davies, I will take care of them," throwing the pistols into a tub of water beside him: "and I wish I could render the whole generation of them useless at the same moment."

A deep shade of displeasure passed over John Davis's

weatherbeaten countenance. "Belike your honor is going to take the command yourself, then?" he said, after a pause. "Why, I can be of little use now; and since your worship, or your honor, or whatever you are, means to strike quietly, I believe you will do it better without me than with me, for I am like enough to make mischief, I admit; but I'll never leave my post without orders."

"Then you have mine, John Davies, to go to Mount Sharon directly, and take the boy Phil with you. Where is he?"

"He is on the outlook for these scums of the earth," answered Davies; but it is to no purpose to know when they come, if we are not to stand to our weapons."

"We will use none but those of sense and reason, John."

"And you may just as well cast chaff against the wind as speak sense and reason to the like of them."

"Well—well, be it so," said Joshua. "And now, John Davies, I know thou art what the world calls a brave fellow, and I have ever found thee an honest one. And now I command you to go to Mount Sharon, and let Phil lie on the bank-side—see the poor boy hath a sea-cloak, though—and watch what happens here, and let him bring you the news; and if any violence shall be suffered to the property there, I trust to your fidelity to carry my sister to Dumfries, to the house of our friends the Corsacks, and inform the civil authorities of what mischief hath befallen."

The old seaman paused a moment. "It is hard lines for me," he said, "to leave your honor in tribulation; and yet, staying here, I am only like to make bad worse; and your honor's sister, Miss Rachel, must be looked to, that's certain; for if the rogues once get their hand to mischief, they will come to Mount Sharon after they have wasted and destroyed this here snug little roadstead, where I thought to ride at anchor for life."

"Right—right, John Davies," said Joshua Geddes; "and best call the dogs with you."

"Ay—ay, sir," said the veteran, "for they are something of my mind, and would not keep quiet if they saw mischief doing; so maybe they might come to mischief, poor dumb creatures. So God bless your honor—I mean your worship—I cannot bring my mouth to say 'fare you well.' Here, Neptune, Thetis! come, dogs—come."

So saying, and with a very crestfallen countenance, John Davies left the hut.

"Now, there goes one of the best and most faithful crea-

tures that ever was born," said Mr. Geddes, as the superintendant shut the door of the cottage. "Nature made him with a heart that would not have suffered him to harm a fly; but thou seest, friend Latimer, that, as men arm their bulldogs with spiked collars, and their game-cocks with steel spurs, to aid them in fight, so they corrupt, by education, the best and mildest natures, until fortitude and spirit become stubbornness and ferocity. Believe me, friend Latimer, I would as soon expose my faithful household dog to a vain combat with a herd of wolves as yon trusty creature to the violence of the enraged multitude. But I need say little on this subject to thee, friend Latimer, who, I doubt not, art trained to believe that courage is displayed and honor attained, not by doing and suffering, as becomes a man, that which fate calls us to suffer, and justice commands us to do, but because thou art ready to retort violence for violence, and considerest the lightest insult as a sufficient cause for the spilling of blood, nay, the taking of life. But, leaving these points of controversy to a more fit season, let us see what our basket of provision contains; for in truth, friend Latimer, I am one of those whom neither fear nor anxiety deprive of their ordinary appetite."

We found the means of good cheer accordingly, which Mr. Geddes seemed to enjoy as much as if it had been eaten in a situation of perfect safety; nay, his conversation appeared to be rather more gay than on ordinary occasions. After eating our supper, we left the hut together, and walked for a few minutes on the banks of the sea. It was high water, and the ebb had not yet commenced. The moon shone broad and bright upon the placid face of the Solway Firth, and showed a slight ripple upon the stakes, the tops of which were just visible above the waves, and on the dark-colored buoys which marked the upper edge of the enclosure of nets. At a much greater distance—for the estuary is here very wide—the line of the English coast was seen on the verge of the water, resembling one of those fog-banks on which mariners are said to gaze, uncertain whether it be land or atmospheric delusion."

"We shall be undisturbed for some hours," said Mr. Geddes; "they will not come down upon us till the state of the tide permits them to destroy the tide-nets. Is it not strange to think that human passions will so soon transform such a tranquil scene as this into one of devastation and confusion?"

It was indeed a scene of exquisite stillness; so much so,

that the restless waves of the Solway seemed, if not absolutely to sleep, at least to slumber. On that shore no night-bird was heard ; the cock had not sung his first matins ; and we ourselves walked more lightly than by day, as if to suit the sound of our own paces to the serene tranquillity around us. At length the plaintive cry of a dog broke the silence, and on our return to the cottage we found that the younger of the three animals which had gone along with John Davies, unaccustomed, perhaps, to distant journeys, and the duty of following to heel, had strayed from the party, and, unable to rejoin them, had wandered back to the place of its birth.

“ Another feeble addition to our feeble garrison,” said Mr. Geddes, as he caressed the dog and admitted it into the cottage. “ Poor thing ! as thou art incapable of doing any mischief, I hope thou wilt sustain none. At least, thou mayst do us the good service of a sentinel, and permit us to enjoy a quiet repose, under the certainty that thou wilt alarm us when the enemy is at hand.”

There were two beds in the superintendent's room, upon which we threw ourselves. Mr. Geddes, with his happy equanimity of temper, was asleep in the first five minutes. I lay for some time in doubtful and anxious thoughts, watching the fire and the motions of the restless dog, which, disturbed probably at the absence of John Davies, wandered from the hearth to the door and back again, then came to the bedside and licked my hands and face, and at length, experiencing no repulse to its advances, established itself at my feet, and went to sleep, an example which I soon afterwards followed.

The rage of narration, my dear Alan—for I will never relinquish the hope that what I am writing may one day reach your hands—has not forsaken me even in my confinement, and the extensive though unimportant details into which I have been hurried render it necessary that I commence another sheet. Fortunately, my pigmy characters comprehends a great many words within a small space of paper.

CHAPTER IV

DARSIE LATIMER'S JOURNAL, IN CONTINUATION

THE morning was dawning, and Mr. Geddes and I myself were still sleeping soundly, when the alarm was given by my canine bedfellow, who first growled deeply at intervals, and at length bore more decided testimony to the approach of some enemy. I opened the door of the cottage, and perceived, at the distance of about two hundred yards, a small but close column of men, which I would have taken for a dark hedge, but that I could perceive it was advancing rapidly and in silence.

The dog flew towards them, but instantly ran howling back to me, having probably been chastised by a stick or a stone. Uncertain as to the plan of tactics or of treaty which Mr. Geddes might think proper to adopt, I was about to retire into the cottage, when he suddenly joined me at the door, and, slipping his arm through mine, said, "Let us go to meet them manfully; we have done nothing to be ashamed of. "Friends," he said, raising his voice as we approached them, "who and what are you, and with what purpose are you here on my property?"

A loud cheer was the answer returned, and a brace of fiddlers who occupied the front of the march immediately struck up the insulting air the words of which begin

"Merily danced the Quaker's wife,
And merrily danced the Quaker."

Even at that moment of alarm, I think I recognized the tones of the blind fiddler, known by the name of Wandering Willie, from his itinerant habits. They continued to advance swiftly and in great order, in their front

The fiery fiddlers playing martial airs;

when, coming close up, they surrounded us by a single movement, and there was a universal cry, "Whoop, Quaker—whoop, Quaker! Here have we them both, the wet Quaker and the dry one."

"Hang up the wet Quaker to dry, and wet the dry one with a ducking," answered another voice.

"Where is the sea-otter, John Davies, that destroyed more fish than any sealgh upon Ailsay Craig?" exclaimed a third voice. "I have an old crow to pluck with him, and a pock to put the feathers in."

We stood perfectly passive; for, to have attempted resistance against more than a hundred men, armed with guns, fish-spears, iron crows, spades, and bludgeons would have been an act of utter insanity. Mr. Geddes, with his strong sonorous voice, answered the question about the superintendent in a manner the manly indifference of which compelled them to attend to him.

"John Davies," he said, "will, I trust, soon be at Dumfries——"

"To fetch down redcoats and dragoons against us, you canting old villain!"

A blow was, at the same time, leveled at my friend, which I parried by interposing the stick I had in my hand. I was instantly struck down, and have a faint recollection of hearing some crying, "Kill the young spy!" and others, as I thought, interposing on my behalf. But a second blow on the head, received in the scuffle, soon deprived me of sense and consciousness, and threw me into a state of insensibility, from which I did not recover immediately. When I did come to myself, I was lying on the bed from which I had just risen before the fray, and my poor companion, the Newfoundland puppy, its courage entirely cowed by the tumult of the riot, had crept as close to me as it could, and lay trembling and whining, as if under the most dreadful terror. I doubted at first whether I had not dreamed of the tumult, until, as I attempted to rise, a feeling of pain and dizziness assured me that the injury I had sustained was but too real. I gathered together my senses—listened—and heard at a distance the shouts of the rioters, busy, doubtless, in their work of devastation.* I made a second effort to rise, or at least to turn myself, for I lay with my face to the wall of the cottage, but I found that my limbs were secured, and my motions effectually prevented—not indeed by cords, but by linen or cloth bandages swathed around my ankles, and securing my arms to my sides. Aware of my utterly captive condition, I groaned betwixt bodily pain and mental distress.

A voice by my bedside whispered, in a winning tone, "Whisht a-ye, hinnie—whisht a-ye: hand your tongue, like

* See Attack upon the Dam-dike. Note 24.

a gude bairn. Ye have cost us dear aneugh already. My hinnie's clean gane now.'

Knowing, as I thought, the phraseology of the wife of the itinerant musician, I asked her where her husband was, and whether he had been hurt.

"Broken," answered the dame—"all broken to pieces: fit for nought but to be made spunks of—the best blood that was in Scotland."

"Broken!—blood! Is your husband wounded—has there been bloodshed—broken limbs?"

"Broken limbs! I wish," answered the beldam, "that my hinnie had broken the best bane in his body, before he had broken his fiddle, that was the best blood in Scotland; it was a cremony, for aught that I ken."

"Pshaw—only his fiddle!" said I.

"I dinna ken what waur your honor could have wished him to do, unless he had broken his neck; and this is muckle the same to my hinnie Willie and me. Chaw, indeed! It is easy to say 'chaw,' but wha is to gie us onything to chew? The bread-winner's gane, and we may e'en sit down and starve."

"No—no," I said, "I will pay you for twenty such fiddles."

"Twenty such! is that a' ye ken about it? the country hadna the like o't. But if your honor were to pay us, as nae doubt wad be to your credit here and hereafter, where are ye to get the siller?"

"I have enough of money," said I, attempting to reach my hand towards my side-pocket; "unloose these bandages, and I will pay you on the spot."

This hint appeared to move her, and she was approaching the bedside, as I hoped, to liberate me from my bonds, when a nearer and more desperate shout was heard, as if the rioters were close by the hut.

"I daurna—I daurna," said the poor woman; "they would murder me and my hinnie Willie baith, and they have misguided us aneugh already; but if there is anything worldly I could do for your honor, leave out loosing ye?"

What she said recalled me to my bodily suffering. Agitation, and the effects of the usage I had received, had produced a burning thirst. I asked for a drink of water.

"Heaven Almighty forbid that Epps [Maggie] Ainslie should gie ony sick gentleman cauld well-water, and him in a fever. Na—na, hinnie, let me alane, I'll do better for ye than the like of that."

“Give me what you will,” I replied; “let it but be liquid and cool.”

The woman gave me a large horn accordingly, filled with spirits and water, which, without minute inquiry concerning the nature of its contents, I drained at a draught. Either the spirits taken in such a manner acted more suddenly than usual on my brain, or else there was some drug mixed with the beverage. I remember little after drinking it off, only that the appearance of things around me became indistinct; that the woman’s form seemed to multiply itself, and to flit in various figures around me, bearing the same lineaments as she herself did. I remember also that the discordant noises and cries of those without the cottage seemed to die away in a hum like that with which a nurse hushes her babe. At length I fell into a deep sound sleep, or rather, a state of absolute insensibility.

I have reason to think this species of trance lasted for many hours; indeed, for the whole subsequent day and part of the night. It was not uniformly so profound, for my recollection of it is checkered with many dreams, all of a painful nature, but too faint and too indistinct to be remembered. At length the moment of waking came, and my sensations were horrible.

A deep sound, which, in the confusion of my senses, I identified with the cries of the rioters, was the first thing of which I was sensible; next, I became conscious that I was carried violently forward in some conveyance, with an unequal motion, which gave me much pain. My position was horizontal, and when I attempted to stretch my hands in order to find some mode of securing myself against this species of suffering, I found I was bound as before, and the horrible reality rushed on my mind that I was in the hands of those who had lately committed a great outrage on property, and were now about to kidnap, if not to murder, me. I opened my eyes, it was to no purpose: all around me was dark, for a day had passed over during my captivity. A dispiriting sickness oppressed my head, my heart seemed on fire, while my feet and hands were chilled and benumbed with want of circulation. It was with the utmost difficulty that I at length, and gradually, recovered in a sufficient degree the power of observing external sounds and circumstances; and when I did so, they presented nothing consolatory.

Groping with my hands, as far as the bandages would permit, and receiving the assistance of some occasional glances

of the moonlight, I became aware that the carriage in which I was transported was one of the light carts of the country, called "tumblers," and that a little attention had been paid to my accomodation, as I was laid upon some sacks, covered with matting and filled with straw. Without these, my condition would have been still more intolerable, for the vehicle, sinking now on one side and now on the other, sometimes sticking absolutely fast, and requiring the utmost exertions of the animal which drew it to put it once more in motion, was subjected to jolts in all directions, which were very severe. At other times it rolled silently and smoothly over what seemed to be wet sand; and, as I heard the distant roar of the tide, I had little doubt that we were engaged in passing the formidable estuary which divides the two kingdoms.

There seemed to be at least five or six people about the cart, some on foot, others on horseback; the former lent assistance whenever it was in danger of upsetting, or sticking fast in the quicksand; the others rode before and acted as guides, often changing the direction of the vehicle as the precarious state of the passage required.

I addressed myself to the men around the cart, and endeavored to move their compassion. I had harmed, I said, no one, and for no action in my life had deserved such cruel treatment. I had no concern whatever in the fishing-station which had incurred their displeasure, and my acquaintance with Mr. Geddes was of a very late date. Lastly, and as my strongest argument, I endeavored to excite their fears, by informing them that my rank in life would not permit me to be either murdered or secreted with impunity: and to interest their avarice, by the promises I made them of reward, if they would effect my deliverance. I only received a scornful laugh in reply to my threats; my promises might have done more, for the fellows were whispering together as if in hesitation, and I began to reiterate and increase my offers, when the voice of one of the horsemen, who had suddenly come up, enjoined silence to the men on foot, and approaching the side of the cart, said to me, with a strong and determined voice, "Young man, there is no personal harm designed to you. If you remain silent and quiet, you may reckon on good treatment; but if you endeavor to tamper with these men in the execution of their duty, I will take such measures for silencing you as you shall remember the longest day you have to live."

I thought I knew the voice which uttered these threats; but, in such a situation, my perceptions could not be sup-

posed to be perfectly accurate. I was contented to reply, "Whoever you are that speak to me, I entreat the benefit of the meanest prisoner, who is not to be subjected legally to greater hardship than is necessary for the restraint of his person. I entreat that these bonds, which hurt me so cruelly, may be slackened at least, if not removed altogether."

"I will slacken the belts," said the former speaker; "nay, I will altogether remove them, and allow you to pursue your journey in a more convenient manner, provided you will give me your word of honor that you will not attempt an escape."

"*Never!*" I answered, with an energy of which despair alone could have rendered me capable—"I will *never* submit to loss of freedom a moment longer than I am subjected to it by force."

"Enough," he replied; "the sentiment is natural, but do not on your side complain that I, who am carrying on an important undertaking, use the only means in my power for ensuring its success."

I entreated to know what it was designed to do with me; but my conductor, in a voice of menacing authority, desired me to be silent on my peril; and my strength and spirits were too much exhausted to permit my continuing a dialogue so singular, even if I could have promised myself any good result by doing so.

It is proper here to add that, from my recollections at the time, and from what has since taken place, I have the strongest possible belief that the man with whom I held this expostulation was the singular person residing at Brokenburn in Dumfriesshire, and called by the fishers of that hamlet the Laird of the Solway Lochs. The cause for his inveterate persecution I cannot pretend even to guess at.

In the meantime, the cart was dragged heavily and wearily on, until the nearer roar of the advancing tide excited the apprehension of another danger. I could not mistake the sound, which I had heard upon another occasion, when it was only the speed of a fleet horse which saved me from perishing in the quicksands. Thou, my dear Alan, canst not but remember the former circumstances; and now, wonderful contrast! the very man, to the best of my belief, who then saved me from peril was the leader of the lawless band who had deprived me of my liberty. I conjectured that the danger grew imminent; for I heard some words and circumstances which made me aware that a rider hastily

fastened his own horse to the shafts of the cart, in order to assist the exhausted animal which drew it, and the vehicle was now pulled forward at a faster pace, which the horses were urged to maintain by blows and curses. The men, however, were inhabitants of the neighborhood; and I had strong personal reason to believe that one of them, at least, was intimately acquainted with all the depths and shallows of the perilous paths in which we were engaged. But they were in eminent danger themselves; and if so, as, from the whispering and exertions to push on with the cart, was much to be apprehended, there was little doubt that I should be left behind as a useless encumbrance, and that while I was in a condition which rendered every chance of escape impracticable. These were awful apprehensions; but it pleased Providence to increase them to a point which my brain was scarcely able to endure.

As we approached very near to a black line, which, dimly visible as it was, I could make out to be the shore, we heard two or three sounds which appeared to be the report of fire-arms. Immediately all was bustle among our party to get forward. Presently a fellow galloped up to us, crying out, "Ware hawk!—ware hawk! the land-sharks are out from Burgh, and Allonby Tom will lose his cargo if you do not bear a hand."

Most of my company seemed to make hastily for the shore on receiving this intelligence. A driver was left with the cart; but at length, when, after repeated and hairbreadth escapes, it actually stuck fast in a slough or quicksand, the fellow with an oath cut the harness, and, as I presume, departed with the horses, whose feet I heard splashing over the wet sand and through the shallows, as he galloped off.

The dropping sound of firearms was still continued, but lost almost entirely in the thunder of the advancing surge. By a desperate effort I raised myself in the cart, and attained a sitting posture, which served only to show me the extent of my danger. There lay my native land—my own England—the land where I was born, and to which my wishes, since my earliest age, had turned with all the prejudices of national feeling—there it lay, within a furlong of the place where I yet was; that furlong, which an infant would have raced over in a minute, was yet a barrier effectual to divide me forever from England and from life. I soon not only heard the roar of this dreadful torrent, but saw, by the fitful moonlight, the foamy crests of the devouring waves, as they advanced with the speed and fury of a pack of hungry wolves.

The consciousness that the slightest ray of hope, or power of struggling, was not left me, quite overcame the constancy which I had hitherto maintained. My eyes began to swim; my head grew giddy and mad with fear; I chattered and howled to the howling and roaring sea. One or two great waves already reached the cart, when the conductor of the party, whom I have mentioned so often, was, as if by magic, at my side. He sprang from his horse into the vehicle, cut the ligatures which restrained me, and bade me get up and mount in the fiend's name.

Seeing I was incapable of obeying, he seized me, as if I had been a child of six months old, threw me across the horse, sprung on behind, supporting me with one hand, while he directed the animal with the other. In my helpless and painful posture, I was unconscious of the degree of danger which we incurred; but I believe at one time the horse was swimming, or nearly so, and that it was with difficulty that my stern and powerful assistant kept my head above water. I remember particularly the shock which I felt when the animal, endeavoring to gain the bank, reared, and very nearly fell back on his burden. The time during which I continued in this dreadful condition did not probably exceed two or three minutes, yet so strongly were they marked with horror and agony, that they seem to my recollection a much more considerable space of time.

When I had been thus snatched from destruction, I had only power to say to my protector or oppressor, for he merited neither name at my hands—"You do not, then, design to murder me?"

He laughed as he replied, but it was a sort of laughter which I scarce desire to hear again—"Else you think I had let the waves do their work? But remember, the shepherd saves his sheep from the torrent—is it to preserve its life? Be silent, however, with questions or entreaties. What I mean to do, thou canst no more discover or prevent than a man with his bare palm can scoop dry the Solway."

I was too much exhausted to continue the argument; and, still numbed and torpid in all my limbs, permitted myself without reluctance to be placed on a horse brought for the purpose. My formidable conductor rode on the one side, and another person on the other, keeping me upright in the saddle. In this manner we traveled forward at a considerable rate, and by bye-roads, with which my attendant seemed as familiar as with the perilous passages of the Solway.

At length, after stumbling through a labyrinth of dark

and deep lanes, and crossing more than one rough and barren heath, we found ourselves on the edge of a highroad, where a chaise and four awaited, as it appeared, our arrival. To my great relief, we now changed our mode of conveyance; for my dizziness and headache had returned in so strong a degree, that I should otherwise have been totally unable to keep my seat on horseback, even with the support which I received.

My doubted and dangerous companion signed to me to enter the carriage; the man who had ridden on the left side of my horse stepped in after me, and, drawing up the blinds of the vehicle, gave the signal for instant departure.

I had obtained a glimpse of the countenance of my new companion, as by the aid of a dark lantern the drivers opened the carriage-door, and I was well-nigh persuaded that I recognized in him the domestic of the leader of this party, whom I had seen at his house in Brokenburn on a former occasion. To ascertain the truth of my suspicion, I asked him whether his name was not Cristal Nixon.

"What is other folks' names to you," he replied, gruffly, "who cannot tell your own father and mother?"

"You know them, perhaps?" I exclaimed, eagerly. "You know them! and with that secret is connected the treatment which I am now receiving? It must be so, for in my life have I never injured any one. Tell me the cause of my misfortunes, or rather, help me to my liberty, and I will reward you richly."

"Ay—ay," replied my keeper; "but what use to give you liberty, who know nothing how to use it like a gentleman, but spend your time with Quakers and fiddlers, and such-like raff? If I was your—hem, hem, hem!"

Here Cristal stopped short, just on the point, as it appeared, when some information was likely to escape him. I urged him once more to be my friend, and promised him all the stock of money which I had about me, and it was not inconsiderable, if he would assist in my escape.

He listened, as if to a proposition which had some interest, and replied, but in a voice rather softer than before, "Ay, but men do not catch old birds with chaff, my master. Where have you got the rhino you are so flush of?"

"I will give you earnest directly, and that in bank-notes," said I; but thrusting my hand into my side-pocket, I found my pocketbook was gone. I would have persuaded myself that it was only the numbness of my hands which prevented my finding it; but Cristal Nixon, who bears in

his countenance that cynicism which is especially entertained with human misery, no longer suppressed his laughter.

"Oh, ho! my young master," he said; "we have taken good enough care you have not kept the means of bribing poor folks' fidelity. What, man, they have souls as well as other people, and to make them break trust is a deadly sin. And as for me, young gentleman, if you would fill St. Mary's kirk with gold, Cristal Nixon would mind it no more than so many chucky-stones."

I would have persisted, were it but in hopes of his letting drop that which it concerned me to know, but he cut off further communication by desiring me to lean back in the corner and go to sleep.

"Thou art cockbrained enough already," he added, "and we shall have thy young pate addled entirely, if you do not take some natural rest."

I did indeed require repose, if not slumber; the draught which I had taken continued to operate, and satisfied in my own mind that no attempt on my life was designed, the fear of instant death no longer combated the torpor which crept over me; I slept, and slept soundly, but still without refreshment.

When I awoke, I found myself extremely indisposed; images of the past, and anticipations of the future, floated confusedly through my brain. I perceived, however, that my situation was changed, greatly for the better. I was in a good bed, with the curtains drawn round it; I heard the lowered voice and cautious step of attendants, who seemed to respect my repose; it appeared as if I was in the hands either of friends or of such as meant me no personal harm.

I can give but an indistinct account of two or three broken and feverish days which succeeded, but if they were checkered with dreams and visions of terror, other and more agreeable objects were also sometimes presented. Alan Fairford will understand me when I say, I am convinced I saw G. M. during this interval of oblivion. I had medical attendance, and was bled more than once. I also remember a painful operation performed on my head, where I had received a severe blow on the night of the riot. My hair was cut short, and a bone of the skull examined, to discover if the cranium had received any injury.

On seeing the physician, it would have been natural to have appealed to him on the subject of my confinement, and

I remember more than once attempting to do so. But the fever lay like a spell upon my tongue, and when I would have implored the doctor's assistance, I rambled from the subject, and spoke I know not what—nonsense. Some power, which I was unable to resist, seemed to impel me into a different course of conversation from what I intended, and though conscious, in some degree, of the failure, I could not mend it; and resolved, therefore, to be patient, until my capacity of steady thought and expressions was restored to me with my ordinary health, which had sustained a severe shock from the vicissitudes to which I had been exposed.

CHAPTER V

DARSIE LATIMER'S JOURNAL, IN CONTINUATION

Two or three days, perhaps more, perhaps less, had been spent in bed, where I was carefully attended, and treated, I believe, with as much judgment as the case required, and I was at length allowed to quit my bed, though not the chamber. I was now more able to make some observation on the place of my confinement.

The room, in appearance and furniture, resembled the best apartment in a farmer's house: and the window, two stories high, looked into a back-yard, or court, filled with poultry. There were the usual domestic offices about this yard. I could distinguish the brewhouse and the barn, and I heard, from a more remote building, the lowing of the cattle and other rural sounds, announcing a large and well-stocked farm. These were sights and sounds qualified to dispel any apprehension of immediate violence. Yet the building seemed ancient and strong: a part of the roof was battlemented, and the walls were of great thickness: lastly, I observed with some unpleasant sensations, that the windows of my chamber had been lately secured with iron stanchions, and that the servants who brought me victuals, or visited my apartment to render other menial offices, always locked the door when they retired.

The comfort and cleanness of my chamber were of true English growth, and such as I had rarely seen on the other side of the Tweed: the very old wainscot which composed the floor and the paneling of the room was scrubbed with a degree of labor which the Scottish housewife rarely bestows on her most costly furniture.

The whole apartments appropriated to my use consisted of the bedroom, a small parlor adjacent, within which was a still smaller closet, having a narrow window, which seemed anciently to have been used as a shot-hole, admitting, indeed, a very moderate portion of light and air, but without its being possible to see anything from it except the blue sky, and that only by mounting on a chair. There were appearances of a separate entrance into this cabinet besides

that which communicated with the parlor, but it had been recently built up, as I discovered by removing a piece of tapestry which covered the fresh mason-work. I found some of my clothes here, with linen and other articles, as well as my writing case, containing pen, ink, and paper, which enables me, at my leisure (which, God knows, is undisturbed enough), to make his record of my confinement. It may be well believed, however, that I do not trust to the security of the bureau, but carry the written sheets about my person, so that I can only be deprived of them by actual violence. I also am cautious to write in the little cabinet only, so that I can hear any person approach me through the other apartments, and have time enough to put aside my journal before they come upon me.

The servants, a stout country fellow and a very pretty milkmaid-looking lass, by whom I am attended, seem of the true Joan and Hodge school, thinking of little, and desiring nothing, beyond the very limited sphere of their own duties or enjoyments, and having no curiosity whatever about the affairs of others. Their behavior to me, in particular, is at the same time very kind and very provoking. My table is abundantly supplied, and they seem anxious to comply with my taste in that department. But whenever I make inquiries beyond "What's for dinner?" the brute of a lad baffles me by his "anan" and his "dunne know," and, if hard pressed, turns his back on me composedly and leaves the room. The girl, too, pretends to be as simple as he; but an arch grin, which she cannot always suppress, seems to acknowledge that she understands perfectly well the game which she is playing, and is determined to keep me in ignorance. Both of them, and the wench in particular, treat me as they would do a spoiled child, and never directly refuse me anything which I ask, taking care, at the same time, not to make their words good by effectually granting my request. Thus, if I desire to go out, I am promised by Doreas that I shall walk in the park at night and see the cows milked, just as she would propose such an amusement to a child. But she takes care never to keep her word, if it is in her power to do so.

In the meantime, there has stolen on me insensibly an indifference to freedom, a carelessness about my situation, for which I am unable to account, unless it be the consequence of weakness and loss of blood. I have read of men who, immured as I am, have surprised the world by the address with which they have successfully overcome the

most formidable obstacles to their escape; and when I have heard such anecdotes, I have said to myself that no one who is possessed only of a fragment of freestone, or a rusty nail, to grind down rivets and to pick locks, having his full leisure to employ in the task, need continue the inhabitant of a prison. Here, however, I sit day after day without a single to effect my liberation.

Yet my inactivity is not the result of despondency, but arises, in part at least, from feelings of a very different cast. My story, long a mysterious one, seems now upon the verge of some strange development; and I feel a solemn impression that I ought to wait the course of events, to struggle against which is opposing my feeble efforts to the high will of fate. Thou, my Alan, wilt treat as timidity this passive acquiescence, which has sunk down on me like a benumbing torpor; but if thou hast remembered by what visions my couch was haunted, and dost but think of the probability that I am in the vicinity, perhaps under the same roof with G. M., thou wilt acknowledge that other feelings than pusillanimity have tended in some degree to reconcile me to my fate.

Still I own it is unmanly to submit with patience to this oppressive confinement. My heart rises against it, especially when I sit down to record my sufferings in this Journal; and I am determined, as the first step to my deliverance, to have my letters sent to the post-house.

I am disappointed. When the girl Doreas, upon whom I had fixed for a messenger, heard me talk of sending a letter, she willingly offered her services, and received the crown which I gave her (for my purse had not taken flight with the more valuable contents of my pocketbook) with a smile which showed her whole set of white teeth.

But when, with the purpose of gaining some intelligence respecting my present place of abode, I asked to which post town she was to send or carry the letter, a stolid "anan" showed me she was either ignorant of the nature of a post-office, or that, for the present, she chose to seem so. "Simpleton!" I said, with some sharpness.

"O Lord, sir!" answered the girl, turning pale, which they always do when I show any sparks of anger. "Don't put yourself in a passion! I'll put the letter in the post."

"What! and not know the name of the post-town?" said I, out of patience. "How on earth do you propose to manage that?"

"La you there, good master. What need you frighten a poor girl that is no schollard, bating what she learned at the charity school of St. Bees?"

"Is St. Bees far from this place, Dorcas? Do you send your letters there?" said I, in a manner as insinuating, and yet careless as I could assume.

"St. Bees! La, who but a madman—begging your honor's pardon—it's a matter of twenty years since fader lived at St. Bees, which is twenty, or forty, or I dunna know not how many miles from this part to the west, on the coast-side; and I would not have left St. Bees, but that fader——"

"Oh, the devil take your father!" replied I.

To which she answered, "Nay, but thof your honor be a little how-come-so, you shouldn't damn folks' faders; and I won't stand to it, for one."

"Oh, I beg you a thousand pardons. I wish your father no ill in the world—he was a very honest man in his way."

"Was an honest man!" she exclaimed; for the Cumbrrians are, it would seem, like their neighbors the Scotch, ticklish on the point of ancestry. "He is a very honest man, as ever led nag with halter on head to Staneshaw Bank Fair. Honest! He is a horse-couper."

"Right—right," I replied; "I know it—I have heard of your father—as honest as any horse-couper of them all. Why, Dorcas, I mean to buy a horse of him."

"Ah, your honor," sighed Dorcas, "he is the man to serve your honor well, if ever you should get round again—or, thof you were a bit off the hooks, he would no more cheat you than——"

"Well—well, we will deal, my girl, you may depend on't. But tell me now, were I to give you a letter, what would you do to get it forward?"

"Why, put it into Squire's own bag that hangs in hall," answered poor Dorcas. "What else could I do? He sends it to Brampton, or to Carloisle, or where it pleases him, once a week, and that gate."

"Ah!" said I; "and I suppose your sweetheart John carries it?"

"Noa—disn't now; and Jan is no sweetheart of mine, ever since he danced at his mother's feast with Kitty Rutledge, and let me sit still—that a did."

"It was most abominable in Jan, and what I could never have thought of him," I replied.

"O, but a did though—a let me sit still on my seat a did."

"Well—well, my pretty May, you will get a handsomer fellow than Jan. Jan's not the fellow for you, I see that."

"Noa—noa," answered the damsel; "but he is weel anough for a' that, mon. But I carena a button for him; for there is the miller's son, that suitored me last Appleby Fair, when I went wi' my uncle, is a gway canny lad as you will see in the sunshine."

"Ay, a fine stout fellow. Do you think he would carry my letter to Carlisle?"

"To Carloisle! 'Twould be all his life is worth; he maun wait on clap and hopper as they say. Od, his father would brain him if he went to Carloisle, bating to wrestling for the belt or sic-loike. But I ha' more bachelors than him; there is the schoolmaster can write almaist as weel as tou canst, mon."

"Then he is the very man to take charge of a letter; he knows the trouble of writing one."

"Ay, marry does he, an tou comest to that, mon; only it takes him four hours to write as many lines. Tan, it is a great round hand loike, that one can read easily, and not loike your honor's that are like midge's taes. But for gang-ing to Carloisle, he's dead foundered, mon, as cripple as Eckie's mear."

"In the name of God," said I, "how is it that you propose to get my letter to the post?"

"Why, just to put it into Squire's bag loike," reiterated Dorcas; "he sends it by Cristal Nixon to post, as you call it, when such is his pleasure."

Here I was then, not much edified by having obtained a list of Dorcas's bachelors; and by finding myself with respect to any information which I desired just exactly at the point where I set out. It was of consequence to me, however, to accustom the girl to converse with me familiarly. If she did so, she could not always be on her guard, and something, I thought, might drop from her which I could turn to advantage.

"Does not the Squire usually look into his letter-bag, Dorcas?" said I, with as much indifference as I could assume.

"That a does," said Dorcas; "and a threw out a letter of mine to Raff Miller, because a said——"

"Well—well, I won't trouble him with mine," said I, "Dorcas; but, instead, I will write to himself, Dorcas. But how shall I address him?"

"Anan?" was again Dorcas's resource.

"I mean, how is he called? What is his name?"

"Sure your honor should know best," said Dorcas.

"I know? The devil! You drive me beyond patience."

"Noa—Noa! donna your honor go beyond patience—donna ye now," implored the wench. "And for his neame, they say he has mair nor ane in Westmoreland and on the Scottish side. But he is but seldom wi' us, excepting in the cocking-season; and then we just call him Squoire loike; and so do my measter and dame."

"And is he here at present?" said I.

"Not he—not he; he is a buck-hoonting, as they tell me, somewhere up the Patterdale way; but he comes and gangs like a flap of a whirlwind, or sic-loike."

I broke off the conversation, after forcing on Dorcas a little silver to buy ribbons, with which she was so much delighted, that she exclaimed, "God! Cristal Nixon may say his worst on thee, but thou art a civil gentleman for all him, and a quoit man wi' woman-folk loike."

There is no sense in being too quiet with women folk, so I added a kiss with my crown-piece; and I cannot help thinking that I have secured a partisan in Darcas. At least she blushed, and pocketed her little compliment with one hand, while, with the other, she adjusted her cherry-colored ribbons, a little disordered by the struggle it cost me to attain the honor of a salute."

As she unlocked the door to leave the apartment, she turned back, and looking on me with a strong expression of compassion, added the remarkable words, "La—be'st mad or no, thou'se a mettled lad, after all."

There was something very ominous in the sound of these farewell words, which seemed to afford me a clue to the pretext under which I was detained in confinement. My demeanor was probably insane enough, while I was agitated at once by the frenzy incident to the fever and the anxiety arising from my extraordinary situation. But is it possible they can now establish any cause for confining me, arising out of the state of my mind?"

If this be really the pretext under which I am restrained from my liberty, nothing but the sedate correctness of my conduct can remove the prejudices which these circumstances may have excited in the minds of all who have approached me during my illness. I have heard—dreadful thought!—of men who, for various reasons, have been trepanned into the custody of the keepers of private mad-houses, and whose brain, after years of misery, became at

length unsettled, through irresistible sympathy with the wretched beings among whom they were classed. This shall not be my case, if, by strong internal resolution, it is in human nature to avoid the action of exterior and contagious sympathies.

Meantime, I sat down to compose and arrange my thoughts for my purposed appeal to my jailer—so I must call him—whom I addressed in the following manner; having at length, and after making several copies, found language to qualify the sense of resentment which burned in the first draughts of my letter, and endeavored to assume a tone more conciliating. I mentioned the two occasions on which he had certainly saved my life, when at the utmost peril; and I added that, whatever was the purpose of the restraint now practised on me, as I was given to understand, by his authority, it could not certainly be with any view to ultimately injuring me. He might, I said, have mistaken me for some other person; and I gave him what account I could of my situation and education, to correct such an error. I supposed it next possible that he might think me too weak for traveling, and not capable of taking care of myself; and I begged to assure him that I was restored to perfect health, and quite able to endure the fatigue of a journey. Lastly, I reminded him in firm though measured terms that the restraint which I sustained was an illegal one, and highly punishable by the laws which protect the liberties of the subject. I ended by demanding that he would take me before a magistrate; or, at least, that he would favor me with a personal interview, and explain his meaning with regard to me.

Perhaps this letter was expressed in a tone too humble for the situation of an injured man, and I am inclined to think so when I again recapitulate its tenor. But what could I do? I was in the power of one whose passions seem as violent as his means of gratifying them appear unbounded. I had reason, too, to believe—this to thee, Alan—that all his family did not approve of the violence of his conduct towards me; my object, in fine, was freedom, and who would not sacrifice much to attain it?

I had no means of addressing my letter excepting, “For the Squire’s own hand.” He could be at no great distance, for in the course of twenty-four hours I received an answer. It was addressed to Darsie Latimer, and contained these words: “You have demanded an interview with me. You have required to be carried before a magistrate. Your first

wish shall be granted, perhaps the second also. Meanwhile, be assured that you are a prisoner for the time by competent authority, and that such authority is supported by adequate power. Beware, therefore, of struggling with a force sufficient to crush you, but abandon yourself to that train of events by which we are both swept along, and which it is impossible that either of us can resist."

These mysterious words were without signature of any kind, and left me nothing more important to do than to prepare myself for the meeting which they promised. For that purpose I must now break off, and make sure of the manuscript—so far as I can, in my present condition, be sure of anything—by concealing it within the lining of my coat, so as not to be found without strict search.

CHAPTER VI

LATIMER'S JOURNAL, IN CONTINUATION.

THE important interview expected at the conclusion of my last took place sooner than I had calculated ; for the very day I received the letter, and just when my dinner was finished, the Squire, or whatever he is called, entered the room so suddenly that I almost thought I beheld an apparition. The figure of this man is peculiarly noble and stately, and his voice has that deep fulness of accent which implies unresisted authority. I had risen involuntarily as he entered ; we gazed on each other for a moment in silence, which was at length broken by my visitor.

“ You have desired to see me,” he said. “ I am here ; if you have aught to say, let me hear it ; my time is too brief to be consumed in childish dumb-show.”

“ I would ask of you,” said I, “ by what authority I am detained in this place of confinement, and for what purpose ?”

“ I have told you already,” said he, “ that my authority is sufficient, and my power equal to it ; this is all which it is necessary for you at present to know.

“ Every British subject has a right to know why he suffers restraint,” I replied ; “ nor can he be deprived of liberty without a legal warrant. Show me that by which you confine me thus.”

“ You shall see more,” he said ; “ you shall see the magistrate by whom it is granted, and that without a moment's delay.”

This sudden proposal fluttered and alarmed me ; I felt, nevertheless, that I had the right cause, and resolved to plead it boldly, although I could well have desired a little further time for preparation. He turned, however, threw open the door of the apartment, and commanded me to follow him. I felt some inclination, when I crossed the threshold of my prison chamber, to have turned and run for it ; but I knew not where to find the stairs ; had reason to think the outer doors would be secured ; and, to conclude, so soon as I had quitted the room to follow the proud step of my conductor,

I observed that I was dogged by Cristal Nixon, who suddenly appeared within two paces of me, and with whose great personal strength, independent of the assistance he might have received from his master, I saw no chance of contending. I therefore followed, unresistingly and in silence, along one or two passages of much greater length than consisted with the ideas I had previously entertained of the size of the house. At length a door was flung open, and we entered a large, old-fashioned parlor, having colored glass in the windows, oaken paneling on the wall, a huge grate, in which a large fagot or two smoked under an arched chimney piece of stone, which bore some armorial device, whilst the walls were adorned with the usual number of heroes in armor, with large wigs instead of helmets, and ladies in sacques, smelling to nosegays.

Behind a long table, on which were several books, sat a smart, underbred-looking man, wearing his own hair tied in a club, and who, from the quire of paper laid before him, and the pen which he handled at my entrance, seemed prepared to officiate as clerk. As I wish to describe these persons as accurately as possible, I may add, he wore a dark-colored coat, corduroy breeches, and spatterdashes. At the upper end of the same table, in an ample easy-chair, covered with black leather, reposed a fat personage, about fifty years old, who either was actually a country justice or was well selected to represent such a character. His leathern breeches were faultless in make, his jockey boots spotless in the varnish, and a handsome and flourishing pair of boot-garters, as they are called, united the one part of his garments to the other; in fine, a richly-laced scarlet waistcoat, and a purple coat, set off the neat though corpulent figure of the little man, and threw an additional bloom upon his plethoric aspect. I suppose he had dined, for it was two hours past noon, and he was amusing himself, and aiding digestion, with a pipe of tobacco. There was an air of importance in his manner which corresponded to the rural dignity of his exterior, and a habit which he had of throwing out a number of interjectional sounds, uttered with a strange variety of intonation, running from bass up to treble in a very extraordinary manner, or breaking off his sentences with a whiff of his pipe, seemed adopted to give an air of thought and mature deliberation to his opinions and decisions. Notwithstanding all this, Alan, it might be "dooted," as our old professor used to say, whether the Justice was anything more than an ass. Certainly, besides a great deference for the

legal opinion of his clerk, which might be quite according to the order of things, he seemed to be wonderfully under the command of his brother squire, if squire either of them were, and indeed much more than was consistent with so much assumed consequence of his own.

"Ho—ha—ay—so—so. Hum—humph—this is the young man, I suppose. Hum—ay—seems sickly. Young gentleman, you may sit down."

I used the permission given, for I had been much more reduced by my illness than I was aware of, and felt myself really fatigued, even by the few paces I had walked, joined to the agitation I suffered.

"And your name, young man, is—humph—ay—ah—what is it?"

"Darsie Latimer."

"Right—ay—humph—very right. Darsie Latimer is the very thing—ba—ay—where do you come from?"

"From Scotland, sir," I replied.

"A native of Scotland—a—humph—eh—how is it?"

"I am an Englishman by birth, sir."

"Right—ay—yes, you are so. But pray, Mr. Darsie Latimer, have you always been called by that name, or have you any other? Nick, write down his answers, Nick."

"As far as I remember, I never bore any other," was my answer.

"How, no? Well, I should not have thought so. Hey, neighbor, would you?"

Here he looked towards the other squire, who had thrown himself into a chair; and with his legs stretched out before him, and his arms folded on his bosom, seemed carelessly attending to what was going forward. He answered the appeal of the Justice by saying, that perhaps the young man's memory did not go back to a very early period.

"Ah—ch—ha—you hear the gentleman. Pray, how far may your memory be pleased to run back to—umph?"

"Perhaps, sir, to the age of three years, or a little farther."

"And will you presume to say, sir," said the Squire, drawing himself suddenly erect in his seat, and exerting the strength of his powerful voice, "that you *then* bore your present name?"

I was startled at the confidence with which this question was put, and in vain rummaged my memory for the means

of replying. "At least," I said, "I always remember being called Darsie; children, at that early age seldom get more than their Christian name."

"O, I thought so," he replied, and again stretched himself on his seat, in the same lounging posture as before.

"So you were called Darsie in your infancy," said the Justice; "and hum—ay—when did you first take the name of Latimer?"

"I did not take it, sir; it was given to me."

"I ask you," said the lord of the mansion, but with less severity in his voice than formerly, "whether you can remember that you were ever called Latimer until you had that name given you in Scotland?"

"I will be candid. I cannot recollect an instance that I was so called when in England, but neither can I recollect when the name was first given me; and if anything is to be founded on these queries and my answers, I desire my early childhood may be taken into consideration."

"Hum—ay—yes," said the Justice; "all that requires consideration shall be duly considered. Young man—eh—I beg to know the name of your father and mother?"

This was galling a wound that has festered for years, and I did not endure the question so patiently as those which preceded it; but replied, "I demand, in my turn, to know if I am before an English justice of the peace?"

"His worship, Squire Foxley of Foxley Hall, has been of the quorum these twenty years," said Master Nicholas.

"Then he ought to know, or you, sir, as his clerk, should inform him," said I, "that I am the complainant in this case, and that my complaint ought to be heard before I am subjected to cross-examination."

"Humph—boy—what, ay—there is something in that, neighbor," said the poor justice, who, blown about by every wind of doctrine, seemed desirous to attain the sanction of his brother squire.

"I wonder at you, Foxley," said his firm-minded acquaintance; "how can you render the young man justice unless you know who he is?"

"Ha—yes—egad that's true," said Mr. Justice Foxley; "and now—looking into the matter more closely—there is, eh, upon the whole, nothing at all in what he says; so, sir, you must tell your father's name and surname."

"It is out of my power, sir; they are not known to me, since you must needs know so much of my private affairs."

The Justice collected a great afflatus in his cheeks, which

puffed them up like those of a Dutch cherub, while his eyes seemed flying out of his head, from the effort with which he retained his breath. He then blew it forth with—‘Whew! hoom—poof—ha! not know your parents, youngster? Then I must commit you for a vagrant, I warrant you. *Omne ignotum pro terribili*, as we used to say at Appleby school; that is, every one that is not known to the justice is a rogue and a vagabond. Ha! ay, you may sneer, sir; but I question if you would have known the meaning of that Latin unless I had told you.”

I acknowledged myself obliged for a new edition of the adage, and an interpretation which I could never have reached alone and unassisted. I then proceeded to state my case with greater confidence. The Justice was an ass, that was clear; but it was scarcely possible he could be so utterly ignorant as not known what was necessary in so plain a case as mine. I therefore informed him of the riot which had been committed on the Scottish side of the Solway Firth; explained how I came to be placed in my present situation; and requested of his worship to set me at liberty. I pleaded my cause with as much earnestness as I could, casting an eye from time to time upon the opposite party, who seemed entirely indifferent to all the animation with which I accused him.

As for the Justice, when at length I had ceased, as really not knowing what more to say in a case so very plain, he replied, “Ho—ay—ay—yes—wonderful! And so this is all the gratitude you show to this good gentleman for the great charge and trouble he hath had with respect to and concerning of you?”

“He saved my life, sir, I acknowledge, on one occasion certainly, and most probably on two; but his having done so gives him no right over my person. I am not, however, asking for any punishment or revenge; on the contrary, I am content to part friends with the gentleman, whose motives I am unwilling to suppose are bad, though his actions have been, towards me, unauthorized and violent.”

This moderation, Alan, thou wilt comprehend, was not entirely dictated by my feelings towards the individual of whom I complained; there were other reasons, in which regard for him had little share. It seemed, however, as if the mildness with which I pleaded my cause had more effect upon him than anything I had yet said. He was moved to the point of being almost out of countenance; and took snuff repeatedly, as if to gain time to stifle some degree of emotion.

But on Justice Foxley, on whom my eloquence was particularly designed to make impression, the result was much less favorable. He consulted in a whisper with Mr. Nicholas, his clerk, pshawed, hemmed, and elevated his eyebrows, as if in scorn of my supplication. At length, having apparently made up his mind, he leaned back in his chair and smoked his pipe with great energy, with a look of defiance, designed to make me aware that all my reasoning was lost on him.

At length when I stopped, more from lack of breath than want of argument, he opened his oracular jaws and made the following reply, interrupted by his usual interjectional ejaculations, and by long volumes of smoke :—" Hem—ay—eh—poof. And, youngster, do you think Matthew Foxley," who has been one of the quorum for these twenty years, is to be come over with such trash as would hardly cheat an apple-woman? Poof—poof—eh! Why, man—eh—dost thou know the charge is not aailable matter, and that—hum—ay—the greatest man—poof—the Baron of Graystock himself, must stand committed? And yet you pretend to have been kidnapped by this gentleman, and robbed of property, and what not; and—eh—poof—you would persuade me all you want is to get away from him? I do believe—eh—that it is all you want. Therefore, as you are a sort of a slipstring gentleman, and—ay—hum—a kind of idle apprentice, and something cockbrained withal, as the honest folks of the house tell me, why, you must e'en remain under custody of your guardian till your coming of age, or my Lord Chancellor's warrant, shall give you the management of your own affairs, which, if you can gather your brains again, you will even then not be—ay—hem—poof—in particular haste to assume."

The time occupied by his worship's hums, and haws, and puffs of tobacco smoke, together with the slow and pompous manner in which he spoke, gave me a minute's space to collect my ideas, dispersed as they were by the extraordinary purport of this annunciation.

"I cannot conceive, sir," I replied, "by what singular tenure this person claims my obedience as a guardian; it is a bare-faced imposture: I never in my life saw him until I came unhappily to this country, about four weeks since."

"Ay, sir,—we—eh—know, and are aware—that—poof—you do not like to hear some folks' names; and that—eh—you understand me—there are things, and sounds, and matters, conversation about names, and such-like, which put you off the hooks—which I have no humor to witness. Nevertheless, Mr. Darsie—or—poof—Mr. Darsie Latimer—or—

poof, poof—eh—ay—Mr. Darsie without the Latimer—you have acknowledged as much to-day as assures me you will best be disposed of under the honorable care of my friend here ; all your confessions—besides that—poof—eh—I know him to be a most responsible person—a—hay—ay—most responsible and honorable person. Can you deny this ? ”

“ I know nothing of him,” I repeated, “ not even his name ; and I have not, as I told you, seen him in the course of my whole life till a few weeks since.”

“ Will you swear to that ? ” said the singular man, who seemed to await the result of this debate, secure as a rattlesnake is of the prey which has once felt its fascination. And while he said these words in a deep undertone, he withdrew his chair a little behind that of the Justice, so as to be unseen by him or his clerk, who sat upon the same side ; while he bent on me a frown so portentous that no one who has witnessed the look can forget it during the whole of his life. The furrows of the brows above the eyes became livid and almost black, and were bent into a semicircular, or rather elliptical, form above the junction of the eyebrows. I had heard such a look described in an old tale of *diablerie* which it was my chance to be entertained with not long since, when this deep and gloomy contortion of the frontal muscles was not unaptly described as forming the representation of a small horseshoe.

The tale, when told, awakened a dreadful vision of infancy, which the withering and blighting look now fixed on me again forced on my recollection, but with much more vivacity. Indeed, I was so much surprised, and, I must add, terrified, at the vague ideas which were awakened in my mind by this fearful sign, that I kept my eyes fixed on the face in which it was exhibited, as on a frightful vision ; until, passing his handkerchief a moment across his countenance, this mysterious man relaxed at once the look which had for me something so appalling. “ The young man will no longer deny that he has seen me before,” said he to the Justice, in a tone of complacency ; “ and I trust he will now be reconciled to my temporary guardianship, which may end better for him than he expects.”

“ Whatever I expect,” I replied, summoning my scattered recollections together, “ I see I am neither to expect justice nor protection from this gentleman, whose office it is to render both to the lieges. For you, sir, how strangely you have wrought yourself into the fate of an unhappy young man, or what interest you can pretend in me, you yourself

only can explain. That I have seen you before is certain ; for none can forget the look with which you seem to have the power of blighting those upon whom you cast it."

The Justice seemed not very easy under this hint. "Ho !—ay," he said ; "it is time to be going, neighbor. I have a many miles to ride, and I care not to ride darkling in these parts. You and I, Mr. Nicholas, must be jogging."

The Justice fumbled with his gloves, in endeavoring to draw them on hastily, and Mr. Nicholas bustled to get his greatcoat and whip. Their landlord endeavored to detain them, and spoke of supper and beds. Both, pouring forth many thanks for his invitation, seemed as if they would much rather not ; and Mr. Justice Foxley was making a score of apologies, with at least a hundred cautionary hems and eh-ehs, when the girl Dorcas burst into the room, and announced a gentleman on justice business.

"What gentleman ? and whom does he want ?"

"He is cuome post on his ten toes," said the wench, "and on justice business to his worship loike. I'se uphald him a gentleman, for he speaks as good Latin as the schulemcaster ; but, lack-a-day ! he has gotten a queer mop of a wig."

The gentleman thus announced and described, bounced into the room. But I have already written as much as fills a sheet of my paper, and my singular embarrassments press so hard on me that I have matter to fill another from what followed the intrusion of, my dear Alan, your crazy client—Poor Peter Peebles !

CHAPTER VII

LATIMER'S JOURNAL, IN CONTINUATION

Sheet 2

I HAVE rarely in my life, till the last alarming days, known what it was to sustain a moment's real sorrow. What I called such was, I am now well convinced, only the weariness of mind which, having nothing actually present to complain of, turns upon itself, and becomes anxious about the past and the future; those periods with which human life has so little connection, that Scripture itself hath said, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

If, therefore, I have sometimes abused prosperity, by murmuring at my unknown birth and uncertain rank in society, I will make amends by bearing my present real adversity with patience and courage, and, if I can, even with gaiety. What can they—dare they, do to me? Foxley, I am persuaded, is a real justice of peace and country gentleman of estate, though (wonderful to tell!) he is an ass notwithstanding; and his functionary in the drab coat must have a shrewd guess at the consequences of being accessory to an act of murder or kidnapping. Men invite not such witnesses to deeds of darkness. I have also—Alan, I *have* hopes, arising out of the family of the oppressor himself. I am encouraged to believe that G. M. is likely again to enter on the field. More I dare not here say; nor must I drop a hint which another eye than thine might be able to construe. Enough, my feelings are lighter than they have been; and though fear and wonder are still around me, they are unable entirely to overcloud the horizon.

Even when I saw the spectral form of the old scarecrow of the Parliament house rush into the apartment where I had undergone so singular an examination, I thought of thy connection with him, and could almost have parodied Lear—

Death! . . . nothing could have thus subdued nature
To such a lowness but his "learned lawyers."

He was e'en as we have seen him of yore, Alan, when, rather to keep thee company than to follow my own bent, I formerly frequented the halls of justice. The only addition to his dress, in the capacity of a traveler, was a pair of boots, that seemed as if they might have seen the field of Sheriff Moor; so large and heavy that, tied as they were to the creature's wearied hams with large bunches of worsted tape of various colors, they looked as if he had been dragging them along, either for a wager or by way of penance.

Regardless of the surprised looks of the party on whom he thus intruded himself, Peter blundered into the middle of the apartment, with his head charged like a ram's in the act of butting, and saluted them thus:—

“Gude day to ye—gude day to your honors. Is't here they sell the fugie warrants?”

I observed that, on his entrance, my friend—or enemy—drew himself back, and placed himself as if he would rather avoid attracting the observation of the newcomer. I did the same myself, as far as I was able; for I thought it likely that Mr. Peebles might recognize me, and indeed I was too frequently among the group of young juridical aspirants who who used to amuse themselves by putting cases for Peter's solution, and playing him worse tricks; yet I was uncertain whether I had better avail myself of our acquaintance to have the advantage, such as it might be, of his evidence before the magistrate, or whether to make him, if possible, bearer of a letter which might procure me more effectual assistance. I resolved, therefore, to be guided by circumstances, and to watch carefully that nothing might escape me. I drew back as far as I could and even reconnoitred the door and passage, to consider whether absolute escape might not be practicable. But there paraded Cristal Nixon, whose little black eyes, sharp as those of a basilisk, seemed, the instant when they encountered mine, to penetrate my purpose.

I sat down, as much out of sight of all parties as I could, and listened to the dialogue which followed—a dialogue how much more interesting to me than any I could have conceived in which Peter Peebles was to be one of the *dramatis personæ*!

“Is it here where ye sell warrants—the fugies, ye ken?” said Peter.

“Hey—eh—what?” said Justice Foxley; “what the devil does the fellow mean? What would you have a warrant for?”

"It is to apprehend a young lawyer that is *in meditatione fugæ* ; for he has ta'en my memorial and pleaded my cause, and a good fee I gave him, and as muckle brandy as he could drink that day at his father's house—he loes the brandy ower weel for sae youthful a creature."

"And what has this drunken young dog of a lawyer done to you, that you are come to me—eh—ha ? Has he robbed you ? Not unlikely, if he be a lawyer—eh—Nick—ha ?" said Justice Foxley.

"He has robbed me of himself, sir," answered Peter—"of his help, comfort, aid, maintenance, and assistance, whilk, as a counsel to a client, he is bound to yield me *ratione officii*—that is it, ye see. He has pouched my fee, and drucken a mutchkin of brandy, and now he's ower the march, and left my cause, half won, half lost—as dead a heat as e'er was run ower the back-sands. Now, I was advised by some cunning laddies that are used to crack a bit law wi' me in the House, that the best thing I could do was to take heart o' grace and set out after him ; so I have taken post on my ain shanks, forbye a cast in a cart, or the like. I got wind of him in Dumfries, and now I have run him ower to the English side, and I want a fugie warrant against him."

How did my heart throb at this information, dearest Alan ! Thou art near me, then, and I well know with what kind purpose ; thou hast abandoned all to fly to my assistance ; and no wonder that, knowing thy friendship and faith, thy sound sagacity and persevering disposition, 'my bosom's lord should now sit lightly on his throne' ; that gaiety should almost involuntarily hover on my pen ; and that my heart should beat like that of a general, responsive to the drums of his advancing ally, without whose help the battle must have been lost.

I did not suffer myself to be startled by this joyous surprise, but continued to bend my strictest attention to what followed among this singular party. That Poor Peter Peebles had been put upon this wildgoose chase by some of his juvenile advisers in the Parliament House he himself had intimated ; but he spoke with much confidence, and the Justice, who seemed to have some secret apprehension of being put to trouble in the matter, and, as sometimes occurs on the English frontier, a jealousy lest the superior acuteness of their Northern neighbors might overreach their own simplicity, turned to his clerk with a perplexed countenance.

"Eh—oh—Nick—d—n thee. Hast thou got nothing to say ? This is more Scots law, I take it, and more Scots-

men. (Here he cast a side-glance at the owner of the mansion, and winked to his clerk.) I would Solway were as deep as it is wide, and we had then some chance of keeping of them out."

Nicholas conversed an instant aside with the suppliant, and then reported—

"The man wants a Border warrant, I think; but they are only granted for debt—now he wants one to catch a lawyer."

"And what for no?" answered Peter Peebles, doggedly—"what for no, I'll be glad to ken? If a day laborer refuses to work, ye'll grant a warrant to gar him do out his daurg; if a wench quean rin away from her hairst, ye'll send her back to her heuck again; if sae mickle as a collier or a salter* make a moonlight flitting, ye will cleek him by the back-spaul in a minute of time, and yet the damage canna amount to mair than a creelfu' of coals, and a forpit or twa of saut; and here is a chield taks leg from his engagement, and damages me to the tune of sax thousand pund sterling; that is, three thousand that I should win and three thousand mair that I am like to lose; and you that ca' yourself a justice canna help a poor man to catch the rinaway? A bonny like justice I am like to get amang ye!"

"The fellow must be drunk," said the clerk.

"Black-fasting from all but sin," replied the suppliant. "I havena had mair than a mouthful of cauld water since I passed the Border, and deil a ane of ye is like to say to me, 'Dog, will ye drink?'"

The Justice seemed moved by this appeal. "Hem—tush, man," replied he; "thou speak'st to us as if thou wert in presence of one of thine own beggarly justices; get downstairs—get something to eat, man—with permission of my friend to make so free in his house—and a mouthful to drink, and I will warrant we get ye such justice as will please ye."

"I winna refuse your neighborly offer," said Poor Peter Peebles, making his bow; "muckle grace be wi' your honor, and wisdom to guide ye in this extraordinary cause."

When I saw Peter Peebles about to retire from the room, I could not forbear an effort to obtain from him such evidence as might give me some credit with the Justice. I stepped forward, therefore, and saluting him, asked him if he remembered me.

* See Note 2,

After a stare or two, and a long pinch of snuff, recollection seemed suddenly to dawn on Peter Peebles. "Recollect ye!" he said: "by my troth do I. Haud him a grip, gentleman!—constables, keep him fast! Where that ill-deedy hempy is, ye are sure that Alan Fairford is not far off. Haud him fast, Master Constable; I charge ye wi' him, for I am mista'en if he is not at the bottom of this rinaway business. He was aye getting the silly callant Alan awa' wigs, and horse, and the like of that, to Roslin, and Prestonpans, and a' the idle gates he could think of. He's a rinaway apprentice, that ane."

"Mr. Peebles," I said, "do not do me wrong. I am sure you can say no harm of me justly, but can satisfy these gentlemen, if you will, that I am a student of law in Edinburgh—Darsie Latimer by name."

"Me satisfy! how can I satisfy the gentlemen," answered Peter, "that am sae far from being satisfied mysell? I ken naething about your name, and can only testify, *nihil novit in causa*."

"A pretty witness you have brought forward in your favor," said Mr. Foxley. "But—ha—ay—I'll ask him a question or two. Pray, friend, will you take your oath to this youth being a runaway apprentice?"

"Sir," said Peter, "I will make oath to anything in reason; when a case comes to my oath it's a won cause. But I am in some haste to prie your worship's good cheer;" for Peter had become much more respectful in his demeanor towards the Justice since he had heard some intimation of dinner.

"You shall have—eh—hum—ay—a bellyful, if it be possible to fill it. First let me know if this young man be really what he pretends. Nick, make his affidavit."

"Ou, he is just a wud harum-scarum creature, that wad never take to his studies; daft, sir—clean daft."

"Deft!" said the Justice; "what d'ye mean by deft—eh?"

"Just fish," replied Peter—"wowf—a wee bit by the East Nook or sae; it's a common case; the tae half of the world thinks the tither daft. I have met with folk in my day that thought I was daft mysell; and, for my part, I think our Court of Session clean daft, that have had the great cause of Peebles against Plainstaunes before them for this score of years, and have never been able to ding the bottom out of it yet."

"I cannot make out a word of his cursed brogue," said the

Cumbrian justice : “ can you, neighbor—eh ? What can he mean by ‘ deft ’ ? ”

“ He means ‘ mad,’ said the party appealed to, thrown off his guard by impatience of this protracted discussion.

“ Ye have it—ye have it,” said Peter ; “ that is, not clean skivie, but——”

Here he stopped, and fixed his eye on the person he addressed with an air of joyful recognition. “ Ay—ay, Mr. Herries of Birrenswork, is this your ainsell in blood and bane ? I thought ye had been hanged at Kennington Common, or Hairiebie, or some of these places, after the bonny ploy ye made in the Forty-five.”

“ I believe you are mistaken, friend,” said Herries, sternly, with whose name and designation I was thus made unexpectedly acquainted.

“ The deil a bit,” answered the undaunted Peter Peebles. “ I mind ye weel, for ye lodged in my house the great year of forty-five, for a great year it was ; the Grand Rebellion broke out, and my cause—the great cause—Peebles against Plain-stanes, *et per contra*—was called in the beginning of the winter session, and would have been heard, but that there was a surcease of justice, with your plaids, and your piping, and your nonsense.”

“ I tell you, fellow,” said Herries, yet more fiercely, “ you have confused me with some of the other furniture of your crazy pate.”

“ Speak like a gentleman, sir,” answered Peebles : “ these are not legal phrases, Mr. Herries of Birrenswork. Speak in form of law, or I sall bid ye gude-day, sir. I have nae pleasure in speaking to proud folk, though I am willing to answer onything in a legal way ; so if you are for a crack about auld langsyne, and the splores that you and Captain Redgimlet used to breed in my house, and the girded cask of brandy that ye drank and ne’er thought of paying for it—not that I minded it muckle in thae days, though I have felt a lack of it sinsyne—why, I will waste an hour on ye at any time. And where is Captain Redgimlet now ? He was a wild chap, like yoursell, though they are nae sae keen after you poor bodies for these some years bye-gane : the heading and hanging is weel ower now—awful job—awful job—will ye try my sneeshing ? ”

He concluded his desultory speech by thrusting out his large bony paw, filled with a Scottish mull of huge dimensions, which Herries, who had been standing like one petrified by the assurance of this unexpected address, rejected

with a contemptuous motion of his hand, which spilled some of the contents of the box.

"Aweel—aweel," said Peter Peebles, totally unabashed by the repulse, "e'en as ye like, a wilful man maun hae his way ; but," he added, stooping down and endeavoring to gather the spilt snuff from the polished floor, "I canna afford to lose my sneeshing for a' that ye are gumple-foisted wi' me."

My attention had been keenly awakened during this extraordinary and unexpected scene. I watched, with as much attention as my own agitation permitted me to command, the effect produced on the parties concerned. It was evident that our friend, Peter Peebles, had unwarily let out something which altered the sentiments of Justice Foxley and his clerk towards Mr. Herries, with whom, until he was known and acknowledged under that name, they had appeared to be so intimate. They talked with each other aside, looked at a paper or two which the clerk selected from the contents of a huge black pocketbook, and seemed, under the influence of fear and uncertainty, totally at a loss what line of conduct to adopt.

Herries made a different and a far more interesting figure. However little Peter Peebles might resemble the angel Ithuriel, the appearance of Herries, his high and scornful demeanor, vexed at what seemed detection, yet fearless of the consequence, and regarding the whispering magistrate and his clerk with looks in which contempt predominated over anger or anxiety, bore, in my opinion, no slight resemblance to

The regal port
And faded splendor wan

with which the poet has invested the detected King of the Powers of the Air.

As he glanced round, with a look which he had endeavored to compose to haughty indifference, his eye encountered mine, and, I thought, at the first glance sunk beneath it. But he instantly rallied his natural spirit, and returned me one of those extraordinary looks by which he could contort so strangely the wrinkles on his forehead. I started ; but, angry at myself for my pusillanimity, I answered him by a look of the same kind, and, catching the reflection of my countenance in a large antique mirror which stood before me, I started again at the real or imaginary resemblance which my countenance, at that moment, bore to that of Herries. Surely my fate is somehow strangely interwoven with that

of this mysterious individual. I had no time at present to speculate upon the subject, for the subsequent conversation demanded all my attention.

The Justice addressed Herries, after a pause of about five minutes, in which all parties seemed at some loss how to proceed. He spoke with embarrassment, and his faltering voice, and the long intervals which divided his sentences, seemed to indicate fear of him whom he addressed.

"Neighbor," he said, "I could not have thought this; or, if I—eh—*did* think—in a corner of my own mind as it were—that you, I say—that you might have unluckily engaged in—eh—the matter of the Forty-five—there was still time to have forgot all that."

"And is it so singular that a man should have been out in the Forty-five?" said Herries, with contemptuous composure. "Your father, I think, Mr. Foxley, was out with Derwentwater in the Fifteen."

"And lost half of his estate," answered Foxley, with more rapidity than usual; "and was very near—hem—being hanged into the boot. But this is—another-guess job—for—eh—fifteen is not forty-five; and my father had a remission, and you, I take it, have none."

"Perhaps I have," said Herries, indifferently; "or, if I have not, I am but in the case of half a dozen others whom government do not think worth looking after at this time of day, so they give no offense or disturbance."

"But you have given both, sir," said Nicholas Faggot, the clerk, who, having some petty provincial situation, as I have since understood, deemed himself bound to be zealous for government. "Mr. Justice Foxley cannot be answerable for letting you pass free, now your name and surname have been spoken plainly out. There are warrants out against you from the Secretary of State's office."

"A proper allegation, Mr. Attorney, that, at the distance of so many years, the Secretary of State should trouble himself about the unfortunate relics of a ruined cause!" answered Mr. Herries.

"But if it be so," said the clerk, who seemed to assume more confidence upon the composure of Herries's demeanor, "and if cause has been given by the conduct of a gentleman himself, who hath been, it is alleged, raking up old matters, and mixing them with new subjects of disaffection—I say, if it be so, I should advise the party, in his wisdom, to surrender himself quietly into the lawful custody of the next justice of peace—Mr. Foxley, suppose—where, and by whom,

the matter should be regularly inquired into. I am only putting a case," he added, watching with apprehension the effect which his words were likely to produce upon the party to whom they were addressed.

"And were I to receive such advice," said Herries, with the same composure as before—"putting the case, as you say, Mr. Faggot—I should request to see the warrant which countenanced such a scandalous proceeding."

Mr. Nicholas, by way of answer, placed in his hand a paper, and seemed anxiously to expect the consequences which were to ensue. Mr. Herries looked it over with the same equanimity as before, and then continued, "And were such a scrawl as this presented to me in my own house, I would throw it into the chimney, and Mr. Faggot upon the top of it."

Accordingly, seconding the word with the action, he flung the warrant into the fire with one hand, and fixed the other, with a stern and irresistible gripe, on the breast of the attorney, who, totally unable to contend with him, in either personal strength or mental energy, trembled like a chicken in the raven's clutch. He got off, however, for the fright; for Herries, having probably made him fully sensible of the strength of his grasp, released him, with a scornful laugh.

"Deforcement—spulzie—stouthrief—masterful rescue!" exclaimed Peter Peebles, scandalized at the resistance offered to the law in the person of Nicholas Faggot. But his shrill exclamations were drowned in the thundering voice of Herries, who, calling upon Cristal Nixon, ordered him to take the bawling fool downstairs, fill his belly, and then give him a guinea, and thrust him out of doors. Under such injunctions, Peter easily suffered himself to be withdrawn from the scene.

Herries then turned to the Justice, whose visage, wholly abandoned by the rubicund hue which so lately beamed upon it, hung out the same pale livery as that of his dismayed clerk. "Old friend and acquaintance," he said, "you came here at my request, on a friendly errand, to convince this silly young man of the right which I have over his person for the present. I trust you do not intend to make your visit the pretext of disquieting me about other matters? All the world knows that I have been living at large, in these northern counties, for some months, not to say years, and might have been apprehended at any time, had the necessities of the state required, or my own behavior deserved, it. But no English magistrate has been ungenerous enough to

trouble a gentleman under misfortune, on account of political opinions and disputes which have been long ended by the success of the reigning powers. I trust, my good friend, you will not endanger yourself by taking any other view of the subject than you have done ever since we were acquainted?"

The Justice answered with more readiness, as well as more spirit, than usual, "Neighbor Ingoldsby—what you say—is—eh—in some sort true; and when you were coming and going at markets, horse-races, and cock-fights, fairs, hunts, and such-like—it was—eh—neither my business nor my wish to dispel—I say—to inquire into and dispel the mysteries which hung about you; for while you were a good companion in the field, and over a bottle now and then—I did not—eh—think it necessary to ask—into your private affairs. And if I thought you were—ahem—somewhat unfortunate in former undertakings, and enterprises, and connections, which might cause you to live unsettledly and more private, I could have—eh—very little pleasure—to aggravate your case by interfering, or requiring explanations, which are often more easily asked than given. But when there are warrants and witnesses to names—and those names, Christian and surname, belong to—eh—an attainted person—charged—I trust falsely—with—ahem—taking advantage of modern broils and heart-burnings to renew our civil disturbances, the case is altered; and I must—ahem—do my duty."

The Justice got on his feet as he concluded this speech, and looked as bold as he could. I drew close beside him and his clerk, Mr. Faggot, thinking the moment favorable for my own liberation, and intimated to Mr. Foxley my determination to stand by him. But Mr. Herries only laughed at the menacing posture which we assumed. "My good neighbor," said he, "you talk of a witness. Is you crazy beggar a fit witness in an affair of this nature?"

"But you do not deny that you are Mr. Herries of Birrenswork, mentioned in the Secretary of State's warrant?" said Mr. Foxley.

"How can I deny or own anything about it?" said Herries, with a sneer. "There is no such warrant in existence now; its ashes, like the poor traitor whose doom it threatened, have been dispersed to the four winds of Heaven. There is now no warrant in the world."

"But you will not deny," said the Justice, "that you were the person named in it, and that—eh—your own act destroyed it?"

"I will neither deny my name nor my actions, Justice," replied Mr. Herries, "when called upon by competent authority to avow or defend them. But I will resist all impertinent attempts either to intrude into my private motives or to control my person. I am quite well prepared to do so; and I trust that you, my good neighbor and brother sportsman, in your expostulation, and my friend Mr. Nicholas Faggot here, in his humble advice and petition that I should surrender myself, will consider yourselves as having amply discharged your duty to King George and government."

The cold and ironical tone in which he made this declaration, the look and attitude, so nobly expressive of absolute confidence in his own superior strength and energy, seemed to complete the indecision which had already shown itself on the side of those whom he addressed.

The justice looked to the clerk, the clerk to the justice; the former "ha'd," "eh'd," without bringing forth an articulate syllable; the latter only said, "As the warrant is destroyed, Mr. Justice, I presume you do not mean to proceed with the arrest?"

"Hum—ay—why no—Nicholas—it would not be quite advisable—and as the Forty-five was an old affair—and—hem—as my friend here will, I hope, see his error—that is, if he has not seen it already—and renounce the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender—I mean no harm, neighbor—I think we—as we have no *posse*, or constables, or the like—should order our horses—and, in one word, look the matter over."

"Judiciously resolved," said the person whom this decision affected; "but before you go, I trust you will drink and be friends?"

"Why," said the Justice, rubbing his brow, "our business has been—hem—rather a thirsty one."

"Cristal Nixon," said Mr. Herries, "let us have a cool tankard instantly, large enough to quench the thirst of the whole commission."

While Cristal was absent on this genial errand, there was a pause, of which I endeavored to avail myself, by bringing back the discourse to my own concerns. "Sir," I said to Justice Foxley, "I have no direct business with your late discussion with Mr. Herries, only just thus far: you leave me, a loyal subject of King George, an unwilling prisoner in the hands of a person whom you have reason to believe unfriendly to the king's cause. I humbly submit that this is

contrary to your duty as a magistrate, and that you ought to make Mr. Herries aware of the illegality of his proceedings, and take steps for my rescue, either upon the spot, or, at least, as soon as possible after you have left this case——”

“Young man,” said Mr. Justice Foxley, “I would have you remember you are under the power—the lawful power—ahem—of your guardian.”

“He calls himself so, indeed,” I replied; “but he has shown no evidence to establish so absurd a claim; and if he had, his circumstances, as an attainted traitor excepted from pardon, would void such a right, if it existed. I do therefore desire you, Mr. Justice, and you, his clerk, to consider my situation, and afford me relief at your peril.”

“Here is a young fellow now,” said the Justice, with much embarrassed looks, “thinks that I carry the whole statute law of England in my head, and a *posse comitatus* to execute them in my pocket! Why, what good would my interference do? But—hum—ch—I will speak to your guardian in your favor.”

He took Mr. Herries aside, and seemed indeed to urge something upon him with much earnestness; and perhaps such a species of intercession was all which, in the circumstances, I was entitled to expect from him.

They often looked at me as they spoke together; and as Cristal Nixon entered with a huge four-pottle tankard, filled with the beverage his master had demanded, Herries turned away from Mr. Foxley somewhat impatiently, saying with emphasis, “I give you my word of honor that you have not the slightest reason to apprehend anything on his account.” He then took up the tankard, and saying aloud in Gaelic, “*Slaint an rey*,” just tasted the liquor, and handed the tankard to Justice Foxley, who, to avoid the dilemma of pledging him to what might be the Pretender’s health, drank to Mr. Herries’s own, with much pointed solemnity, but in a draught far less moderate.

The clerk imitated the example of his principal, and I was fain to follow their example, for anxiety and fear are at least as thirsty as sorrow is said to be. In a word, we exhausted the composition of ale, sherry, lemon-juice, nutmeg, and other good things, stranded upon the silver bottom of the tankard, the huge toast, as well as the roasted orange, which had whilome floated jollily upon the brim, and rendered legible Dr. Byrom’s celebrated lines engraved thereon—

“ God bless the King ! God bless the faith’s defender !
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender.
Who that pretender is, and who that king,
God bless us all ! is quite another thing.”

I had time enough to study this effusion of the Jacobite muse, while the Justice was engaged in the somewhat tedious ceremony of taking leave. That of Mr. Faggot was less ceremonious ; but I suspect something besides empty compliment passed betwixt him and Mr. Herries ; for I remarked that the latter slipped a piece of paper into the hand of the former, which might perhaps be a little atonement for the rashness with which he had burned the warrant, and imposed no gentle hand on the respectable minion of the law by whom it was exhibited ; and I observed that he made this propitiation in such a manner as to be secret from the worthy clerk’s principal.

When this was arranged, the party took leave of each other, with much formality on the part of Squire Foxley, amongst whose adieus the following phrase was chiefly remarkable : “ I presume you do not intend to stay long in these parts ? ”

“ Not for the present, Justice, you may be sure ; there are good reasons to the contrary. But I have no doubt of arranging my affairs so that we shall speedily have sport together again.”

He went to wait upon the Justice to the courtyard ; and, as he did so, commanded Cristal Nixon to see that I returned into my apartment. Knowing it would be to no purpose to resist or tamper with that stubborn functionary, I obeyed in silence, and was once more a prisoner in my former quarters.

CHAPTER VIII

LATIMER'S JOURNAL, IN CONTINUATION

I SPENT more than an hour, after returning to the apartment which I may call my prison, in reducing to writing the singular circumstances which I had just witnessed. Methought I could now form some guess at the character of Mr. Herries, upon whose name and situation the late scene had thrown considerable light ; one of those fanatical Jacobites, doubtless, whose arms, not twenty years since, had shaken the British throne, and some of whom, though their party daily diminished in numbers, energy, and power, retained still an inclination to renew the attempt they had found so desperate. He was indeed perfectly different from the sort of zealous Jacobites whom it had been my luck hitherto to meet with. Old ladies of family over their hyson, and gray-haired lairds over their punch, I had often heard utter a little harmless treason ; while the former remembered having led down a dance with the Chevalier, and the latter recounted the feats they had performed at Preston, Clifton, and Falkirk.

The disaffection of such persons was too unimportant to excite the attention of government. I had heard, however, that there still existed partizans of the Stuart family, of a more daring and dangerous description—men who, furnished with gold from Rome, moved, secretly and in disguise, through the various classes of society, and endeavored to keep alive the expiring zeal of their party.

I had no difficulty in assigning an important post among this class of persons, whose agency and exertion are only doubted by those who look on the surface of things, to this Mr. Herries, whose mental energies, as well as his personal strength and activity, seemed to qualify him well to act so dangerous a part ; and I knew that, all along the Western Border, both in England and Scotland, there are so many Nonjurors, that such a person may reside there with absolute safety, unless it becomes, in a very especial degree, the object of the government to secure his person : and which purpose, even then, might be disappointed by early intelligence,

or, as in the case of Mr. Foxly, by the unwillingness of provincial magistrates to interfere in what is now considered an invidious pursuit of the unfortunate.

There have, however, been rumors lately, as if the present state of the nation, or at least of some discontented provinces, agitated by a variety of causes, but particularly by the unpopularity of the present administration, may seem to this species of agitators a favorable period for recommencing their intrigues ; while, on the other hand, government may not, at such a crisis, be inclined to look upon them with the contempt which a few years ago would have been their most appropriate punishment.

That men should be found rash enough to throw away their services and lives in a desperate cause is nothing new in history, which abounds with instances of similar devotion ; that Mr. Herries is such an enthusiast is no less evident ; but all this explains not his conduct towards *me*. Had he sought to make me a proselyte to his ruined cause, violence and compulsion were arguments very unlikely to prevail with any generous spirit. But even if such were his object, of what use to him could be the acquisition of a single reluctant partizan, who could bring only his own person to support any quarrel which he might adopt ! He had claimed over me the rights of a guardian ; he had more than hinted that I was in a state of mind which could not dispense with the authority of such a person. Was this man, so sternly desperate in his purpose—he who seemed willing to take on his own shoulders the entire support of a cause which had been ruinous to thousands—was he the person that had the power of deciding on my fate ? Was it from him those dangers flowed, to secure me against which I had been educated under such circumstances of secrecy and precaution ?

And if this was so, of what nature was the claim which he asserted ? Was it that of propinquity ? And did I share the blood, perhaps the features, of this singular being ? Strange as it may seem, a thrill of awe, which shot across my mind at that instant, was not unmingled with a wild and mysterious feeling of wonder, almost amounting to pleasure. I remembered the reflection of my own face in the mirror at one striking moment during the singular interview of the day, and I hastened to the outward apartment to consult a glass which hung there, whether it were possible for my countenance to be again contorted into the peculiar frown which so much resembled the terrific look of Herries. But

I folded my brows in vain into a thousand complicated wrinkles, and I was obliged to conclude, either that the supposed mark on my brow was altogether imaginary, or that it could not be called forth by voluntary effort ; or, in fine, what seemed most likely, that it was such a resemblance as the imagination traces in the embers of a wood fire, or among the varied veins of marble, distinct at one time, and obscure or invisible at another, according as the combination of lines strikes the eye or impresses the fancy.

While I was molding my visage like a mad player, the door suddenly opened, and the girl of the house entered. Angry and ashamed at being detected in my singular occupation, I turned round sharply, and, I suppose, chance produced the change on my features which I had been in vain laboring to call forth.

The girl started back with her "Don't ye look so now—don't ye, for love's sake ; you be as like the ould squoire as—— But here a comes," said she, huddling away out of the room ; "and if you want a third, there is none but ould Harry, as I know of, that can match ye for a brent broo !"

As the girl muttered this exclamation and hastened out of the room, Herries entered. He stopped on observing that I had looked again to the mirror, anxious to trace the look by which the wench had undoubtedly been terrified. He seemed to guess what was passing in my mind, for, as I turned towards him, he observed, "Doubt not that it is stamped on your forehead—the fatal mark of our race ; though it is not now so apparent as it will become when age and sorrow, and the traces of stormy passions, and of bitter penitence, shall have drawn their furrows on your brow."

"Mysterious man," I replied, "I know not of what you speak : your language is as dark as your purposes."

"Sit down, then," he said, "and listen ; thus far, at least, must the veil of which you complain be raised. When withdrawn, it will only display guilt and sorrow—guilt, followed by strange penalty ; and sorrow, which Providence has entailed upon the posterity of the mourners."

He paused a moment, and commenced his narrative which, he told with the air of one who, remote as the events were which he recited, took still the deepest interest in them. The tone of his voice, which I have already described as rich and powerful, aided by its inflections the effect of his story, which I will endeavor to write down, as nearly as possible, in the very words which he used.

"It was not of late years that the English nation learned that their best chance of conquering their independent neighbors must be by introducing amongst them division and civil war. You need not be reminded of the state of thralldom to which Scotland was reduced by the unhappy war betwixt the domestic factions of Bruce and Baliol; nor how, after Scotland had been emancipated from a foreign yoke, by the conduct and valor of the immortal Bruce, the whole fruits of the triumphs of Bannockburn were lost in the dreadful defeats of Dupplin and Halidon; and Edward Baliol, the minion and feudatory of his namesake of England, seemed, for a brief season, in safe and uncontested possession of the throne, so lately occupied by the greatest general and wisest prince in Europe. But the experience of Bruce had not died with him. There were many who had shared his martial labors, and all remembered the successful efforts by which, under circumstances as disadvantageous as those of his son, he had achieved the liberation of Scotland.

"The usurper, Edward Baliol, was feasting with a few of his favorite retainers in the Castle of Annan, when he was suddenly surprised by a chosen band of insurgent patriots. Their chiefs were Douglas, Randolph, the young Earl of Moray, and Sir Simon Fraser; and their success was so complete, that Baliol was obliged to fly for his life, scarcely clothed, and on a horse which there was no leisure to saddle. It was of importance to seize his person, if possible, and his flight was closely pursued by a valiant knight of Norman descent, whose family had been long settled in the marches of Dumfriesshire. Their Norman appellation was Fitz-Aldin, but this knight, from the great slaughter which he had made of the Southron, and the reluctance which he had shown to admit them to quarter during the former wars of that bloody period, had acquired the name of Redgauntlet, which he transmitted to his posterity——"

"Redgauntlet!" I involuntarily repeated.

"Yes, Redgauntlet," said my alleged guardian looking at me keenly; "does that name recall any associations to your mind?"

"No," I replied, "except that I lately heard it given to the hero of a supernatural legend."

"There are many such current concerning the family," he answered; and then proceeded in his narrative.

"Alberick Redgauntlet, the first of his house so termed, was, as may be supposed from his name, of a stern and implacable disposition, which had been rendered more so by

family discord. An only son, now a youth of eighteen, shared so much the haughty spirit of his father, that he became impatient of domestic control, resisted paternal authority, and finally fled from his father's house, renounced his political opinions, and awakened his mortal displeasure by joining the adherents of Baliol. It was said that his father cursed in his wrath his degenerate offspring, and swore that, if they met, he should perish by his hand. Meantime, circumstances seemed to promise atonement for this great deprivation. The lady of Alberick Redgauntlet was again, after many years, in a situation which afforded her husband the hope of a more dutiful heir.

"But the delicacy and deep interest of his wife's condition did not prevent Alberick from engaging in the undertaking of Douglas and Moray. He had been the most forward in the attack of the castle, and was now foremost in the pursuit of Baliol, eagerly engaged in dispersing or cutting down the few daring followers who endeavored to protect the usurper in his flight.

"As these were successively routed or slain, the formidable Redgauntlet, the mortal enemy of the house of Baliol, was within two lances' length of the fugitive Edward Baliol, in a narrow pass, when a youth, one of the last who attended the usurper in his flight, threw himself between them, received the shock of the pursuer, and was unhorsed and overthrown. The helmet rolled from his head, and the beams of the sun, then rising over the Solway, showed Redgauntlet the features of his disobedient son, in the livery, and wearing the cognizance, of the usurper.

"Redgauntlet behind his son lying before his horse's feet; but he also saw Baliol, the usurper of the Scottish crown, still, as it seemed, within his grasp, and separated from him only by the prostrate body of his overthrown adherent. Without pausing to inquire whether young Edward was wounded, he dashed his spurs into his horse, meaning to leap over him, but was unhappily frustrated in his purpose. The steed made indeed a bound forward, but was unable to clear the body of the youth, and with its hind foot struck him in the forehead, as he was in the act of rising. The blow was mortal. It is needless to add that the pursuit was checked, and Baliol escaped.

"Redgauntlet, ferocious as he is described, was yet overwhelmed with the thoughts of the crime he had committed. When he returned to his castle, it was to encounter new domestic sorrows. His wife had been prematurely seized with

the pangs of labor upon hearing the dreadful catastrophe which had taken place. The birth of an infant boy had cost her her life. Redgauntlet sat by her corpse for more than twenty-four hours without changing either feature or posture, so far as his terrified domestics could observe. The abbot of Dundrennan preached consolation to him in vain. Douglas, who came to visit in his affliction a patriot of such distinguished zeal, was more successful in arousing his attention. He caused the trumpets to sound an English point of war in the courtyard, and Redgauntlet at once sprung to his arms, and seemed restored to the recollection which had been lost in the extent of his misery.

“From that moment, whatever he might feel inwardly, he gave way to no outward emotion. Douglas caused his infant to be brought; but even the iron-hearted soldiers were struck with horror to observe that, by the mysterious law of nature, the cause of his mother’s death, and the evidence of his father’s guilt, was stamped on the innocent face of the babe, whose brow was distinctively marked by the miniature resemblance of a horseshoe. Redgauntlet himself pointed it out to Douglas, saying, with a ghastly smile, “It should have been bloody.”

“Moved as he was to compassion for his brother-in-arms, and steeled against all softer feelings by the habits of civil war, Douglas shuddered at this sight, and displayed a desire to leave the house which was doomed to be the scene of such horrors. As his parting advice, he exhorted Allerick Redgauntlet to make a pilgrimage to St. Ninian’s of Whiteherne, then esteemed a shrine of great sanctity; and departed with a precipitation which might have aggravated, had that been possible, the forlorn state of his unhappy friend. But that seems to have been incapable of admitting any addition. Sir Alberick caused the bodies of his slaughtered son and the mother to be laid side by side in the ancient chapel of his house, after he had used the skill of a celebrated surgeon of that time to embalm them; and it was said that for many weeks he spent some hours nightly in the vault where they reposed.

“At length he undertook the proposed pilgrimage to Whiteherne, where he confessed himself for the first time since his misfortune, and was shrived by an aged monk, who afterwards died in the odor of sanctity. It is said that it was then foretold to the Redgauntlet that, on account of his unshaken patriotism, his family should continue to be powerful amid the changes of future times; but that, in de-

testation of his unrelenting cruelty to his own issue, Heaven had decreed that the valor of his race should always be fruitless, and that the cause which they espoused should never prosper.

"Submitting to such penance as was there imposed, Sir Alberick went, it is thought, on a pilgrimage either to Rome or to the Holy Sepulchre itself. He was universally considered as dead; and it was not till thirteen years afterwards that, in the great battle of Durham, fought between David Bruce and Queen Philippa of England, a knight, bearing a horseshoe for his crest, appeared in the van of the Scottish army, distinguishing himself by his reckless and desperate valor, who, being at length overpowered and slain, was finally discovered to be the brave and unhappy Sir Alberick Redgauntlet."

"And has the fatal sign," said I, when Herries had ended his narrative, "descended on all the posterity of this unhappy house?"

"It has been so handed down from antiquity, and is still believed," said Herries. "But perhaps there is, in the popular evidence, something of that fancy which creates what it sees. Certainly, as other families have peculiarities by which they are distinguished, this of Redgauntlet is marked in most individuals by a singular indenture of the forehead, supposed to be derived from the son of Alberick, their ancestor, and brother to the unfortunate Edward, who had perished in so piteous a manner. It is certain there seems to have been a fate upon the house of Redgauntlet, which has been on the losing side in almost all the civil broils which have divided the kingdom of Scotland from David Bruce's days till the late valiant and unsuccessful attempt of the Chevalier Charles Edward."

He concluded with a deep sigh, as one whom the subject had involved in a train of painful reflections.

"And am I then," I exclaimed, "descended from this unhappy race? Do you too belong to it? And if so, why do I sustain restraint and hard usage at the hands of a relation?"

"Inquire no farther for the present," he said. "The line of conduct which I am pursuing towards you is dictated not by choice, but by necessity. You were withdrawn from the bosom of your family, and the care of your legal guardian, by the timidity and ignorance of a doting mother, who was incapable of estimating the arguments or feelings of those who prefer honor and principle to fortune, and even

to life. The young hawk, accustomed only to the fostering care of its dam, must be tamed by darkness and sleeplessness ere it is trusted on the wing for the purpose of the falconer."

I was appalled at this declaration, which seemed to threaten a long continuance, and a dangerous termination, of my captivity. I deemed it best, however, to show some spirit, and at the same time to mingle a tone of conciliation. "Mr. Herries," I said, "if I call you rightly by that name, let us speak upon this matter without the tone of mystery and fear in which you seem inclined to envelope it. I have been long, alas! deprived of the care of that affectionate mother to whom you allude, long under the charge of strangers, and compelled to form my own resolutions upon the reasoning of my own mind. Misfortune—early deprivation—has given me the privilege of acting for myself; and constraint shall not deprive me of an Englishman's best privilege."

"The true cant of the day," said Herries, in a tone of scorn. "The privilege of free action belongs to no mortal: we are tied down by the fetters of duty, our moral path is limited by the regulations of honor, our most indifferent actions are but meshes of the web of destiny by which we are all surrounded."

He paced the room rapidly, and proceeded in a tone of enthusiasm which, joined to some other parts of his conduct, seems to intimate an over-excited imagination, were it not contradicted by the general tenor of his speech and conduct.

"Nothing," he said, in an earnest yet melancholy voice—"nothing is the work of chance, nothing is the consequence of free-will: the liberty of which the Englishman boasts gives as little real freedom to its owner as the despotism of an Eastern sultan permits to his slave. The usurper, William of Nassau, went forth to hunt, and thought, doubtless, that it was by an act of his own royal pleasure that the horse of his murdered victim was prepared for his kingly sport. But Heaven had other views; and before the sun was high, a stumble of that very animal over an obstacle so inconsiderable as a mole-hillock cost the haughty rider his life and his usurped crown. Do you think an inclination of the rein could have avoided that trifling impediment? I tell you, it crossed his way as inevitably as all the long chain of Caucasus could have done. Yes, young man, in doing and suffering we play but the part allotted by Destiny, the man-

ager of this strange drama, stand bound to act no more than is prescribed, to say no more than is set down for us ; and yet we mouth about free-will, and freedom of thought and action, as if Richard must not die, or Richmond conquer, exactly where the author has decreed it shall be so ! ”

He continued to pace the room after this speech, with folded arms and downcast looks ; and the sound of his steps and tone of his voice brought to my remembrance that I had heard this singular person, when I met him on a former occasion, uttering such soliloquies in his solitary chamber. I observed that, like other Jacobites, in his inveteracy against the memory of King William, he had adopted the party opinion that the monarch, on the day he had his fatal accident, rode upon a horse once the property of the unfortunate Sir John Friend, executed for high treason in 1696.

It was not my business to aggravate, but, if possible, rather to soothe him in whose power I was so singularly placed. When I conceived that the keenness of his feelings had in some degree subsided, I answered him as follows :— “ I will not—indeed I feel myself incompetent to argue a question of such metaphysical subtlety as that which involves the limits betwixt free-will and predestination. Let us hope we may live honestly and die hopefully, without being obliged to form a decided opinion upon a point so far beyond our comprehension.”

“ Wisely resolved,” he interrupted, with a sneer ; “ there came a note from some Geneva sermon.”

“ But,” I proceeded, “ I call your attention to the fact that I, as well as you, am acted upon by impulses, the result either of my own free-will or the consequences of the part which is assigned to me by destiny. These may be—nay, at present they are—in direct contradiction to those by which you are actuated ; and how shall we decide which shall have precedence ? *You* perhaps feel yourself destined to act as my jailer. I feel myself, on the contrary, destined to attempt and effect my escape. One of us must be wrong, but who can say which errs till the event has decided betwixt us ? ”

“ I shall feel myself destined to have recourse to severe modes of restraint,” said he, in the same tone of half jest, half earnest which I had used.

“ In that case,” I answered, “ it will be my destiny to attempt everything for my freedom.”

“ And it may be mine, young man,” he replied, in a deep

and stern tone, "to take care that you should rather die than attain your purpose."

This was speaking out indeed, and I did not allow him to go unanswered. "You threaten me in vain," said I: "the laws of my country will protect me; or whom they cannot protect, they will avenge."

I spoke this firmly, and he seemed for a moment silenced; and the scorn with which he at last answered me had something of affectation in it.

"The laws!" he said; "and what, stripling, do you know of the laws of your country? Could you learn jurisprudence under a base-born blotter of parchment such as Saunders Fairford; or from the empty pedantic coxcomb, his son, who now, forsooth, writes himself advocate? When Scotland was herself, and had her own king and legislature, such plebeian cubs, instead of being called to the bar of her Supreme Courts, would scarce have been admitted to the honor of bearing a sheepskin process-bag."

Alan, I could not bear this, but answered indignantly, that he knew not the worth and honor from which he was detracting.

"I know as much of these Fairfords as I do of you," he replied.

"As much," said I, "and as little; for you can neither estimate their real worth nor mine. I know you saw them when last in Edinburgh."

"Ha!" he exclaimed, and turned on me an inquisitive look.

"It is true," said I, "you cannot deny it; and having thus shown you that I know something of your motions, let me warn you I have modes of communication with which you are not acquainted. Oblige me not to use them to your prejudice."

"Prejudice *me*!" he replied. "Young man, I smile at and forgive you folly. Nay, I will tell you that of which you are not aware, namely, that it was from letters received from these Fairfords that I first suspected, what the result of my visit to them confirmed, that you were the person whom I had sought for years."

"If you learned this," said I, "from the papers which were about my person on the night when I was under the necessity of becoming your guest at Brokenburn, I do not envy your indifference to the means of acquiring information. It was dishonorable to——"

"Peace, young man," said Herries, more calmly than I

might have expected ; " the word dishonor must not be mentioned as in conjunction with my name. Your pocketbook was in the pocket of your coat, and did not escape the curiosity of another, though it would have been sacred from mine. My servant, Cristal Nixon, brought me the intelligence after you were gone. I was displeased with the manner in which he had acquired his information ; but it was not the less my duty to ascertain its truth, and for that purpose I went to Edinburgh. I was in hopes to persuade Mr. Fairford to have entered into my views ; but I found him too much prejudiced to permit me to trust him. He is a wretched yet a timid slave of the present government, under which our unhappy country is dishonorably enthralled ; and it would have been altogether unfit and unsafe to have entrusted him with the secret either of the right which I possess to direct your actions or of the manner in which I purpose to exercise it."

I was determined to take advantage of his communicative humor, and obtain, if possible, more light upon his purpose. He seemed most accessible to being piqued on the point of honor, and I resolved to avail myself, but with caution, of his sensibility upon that topic. " You say," I replied, that you are not friendly to indirect practises, and disapprove of the means by which your domestic obtained information of my name and quality. Is it honorable to avail yourself of that knowledge which is dishonorably obtained ?"

" It is boldly asked," he replied ; " but, within certain necessary limits, I dislike not boldness of expostulation. You have, in this short conference, displayed more character and energy than I was prepared to expect. You will, I trust, resemble a forest plant, which has indeed by some accident been brought up in the greenhouse, and thus rendered delicate and effeminate, but which regains its native firmness and tenacity when exposed for a season to the winter air. I will answer your question plainly. In business, as in war, spies and informers are necessary evils, which all good men detest, but which yet all prudent men must use, unless they mean to fight and act blindfold. But nothing can justify the use of falsehood and treachery in our own person."

" You said to the elder Mr. Fairford," continued I, with the same boldness, which I began to find was my best game, " that I was the son of Ralph Latimer of Langcote Hall ? How do you reconcile this with your late assertion that my name is not Latimer ?"

He colored as he replied, " the doting old fool lied, or per-

haps mistook my meaning. I said that the gentleman *might* be your father. To say the truth, I wished you to visit England, your native country ; because, when you might do so, my rights over you would revive."

This speech fully led me to understand a caution which had been often impressed upon me, that if I regarded my safety I should not cross the southern Border ; and I cursed my own folly, which kept me fluttering like a moth around the candle, until I was betrayed into the calamity with which I had dallied. "What are these rights," I said, "which you claim over me ? To what end do you propose to turn them ?"

"To a weighty one, you may be certain," answered Mr. Herries ; "but I do not, at present, mean to communicate to you either its nature or extent. You may judge of its importance, when, in order to entirely possess myself of your person, I condescended to mix myself with the fellows who destroyed the fishing-station of yon wretched Quaker. That I held him in contempt, and was displeased at the greedy devices with which he ruined a manly sport, is true enough ; but, unless as it favored my designs on you, he might have, for me, maintained his stake-nets until Solway should cease to ebb and flow."

"Alas !" I said, "it doubles my regret to have been the unwilling cause of misfortune to an honest and friendly man."

"Do not grieve for that," said Herries : "honest Joshua is one of those who, by dint of long prayers, can possess themselves of widows' houses ; he will quickly repair his losses. When he sustains any mishap, he and the other canters set it down as a debt against Heaven, and, by the way of set-off, practise rogueries without computation, till they make the balance even, or incline it to the winning side. Enough of this for the present. I must immediately shift my quarters ; for, although I do not fear the over-zeal of Mr. Justice Foxley or his clerk will lead them to any extreme measure, yet that mad scoundrel's unhappy recognition of me may make it more serious for them to connive at me, and I must not put their patience to an over-severe trial. You must prepare to attend me, either as a captive or a companion ; if as the latter, you must give your parole of honor to attempt no escape. Should you be so ill-advised as to break your word once pledged, be assured that I will blow your brains out without a moment's scruple."

"I am ignorant of your plans and purposes," I replied,

"and cannot but hold them dangerous. I do not mean to aggravate my present situation by any unavailing resistance to the superior force which detains me ; but I will not renounce the right of asserting my natural freedom should a favorable opportunity occur. I will, therefore, rather be your prisoner than your confederate."

"That is spoken fairly," he said ; and yet not without the canny caution of one brought up in the Gude Town of Edinburgh. On my part, I will impose no unnecessary hardship upon you ; but, on the contrary, your journey shall be made as easy as is consistent with your being kept safely. Do you feel strong enough to ride on horseback as yet, or would you prefer a carriage ? The former mode of traveling is best adapted to the country through which we are to travel, but you are at liberty to choose between them."

I said, "I felt my strength gradually returning, and that I should much prefer traveling on horseback. A carriage," I added, "is so close——"

"And so easily guarded," replied Herries with a look as if he would have penetrated my very thoughts, "that, doubtless, you think horseback better calculated for an escape."

"My thoughts are my own," I answered ; "and though you keep my person prisoner, these are beyond your control."

"O, I can read the book," he said, "without opening the leaves. But I would recommend to you to make no rash attempt, and it will be my care to see that you have no power to make any that is likely to be effectual. Linen, and all other necessaries for one in your circumstances, are amply provided. Cristal Nixon will act as your valet—I should rather, perhaps, say *femme de chambre*. Your traveling-dress you may perhaps consider as singular, but it is such as the circumstances require ; and if you object to use the articles prepared for your use, your mode of journeying will be as personally unpleasant as that which conducted you hither. Adieu. We now know each other better than we did ; it will not be my fault if the consequences of farther intimacy be not a more favorable mutual opinion."

He then left me with a civil "good-night," to my own reflections, and only turned back to say, that we should proceed on our journey at daybreak next morning, at farthest ; perhaps earlier, he said ; but complimented me by supposing that, as I was a sportsman, I must always be ready for a sudden start.

We are then at issue, this singular man and myself. His personal views are to a certain point explained. He has

chosen an antiquated and desperate line of politics, and he claims, from some pretended tie of guardianship or relationship which he does not design to explain, but which he seems to have been able to pass current on a silly country justice and his knavish clerk, a right to direct and to control my motions. The danger which awaited me in England, and which I might have escaped had I remained in Scotland, was doubtless occasioned by the authority of this man. But what my poor mother might fear for me as a child, what my English friend, Samuel Griffiths, endeavored to guard against during my youth and nonage, is now, it seems, come upon me; and, under a legal pretext, I am detained in what must be a most illegal manner, by a person, too, whose own political immunities have been forfeited by his conduct. It matters not; my mind is made up, neither persuasion nor threats shall force me into the desperate designs which this man meditates. Whether I am of the trifling consequence which my life hitherto seems to intimate, or whether I have, as would appear from my adversary's conduct, such importance, by birth or fortune, as may make me a desirable acquisition to a political faction, my resolution is taken in either case. Those who read this Journal, if it shall be perused by impartial eyes, shall judge of me truly; and if they consider me as a fool in encountering danger unnecessarily, they shall have no reason to believe me a coward or a turncoat when I find myself engaged in it. I have been bred in sentiments of attachment to the family on the throne, and in these sentiments I will live and die. I have, indeed, some idea that Mr. Herries has already discovered that I am made of different and more unmanageable metal than he had at first believed. There were letters from my dear Alan Fairford, giving a ludicrous account of my instability of temper, in the same pocketbook which, according to the admission of my pretended guardian, fell under the investigation of his domestic during the night I passed at Brokenburn, where, as I now recollect, my wet clothes, with the contents of my pockets, were, with the thoughtlessness of a young traveler, committed too rashly to the care of a strange servant. And my kind friend and hospitable landlord, Mr. Alexander Fairford, may also, and with justice, have spoken of my levities to this man. But he shall find he has made a false estimate upon these plausible grounds, since——

But I must break off for the present.

CHAPTER IX

LATIMER'S JOURNAL, IN CONTINUATION

THERE is at length a halt—at length I have gained so much privacy as to enable me to continue my Journal. It has become a sort of task of duty to me, without the discharge of which I do not feel that the business of the day is performed. True, no friendly eye may ever look upon these labors, which have amused the solitary hours of an unhappy prisoner. Yet, in the meanwhile, the exercise of the pen seems to act as a sedative upon my own agitated thoughts and tumultuous passions. I never lay it down but I rise stronger in resolution, more ardent in hope. A thousand vague fears, wild expectations, and indigested schemes, hurry through one's thoughts in seasons of doubt and of danger. But by arresting them as they flit across the mind, by throwing them on paper, and even by that mechanical act compelling ourselves to consider them with scrupulous and minute attention, we may perhaps escape becoming the dupes of our own excited imagination; just as a young horse is cured of the vice of starting, by being made to stand still and look for some time without any interruption at the cause of its terror.

There remains but one risk, which is that of discovery. But, besides the small characters in which my residence in Mr. Fairford's house enabled me to excel, for the purpose of transferring as many scroll sheets as possible to a huge sheet of stamped paper, I have, as I have elsewhere intimated, had hitherto the comfortable reflection that, if the record of my misfortunes should fall into the hands of him by whom they are caused, they would, without harming any one, show him the real character and disposition of the person who has become his prisoner, perhaps his victim. Now, however, that other names and other characters are to be mingled with the register of my own sentiments, I must take additional care of these papers, and keep them in such a manner that, in case of the least hazard of detection, I may be able to destroy them at a moment's notice. I shall not soon or easily forget the lesson I have been taught by the prying disposition which Cristal Nixon, this man's agent and confederate, manifested

at Brokenburn, and which proved the original cause of my sufferings.

My laying aside the last sheet of my Journal hastily was occasioned by the unwonted sound of a violin in the farmyard beneath my windows. It will not appear surprising to those who have made music their study that, after listening to a few notes, I became at once assured that the musician was no other than the itinerant formerly mentioned as present at the destruction of Joshua Geddes's stake-nets, the superior delicacy and force of whose execution would enable me to swear to his bow amongst a whole orchestra. I had the less reason to doubt his identity, because he played twice over the beautiful Scottish air called "Wandering Willie"; and I could not help concluding that he did so for the purpose of intimating his own presence, since what the French call the *nom de guerre* of the performer was described by the tune.

Hope will catch at the most feeble twig for support in extremity. I knew this man, though deprived of sight, to be bold, ingenious, and perfectly capable of acting as a guide. I believed I had won his good-will by having, in a frolic, assumed the character of his partner; and I remembered that, in a wild, wandering, and disorderly course of life, men, as they become loosened from the ordinary bonds of civil society, hold those of comradeship more closely sacred; so that honor is sometimes found among thieves, and faith and attachment in such as the law has termed vagrants. The history of Richard Cœur-de-Lion and his minstrel, Blondel, rushed at the same time, on my mind, though I could not even then suppress a smile at the dignity of the example, when applied to a blind fiddler and myself. Still, there was something in all this to awaken a hope that, if I could open a correspondence with this poor violer, he might be useful in extricating me from my present situation.

His profession furnished me with some hope that this desired communication might be attained; since it is well known that, in Scotland, where there is so much national music, the words and airs of which are generally known, there is a kind of freemasonry amongst performers, by which they can, by the mere choice of a tune, express a great deal to the hearers. Personal allusions are often made in this manner, with much point and pleasantry; and nothing is more usual at public festivals than that the air played to accompany a particular health or toast is made the vehicle of compliment, of wit, and sometimes of satire.*

* See Tunes and Toasts. Note 26,

While these things passed through my mind rapidly, I heard my friend beneath recommence, for the third time, the air from which his own name had been probably adopted, when he was interrupted by his rustic auditors.

“If thou canst play no other spring but that, mon, ho hadst best put up ho’s pipes and be jogging. Squoire will be back anon, or Master Nixon, and we’ll see who will pay poiper then.”

“Oho,” thought I, “if I have no sharper ears than those of my friends Jan and Dorcas to encounter, I may venture an experiment upon them;” and, as most expressive of my state of captivity, I sung two or three lines of the 137th Psalm—

“By Babel’s streams we sat and wept.”

The country people listened with attention, and when I ceased, I heard them whisper together in tones of commiseration, “Lack-a-day, poor soul! so pretty a man to be beside his wits!”

“An he be that gate,” said Wandering Willie, in a tone calculated to reach my ears, “I ken naething will raise his spirits like a spring.” And he struck up with great vigor and spirit the lively Scottish air, the words of which instantly occurred to me—

“Oh whistle and I’ll come t’ye, my lad,
Oh whistle and I’ll come t’ye, my lad;
Though father and mother and a’ should gae mad,
Oh whistle and I’ll come t’ye, my lad.”

I soon heard a clattering noise of feet in the courtyard, which I concluded to be Jan and Doras dancing a jig in their Cumberland wooden clogs. Under cover of this din I endeavored to answer Willie’s signal by whistling, as loud as I could—

“Come back again and loe me
When a’ the lave are gane.”

He instantly threw the dancers out, by changing his air to

“There’s my thumb, I’ll ne’er beguile thee.”

I no longer doubted that a communication betwixt us was happily established, and that, if I had an opportunity of speaking to the poor musician, I should find him willing to take my letter to the post, to invoke the assistance of some active magistrate, or of the commanding officer of Carlisle

Castle, or, in short, to do whatever else I could point out, in the compass of his power, to contribute to my liberation. But to obtain speech of him I must have run the risk of alarming the suspicions of Dorcas, if not yet of her more stupid Corydon. My ally's blindness prevented his receiving any communication by signs from the window, even if I could have ventured to make them, consistently with prudence; so that, notwithstanding the mode of intercourse we had adopted was both circuitous and peculiarly liable to misapprehension, I saw nothing I could do better than to continue it, trusting my own and my correspondent's acuteness in applying to the airs the meaning they were intended to convey. I thought of singing the words themselves of some significant song, but feared I might, by doing so, attract suspicion. I endeavored, therefore, to intimate my speedy departure from my present place of residence by whistling the well-known air with which festive parties in Scotland usually conclude the dance—

“ Good-night and joy be wi' ye a',
For here nae langer maun I stay;
There's neither friend nor foe of mine
But wishes that I were away.”

It appeared that Willie's powers of intelligence were much more active than mine, and that, like a deaf person, accustomed to be spoken to by signs, he comprehended, from the very first notes, the whole meaning I intended to convey; and he accompanied me in the air with his violin, in such a manner as at once to show he understood my meaning, and to prevent my whistling from being attended to.

His reply was almost immediate, and was conveyed in the old martial air of “ Hey, Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver.” I ran over the words, and fixed on the following stanza as most applicable to my circumstances :—

“ Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush,
We'll over the Border and give them a brush
There's somebody there we'll teach better behavior—
Hey, Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver.”

If these sounds alluded, as I hope they do, to any chance of assistance from my Scottish friends, I may indeed consider that a door is open to hope and freedom. I immediately replied with,

“ My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
 My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer—
 A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe ;
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands ! farewell to the North !
 The birthplace of valor, the cradle of worth ;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.”

Willie instantly played with a degree of spirit which might have awakened hope in Despair herself, if Despair could be supposed to understand Scottish music, the fine old Jacobite air,

“ For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as much as a' that.”

I next endeavored to intimate my wish to send notice of my condition to my friends ; and, despairing to find an air sufficiently expressive of my purpose, I ventured to sing a verse, which, in various forms, occurs so frequently in old ballads—

“ Whare will I get a bonny boy
 That will win hose and shoon ;
 That will gae down to Durisdeer,
 And bid my merry-men come ?”

He drowned the latter part of the verse by playing, with much emphasis,

“ Kind Robin lose me.”

Of this, though I ran over the verses of the song in my mind, I could make nothing ; and before I could contrive any mode of intimating my uncertainty, a cry arose in the courtyard that Cristal Nixon was coming. My faithful Willie was obliged to retreat ; but not before he had half-played, half-hummed, by way of farewell,

“ Leave thee—leave thee, lad ?
 I'll never leave thee.
 The stars shall gae withershins
 Ere I will leave thee.”

I am thus, I think, secure of my one trusty adherent in my misfortunes ; and, however whimsical it may be to rely much on the man of his idle profession, and deprived of sight withal, it is deeply impressed on my mind that his services may be both useful and necessary. There is another

quarter from which I look for succor, and which I have indicated to thee, Alan, is more than one passage of my Journal. Twice, at the early hours of daybreak, I have seen the individual alluded to in the court of the farm, and twice she made signs of recognition in answer to the gestures by which I endeavored to make her comprehend my situation; but on both occasions she pressed her fingers on her lips, as expressive of silence and secrecy.

The manner in which G. M. entered upon the scene for the first time seems to assure me of her good-will, so far as her power may reach; and I have many reasons to believe it is considerable. Yet she seemed hurried and frightened during the very transitory moments of our interview, and I think was, upon the last occasion, startled by the entrance of some one into the farmyard, just as she was on the point of addressing me. You must not ask whether I am an early riser, since such objects are to be seen at daybreak; and although I have never again seen her, yet I have reason to think she is not distant. It was but three nights ago that, worn out by the uniformity of my confinement, I had manifested more symptoms of despondence than I had before exhibited, which I conceive may have attracted the attention of the domestics, through whom the circumstance might transpire. On the next morning the following lines lay on my table; but how conveyed there I cannot tell. The hand in which they are written is a beautiful Italian manuscript:—

“As lords their laborers’ hire delay,
Fate quits our toil with hopes to come,
Which, if far short of present pay,
Still owns a debt and names a sum

Quit not the pledge, frail sufferer then,
Although a distant date be given;
Despair is treason towards man,
And blasphemy to Heaven.”

That these lines are written with the friendly purpose of inducing me to keep up my spirits I cannot doubt; and I trust the manner in which I shall conduct myself may show that the pledge is accepted.

The dress is arrived in which it seems to be my self-elected guardian’s pleasure that I shall travel; and what does it prove to be? A skirt, or upper petticoat, or camlet, like those worn by country ladies of moderate rank when on horseback, with such a riding-mask as they frequently use on journeys to preserve their eyes and complexion from the

sun and dust, and sometimes, it is suspected, to enable them to play off a little coquetry. From the gayer mode of employing the mask, however, I suspect I shall be precluded; for instead of being only pasteboard, covered with black velvet, I observe with anxiety that mine is thickened with a plate of steel, which, like Quixote's visor, serves to render it more strong and durable.

This apparatus, together with a steel clasp for securing the mask behind me with a padlock, gave me fearful recollections of the unfortunate being who, never being permitted to lay aside such a visor, acquired the well-known historical epithet of the Man in the Iron Mask. I hesitated a moment whether I should so far submit to the acts of oppression designed against me as to assume this disguise, which was, of course, contrived to aid their purposes. But then I remembered Mr. Herries's threat, that I should be kept close prisoner in a carriage unless I assumed the dress which should be appointed for me; and I considered the comparative degree of freedom which I might purchase by wearing the mask and female dress as easily and advantageously purchased. Here, therefore, I must pause for the present, and await what the morning may bring forth.

To carry on the story from the documents before us, we think it proper here to drop the Journal of the captive Darsie Latimer, and adopt, instead, a narrative of the proceedings of Alan Fairford in pursuit of his friend, which forms another series in this history.

CHAPTER X

NARRATIVE OF ALAN FAIRFORD

THE reader ought, by this time, to have formed some idea of the character of Alan Fairford. He had a warmth of heart which the study of the law and of the world could not chill, and talents which they had rendered unusually acute. Deprived of the personal patronage enjoyed by most of his contemporaries, who assumed the gown under the protection of their aristocratic alliances and descents, he early saw that he should have that to achieve for himself which fell to them as a right of birth. He labored hard in silence and solitude, and his labors were crowned with success. But Alan doted on his friend Darsie, even more than he loved his profession, and, as we have seen, threw everything aside when he thought Latimer in danger; forgetting fame and fortune, and hazarding even the serious displeasure of his father, to rescue him whom he loved with an elder brother's affection. Darsie, though his parts were more quick and brilliant than those of his friend, seemed always to the latter a being under his peculiar charge, whom he was called upon to cherish and protect, in cases where the youth's own experience was unequal to the exigency; and now, when the fate of Latimer seemed worse than doubtful, and Alan's whole prudence and energy were to be exerted in his behalf, an adventure which might have seemed perilous to most youths of his age had no terrors for him. He was well acquainted with the laws of his country, and knew how to appeal to them; and, besides his professional confidence, his natural disposition was steady, sedate, persevering, and, undaunted. With these requisites he undertook a quest which, at that time, was not unattended with actual danger, and had much in it to appal a more timid disposition.

Fairford's first inquiry concerning his friend was of the chief magistrate of Dumfries, Provost Crosbie, who had sent the information of Darsie's disappearance. On his first application, he thought he discerned in the honest dignitary a desire to get rid of the subject. The provost spoke of the riot at the fishing-station as an "outbreak among those

lawless loons the fishermen, which concerned the sheriff," he said, "more than us poor town-council bodies, that have enough to do to keep peace within burgh, amongst such a set of commoners as the town are plagued with."

"But this is not all, Provost Crosbie," said Mr. Alan Fairford: "a young gentleman of rank and fortune has disappeared amongst their hands. You know him—my father gave him a letter to you—Mr. Darsie Latimer."

"Lack-a-day, yes!—lack-a-day, yes!" said the provost. "Mr. Darsie Latimer. He dined at my house. I hope he is well?"

"I hope so too," said Alan, rather indignantly; "but I desire more certainty on that point. You yourself wrote my father that he had disappeared."

"Troth, yes, and that is true," said the provost. "But did he not go back to his friends in Scotland? It was not natural to think he would stay here."

"Not unless he is under restraint," said Fairford, surprised at the coolness with which the provost seemed to take up the matter.

"Rely on it, sir," said Mr. Crosbie, "that if he has not returned to his friends in Scotland, he must have gone to his friends in England."

"I will rely on no such thing," said Alan; "if there is law or justice in Scotland, I will have the thing cleared to the very bottom."

"Reasonable—reasonable," said the provost, "so far as is possible; but you know I have no power beyond the ports of the burgh."

"But you are in the commission besides, Mr. Crosbie—a justice of peace for the county."

"True—very true; that is," said the cautious magistrate, "I will not say but my name may stand on the list, but I cannot remember that I have ever qualified." *

"Why, in that case," said young Fairford, "there are ill-natured people might doubt your attachment to the Protestant line, Mr. Crosbie."

"God forbid, Mr. Fairfold! I who have done and suffered in the Forty-five! I reckon the Highlandmen did me damage to the amount of £100 Scots, forbye all they ate and drank. No—no, sir, I stand beyond challenge; but as for plaguing myself with county business, let them that aught the mare shoe the mare. The Commissioners of Supply would see my back broken before they would help me in the

* By taking the oath to government,

burgh's work, and all the world kens the difference of the weight between public business in burgh and landward. What are their riots to me? Have we not riots enough of our own? But I must be getting ready, for the council meets this forenoon. I am blythe to see your father's son on the causeway of our ancient burgh, Mr. Alan Fairford. Were you a twelvemonth aulder, we would make a burgess of you, man. I hope you will come and dine with me before you go away. What think you of to-day at two o'clock—just a roasted chucky and a drappit egg?"

Alan Fairford resolved that his friend's hospitality should not, as it seemed the inviter intended, put a stop to his queries. "I must delay you for a moment," he said, "Mr. Crosbie. This is a serious affair: a young gentleman of high hopes, my own dearest friend, is missing; you cannot think it will be passed over slightly, if a man of your high character and known zeal for the government do not make some active inquiry. Mr. Crosbie, you are my father's friend, and I respect you as such; but to others it will have a bad appearance."

The withers of the provost were not unwrung: he paced the room in much tribulation, repeating, "But what can I do, Mr. Fairford? I warrant your friend casts up again; he will come back again, like the ill shilling—he is not the sort of gear that tynes—a hellicat boy, running through the country with a blind fiddler, and playing the fiddle to a parcel of blackguards, who can tell where the like of him may have scampered to?"

"There are persons apprehended and in the jail of the town, as I understand from the sheriff-substitute," said Mr. Fairford; "you must call them before you and inquire what they know of this young gentleman."

"Ay—ay, the sheriff-depute did commit some poor creatures, I believe—wretched, ignorant fishermen bodies, that had been quarreling with Quaker Geddes and his stake-nets, whilk, under favor of your gown be it spoken, Mr. Fairford, are not over and above lawful, and the town-clerk thinks they may be lawfully removed *via facti*—but that is by the by. But, sir, the creatures were a' dismissed for want of evidence: the Quaker would not swear to them, and what could the sheriff and me do but just let them loose? Come awe', cheer up, Master Alan, and take a walk till dinner-time. I must really go to the council."

"Stop a moment, provost," said Alan; "I lodge a complaint before you, as a magistrate, and you will find it serious

to slight it over. You must have these men apprehended again."

"Ay, ay—easy said; but catch them that can," answered the provost; "they are ower the march by this time, or by the Point of Cairn. Lord help ye! they are a kind of amphibious deevils, neither land nor water beasts—neither English nor Scots—neither county nor stewartry, as we say—they are dispersed like so much quicksilver. You may as well try to whistle a sealgh out of the Solway as to get hold of one of them till all the fray is over."

"Mr. Crosbie, this will not do," answered the young counselor; "there is a person of more importance than such wretches as you describe concerned in this unhappy business: I must name to you a certain Mr. Herries."

He kept his eye on the provost as he uttered the name, which he did rather at a venture, and from the connection which that gentleman, and his real or supposed niece, seemed to have with the fate of Darsie Latimer, than from any distinct cause of suspicion which he entertained. He thought the provost seemed embarrassed, though he showed much desire to assume an appearance of indifference, in which he partly succeeded.

"Herries!" he said. "What Herries? There are many of that name; not so many as formerly, for the old stocks are wearing out, but there is Herries of Heathgill, and Herries of Auchintulloch, and Herries——"

"To save you farther trouble, this person's designation is Herries of Birrenswork."

"Of Birrenswork!" said Mr. Crosbie. "I have you now, Mr. Alan. Could you not as well have said, the laird of Redgauntlet?"

Fairford was too wary to testify any surprise at this identification of names, however unexpected. "I thought," said he, "he was more generally known by the name of Herries. I have seen and been in company with him under that name, I am sure."

"O ay; in Edinburgh, belike. You know Redgauntlet was unfortunate a great while ago, and though he was maybe not deeper in the mire than other folk, yet, for some reason or other, he did not get so easily out."

"He was attainted, I understand, and has no remission," said Fairford.

The cautious provost only nodded, and said, "You may guess, therefore, why it is so convenient he should hold his mother's name, which is also partly his own, when he is

about Edinburgh. To bear his proper name might be accounted a kind of flying in the face of government, ye understand. But he has been long connived at—the story is an old story; and the gentleman has many excellent qualities, and is of a very ancient and honorable house—has cousins among the great folk—counts kin with the advocate and with the sheriff: hawks, you know, Mr. Alan, will not pike out hawks' een. He is widely connected—*my* wife is a fourth cousin of Redgauntlet's."

"*Hinc ille lachrymæ!*" thought Alan Fairford to himself; but the hint presently determined him to proceed by soft means, and with caution. "I beg you to understand," said Fairford, "that, in the investigation which I am about to make, I design no harm to Mr. Herries, or Redgauntlet, call him what you will. All I wish is to ascertain the safety of my friend. I know that he was rather foolish in once going upon a mere frolic, in disguise, to the neighborhood of this same gentleman's house. In his circumstances, Mr. Redgauntlet may have misinterpreted the motives, and considered Darsie Latimer as a spy. His influence, I believe, is great among the disorderly people you spoke of but now?"

The provost answered with another sagacious shake of his head, that would have done honor to Lord Burleigh in *The Critic*.

"Well, then," continued Fairford, "is it not possible that, in the mistaken belief that Mr. Latimer was a spy, he may, upon such suspicion, have caused him to be carried off and confined somewhere? Such things are done at elections, and on occasions less pressing than when men think their lives are in danger from an informer."

"Mr. Fairford," said the provost, very earnestly, "I scarce think such a mistake possible; or if, by any extraordinary chance it should have taken place, Redgauntlet, whom I cannot but know well, being, as I have said, my wife's first cousin—fourth cousin, I should say—is altogether incapable of doing anything harsh to the young gentleman: he might send him ower to Ailsay for a night or two, or maybe land him on the north coast of Ireland, or in Islay, or some of the Hebrides; but depend upon it, he is incapable of harming a hair of his head."

"I am determined not to trust to that, provost," answered Fairford, firmly; "and I am a good deal surprised at your way of talking so lightly of such an aggression on the liberty of the subject. You are to consider, and Mr. Herries or Mr. Redgauntlet's friends would do very well also to con-

sider, how it will sound in the ears of an English Secretary of State, that an attainted traitor, for such is this gentleman, has not only ventured to take up his abode in this realm against the king of which he has been in arms, but is suspected of having proceeded, by open force and violence, against the person of one of the lieges, a young man who is neither without friends nor property to secure his being righted."

The provost looked at the young counselor with a face in which distrust, alarm, and vexation seemed mingled. "A fashious job," he said at last—"a fashious job; and it will be dangerous meddling with it. I should like ill to see your father's son turn informer against an unfortunate gentleman."

"Neither do I mean it," answered Alan, "provided that unfortunate gentleman and his friends give me a quiet opportunity of securing *my* friend's safety. If I could speak with Mr. Redgauntlet, and hear his own explanation, I should probably be satisfied. If I am forced to denounce him to government, it will be in his new capacity of a kidnapper. I may not be able, nor is it my business, to prevent his being recognized in his former character of an attainted person, excepted from the general pardon."

"Master Fairford," said the provost, "would ye ruin the poor innocent gentleman on an idle suspicion?"

"Say no more of it, Mr. Crosbie; my line of conduct is determined unless that suspicion is removed."

"Weel, sir," said the provost, "since so it be, and since you say that you do not seek to harm Redgauntlet personally, I'll ask a man to dine with us to-day that kens as much about his matters as most folk. You must think, Mr. Alan Fairford, though Redgauntlet be my wife's dear relative, and though, doubtless, I wish him weel, yet I am not the person who is like to be entrusted with his incomings and outgoings. I am not a man for that. I keep the kirk, and I abhor Popery. I have stood up for the house of Hanover, and for liberty and property. I carried arms, sir, against the Pretender, when three of the Highlandmen's baggage-carts were stopped at Ecclefechan; and I had an especial loss of a hundred pounds——"

"Scots," interrupted Fairford. "You forget you told me all this before."

"Scots or English, it was too much for me to lose," said the provost; "so you see I am not a person to pack or peel with Jacobites, and such unfreemen as poor Redgauntlet."

“Granted—granted, Mr. Crosbie; and what then?” said Alan Fairford.

“Why, then, it follows that, if I am to help you at this pinch, it cannot be by and through my ain personal knowledge, but through some fitting agent or third person.”

“Granted again,” said Fairford. “And pray who may this third person be?”

“Wha but Pate Maxwell of Summertrees—him they call Pate-in-Peril?”

“An old Forty-five man, of course?” said Fairford.

“Ye may swear that,” replied the provost—“as black a Jacobite as the auld leaven can make him; but a sonsy, merry companion, that none of us think it worth while to break wi’ for all his brags and his clavers. You would have thought, if he had had but his own way at Derby, he would have marched Charlie Stuart through between Wade and the Duke, as a thread goes through the needle’s ee, and seated him in St. James’s before you could have said ‘haud your hand.’ But though he is a windy body when he gets on his auld-warld stories, he has mair gumption in him than most people—knows business, Mr. Alan, being bred to the law; but never took the gown, because of the oaths, which kept more folk out then than they do now—the more’s the pity.”

“What! are you sorry, provost, that Jacobitism in upon the decline?” said Fairford.

“No—no,” answered the provost; “I am only sorry for folks losing the tenderness of conscience which they used to have. I have a son breeding to the bar, Mr. Fairford; and, no doubt, considering my services and sufferings, I might have looked for some bit postie to him; but if the muckle tikes come in—I mean a’ these Maxwells, and Johnstones, and great lairds, that the oaths used to keep out lang syne—the bits o’ messan doggies, like my son, and maybe like your father’s son, Mr. Alan, will be sair put to the wall.”

“But to return to the subject, Mr. Crosbie,” said Fairford, “do you really think it likely that this Mr. Maxwell will be of service in this matter?”

“It’s very like he may be, for he is the tongue of the trump to the whole squad of them,” said the provost; “and Red-gauntlet, though he will not stick at times to call him a fool, takes more of his counsel than any man’s else that I am aware of. If Pate can bring him to a communing, the business is done. He’s a sharp chield, Pate-in-Peril.”

“Pate-in-Peril!” repeated Alan—“a very singular name.”

“Ay, and it was in as queer a way he got it ; but I’ll say naething about that,” said the provost, “for fear of forestalling his market ; for ye are sure to hear it once at least, however oftener, before the punch-bowl gives place to the tea-pot. And now, fare ye weel ; for there is the council-bell clinking in earnest ; and if I am not there before it jows in, Bailie Laurie will be trying some of his maneuvers.”

The provost, repeating his expectation of seeing Mr. Fairford at two o’clock, at length effected his escape from the young counselor, and left him at a considerable loss how to proceed. The sheriff, it seems, had returned to Edinburgh, and he feared to find the visible repugnance of the provost to interfere with this laird of Birrenswork, or Redgauntlet, much stronger amongst the country gentlemen, many of whom were Catholics as well as Jacobites, and most others unwilling to quarrel with kinsmen and friends, by prosecuting with severity political offenses which had almost run a prescription.

To collect all the information in his power, and not to have recourse to the higher authorities until he could give all the light of which the case was capable, seemed the wiser proceeding in a choice of difficulties. He had some conversation with the procurator-fiscal, who, as well as the provost, was an old correspondent of his father. Alan expressed to that officer a purpose of visiting Brokenburn, but was assured by him that it would be a step attended with much danger to his own person, and altogether fruitless ; that the individuals who had been ringleaders in the riot were long since safely sheltered in their various lurking-holes in the Isle of Man, Cumberland, and elsewhere ; and that those who might remain would undoubtedly commit violence on any who visited their settlement with the purpose of inquiring into the late disturbances.

There were not the same objections to his hastening to Mount Sharon, where he expected to find the latest news of his friend ; and there was time enough to do so before the hour appointed for the provost’s dinner. Upon the road, he congratulated himself on having obtained one point of almost certain information. The person who had in a manner forced himself upon his father’s hospitality, and had appeared desirous to induce Darsie Latimer to visit England, against whom, too, a sort of warning had been received from an individual connected with and residing in his own family, proved to be a promoter of the disturbance in which Darsie had disappeared.

What could be the cause of such an attempt on the liberty of an inoffensive and amiable man? It was impossible it could be merely owing to Redgauntlet's mistaking Darsie for a spy; * for though that was the solution which Fairford had offered to the provost, he well knew that, in point of fact, he himself had been warned by his singular visitor of some danger to which his friend was exposed, before such suspicion could have been entertained; and the injunctions received by Latimer from his guardian, or him who acted as such, Mr. Griffiths of London, pointed to the same thing. He was rather glad, however, that he had not let Provost Crosbie into his secret farther than was absolutely necessary; since it was plain that the connection of his wife with the suspected party was likely to affect his impartiality as a magistrate.

When Alan Fairford arrived at Mount Sharon, Rachel Geddes hastened to meet him, almost before the servant could open the door. She drew back in disappointment when she beheld a stranger, and said, to excuse her precipitation, that "She had thought it was her brother Joshua returned from Cumberland."

"Mr. Geddes is then absent from home?" said Fairford, much disappointed in his turn.

"He hath been gone since yesterday, friend," answered Rachel, once more composed to the quietude which characterizes her sect, but her pale cheek and red eye giving contradiction to her assumed equanimity.

"I am," said Fairford, hastily, "the particular friend of a young man not unknown to you, Miss Geddes—the friend of Darsie Latimer—and am come hither in the utmost anxiety, having understood from Provost Crosbie that he had disappeared in the night when a destructive attack was made upon the fishing-station of Mr. Geddes."

"Thou dost afflict me, friend, by thy inquiries," said Rachel, more affected than before: "for although the youth was like those of the worldly generation, wise in his own conceit, and lightly to be moved by the breath of vanity, yet Joshua loved him, and his heart clave to him as if he had been his own son. And when he himself escaped from the sons of Belial, which was not until they had tired themselves with reviling, and with idle reproach, and the jests of the scoffer, Joshua, my brother, returned to them once and again, to give ransom for the youth called Darsie Latimer, with offers of money and with promise of remission, but

* See Trepanning and Concealment. Note 27.

they would not hearken to him. Also, he went before the head judge, whom men call the sheriff, and would have told him of the youth's peril ; but he would in no way hearken to him unless he would swear unto the truth of his words, which thing he might not do without sin, seeing it is written, "Swear not at all ;" also, the our "conversation shall be yea or nay." Therefore, Joshua returned to me disconsolate, and said, "Sister Rachel, this youth hath run into peril for my sake ; assuredly I shall not be guiltless if a hair of his head be harmed, seeing I have sinned in permitting him to go with me to the fishing-station when such evil was to be feared. Therefore, I will take my horse, even Solomon, and ride swiftly into Cumberland, and I will make myself friends with mammon of unrighteousness among the magistrates of the Gentiles, and among their mighty men ; and it shall come to pass that Darsie Latimer shall be delivered, even if it were at the expense of half my substance." And I said, "Nay, my brother, go not, for they will but scoff at and revile thee ; but hire with thy silver one of the scribes, who are eager as hunters in pursuing their prey, and he shall free Darsie Latimer from the men of violence by his cunning, and thy soul shall be guiltless of evil towards the lad." But he answered and said, "I will not be controlled in this matter." And he is gone forth, and hath not returned, and I fear me that he may never return ; for though he be peaceful, as becometh one who holds all violence as offense against his own soul, yet neither the floods of water, nor the fear of the snare, nor the drawn sword of the adversary brandished in the path will overcome his purpose ; wherefore the Solway may swallow him up, or the sword of the enemy may devour him. Nevertheless, my hope is better in Him who directeth all things, and ruleth over the waves of the sea, and overruleth the devices of the wicked, and who can redeem us even as a bird from the fowler's net."

This was all that Fairford could learn from Miss Geddes ; but he heard with pleasure that the good Quaker, her brother, had many friends among those of his own profession in Cumberland, and without exposing himself to so much danger, as his sister seemed to apprehend, he trusted he might be able to discover some traces of Darsie Latimer. He himself rode back to Dumfries, having left with Miss Geddes his direction in that place, and an earnest request that she would forward thither whatever information she might obtain from her brother.

On Fairford's return to Dumfries, he employed the brief

interval which remained before dinner-time in writing an account of what had befallen Latimer, and of the present uncertainty of his condition, to Mr. Samuel Griffiths, through whose hands the remittances for his friend's service had been regularly made, desiring he would instantly acquaint him with such parts of his history as might direct him in the search which he was about to institute through the Border counties, and which he pledged himself not to give up until he had obtained news of his friend, alive or dead. The young lawyer's mind felt easier when he had despatched this letter. He could not conceive any reason why his friend's life should be aimed at; he knew Darsie had done nothing by which his liberty could be legally affected; and although, even of late years, there had been singular histories of men, and women also, who had been trepanned, and concealed in solitudes and distant islands, in order to serve some temporary purpose, such violences had been chiefly practised by the rich on the poor, and by the strong on the feeble; whereas, in the present case, this Mr. Herries, or Redgauntlet, being amenable, for more reasons than one, to the censure of the law, must be the weakest in any struggle in which it could be appealed to. It is true that his friendly anxiety whispered that the very cause which rendered this oppressor less formidable might make him more desperate. Still, recalling his language, so strikingly that of the gentleman, and even of the man of honor, Alan Fairford concluded that, though, in his feudal pride, Redgauntlet might venture on the deeds of violence exercised by the aristocracy in other times, he could not be capable of any action of deliberate atrocity. And in these convictions he went to dine with Provost Crosbie with a heart more at ease than might have been expected.

CHAPTER XI

NARRATIVE OF ALAN FAIRFORD, CONTINUED

FIVE minutes had elapsed after the town-clock struck two before Alan Fairford, who had made a small detour to put his letter into the post-house, reached the mansion of Mr. Provost Crosbie, and was at once greeted by the voice of that civic dignitary, and the rural dignitary his visitor, as by the voices of men impatient for their dinner.

"Come away, Mr. Fairford—the Edinburgh time is later than ours," said the provost.

And, "Come away, young gentleman," said the laird. "I remember your father weel, at the Cross, thirty years ago. I reckon you are as late in Edinburgh as at London—four o'clock hours, eh?"

"Not quite so degenerate," replied Fairford; "but certainly many Edinburgh people are so ill-advised as to postpone their dinner till three, that they may have full time to answer their London correspondents."

"London correspondents!" said Mr. Maxwell; "and pray, what the devil have the people of Auld Reekie to do with London correspondents?"*

"The tradesmen must have their goods," said Fairford.

"Can they not buy our own Scottish manufactures, and pick their customers' pockets in a more patriotic manner?"

"Then the ladies must have fashions," said Fairford.

"Can they not busk the plaid over their heads, as their mothers did? A tartan screen, and once a-year a new cockernony from Paris, should serve a countess. But ye have not many of them left, I think; Mareschal, Airley, Winton, Wemyss, Balmerino, all passed and gone! Ay, ay, the countesses and ladies of quality will scarce take up too much of your ball-room floor with their quality hoops nowadays."

"There is no want of crowding, however, sir," said Fairford; "they begin to talk of a new Assembly Room."

"A new Assembly Room!" said the old Jacobite laird. "Umph—I mind quartering three hundred men in the old

* See *Mails to Edinburgh*. Note 28.

Assembly Room.* But come—come, I'll ask no more questions ; the answers all smell of new lords, new lands, and do but spoil my appetite, which were a pity, since here comes Mrs. Crosbie to say our mutton's ready."

It was even so. Mrs. Crosbie had been absent, like Eve, "on hospitable cares intent"—a duty which she did not conceive herself exempted from, either by the dignity of her husband's rank in the municipality, or the splendor of her Brussels silk gown, or even by the more highly prized luster of her birth ; for she was born a Maxwell, and allied, as her husband often informed his friends, to several of the first families in the county. She had been handsome, and was still a portly, good-looking woman of her years ; and though her peep into the kitchen had somewhat heightened her complexion, it was no more than a modest touch of rouge might have done.

The provost was certainly proud of his lady, nay, some said he was afraid of her ; for, of the females of the Redgauntlet family there went a rumor that, ally where they would, there was a gray mare as surely in the stables of their husbands as there is a white horse in Wouverman's pictures. The good dame, too, was supposed to have brought a spice of politics into Mr. Crosbie's household along with her ; and the provost's enemies at the council-table of the burgh used to observe, that he uttered there many a bold harangue against the Pretender, and in favor of King George and government, of which he dared not have pronounced a syllable in his own bedchamber ; and that, in fact his wife's predominating influence had now and then occasioned his acting, or forbearing to act, in a manner very different from his general professions of zeal for Revolution principles. If this was in any respect true, it was certain, on the other hand, that Mrs. Crosbie, in all external points, seemed to acknowledge the "lawful sway and right supremacy" of the head of the house, and if she did not in truth reverence her husband, she at least seemed to do so.

This stately dame received Mr. Maxwell—a cousin of course—with cordiality, and Fairford with civility ; answering, at the same time, with respect, to the magisterial complaints of the provost, that dinner was just coming up. "But since you changed poor Peter MacAlpin, that used to

* I remember hearing this identical answer given by an old Highland gentleman of the Forty-five, when he heard of the opening of the New Assembly Rooms in George Street.

take care of the town-clock, my dear, it has never gone well a single day."

"Peter MacAlpin, my dear," said the provost, "made himself too busy for a person in office, and drunk healths and so forth, which it became no man to drink or to pledge, far less one that is in point of office a servant of the public. I understand that he lost the music-bells in Edingburgh for playing "Ower the water to Charlie" upon the 10th of June. He is a black sheep, and deserves no encouragement."

"Not a bad tune, though, after all," said Summertrees; and, turning to the window, he half hummed, half whistled the air in question, then sang the last verse aloud:

"Oh I loe weel my Charlie's name,
Though some there be that abhor him;
But oh to see the deil gang hame
Wi' a' the Whigs before him!
Over the water, and over the sea,
And over the water to Charlie;
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die with Charlie."

Mrs. Crosbie smiled furtively on the laird, wearing an aspect at the same time of deep submission; while the provost, not choosing to hear his visitor's ditty, took a turn through the room, in unquestioned dignity and independence of authority.

"Aweel—aweel, my dear," said the lady, with a quiet smile of submission, "ye ken these matters best, and you will do your pleasure—they are far above my hand—only, I doubt if ever the town-clock will go right, or your meals be got up so regular as I should wish, till Peter MacAlpin gets his office back again. The body's auld, and can neither work nor want, but he is the only hand to set a clock."

It may be noticed in passing that, notwithstanding this prediction, which, probably, the fair Cassandra had the full means of accomplishing, it was not till the second council-day thereafter that the misdemeanours of the Jacobite clock-keeper were passed over, and he was once more restored to his occupation of fixing the town's time, and the provost's dinner-hour.

Upon the present occasion the dinner passed pleasantly away. Summertrees talked and jested with the easy indifference of a man who holds himself superior to his company. He was indeed an important person, as was testified by his portly appearance; his hat laced with *point d'Espagne*; his coat and waistcoat once richly embroidered, though now

almost threadbare ; the splendor of his solitaire and lace ruffles though the first were sorely creased and the other sullied ; not to forget the length of his silver-headed rapier. His wit, or rather humor, bordered on the sarcastic, and intimated a discontented man ; and although he showed no displeasure when the provost attempted a repartee, yet it seemed that he permitted it upon mere sufferance, as a fencing-master, engaged with a pupil, will sometimes permit the tyro to hit him, solely by way of encouragement. The laird's own jests, in the meanwhile, were eminently successful, not only with the provost and his lady, but with the red-checked and red-ribboned servant-maid who waited at table, and who could scarce perform her duty with propriety, so effectual were the explosions of Summertrees. Alan Fairford alone was unmoved among all this mirth, which was the less wonderful that, besides the important subject which occupied his thoughts, most of the laird's good things consisted in sly allusions to little parochial or family incidents with which the Edinburgh visitor was totally unacquainted ; so that the laughter of the party sounded in his ear like the idle crackling of thorns under the pot, with this difference, that they did not accompany or second any such useful operation as the boiling thereof.

Fairford was glad when the cloth was withdrawn ; and when Provost Crosbie (not without some points of advice from his lady touching the precise mixture of the ingredients) had accomplished the compounding of a noble bowl of punch, at which the old Jacobite's eyes seemed to glisten, the glasses were pushed round, filled, and withdrawn each by its owner, when the provost emphatically named the toast, "The king," with an important look at Fairford, which seemed to say, "You can have no doubt whom I mean, and therefore there is no occasion to particularize the individual."

Summertrees repeated the toast with a sly wink to the lady, while Fairford drank his glass in silence.

"Well, young advocate," said the landed proprietor, "I am glad to see there is some shame, if there is little honesty, left in the faculty. Some of your black-gowns, nowadays, have as little of the one as of the other."

"At least, sir," replied Mr. Fairford, "I am so much of a lawyer as not willingly to enter into disputes which I am not retained to support ; it would be but throwing away both time and argument."

"Come—come," said the lady, "we will have no argu-

ment in this house about Whig and Tory ; the provost kens what he maun *say*, and I ken what he should *think* ; and for a' that has come and gane yet, there may be a time coming when honest men may say what they think, whether they be provosts or not."

"D'ye hear that, provost?" said Summertrees ; "your wife's a witch, man: you should nail a horseshoe on your chamber door. Ha, ha, ha!"

This sally did not take quite so well as former efforts of the laird's wit. The lady drew up, and the provost said, half aside, "The sooth bourd is nae bourd. You will find the horseshoe hissing hot, Summertrees."

"You can speak from experience, doubtless, provost," answered the laird ; "but I crave pardon—I need not tell Mrs. Crosbie that I have all respect for the auld and honorable house of Redgauntlet."

"And good reason ye have, that are sae sib to them," quoth the lady, "and kenn'd weel baith them that are here, and them that are gane."

"In troth, and ye may say sae, madam," answered the laird ; for poor Harry Redgauntlet that suffered at Carlisle was hand and glove with me ; and yet we parted on short leave-taking."

"Ay, Summertrees," said the provost ; that was when you played cheat-the-woodie, and gat the bye-name of Pate-in-Peril. I wish you would tell the story to my young friend here. He likes weel to hear of a sharp trick, as most lawyers do."

"I wonder at your want of circumspection, provost," said the laird, much after the manner of a singer, when declining to sing the song that is quivering upon his tongue's very end. "Ye should mind there are some auld stories that cannot be ripped up again with entire safety to all concerned. *Tu ce* is Latin for a candle."

"I hope," said the lady, "you are not afraid of anything being said out of the house to your prejudice, Summertrees ? I have heard the story before, but the oftener I hear it, the more wonderful I think it."

"Yes, madam ; but it has been now a wonder of more than nine days, and it is time it should be ended," answered Maxwell."

"Fairford now thought it civil to say, "That he had often heard of Mr. Maxwell's wonderful escape, and that nothing could be more agreeable to him than to hear the right version of it."

But Summertrees was obdurate, and refused to take up the time of the company with such "auld-waird nonsense."

"Weel—weel," said the provost, "a wilful man maun hae his way. What do you folk in the country think about the disturbances that are beginning to spunk out in the colonies?"

"Excellent, sir—excellent. When things come to the worst they will mend; and to the worst they are coming. But as to that nonsense ploy of mine, if ye insist on hearing the particulars——" said the laird, who began to be sensible that the period of telling his story gracefully was gliding fast away.

"Nay," said the provost, "it is not for myself, but this young gentleman."

"Aweel, what for should I not pleasure the young gentleman? I'll just drink to honest folk at hame and abroad, and deil ane else. And then—but you have heard it before, Mrs. Crosbie?"

"Not so often as to think it tiresome, I assure ye," said lady; and without further preliminaries, the laird addressed Alan Fairford.

"Ye have heard of a year they call the Forty-five, young gentleman; when the Southrons' heads made their last acquaintance with Scottish claymores? There was a set of rampanging chields in the country then that they called rebels—I never could find out what for. Some men should have been wi' them that never came, provost—Skye and the Bush aboon Traquair for that, ye ken. Weel, the job was settled at last. Cloured crowns were plenty, and raxed necks came into fashion. I dinna mind very weel what I was doing, swaggering about the country with dirk and pistol at my belt for five or six months, or thereaway; but I had a weary waking out of a wild dream. Then did I find myself on foot in a misty morning, with my hand, just for fear of going astray, linked into a handcuff, as they call it, with poor Harry Redgauntlet's fastened into the other; and there we were, trudging along, with about a score more that had thrust their horns ower deep in the bog, just like ourselves, and a sergeant's guard of redecoats, with twa file of dragoons, to keep all quiet, and give us heart to the road. Now, if this mode of traveling was not very pleasant, the object did not particularly recommend it; for you understand, young man, that they did not trust these poor rebel bodies to be tried by juries of their ain kindly countrymen, though ane would

have thought they would have found Whigs enough in Scotland to hang us all ; but they behoved to trounce us away to be tried at Carlisle, where the folk had been so frightened that, had you brought a whole Highland clan at once into the court, they would have put their hands upon their een, and cried, ‘ hang them a’, just to be quit of them.”

“ Ay—ay,” said the provost, “ that was a snell law, I grant ye.”

“ Snell !” said his wife—“ snell ! I wish they that passed it had the jury I would recommend them to !”

“ I suppose the young lawyer thinks it all very right,” said Summertrees, looking at Fairford ; an *old* lawyer might have thought otherwise. However, the cudgel was to be found to beat the dog, and they choose a heavy one. Well, I kept my spirits better than my companion, poor fellow ; for I had the luck to have neither wife nor child to think about, and Harry Redgauntlet had both one and t’other. You have seen Harry, Mrs. Crosbie ?”

“ In troth have I,” said she, with the sigh which we give to early recollections, of which the object is no more. “ He was not so tall as his brother, and a gentler lad every way. After he married the great English fortune, folk called him less of a Scotchman than Edward.”

“ Folk lee’d, then,” said Summertrees ; “ poor Harry was none of your bold-speaking, ranting reivers, that talk about what they did yestherday, or what they will do to-morrow : it was when something was to do at the moment that you should have looked at Harry Redgauntlet. I saw him at Culloden, when all was lost, doing more than twenty of these bleezing braggarts, till the very soldiers that took him, cried not to hurt him—for all somebody’s orders, provost—for he was the bravest fellow of them all. Weel, as I went by the side of Harry, and felt him raise my hand up in the mist of the morning, as if he wished to wipe his eye—for he had not that freedom without my leave—my very heart was like to break for him, poor fellow. In the meanwhile, I had been trying and trying to make my hand as fine as a lady’s, to see if I could slip it out of my iron wrist-band. You may think,” he said, laying his broad bony hand on the table, “ I had work enough with such a shoulder-of-mutton fist ; but if you observe, the shackle-bones are of the largest, and so they were obliged to keep the handcuff wide ; at length I got my hand slipped out, and slipped in again ; and poor Harry was sae deep in his ain thoughts I could not make him sensible what I was doing.”

“Why not?” said Alan Fairford, for whom the tale began to have some interest.

“Because there was an unchancy beast of a dragoon riding close beside us on the other side ; and if I had let him into my confidence as well as Harry, it would not have been long before a pistol-ball slapped through my bonnet. Well, I had little for it but to do the best I could for myself ; and by my conscience, it was time, when the gallows was staring me in the face. We were to halt for breakfast at Moffat. Well did I know the moors we were marching over, having hunted and hawked on every acre of ground in very different times. So I waited, you see, till I was on the edge of Errickstane Brae. Ye ken the place they call the Marquis’s Beef-Stand, because the Annandale loons used to put their stolen cattle in them ?”

Fairford intimated his ignorance.

“Ye must have seen it as you cam this way ; it looks as if four hills were lying their heads together to shut out daylight from the dark hollow space between them. A d—d deep, black, blackguard-looking abyss of a hole it is, and goes straight down from the roadside, as perpendicular as it can do, to be a heathery brae. At the bottom there is a small bit of a brook, that you would think could hardly find its way out from the hills that are so closely jammed round it.”

“A bad pass indeed,” said Alan.

“You may say that,” continued the laird. “Bad as it was, sir, it was my only chance ; and though my very flesh creeped when I thought what a rumble I was going to get, yet I kept my heart up all the same. And so just when we came on the edge of this Beef-Stand of the Johnstones, I slipped out my hand from the handcuff, cried to Harry Gauntlet “Follow me !” whisked under the belly of the dragoon horse, flung my plaid round me with the speed of lightening, threw myself on my side, for there was no keeping my feet, and down the brae hurled I, over heather and fern, and blackberries, like a barrel down Chalmers’s Close in Auld Reekie. G—, sir, I never could help laughing when I think how the scoundrel redcoats must have been bum-bazed ; for the mist being, as I said, thick, they had little notion, I take it, that they were on the verge of such a dilemma. I was half-way down—for rowing is faster wark than running—ere they could get at their arms ; and then it was flash, flash, flash,—rap, rap, rap,—from the edge of the road ; but my head was too jumbled to think anything

either of that or the hard knocks I got among the stones. I kept my senses thegither, whilk has been thought wonderful by all that ever saw the place ; and I helped myself with my hands as gallantly as I could, and to the bottom I came. There I lay for half a moment ; but the thoughts of a gallows is worth all the salts and scent-bottles in the world for bringing a man to himself. Up I sprung like a four-year auld colt. All the hills were spinning round with me like so many great big humming-tops. But there was nae time to think of that neither, more especially as the mist had risen a little with the firing. I could see the villains, like sae many craws on the edge of the brae : and I reckon that they saw me, for some of the loons were beginning to crawl down the hill, but liker auld wives in their red cloaks coming frae a field-preaching than such a souple lad as I was. Accordingly they soon began to stop and load their pieces. Good-e'en to you, gentlemen, thought I, if that is to be the gate of it. If you have any further word with me, you maun come as far as Carrifra Gauns. And so off I set, and never buck went faster ower the braes than I did ; and I never stopped till I had put three waters, reasonably deep, as the season was rainy, half a dozen mountains, and a few thousand acres of the worst moss and ling in Scotland betwixt me and my friends the redcoats."

"It was that job which got you the name of 'Pate-in-Peril.'" said the provost, filling the glasses, and exclaiming with great emphasis, while his guest, much animated with the recollections which the exploit excited, looked round with an air of triumph for sympathy and applause, "Here is to your good health ; and may you never put your neck in such a venture again." *

"Humph ! I do not know," answered Summertrees. "I am not like to be tempted with another opportunity.† Yet, who knows ?" And then he made a deep pause.

"May I ask what became of your friend, sir ?" said Alan Fairford.

"Ah, poor Harry !" said Summertrees. "I'll tell you what, sir, it takes time to make up one's mind to such a venture, as my friend the provost calls it ; and I was told by Neil Maclean, who was next file to us, but had the luck to escape the gallows by some slight-of-hand trick or other, that, upon my breaking off, poor Harry stood like one motionless, although all our brethren in captivity made as

* See escape of Pate-in-Peril. Note 29.

† See Note 30.

much tumult as they could, to distract the attention of the soldiers. And run he did at last ; but he did not know the ground, and either from confusion, or because he judged the descent altogether perpendicular, he fled up the hill to the left, instead of going down at once, and so was easily pursued and taken. If he had followed my example, he would have found enough among the shepherds to hide him, and feed him, as they did me, on bearmeal scones and braxy mutton,* till better days came round again."

"He suffered, then, for his share in the insurrection?" said Alan.

"You may swear that," said Summertrees. "His blood was too red to be spared when that sort of paint was in request. He suffered, sir, as you call it—that is, he was murdered in cold blood, with many a pretty fellow besides. Well, we may have our day next; what is fristed is not forgiven; they think us all dead and buried, but——" Here he filled his glass, and muttering some indistinct denunciations, drank it off, and assumed his usual manner, which had been a little disturbed towards the end of the narrative.

"What became of Mr. Redgauntlet's child?" said Fairford.

"*Mister* Redgauntlet! He was Sir Henry Redgauntlet, as his son, if the child now lives, will be Sir Arthur. I called him Harry from intimacy, and Redgauntlet as the chief of his name. His proper style was Sir Henry Redgauntlet."

"His son, therefore, is dead?" said Alan Fairford. "It is a pity so brave a line should draw to a close."

"He has left a brother," said Summertrees, "Edward Hugh Redgauntlet, who has now the representation of the family. And well it is; for though he be unfortunate in many respects, he will keep up the honor of the house better than a boy bred up amongst these bitter Whigs, the relations of his elder brother Sir Henry's lady. Then they are on no good terms with the Redgauntlet line: bitter Whigs they are, in every sense. It was a runaway match betwixt Sir Henry and his lady. Poor thing, they would not allow her to see him when in confinement; they had even the meanness to leave him without pecuniary assistance; and as all his own property was seized upon and plundered, he would have wanted common necessities, but for the attachment of a fellow who was a famous fiddler—a blind man. I have

* See Note 81.

seen him with Sir Henry myself, both before the affair broke out and while it was going on. I have heard that he fiddled in the streets of Carlisle, and carried what money he got to his master, while he was confined in the castle."

"I do not believe a word of it," said Mrs. Crosbie, kindling with indignation. "A Redgauntlet would have died twenty times before he had touched a fiddler's wages."

"Hout fie—hout fie, all nonsense and pride," said the laird of Summertrees. "Scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings, cousin Crosbie; ye little ken what some of your friends were obliged to do yon time for a soup of brose or a bit of bannock. G—d. I carried a cutler's wheel for several weeks, partly for need and partly for disguise; there I went bizz—bizz, whizz—zizz at every auld wife's door; and if ever you want your shears sharpened, Mrs. Crosbie, I am the lad to do it for you, if my wheel was but in order."

"You must ask my leave first," said the provost; "for I have been told you had some queer fashions of taking a kiss instead of a penny, if you liked your customer."

"Come—come, provost," said the lady, rising, "if the maut gets abune the meal with you, it is time for me to take myself away. And you will come to my room, gentlemen, when you want a cup of tea."

Alan Fairford was not sorry for the lady's departure. She seemed too much alive to the honor of the house of Redgauntlet, though only a fourth cousin, not to be alarmed by the inquiries which he proposed to make after the whereabouts of its present head. Strange, confused suspicions arose in his mind, from his imperfect recollection of the tale of Wandering Willie, and the idea forced itself upon him that his friend Darsie Latimer might be the son of the unfortunate Sir Henry. But before indulging in such speculations, the point was, to discover what had actually become of him. If he were in the hands of his uncle, might there not exist some rivalry in fortune or rank which might induce so stern a man as Redgauntlet to use unfair measures towards a youth whom he would find himself unable to mold to his purpose? He considered these points in silence during several revolutions of the glasses as they wheeled in galaxy round the bowl, waiting until the provost, agreeably to his own proposal, should mention the subject for which he had expressly introduced him to Mr. Maxwell of Summertrees.

Apparently the provost had forgot his promise, or at least was in no great haste to fulfil it. He debated with great earnestness upon the Stamp Act, which was then impending

over the American colonies, and upon other political subjects of the day, but said not a word of Redgauntlet. Alan soon saw that the investigation he meditated must advance, if at all, on his own special motion, and determined to proceed accordingly.

Acting upon this resolution, he took the first opportunity afforded by a pause in the discussion of colonial politics to say, "I must remind you, Provost Crosbie, of your kind promise to procure some intelligence upon the subject I am so anxious about."

"Gadso!" said the provost, after a moment's hesitation, "it is very true. Mr. Maxwell, we wish to consult you on a piece of important business. You must know—indeed, I think you must have heard—that the fishermen at Brokenburn and higher up the Solway have made a raid upon Quaker Geddes's stake-nets and leveled all with the sands."

"In troth I heard it, provost, and I was glad to hear the scoundrels had so much pluck left as to right themselves against a fashion which would make the upper heritors a sort of clocking-bens to hatch the fish that folk below them were to catch and eat."

"Well, sir," said Alan, "that is not the present point. But a young friend of mine was with Mr. Geddes at the time this violent procedure took place, and he has not since been heard of. Now, our friend, the provost, thinks that you may be able to advise——"

Here he was interrupted by the provost and Summertrees speaking out both at once, the first endeavoring to disclaim all interest in the question, and the last to evade giving an answer.

"Me think!" said the provost. "I never thought twice about it, Mr. Fairford; it was neither fish, nor flesh, nor salt herring of mine."

"And I able to advise!" said Mr. Maxwell of Summertrees. "What the devil can I advise you to do, excepting to send the bellman through the town to cry your lost sheep, as they do spaniel dogs or stray ponies?"

"With your pardon," said Alan, calmly but resolutely, "I must ask a more serious answer."

"Why Mr. Advocate," answered Summertrees, "I thought it was your business to give advice to the lieges, and not to take it from poor stupid country gentlemen."

"If not exactly advice, it is sometimes our duty to ask questions, Mr. Maxwell."

"Ay, sir, when you have your bag-wig and your gown on,

we must allow you the usual privilege of both gown and petticoat, to ask what questions you please. But when you are out of your canonicals the case is altered. How come you, sir, to suppose that I have any business with this riotous proceeding, or should know more than you do what happened there! The question proceeds on an uncivil supposition."

"I will explain," said Alan, determined to give Mr. Maxwell no opportunity of breaking off the conversation. "You are an intimate of Mr. Redgauntlet—he is accused of having been engaged in this affray, and of having placed under forcible restraint the person of my friend, Darsie Latimer, a young man of property and consequence, whose fate I am here for the express purpose of investigating. This is the plain state of the case: and all parties concerned—your friend, in particular—will have reason to be thankful for the temperate manner in which it is my purpose to conduct the matter, if I am treated with proportionate frankness."

"You have misunderstood me," said Maxwell, with a tone changed to more composure: "I told you I was the friend of the late Sir Henry Redgauntlet, who was executed in 1745, at Hairbie, near Carlisle, but I know no one who at present bears the name of Redgauntlet."

"You know Mr. Herries of Birrenswork," said Alan, smiling, "to whom the name of Redgauntlet belongs?"

Maxwell darted a keen, reproachful look towards the provost, but instantly smoothed his brow and changed his tone to that of confidence and candor.

"You must not be angry, Mr. Fairford, that the poor persecuted Nonjurors are a little upon the *qui vive* when such clever young men as you are making inquires after us. I myself now, though I am quite out of the scrape, and may cock my hat at the Cross as I best like, sunshine or moonshine, have been yet so much accustomed to walk with the lap of my cloak cast over my face, that, faith, if a redecoat walk suddenly up to me, I wish for my wheel and whetstone again for a moment. Now Redgauntlet, poor fellow, is far worse off: he is, you may have heard, still under the lash of the law—the mark of the beast is still on his forehead, poor gentleman; and that makes us cautious—very cautious—which I am sure there is no occasion to be towards you, as no one of your appearance and manners would wish to trepan a gentleman under misfortune."

"On the contrary, sir," said Fairford, "I wish to afford Mr. Redgauntlet's friends an opportunity to get him out of

the scrape, by procuring the instant liberation of my friend Darsie Latimer. I will engage that, if he has sustained no greater bodily harm than a short confinement, the matter may be passed over quietly, without inquiry ; but to attain this end, so desirable for the man who has committed a great and recent infraction of the laws, which he had before grievously offended, very speedy reparation of the wrong must be rendered."

Maxwell seemed lost in reflection, and exchanged a glance or two, not of the most comfortable or congratulatory kind, with his host the provost. Fairford rose and walked about the room, to allow them an opportunity of conversing together : for he was in hopes that the impression he had visibly made upon Summertrees was likely to ripen into something favorable to his purpose. They took the opportunity, and engaged in whispers to each other, eagerly and reproachfully on the part of the laird, while the provost answered in an embarrassed and apologetical tone. Some broken words of the conversation reached Fairford, whose presence they seemed to forget, as he stood at the bottom of the room, apparently intent upon examining the figures upon a fine Indian screen, a present to the provost from his brother, captain of a vessel in the Company's service. What he overheard made it evident that his errand, and the obstinacy with which he pursued it, occasioned altercation between the whisperers.

Maxwell at length let out the words, "A good fright"—"and so send him home with his tail scalded, like a dog that has come a-privateering on strange premises."

The provost's negative was strongly interposed—"Not to be thought of"—"making bad worse"—"my situation"—"my utility"—"you cannot conceive how obstinate—just like his father."

They then whispered more closely, and at length the provost raised his drooping crest and spoke in a cheerful tone. "Come, sit down to your glass, Mr. Fairford ; we have laid our heads thegither, and you shall see it will not be our fault if you are not quite pleased, and Mr. Darsie Latimer let loose to take his fiddle under his neck again. But Summertrees thinks it will require you to put yourself into some bodily risk, which may be you may not be so keen of."

"Gentlemen," said Fairford, "I will not certainly shun any risk by which my object may be accomplished ; but I bind it on your consciences—on yours, Mr. Maxwell, as a

man of honor and a gentleman, and on yours, provost, as a magistrate and a loyal subject—that you do not mislead me in this matter.”

“Nay, as for me,” said Summertrees, “I will tell you the truth at once, and fairly own that I can certainly find you the means of seeing Redgauntlet, poor man ; and that I will do, if you require it, and conjure him also the treat you as your errand requires ; but poor Redgauntlet is much changed—indeed, to say truth, his temper never was the best in the world ; however, I will warrant you from any very great danger.”

“I will warrant myself from such,” said Fairford, “by carrying a proper force with me.”

“Indeed,” said Summertrees, “you will do no such thing ; for, in the first place, do you think that we will deliver up the poor fellow into the hands of the Philistines, when, on the contrary, my only reason for furnishing you with the clue I am to put into your hands is to settle the matter amicably on all sides ? And secondly, his intelligence is so good, that were you coming near him with soldiers, or constables, or the like, I shall answer for it, you will never lay salt on his tail.”

Fairford mused for a moment. He considered that to gain sight of this man, and knowledge of his friend’s condition, were advantages to be purchased at every personal risk ; and he saw plainly that were he to take the course most safe for himself, and call in the assistance of the law, it was clear he would either be deprived of the intelligence necessary to guide him, or that Redgauntlet would be apprised of his danger, and might probably leave the country, carrying his captive along with him. He therefore repeated, “I put myself on your honor, Mr. Maxwell ; and I will go alone to visit your friend. I have little doubt I shall find him amenable to reason, and that I shall receive from him a satisfactory account of Mr. Latimer.”

“I have little doubt that you will,” said Mr. Maxwell of Summertrees ; “but still I think it will be only in the long-run, and after having sustained some delay and inconvenience. My warrandice goes no farther.”

“I will take it as it is given,” said Alan Fairford. “But let me ask, would it not be better, since you value your friend’s safety so highly, and surely would not willingly compromise mine, that the provost or you should go with me to this man, if he is within any reasonable distance, and try to make him hear reason ?”

“Me! I will not go my foot’s length,” said the provost; “and that, Mr. Alan, you may be well assured of. Mr. Redgauntlet is my wife’s fourth cousin, that is undeniable; but were he the last of her kin and mine both, it would ill befitt my office to be communing with rebels.”

“Ay, or drinking with Nonjurors,” said Maxwell, filling his glass. “I would as soon expect to have met Claverhouse at a field-preaching. And as for myself, Mr. Fairford, I cannot go for just the opposite reason. It would be *infra dig.* in the provost of this most flourishing and loyal town to associate with Redgauntlet; and for me, it would be *noscitur a socio.* There would be post to London with the tidings that two such Jacobites as Redgauntlet and I had met on a braeside; the Habeas Corpus would be suspended; fame would sound a charge from Carlisle to the Land’s-End; and who knows but the very wind of the rumor might blow my estate from between my fingers, and my body over Errickstane Brae again? No—no; bide a gliff, I will go into the provost’s closet and write a letter to Redgauntlet, and direct you how to deliver it.”

“There is pen and ink in the office,” said the provost, pointing to the door of an inner apartment, in which he had his walnut-tree desk and east-country cabinet.

“A pen that can write, I hope?” said the old laird.

“It can write and spell baith—in right hands,” answered the provost, as the laird retired and shut the door behind him.

CHAPTER XII

NARRATIVE OF ALAN FAIRFORD, CONTINUED

THE room was no sooner deprived of Mr. Maxwell of Summertree's presence than the provost looked very warily above, beneath, and around the apartment, hitched his chair towards that of his remaining guest, and began to speak in a whisper which could not have startled "the smallest mouse that creeps on floor."

"Mr. Fairford," said he, "you are a good lad ; and, what is more, you are my auld friend your father's son. Your father has been agent for this burgh for years, and has a good deal to say with the council ; so there have been a sort of obligations between him and me ; it may have been now on this side and now on that, but obligations there have been. I am but a plain man, Mr. Fairford ; but I hope you understand me ?"

"I believe you mean me well, provost ; and I am sure," replied Fairford, "you can never better show your kindness than on this occasion."

"That's it—that's the very point I would be at, Mr. Alan," replied the provost ; "besides, I am, as becomes well my situation, a staunch friend to kirk and king, meaning this present establishment in church and state ; and so, as I was saying, you may command my best—advice."

"I hope for your assistance and co-operation also," said the youth.

"Certainly—certainly," said the wary magistrate. "Well, now, you see one may love the kirk, and yet not ride on the rigging of it ; and one may love the king, and yet not be cramming him eternally down the throat of the unhappy folk that may chance to like another king better. I have friends and connections among them, Mr. Fairford, as your father may have clients ; they are flesh and blood like ourselves, these poor Jacobite bodies—sons of Adam and Eve, after all ; and therefore—I hope you understand me ? I am a plain-spoken man."

"I am afraid I do *not* quite understand you," said Fairford ; "and if you have anything to say to me in private,

my dear provost, you had better come quickly out with it, for the laird of Summertrees must finish his letter in a minute or two."

"Not a bit, man: Pate is a long-headed fellow, but his pen does not clear the paper as his greyhound does the Tinwald furs. I gave him a wipie about that, if you noticed: I can say anything to Pate-in-Peril. Indeed, he is my wife's near kinsman."

"But your advice, provost," said Alan, who perceived that, like a shy horse, the worthy magistrate always started off from his own purpose just when he seemed approaching to it.

"Weel, you shall have it in plain terms, for I am a plain man. Ye see, we will suppose that any friend like yourself were in the deepest hole of the Nith, and making a sprattle for your life. Now, you see, such being the case, I have little chance of helping you, being a fat, short-arm man, and no swimmer, what would be the use of my jumping in after you?"

"I understand you, I think," said Alan Fairford. "You think that Darsie Latimer is in danger of his life."

"Me! I think nothing about it, Mr. Alan; but if he were, as I trust he is not, he is nae drap's blood akin to you, Mr. Alan."

"But here your friend, Summertree," said the young lawyer, "offers me a letter to this Redgauntlet of yours. What say you to that?"

"Me!" ejaculated the provost—"me, Mr. Alan? I say neither bluff nor style to it. But we dinna ken what it is to look a Redgauntlet in the face; better try my wife, who is but a fourth cousin, before ye venture on the Laird himself—just say something about the Revolution, and see what a look she can gie you."

"I shall leave you to stand all the shots from that battery, provost," replied Fairford. "But speak out like a man. Do you think Summertrees means fairly by me?"

"Fairly—he is just coming—fairly! I am a plain man, Mr. Fairford—but ye said 'fairly'!"

"I do so," replied Alan, "and it is of importance to me to know, and to you to tell me if such is the case; for if you do not, you may be an accomplice to murder before the fact, and that under circumstances which may bring it near to murder under trust."

"Murder! Who spoke of murder?" said the provost. "No danger of that, Mr. Alan; only, if I were you—to

“speak my plain mind——” Here he approached his mouth to the ear of the young lawyer, and, after another acute pang of travail, was safely delivered of his advice in the following abrupt words:—“Take a keek into Pate’s letter before ye deliver it.”

Fairford startled, looked the provost hard in the face, and was silent; while Mr. Crosbie, with the self-approbation of one who was at length brought himself to the discharge of a great duty, at the expense of a considerable sacrifice, nodded and winked to Alan, as if enforcing his advice; and then swallowing a large glass of punch, concluded, with the sigh of a man released from a heavy burden, “I am a plain man, Mr. Fairford.”

“A plain man!” said Maxwell, who entered the room at that moment, with the letter in his hand. “Provost, I never heard you make use of the word but when you had some sly turn of your own to work out.”

The provost looked silly enough, and the laird of Summertrees directed a keen and suspicious glance upon Alan Fairford, who sustained it with professional intrepidity. There was a moment’s pause.

“I was trying,” said the provost, “to dissuade our young friend from his wildgoose expedition.”

“And I, said Fairford, “am determined to go through with it. Trusting myself to you, Mr. Maxwell, I conceive that I rely, as I before said, on the words of a gentleman.”

“I will warrant you,” said Maxwell, “from all serious consequences; some inconveniences you must look to suffer.”

“To these I shall be resigned,” said Fairford, “and stand prepared to run my risk.”

“Well, then,” said Summertrees, “you must go——”

“I will leave you to yourselves, gentlemen,” said the provost, rising; “when you have done with your crack, you will find me at my wife’s tea-table.”

“And a more accomplished old woman never drank cat-lap,” said Maxwell, as he shut the door. “The last word has him, speak it who will; and yet, because he is a whilly-wha body, and has a plausible tongue of his own, and is well enough connected, and especially because nobody could ever find out whether he is Whig or Tory, this is the third time they have made him provost! But to the matter in hand. This letter, Mr. Fairford,” putting a sealed one into his hand, “is addressed, you observe, to Mr. H—— of B——, and contains your credentials for that gentleman, who is also

known by his family name of Redgauntlet, but less frequently addressed by it, because it is mentioned something invidiously in a certain Act of Parliament. I have little doubt he will assure you of your friend's safety, and in a short time place him at freedom—that is, supposing him under present restraint. But the point is, to discover where he is; and, before you are made acquainted with this necessary part of the business, you must give me your assurance of honor that you will acquaint no one, either by word or by letter, with the expedition which you now propose to yourself."

"How, sir?" answered Alan; "can you expect that I will not take the precaution of informing some person of the route I am about to take, that, in case of accident, it may be known where I am, and with what purpose I have gone thither?"

"And can you expect," answered Maxwell, in the same tone, "that I am to place my friend's safety, not merely in your hands, but in those of any person you may choose to confide in, and who may use the knowledge to his destruction? Na—na, I have pledged my word for your safety, and you must give me yours to be private in the matter. 'Giff-gaff,' you know."

Alan Fairford could not help thinking that this obligation to secrecy gave a new and suspicious coloring to the whole transaction; but, considering that his friend's release might depend upon his accepting the condition, he gave it in the terms proposed, and with the resolution of abiding by it.

"And now, sir," he said, "whither am I to proceed with this letter? Is Mr. Herries at Brokenburn?"

"He is not. I do not think he will come thither again until the business of the stake-nets be hushed up, nor would I advise him to do so: the Quakers, with all their demureness, can bear malice as long as other folk; and though I have not the prudence of Mr. Provost, who refuses to ken where his friends are concealed during adversity, lest, perchance, he should be asked to contribute to their relief, yet I do not think it necessary or prudent to inquire into Redgauntlet's wanderings, poor man, but wish to remain at perfect freedom to answer, if asked at, that I ken nothing of the matter. You must, then, go to old Tom Trumbull's, at Annan—Tam Turnpenny, as they call him; and he is sure either to know where Redgauntlet is himself or to find some one who can give a shrewd guess. But you must attend that old Turnpenny will answer no question on such a subject without you give him the password, which at present you must do by asking him the age of the moon; if he answers, "Not light

enough to land a cargo," you are to answer, "Then plague on Aberdeen almanacks," and upon that he will hold free intercourse with you. And now, I would advise you to lose no time, for the parole is often changed; and take care of yourself among these moonlight lads, for laws and lawyers do not stand very high in their favor."

"I will set out this instant," said the young barrister: "I will but bid the provost and Mrs. Crosbie farewell, and then get on horseback so soon as the hostler of the George Inn can saddle him; as for the smugglers, I am neither gauger nor supervisor, and, like the man who met the devil, if they have nothing to say to me, I have nothing to say to them."

"You are a mettled young man," said Summertrees, evidently with increasing good-will, on observing an alertness and contempt of danger which perhaps he did not expect from Alan's appearance and profession—"a very mettled young fellow, indeed! and it is almost a pity——" Here he stopped short.

"What is a pity?" said Fairford.

"It is almost a pity that I cannot go with you myself, or at least send a trusty guide."

They walked together to the bedchamber of Mrs. Crosbie, for it was in that asylum that the ladies of the period dispensed their tea, when the parlor was occupied by the punch-bowl.

"You have been good bairns to-night, gentlemen," said Mrs. Crosbie. "I am afraid, Summertrees, that the provost have given you a bad browst: you are not used to quit the lee-side of the punch-bowl in such a hurry. I say nothing to you, Mr. Fairford, for you are too young a man yet for stoup and bicker; but I hope you will not tell the Edinburgh fine folk that the provost has scrimped you of your cogie, as the sang says?"

"I am much obliged for the provost's kindness and yours, madam," replied Alan; "but the truth is, I have still a long ride before me this evening, and the sooner I am on horseback the better."

"This evening?" said the provost, anxiously. "Had you not better take daylight with you to-morrow morning?"

"Mr. Fairford will ride as well in the cool of the evening," said Summertrees, taking the word out of Alan's mouth.

The provost said no more, nor did his wife ask any questions, nor testify any surprise at the suddenness of their guest's departure.

Having drank tea, Alan Fairford took leave with the usual ceremony. The laird of Summertrees seemed studious to prevent any further communication between him and the provost, and remained lounging on the landing-place of the stair while they made their adieus ; heard the provost ask if Alan proposed a speedy return, and the latter reply, that his stay was uncertain ; and witnessed the parting shake of the hand, which, with a pressure more warm than usual, and a tremulous "God bless and prosper you !" Mr. Crosbie bestowed on his young friend. Maxwell even strolled with Fairford as far as the George, although resisting all his attempts at further inquiry into the affairs of Redgauntlet, and referring him to Tom Trumbull, *alias* Turnpenny, for the particulars which he might find it necessary to inquire into.

At length Alan's hack was produced—an animal long in neck and high in bone, accoutered with a pair of saddle-bags containing the rider's traveling-wardrobe. Proudly surmounting his small stock of necessaries, and no way ashamed of a mode of traveling which a modern Mr. Silvertongue would consider as the last of degradations, Alan Fairford took leave of the old Jacobite, Pate-in-Peril, and set forward on the road to the royal burgh of Annan. His reflections during his ride were none of the most pleasant. He could not disguise from himself that he was venturing rather too rashly into the power of outlawed and desperate persons ; for with such only a man in the situation of Redgauntlet could be supposed to associate. There were other grounds for apprehension. Several marks of intelligence betwixt Mrs. Crosbie and the laird of Summertrees had not escaped Alan's acute observation ; and it was plain that the provost's inclinations towards him, which he believed to be sincere and good, were not firm enough to withstand the influence of this league between his wife and friend. The provost's adieus, like Macbeth's "amen," had stuck in his throat, and seemed to intimate that he apprehended more than he dared give utterance to.

Laying all these matters together, Alan thought, with no little anxiety, on the celebrated lines of Shakspeare,

A drop,
That in the ocean seeks another drop, etc.

But pertinacity was a strong feature in the young lawyer's character. He was, and always had been, totally unlike the

"horse hot at hand," who tires before noon through his own over-eager exertions in the beginning of the day. On the contrary, his first efforts seemed frequently inadequate to accomplishing his purpose, whatever that for the time might be ; and it was only as the difficulties of the task increased that his mind seemed to acquire the energy necessary to combat and subdue them. If, therefore, he went anxiously forward upon his uncertain and perilous expedition, the reader must acquit him of all idea, even in a passing thought, of the possibility of abandoning his search and resigning Darsie Latimer to his destiny.

A couple of hours' riding brought him to the little town of Annan, situated on the shores of the Solway, between eight and nine o'clock. The sun had set, but the day was not yet ended ; and when he had alighted and seen his horse properly cared for at the principal inn of the place, he was readily directed to Mr. Maxwell's friend, old Tom Trumbull, with whom everybody seemed well acquainted. He endeavored to fish out from the lad that acted as a guide something of this man's situation and profession ; but the general expressions of "a very decent man," "a very honest body," "weel to pass in the world," and such-like, were all that could be extracted from him ; and while Fairford was following up the investigation with closer interrogatories, the lad put an end to them by knocking at the door of Mr. Trumbull, whose decent dwelling was a little distance from the town, and considerably nearer to the sea. It was one of a little row of houses running down to the waterside, and having gardens and other accommodations behind. There was heard within the uplifting of a Scottish psalm ; and the boy, saying, "They are at exercise, sir," gave intimation they might not be admitted till prayers were over.

When, however, Fairford repeated the summons with the end of his whip, the singing ceased, and Mr. Trumbull himself, with his psalm-book in his hand, kept open by the insertion of his forefinger between the leaves, came to demand the meaning of this unseasonable interruption.

Nothing could be more different than his whole appearance seemed to be from the confidant of a desperate man and the associate of outlaws in their unlawful enterprises. He was a tall, thin, bony figure, with white hair combed straight down on each side of his face, and an iron-gray hue of complexion ; where the lines, or rather, as Quin said of Macklin, the cordage, of his countenance were so sternly adapted to a devotional and even ascetic expression,

that they left no room for any indication of reckless daring or sly dissimulation. In short, Trumbull appeared a perfect specimen of the rigid old Covenanter, who said only what he thought right, acted on no other principle but that of duty, and, if he committed errors, did so under the full impression that he was serving God rather than man.

"Do you want me, sir?" he said to Fairford, whose guide had slunk to the rear, as if to escape the rebuke of the severe old man. "We were engaged, and it is the Saturday night."

Alan's Fairford's preconceptions were so much deranged by this man's appearance and manner that he stood for a moment bewildered, and would as soon have thought of giving a cant password to a clergyman descending from the pulpit as to the respectable father of a family just interrupted in his prayers for and with the objects of his care. Hastily concluding Mr. Maxwell had passed some idle jest on him, or rather that he had mistaken the person to whom he was directed, he asked if he spoke to Mr. Trumbull.

"To Thomas Trumbull," answered the old man. "What may be your business, sir?" And he glanced his eye to the book he held in his hand, with a sigh like that of a saint desirous of dissolution.

"Do you know Mr. Maxwell of Summertrees?" said Fairford.

"I have heard of such a gentleman in the countryside, but have no acquaintance with him," answered Mr. Trumbull. "He is, as I have heard, a Papist; for the whore that sitteth on the seven hills ceaseth not yet to pour forth the cup of her abomination on these parts."

"Yet he directed me hither, my good friend," said Alan. "Is there another of your name in this town of Annan?"

"None," replied Mr. Trumbull, "since my worthy father was removed; he was indeed a shining light. I wish you good-even, sir."

"Stay one single instant," said Fairford; "this is a matter of life and death."

"Not more than the casting the burden of our sins where they should be laid," said Thomas Trumbull, about to shut the door in the inquirer's face.

"Do you know," said Alan Fairford, "the Laird of Redgauntlet?"

"Now Heaven defend me from treason and rebellion!" exclaimed Trumbull. "Young gentleman, you are unfortunate. I live here among my own people, and do not consort with Jacobites and mass-mongers."

He seemed about to shut the door, but did *not* shut it—a circumstance which did not escape Alan's notice.

"Mr. Redgauntlet is sometimes," he said, "called Herries of Birrenswork; perhaps you may know him under that name."

"Friend, you are uncivil," answered Mr. Trumbull. "Honest men have enough to do to keep one name undefiled; I ken nothing about those who have two. Good-even to you, friend."

He was now about to slam the door in his visitor's face without further ceremony, when Alan, who had observed symptoms that the name of Redgauntlet did not seem altogether so indifferent to him as he pretended, arrested his purpose by saying in a low voice, "At least you can tell me what age the moon is?"

The old man started, as if from a trance, and, before answering, surveyed the querist with a keen penetrating glance, which seemed to say, "Are you really in possession of this key to my confidence, or do you speak from mere accident?"

To this keen look of scrutiny, Fairford replied by a smile of intelligence.

The iron muscles of the old man's face did not, however, relax, as he dropped, in a careless manner, the countersign, "Not light enough to land a cargo."

"Then plague of all Aberdeen almanacks!"

"And plague of all fools that waste time," said Thomas Trumbull. "Could you not have said as much at first? And standing wasting time, and encouraging lookers-on, in the open street too? Come in bye—in bye."

He drew his visitor into the dark entrance of the house, and shot the door carefully; then putting his head into an apartment which the murmurs within announced to be filled with the family, he said aloud, "A work of necessity and mercy. Malachi, take the book; you will sing six double verses of the hundred and nineteen; and you may lecture out of the Lamentations. And, Malachi"—this he said in an undertone—"see you give them a screed of doctrine that will last them till I come back; or else these inconsiderate lads will be out of the house, and away to the publics, wasting their precious time, and, it may be, putting themselves in the way of missing the morning tide."

An articulate answer from within intimated Malachi's acquiescence in the commands imposed; and Mr. Trumbull, shutting the door, muttered something about "fast bind, fast find," turned the key, and put it into his pocket; and

then bidding his visitor have a care of his steps, and make no noise, he led him through the house, and out of a back-door, into a little garden. Here a plaited alley conducted them, without the possibility of their being seen by any neighbor, to a door in the garden-wall, which, being opened, proved to be a private entrance into a three-stalled stable; in one of which was a horse, that whinnied on their entrance. "Hush—hush!" cried the old man, and presently seconded his exhortations to silence by throwing a handful of corn into the manger, and the horse soon converted his acknowledgment of their presence into the usual sound of munching and grinding his provender.

As the light was now failing fast, the old man, with much more alertness than might have been expected from the rigidity of his figure, closed the window-shutters in an instant, produced phosphorus and matches, and lighted a stable-lantern, which he placed on the corn-bin, and then addressed Fairford. "We are private here, young man; and as some time has been wasted already, you will be so kind as to tell me what is your errand. Is it about the way of business, or the other job?"

"My business with you, Mr. Trumbull, is to request you will find me the means of delivering this letter from Mr. Maxwell of Summertrees to the Laird of Redgauntlet."

"Humph—fashious job! Pate Maxwell will still be the auld man—always Pate-in-Peril—Craig-in-Peril, for what I know. Let me see the letter from him."

He examined it with much care, turning it up and down, and looking at the seal very attentively. "All's right, I see; it has the private mark for haste and speed. I bless my Maker that I am no great man, or great man's fellow; and so I think no more of these passages than just to help them forward in the way of business. You are an utter stranger in these parts, I warrant?"

Fairford answered in the affirmative.

"Ay—I never saw them make a wiser choice. I must call some one to direct you what to do. Stay, we must go to him, I believe. You are well recommended to me, friend, and doubtless trusty; otherwise you may see more than I would like to show, or am in the use of showing in the common line of business."

Saying this, he placed his lantern on the ground, beside the post of one of the empty stalls, drew up a small spring-bolt which secured it to the floor, and then forcing the post to one side, discovered a small trap-door. "Follow me," he

said, and dived into the subterranean descent to which this secret aperture gave access.

Fairford plunged after him, not without apprehensions of more kinds than one, but still resolved to prosecute the adventure.

The descent, which was not above six feet, led to a very narrow passage, which seemed to have been constructed for the precise purpose of excluding every one who chanced to be an inch more in girth than was his conductor. A small vaulted room, of about eight feet square, received them at the end of this lane. Here Mr. Trumbull left Fairford alone, and returned for an instant, as he said, to shut his concealed trap-door.

Fairford liked not his departure, as it left him in utter darkness ; besides that his breathing was much affected by a strong and stifling smell of spirits, and other articles of a savor more powerful than agreeable to the lungs. He was very glad, therefore, when he heard the returning steps of Mr. Trumbull, who, when once more by his side, opened a strong though narrow door in the wall, and conveyed Fairford into an immense magazine of spirit-casks and other articles of contraband trade.

There was a small light at the end of this range of well-stocked subterranean vaults, which, upon a low whistle, began to flicker and move towards them. An undefined figure, holding a dark lantern, with the light averted, approached them, whom Mr. Trumbull thus addressed : "Why were you not at worship, Job, and this Saturday at e'en?"

"Swanston was loading the 'Jenny,' sir, and I stayed to serve out the article."

"True—a work of necessity, and in the way of business. Does the 'Jumping Jenny' sail this tide?"

"Ay—ay, sir ; she sails for——"

"I did not ask you *where* she sails for, Job," said the old gentleman, interrupting him. "I thank my Maker. I know nothing of their incomings or outgoings. I sell my article fairly and in the ordinary way of business ; and I wash my hands of everything else. But what I wished to know is, whether the gentleman called the Laird of the Solway Lakes is on the other side of the Border even now?"

"Ay—ay," said Job, "the Laird is something in my own line, you know—a little contraband or so. There is a statute for him. But no matter ; he took the sands after the splore at the Quaker's fish-traps yonder ; for he has a

leal heart, the Laird, and is always true to the countryside. But avast—is all snug here ? ”

So saying, he suddenly turned on Alan Fairford the light side of the lantern he carried, who, by the transient gleam which it threw in passing on the man who bore it, saw a huge figure, upwards of six feet high, with a rough hairy cap on his head, and a set of features corresponding to his bulky frame. He thought also he observed pistols at his belt.

“ I will answer for this gentleman,” said Mr. Trumbull ; “ he must be brought to speech of the Laird.”

“ That will be kittle steering,” said the subordinate personage ; “ for I understood that the Laird and his folk were no sooner on the other side than the land-sharks were on them, and some mounted lobsters from Carlisle ; and so they were obliged to split and squander. There are new brooms out to sweep the country of them, they say : for the brush was a hard one, and they say there was a lad drowned ; he was not one of the Laird’s gang, so there was the less matter.”

“ Peace ! prithee—peace, Job Rutledge,” said honest, pacific Mr. Trumbull. “ I wish thou couldst remember, man, that I desire to know nothing of your roars and splores, your brooms and brushes. I dwell here among my own people ; and I sell my commodity to him who comes in the way of business ; and so wash my hands of all consequences, as becomes a quiet subject and an honest man. I never take payment, save in ready money.”

“ Ay—ay,” muttered he with the lantern, “ your worship, Mr. Trumbull, understands that in the way of business.”

“ Well, I hope you will one day know, Job,” answered Mr. Trumbull, “ the comfort of a conscience void of offense, and that fears neither gauger nor collector, neither excise nor customs. The business is to pass this gentleman to Cumberland upon earnest business, and to procure him speech with the Laird of the Solway Lakes—I suppose that can be done ? Now I think Nanty Ewart, if he sails with the brig this morning tide, is the man to set him forward.”

“ Ay—ay,—truly is he,” said Job ; “ never man knew the Border, dale and fell, pasture and plowland, better than Nanty ; and he can always bring him to the Laird, too, if you are sure the gentleman’s right. But indeed that’s his own lookout ; for were he the best man in Scotland, and the chairman of the d—d Board to boot, and had fifty men

at his back, he were as well not visit the Laird for anything but good. As for Nanty, he is word and blow a d—d deal fiercer than Cristie Nixon that they keep such a din about. I have seen them both tried by——”

Fairford now found himself called upon to say something; yet his feelings, upon finding himself thus completely in the power of a canting hypocrite and of his retainer, who had so much the air of a determined ruffian, joined to the strong and abominable fume which they snuffed up with indifference, while it almost deprived him of respiration, combined to render utterance difficult. He stated, however, that he had no evil intentions towards the Laird, as they called him, but was only the bearer of a letter to him on particular business from Mr. Maxwell of Summertrees.

“Ay—ay,” said Job, “that may be well enough; and if Mr. Trumbull is satisfied that the scribe is right, why, we will give you a cast in the ‘Jumping Jenny’ this tide and Nanty Ewart will put you on a way of finding the Laird, I warrant you.”

“I may for the present return, I presume, to the inn where I have left my horse?” said Fairford.

“With pardon,” replied Mr. Trumbull, “you have been ower far ben with us for that; but Job will take you to a place where you may sleep rough till he calls you. I will bring you what little baggage you can need; for those who go on such errands must not be dainty. I will myself see after your horse; for a merciful man is merciful to his beast—a matter too often forgotten in our way of business.”

“Why, Master Trumbull,” replied Job, “you know that when we are chased it’s no time to shorten sail, and so the boys do ride whip and spur——” He stopped in his speech, observing the old man had vanished through the door by which he had entered. “That’s always the way with old Turnpenny,” he said to Fairford; “he cares for nothing of the trade but the profit; now, d—me, if I don’t think the fun of it is better worth while. But come along, my fine chap; I must stow you away in safety until it is time to go aboard.”

CHAPTER XIII

NARRATIVE OF ALAN FAIRFORD, CONTINUED

FAIRFORD followed his gruff guide among a labyrinth of barrels and puncheons, on which he had more than once like to have broken his nose, and from thence into what, by the glimpse of the passing lantern upon a desk and writing-materials, seemed to be a small office for the despatch of business. Here there appeared no exit ; but the smuggler, or smuggler's ally, availing himself of a ladder, removed an old picture, which showed a door about seven feet from the ground, and Fairford, still following Job, was involved in another tortuous and dark passage, which involuntarily reminded him of Peter Peebles's lawsuit. At the end of this labyrinth, when he had little guess where he had been conducted, and was, according to the French phrase, totally *desorienté*, Job suddenly set down the lantern, and availing himself of the flame to light two candles which stood on the table, asked if Alan would choose anything to eat, recommending, at all events, a slug of brandy to keep out the night air. Fairford declined both, but inquired after his baggage.

"The old master will take care of that himself," said Job Rutledge ; and drawing back in the direction in which he had entered, he vanished from the further end of the apartment, by a mode which the candles, still shedding an imperfect light, gave Alan no means of ascertaining. Thus the adventurous young lawyer was left alone in the apartment to which he had been conducted by so singular a passage.

In this condition, it was Alan's first employment to survey, with some accuracy, the place where he was ; and accordingly, having trimmed the lights, he walked slowly round the apartment, examining its appearance and dimensions. It seemed to be such a small dining-parlor as is usually found in the house of the better class of artisans, shopkeepers, and such persons, having a recess at the upper end, and the usual furniture of an ordinary description. He found a door, which he endeavored to open, but it was locked on the outside. A corresponding door on the same side of the

apartment admitted him into a closet, upon the front shelves of which were punch-bowls, glasses, tea-cups, and the like, while on one side was hung a horseman's greatcoat of the coarsest materials, with two great horse-pistols peeping out of the pocket, and on the floor stood a pair of well-spattered jack-boots, the usual equipment of the time, at least for long journeys.*

Not greatly liking the contents of the closet, Alan Fairford shut the door, and resumed his scrutiny round the walls of the apartment, in order to discover the mode of Job Rutledge's retreat. The secret passage was, however, too artificially concealed, and the young lawyer had nothing better to do than to meditate on the singularity of his present situation. He had long known that the excise laws had occasioned an active contraband trade betwixt Scotland and England, which then, as now, existed, and will continue to exist until the utter abolition of the wretched system which establishes an inequality of duties † betwixt the different parts of the same kingdom—a system, be it said in passing, mightily resembling the conduct of a pugilist who should tie up one arm that he might fight the better with the other. But Fairford was unprepared for the expensive and regular establishments by which the illicit traffic was carried on, and could not have conceived that the capital employed in it should have been adequate to the erection of these extensive buildings, with all their contrivances for secrecy of communication. He was musing on these circumstances, not without some anxiety for the progress of his own journey, when suddenly, as he lifted his eyes, he discovered old Mr. Trumbull at the upper end of the apartment, bearing in one hand a small bundle, in the other his dark lantern, the light of which, as he advanced, he directed full upon Fairford's countenance.

Though such an apparition was exactly what he expected, yet he did not see the grim, stern old man present himself thus suddenly without emotion, especially when he recollected, what to a youth of his pious education was peculiarly shocking, that the grizzled hypocrite was probably that instant arisen from his knees to Heaven, for the purpose of engaging in the mysterious transactions of a desperate and illegal trade.

The old man, accustomed to judge with ready sharpness of the physiognomy of those with whom he had business,

* See Concealments for Theft and Smuggling. Note 32.

† These duties were equalized in 1855 (*Laing*).

did not fail to remark something like agitation in Fairford's demeanor. "Have ye taken the rue?" said he. "Will ye take the sheaf from the mare, and give up the venture?"

"Never!" said Fairford, firmly, stimulated at once by his natural spirit and the recollection of his friend—"never, while I have life and strength to follow it out!"

"I have brought you," said Trumbull, "a clean shirt and some stockings, which is all the baggage you can conveniently carry, and I will cause one of the lads lend you a horseman's coat, for it is ill sailing or riding without one; and, touching your valise, it will be as safe in my poor house, were it full of the gold of Ophir, as if it were in the depth of the mine."

"I have no doubt of it," said Fairford.

"And now," said Trumbull again, "I pray you to tell me by what name I am to name you to Nanty (which is Antony) Ewart?"

"By the name of Alan Fairford," answered the young lawyer.

"But that," said Mr. Trumbull, in reply, "is your own proper name and surname."

"And what other should I give?" said the young man. "Do you think I have any occasion for an *alias*? And, besides, Mr. Trumbull," added Alan, thinking a little raillery might intimate confidence of spirit, "you blessed yourself, but a little while since, that you had no acquaintance with those who defiled their names so far as to be obliged to change them."

"True—very true," said Mr. Trumbull; "nevertheless, young man, my gray hairs stand unreprieved in this matter; for, in my line of business, when I sit under my vine and my fig-tree, exchanging the strong waters of the North for the gold which is the price thereof, I have, I thank Heaven, no disguises to keep with any man, and wear my own name of Thomas Trumbull, without any chance that the same may be polluted; whereas thou, who art to journey in miry ways, and amongst a strange people, mayst do well to have two names, as thou hast two shirts, the one to keep the other clean."

Here he emitted a chuckling grunt, which lasted for two vibrations of the pendulum exactly, and was the only approach towards laughter in which old Turnpenny, as he was nicknamed, was ever known to indulge.

"You are witty, Mr. Trumbull," said Fairford; "but jests are no arguments. I shall keep my own name."

"At your own pleasure," said the merchant; "there is but one name which," etc. etc. etc.

We will not follow the hypocrite through the impious cant which he added, in order to close the subject.

Alan followed him, in silent abhorrence, to the recess in which the beaufet was placed, and which was so artificially made as to conceal another of those traps with which the whole building abounded. This concealment admitted them to the same winding passage by which the young lawyer had been brought thither. The path which they now took amid these mazes differed from the direction in which he had been guided by Rutledge. It led upwards, and terminated beneath a garret window. Trumbull opened it, and, with more agility than his age promised, clambered out upon the leads. If Fairford's journey had been hitherto in a stifled and subterranean atmosphere, it was now open, lofty, and airy enough; for he had to follow his guide over leads and slates, which the old smuggler traversed with the dexterity of a cat. It is true, his course was facilitated by knowing exactly where certain stepping-places and holdfasts were placed, of which Fairford could not so readily avail himself; but after a difficult and somewhat perilous progress along the roofs of two or three houses, they at length descended by a skylight into a garret room, and from thence by the stairs into a public house; for such it appeared by the ringing of bells, whistling for waiters and attendance, bawling of "House—house, here!" chorus of sea-songs, and the like noises.

Having descended to the second story, and entered a room there, in which there was a light, old Mr. Trumbull rung the bell of the apartment thrice, with an interval betwixt each, during which he told deliberately the number twenty. Immediately after the third ringing, the landlord appeared, with stealthy step, and an appearance of mystery on his buxom visage. He greeted Mr. Trumbull, who was his landlord as it proved, with great respect, and expressed some surprise at seeing him so late, as he termed it, "on Saturday at e'en."

"And I, Robin Hastie," said the landlord to the tenant, "am more surprised than pleased to hear sae muckle din in your house, Robie, so near the honorable Sabbath; and I must mind you that it is contravening the terms of your tack, whilk stipulate that you should shut your public on Saturday at nine o'clock, at latest."

"Yes, sir," said Robin Hastie, no way alarmed at the

gravity of the rebuke, "but you must take tent that I have admitted naebody but you, Mr. Trumbull—who, by the way, admitted yoursell—since nine o'clock; for the most of the folk have been here for several hours about the lading, and so on, of the brig. It is not full tide yet, and I cannot put the men out into the street. If I did, they would go to some other public, and their souls would be none the better, and my purse muckle the waur; for how am I to pay the rent if I do not sell the liquor?"

"Nay, then," said Thomas Trumbull, "if it is a work of necessity, and in the honest independent way of business, no doubt there is balm in Gilead. But prithee, Robin, wilt thou see if Nanty Ewart be, as is most likely, amongst these unhappy toppers; and if so, let him step this way cannily, and speak to me and this young gentleman. And it's dry talking, Robin, you must minister to us a bowl of punch; ye ken my gage."

"From a mutchin to a gallon, I ken your honor's taste, Mr. Thomas Trumbull," said mine host; "and ye shall hang me over the sign-post if there be a drap mair lemon or a curn less sugar than just suits you. There are three of you; you will be for the auld Scots peremptory pint-stoup* for the success of the voyage?"

"Better pray for it than drink for it, Robin," said Mr. Trumbull. "Yours is a dangerous trade, Robin: it hurts mony a ane, baith host and guest. But ye will get the blue bowl, Robin—the blue bowl, that will sloken all their drouth, and prevent the sinful repetition of whipping for an eke of a Saturday at e'en. Ay, Robin, it is a pity of Nanty Ewart. Nanty likes the turning up of his little finger unco weel, and we maunna stint him, Robin, so as we leave him sense to to steer by."

"Nanty Ewart could steer through the Pentland Firth though he were as drunk as the Baltic Ocean," said Robin Hastie; and instantly tripping downstairs, he speedily returned with the materials for what he called his "browst," which consisted of two English quarts of spirits in a huge blue bowl, with all the ingredients for punch, in the same formidable proportion. At the same time he introduced Mr. Antony or Nanty Ewart, whose person, although he was a good deal flustered with liquor, was different from what Fairford expected. His dress was what is emphatically termed the shabby genteel—a frock with tarnished lace, a small cocked hat, ornamented in a similar way, a scarlet

* See Pint Measure. Note 33.

waistcoat, with faded embroidery, breeches of the same, with silver knee-bands, and he wore a smart hanger and a pair of pistols in a sullied sword-belt.

"Here I come, patron," he said, shaking hands with Mr. Trumbull. "Well, I see you have got some grog aboard."

"It is not my custom, Mr. Ewart," said the old gentleman, "as you well know, to become a chamberer or carouser thus late on Saturday at e'en; but I wanted to recommend to your attention a young friend of ours that is going upon a something particular journey, with a letter to our friend the Laird, from Pate-in-Peril, as they call him."

"Ay—indeed? he must be in high trust for so young a gentleman. I wish you joy, sir," bowing to Fairford. "By'r lady, as Shakspeare says, you are bringing up a neck to a fair end. Come, patron, we will drink to Mr. What-shall-call-um. What is his name? Did you tell me? And have I forgot it already?"

"Mr. Alan Fairford," said Trumbull.

"Ay, Mr. Alan Fairford—a good name for a fair trader—Mr. Alan Fairford; and may he long be withheld from the topmost round of ambition, which I take to be the highest round of a certain ladder."

While he spoke, he seized the punch ladle and began to fill the glasses. But Mr. Trumbull arrested his hand, until he had, as he expressed himself, sanctified the liquor by a long grace; during the pronunciation of which he shut indeed his eyes, but his nostrils became dilated, as if he were snuffing up the fragrant beverage with peculiar complacency.

When the grace was at length over, the three friends sat down to their beverage, and invited Alan Fairford to partake. Anxious about his situation, and disgusted as he was with his company, he craved, and with difficulty obtained permission, under the allegation of being fatigued, heated, and the like, to stretch himself on a couch which was in the apartment, and attempted at least to procure some rest before high water, when the vessel was to sail.

He was at length permitted to use his freedom, and stretched himself on the couch, having his eyes for some time fixed on the jovial party he had left, and straining his ears to catch if possible a little of their conversation. This he soon found was to no purpose; for what did actually reach his ears was disguised so completely by the use of cant words, and the thieves' Latin called slang, that, even when he caught the words, he found himself as far as ever from the sense of their conversation. At length he fell asleep.

It was after Alan had slumbered for three or four hours that he was wakened by voices bidding him rise up and prepare to be jogging. He started up accordingly, and found himself in presence of the same party of boon companions, who had just despatched their huge bowl of punch. To Alan's surprise, the liquor had made but little innovation on the brains of men who were accustomed to drink at all hours, and in the most inordinate quantities. The landlord indeed spoke a little thick, and the texts of Mr. Thomas Trumbull stumbled on his tongue; but Nanty was one of those toppers who, becoming early what *bon-vivants* term flustered, remain whole nights and days at the same point of intoxication; and in fact, as they are seldom entirely sober, can be as rarely seen absolutely drunk. Indeed, Fairford, had he not known how Ewart had been engaged whilst he himself was asleep, would almost have sworn when he awoke that the man was more sober than when he first entered the room.

He was confirmed in this opinion when they descended below, where two or three sailors and ruffian-looking fellows awaited their commands. Ewart took the whole direction upon himself, gave his orders with briefness and precision, and looked to their being executed with the silence and celerity which that peculiar crisis required. All were now dismissed for the brig, which lay, as Fairford was given to understand, a little farther down the river, which is navigable for vessels of light burden, till almost within a mile of the town.

When they issued from the inn, the landlord bid them good-bye. Old Trumbull walked a little way with them, but the air had probably considerable effect on the state of his brain; for, after remaining Alan Fairford that the next day was the honorable Sabbath, he became extremely excursive in an attempt to exhort him to keep it holy. At length, being perhaps sensible that he was becoming unintelligible, he thrust a volume into Fairford's hand, hiccupping at the same time—"Good book—good book—fine hymn-book—fit for the honorable Sabbath, whilk awaits us to-morrow morning." Here the iron tongue of time told five from the town-steeple of Annan, to the further confusion of Mr. Trumbull's already disordered ideas. "Ay! is Sunday come and gone already? Heaven be praised! Only it is a marvel the afternoon is sae dark for the time of the year. Sabbath has slipped ower quietly, but we have reason to bless ourselfs it has not been altogether misemployed. I heard a little of the preaching—a cauld moralis, I doubt, served that out; but, eh—the

prayer I mind it as if I had said the words mysell." Here he repeated one or two petitions, which were probably a part of his family devotions, before he was summoned forth to what he called the way of business. "I never remember a Sabbath pass so cannily off in my life." Then he recollected himself a little, and said to Alan, "You may read that book, Mr. Fairford, to-morrow, all the same, though it be Monday: for, you see, it was Saturday when we were thegither, and now it's Sunday, and it's dark night; so the Sabbath has slipped clean away through our fingers, like water through a sieve, which abideth not; and we have to begin again to-morrow morning in the weariful, base, mean, earthly employments whilk are unworthy of an immortal spirit—always excepting the way of business."

Three of the fellows were now returning to the town, and, at Ewart's command, they cut short the patriarch's exhortation by leading him back to his own residence. The rest of the party then proceeded to the brig, which only waited their arrival to get under weigh and drop down the river. Nanty Ewart betook himself to steering the brig, and the very touch of the helm seemed to dispel the remaining influence of the liquor which he had drunk, since, through a troublesome and intricate channel, he was able to direct the course of his little vessel with the most perfect accuracy and safety.

Alan Fairford for some time availed himself of the clearness of the summer morning to gaze on the dimly seen shores betwixt which they glided, becoming less and less distinct as they receded from each other, until at length, having adjusted his little bundle by way of pillow, and wrapped around him the greatcoat with which old Trumbull had equipped him, he stretched himself on the deck, to try to recover the slumber out of which he had been awakened. Sleep had scarce begun to settle on his eyes ere he found something stirring about his person. With ready presence of mind he recollected his situation, and resolved to show no alarm until the purpose of this became obvious; but he was soon relieved from his anxiety by finding it was only the result of Nanty's attention to his comfort, who was wrapping around him, as softly as he could, a great boat-cloak, in order to defend him from the morning air.

"Thou art but a cockerel," he muttered, "but 'twere pity thou were knocked off the perch before seeing a little more of the sweet and sour of this world; though, faith, if thou hast the usual luck of it, the best way were to leave thee to the chance of a seasoning fever,"

These words, and the awkward courtesy with which the skipper of the little brig tucked the sea-coat round Fairford, gave him a confidence of safety which he had not yet thoroughly possessed. He stretched himself in more security on the hard planks, and was speedily asleep, though his slumbers were feverish and unrefreshing.

It has been elsewhere intimated that Alan Fairford inherited from his mother a delicate constitution, with a tendency to consumption; and, being an only child, with such a cause for apprehension, care, to the verge of effeminacy, was taken to preserve him from damp beds, wet feet, and those various emergencies to which the Caledonian boys of much higher birth, but more active habits, are generally accustomed. In man, the spirit sustains the constitutional weakness, as in the winged tribes, the feathers bear aloft the body. But there is a bound to these supporting qualities; and as the pinions of the bird must at length grow weary, so the *vis animi* of the human struggler becomes broken down by continued fatigue.

When the voyager was awakened by the light of the sun now riding high in Heaven, he found himself under the influence of an almost intolerable headache, with heat, thirst, shootings across the back and loins, and other symptoms intimating violent cold, accompanied with fever. The manner in which he had passed the preceding day and night, though perhaps it might have been of little consequence to most young men, was to him, delicate in constitution and nurture, attended with bad, and even perilous, consequences. He felt this was the case, yet would fain have combated the symptoms of indisposition, which, indeed, he imputed chiefly to sea-sickness. He sat up on deck, and looked on the scene around, as the little vessel, having borne down the Solway Firth, was beginning, with a favorable northerly breeze, to bear away to the southward, crossing the entrance of the Wampool river, and preparing to double the most northerly point of Cumberland.

But Fairford felt annoyed with deadly sickness, as well as by pain of a distressing and oppressive character; and neither Criffell, rising in majesty on the one hand, nor the distant yet more picturesque outline of Skiddaw and Glaramara upon the other, could attract his attention in the manner which it was usually fixed by beautiful scenery, and especially that which had in it something new as well as striking. Yet it was not in Alan Fairford's nature to give way to despondence, even when seconded by pain. He had

recourse, in the first place, to his pocket ; but instead of the little Sallust he had brought with him, that the perusal of a favorite classical author might help to pass away a heavy hour, he pulled out the supposed hymn-book with which he had been presented a few hours before by that temperate and scrupulous person, Mr. Thomas Trumbull, *alias* Turnpenny. The volume was bound in sable, and its exterior might have become a psalter. But what was Alan's astonishment to read on the title-page the following words :—*Merry Thoughts for Merry Men ; or Mother Midnight's Miscellany for the Small Hours ;* and, turning over the leaves, he was disgusted with profligate tales, and more profligate songs, ornamented with figures corresponding in infamy with the letterpress.

“ Good God ! ” he thought, “ and did this hoary reprobate summon his family together, and, with such a disgraceful pledge of infamy in his bosom, venture to approach the throne of his Creator ? It must be so ; the book is bound after the manner of those dedicated to devotional subjects, and doubtless, the wretch, in his intoxication, confounded the books he carried with him, as he did the days of the week.” Seized with the disgust with which the young and generous usually regard the vices of advanced life, Alan, having turned the leaves of the book over in hasty disdain, flung it from him, as far as he could, into the sea. He then had recourse to the Sallust, which he had at first sought for in vain. As he opened the book, Nanty Ewart, who had been looking over his shoulder, made his own opinion heard.

“ I think now, brother, if you are so much scandalized at a little piece of sculduddery, which, after all, does nobody any harm, you had better have given it to me than have flung it into the Solway,”

“ I hope, sir,” answered Fairford, civilly, “ you are in the habit of reading better books.”

“ Faith,” answered Nanty, “ with help of a little Geneva text, I could read my Sallust as well as you can ; ” and snatching the book from Alan's hand, he began to read, in the Scottish accent : “ *“ Igitur ex divitiis juventutum luxuria atque avaritia cum superbiâ invasere ; rapere, consumere ; sua parvi pendere, aliena cupere ; pudorem, amicitiam, pudicitiam, divina atque humana promiscua, nihil pensi neque moderati habere.”* * There is a slap in the face now for an honest fellow that has been buccaneering ! Never could keep a groat of what he got, or hold his

* See Translations from Sallust. Note. 34.

fingers from what belonged to another, said you? Fie—fie, friend Crispus, thy morals are as crabbed and austere as thy style—the one has as little mercy as the other has grace. By my soul, it is unhandsome to make personal reflections on an old acquaintance, who seeks a little civil intercourse with you after nigh twenty years' separation. On my soul, Master Sallust deserves to float on the Solway better than Mother Midnight herself."

"Perhaps, in some respects, he may merit better usage at our hands," said Alan; "for if he has described vice plainly, it seems to have been for the purpose of rendering it generally abhorred."

"Well," said the seaman, "I have heard of the *sortes Virgilianæ*, and I daresay the *sortes Sallustianæ* are as true every tittle. I have consulted honest Crispus on my own account, and have had a cuff for my pains. But now see, I open the book on your behalf, and behold what occurs first to my eye! Lo you there—'*Catilina . . . omnium flagitiosorum atque facinorosorum circum se . . . habebat.*' And then again—'*Eliam si quis a culpa vacuus in amicitiam ejus inciderat, quotidiano usu par . . . similisque cæteris efficiebatur.*' That is what I call plain speaking on the part of the old Roman, Mr. Fairford. By the way, that is a capital name for a lawyer."

"Lawyer as I am," said Fairford, "I do not understand your innuendo."

"Nay, then," said Ewart, "I can try it another way, as well as the hypocritical old rascal Turnpenny himself could do. I would have you to know that I am well acquainted with my Bible-book, as well as with my friend Sallust." He then, in a snuffling and canting tone, began to repeat the Scripture text—"David therefore departed thence, and went to the cave of Adullam. And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves together unto him, and he became a captain over them." What think you of that? he said, suddenly changing his manner. "Have I touched you now, sir?"

"You are as far off as ever," replied Fairford.

"What the devil! and you a repeating frigate between Summertrees and the Laird! Tell that to the marines, the sailors won't believe it. But you are right to be cautious, since you can't say who are right, who not. But you look ill; it's but the cold morning air. Will you have a can of flip, or a jorum of hot rumbo, or will you splice the main-

brace (showing a spirit-flask) ? Will you have a quid, or a pipe, or a cigar ?—a pinch of snuff, at least, to clear your brains and sharpen your apprehension ?”

Fairford rejected all these friendly propositions.

“Why, then,” continued Ewart, “if you will do nothing for the free trade, I must patronize it myself.”

So saying, he took a large glass of brandy.

“A hair of the dog that bit me,” he continued—“of the dog that will worry me one day soon ; and yet, and be d—d to me for an idiot, I must always have him at my throat. But,” says the old catch—here he sung, and sung well—

“Let’s drink—let’s drink, while life we have ;
We’ll find but cold drinking—cold drinking in the grave.

All this,” he continued, “is no charm against the headache. I wish I had anything that could do you good. Faith, and we have tea and coffee aboard ! I’ll open a chest or a bag, and let you have some in an instant. You are at the age to like such cat-lap better than better stuff.”

Fairford thanked him, and accepted his offer of tea.

Nanty Ewart was soon heard calling about, “Break open yon chest ; take out your capful, you bastard of a powder-monkey, we may want it again. No sugar ! all used up for grog, say you ! Knock another loaf to pieces, can’t ye ? And get the kettle boiling, ye hell’s baby, in no time at all !”

By dint of these energetic proceedings, he was in a short time able to return to the place where his passenger lay sick and exhausted with a cup, or rather a canful, of tea ; for everything was on a large scale on board of the “Jumping Jenny.” Alan drank it eagerly, and with so much appearance of being refreshed, that Nanty Ewart swore he would have some too, and only laced it, as his phrase went, with a single glass of brandy.

CHAPTER XIV

NARRATIVE OF ALAN FAIRFORD, CONTINUED

WE left Alan Fairford on the deck of the little smuggling brig, in that disconsolate situation when sickness and nausea attack a heated and fevered frame and an anxious mind. His share of sea-sickness, however, was not so great as to engross his sensations entirely, or altogether to divert his attention from what was passing around. If he could not delight in the swiftness and agility with which the "little frigate" walked the waves, or amuse himself by noticing the beauty of the sea-views around him, where the distant Skiddaw raised his brow, as if in defiance of the clouded eminence of Criffel, which lorded it over the Scottish side of the estuary, he had spirits and composure enough to pay particular attention to the master of the vessel, on whose character his own safety in all probability was dependent.

Nanty Ewart had now given the helm to one of his people, a bald-pated, grizzled old fellow, whose whole life had been spent in evading the revenue laws, with now and then the relaxation of a few months' imprisonment, for deforcing officers, resisting seizure, and the like offenses.

Nanty himself sat down by Fairford, helped him to his tea, with such other refreshments as he could think of, and seemed in his way sincerely desirous to make his situation as comfortable as things admitted. Fairford had thus an opportunity to study his countenance and manners more closely.

It was plain, Ewart, though a good seaman, had not been bred upon that element. He was a reasonably good scholar, and seemed fond of showing it, by recurring to the subject of Sallust and Juvenal ; while, on the other hand, sea-phrases seldom checkered his conversation. He had been in person what is called a smart little man ; but the tropical sun had burned his originally fair complexion to a dusty red, and the bile which was diffused through his system had stained it with a yellowish-black : what ought to have been the white part of his eyes, in particular, had a hue as deep as the

topaz. He was very thin, or rather emaciated, and his countenance, though still indicating alertness and activity, showed a constitution exhausted with excessive use of his favorite stimulus.

"I see you look at me hard," said he to Fairford. "Had you been an officer of the d—d customs, my terriers' backs would have been up," He opened his breast, and showed Alan a pair of pistols disposed between his waistcoat and jacket, placing his finger at the same time upon the cock of one of them. "But come, you are an honest fellow, though you're a close one I daresay you think me a queer customer; but I can tell you, they that see the ship leave harbor know little of the seas she is to sail through. My father, honest old gentleman, never would have thought to see me master of the 'Jumping Jenny.'"

Fairford said, "It seemed very clear indeed that Mr. Ewart's education was far superior to the line he at present occupied."

"O, Criffel to Solway Moss!" said the other. "Why, man, I should have been an expounder of the Word, with a wig like a snow-wreath, and a stipend like—like—like a hundred pounds a-year, I suppose. I can spend thrice as much as that, though, being such as I am." Here he sung a scrap of an old Northumbrian ditty, mimicking the burr of the natives of that county:—

"Willy Foster's gone to sea,
Siller buckles at his knee,
He'll come back and marry me—
Canny Willy Foster."

"I have no doubt," said Fairford, "your present occupation is more lucrative; but I should have thought the church might have been more——"

He stopped, recollecting that it was not his business to say anything disagreeable.

"More respectable, you mean, I suppose?" said Ewart, with a sneer, and squirting the tobacco-juice through his front teeth; then was silent for a moment, and proceeded in a tone of candor which some internal touch of conscience dictated, "And so it would, Mr. Fairford, and happier, too, by a thousand degrees, though I have had my pleasures too. But there was my father. God bless him—a true chip of the old Presbyterian block, walked his parish like a captain on the quarter-deck, and was always ready to do good to rich and poor. Off went the laird's hat to the minister as fast as

the poor man's bonnet. When the eye saw him—— Pshaw! what have I to do with that now? Yes, he was, as Virgil hath it, "*Vir sapientia et pietate gravis.*" But he might have been the wiser man had he kept me at home, when he sent me at nineteen to study divinity at the head of the highest stair in the Covenant Close. It was a cursed mistake in the old gentleman. What though Mrs. Cantrips of Kittlebasket, for she wrote herself no less, was our cousin five times removed, and took me on that account to board and lodging at six shillings instead of seven shillings a week? it was a d—d bad saving, as the case proved. Yet her very dignity might have kept me in order; for she never read a chapter except out of a Cambridge Bible, printed by Daniel, and bound in embroidered velvet. I think I see it at this moment! And on Sundays, when we had a quart of two-penny ale, instead of buttermilk, to our porridge, it was always served up in a silver posset-dish. Also she used silver-mounted spectacles, whereas even my father's were cased in mere horn. These things had their impression at first, but we got used to grandeur to degrees. Well sir! Gad, I can scarce get on with my story—it sticks in my throat—must take a trifle to wash it down. Well, this dame had a daughter, Jess Cantrips—a black-eyed, bouncing wench—and as the devil would have it, there was the d—d five-story stair—her foot was never from it, whether I went or came home from the divinity hall. I would have eschewed her, sir—I would, on my soul, for I was as innocent a lad as ever came from Lammermuir; but there was no possibility of escape, retreat, or flight, unless I could have got a pair of wings, or made use of a ladder seven stories high, to scale the window of my attic. It signifies little talking—you may suppose how all this was to end. I would have married the girl, and taken my chance—I would, by Heaven! for she was a pretty girl, and a good girl, until she and I met; but you know the old song, 'Kirk would not let us be.' A gentleman, in my case, would have settled the matter with the kirk-treasurer for a small sum of money; but the poor stibbler, the penniless dominie, having married his cousin of Kittlebasket, must next have proclaimed her frailty to the whole parish, by mounting the throne of Presbyterian penance, and proving, as Othello says, 'his love a whore,' in face of the whole congregation.

"In this extremity I dared not stay where I was, and so thought to go home to my father. But first I got Jack Hadaway, a lad from the same parish, and who lived in the

same infernal stair, to make some inquiries how the old gentleman had taken the matter. I soon, by way of answer, learned, to the great increase of my comfortable reflections, that the good old man made as much clamor as if such a thing as a man's eating his wedding dinner without saying grace had never happened since Adam's time. He did nothing for six days but cry out "Ichabod—Ichabod, the glory is departed from my house!" and on the seventh he preached a sermon, in which he enlarged on this incident as illustrative of one of the great occasions for humiliation and causes of national defection. I hope the course he took comforted himself; I am sure it made me ashamed to show my nose at home. So I went down to Leith, and, exchanging my hodden-gray coat of my mother's spinning for such a jacket as this, I entered my name at the rendezvous as an able-bodied landsman, and sailed with the tender round to Portsmouth, where they were fitting out a squadron for the West Indies. There I was put aboard the "Fearnought," Captain Daredevil, among whose crew I soon learned to fear Satan, the terror of my early youth, as little as the toughest Jack on board. I had some qualms at first, but I took the remedy (tapping the case-bottle) which I recommended to you, being as good for sickness of the soul as for sickness of the stomach. What, you won't? Very well, I must, then. Here is to ye."

"You would, I am afraid, find your education of little use in your new condition?" said Fairford.

"Pardon me, sir," resumed the captain of the "Jumping Jenny"; "my handful of Latin and small pinch of Greek were as useless as old junk, to be sure; but my reading, writing, and accompting stood me in good stead, and brought me forward. I might have been schoolmaster—ay, and master, in time; but that valiant liquor, rum, made a conquest of me rather too often, and so, make what sail I could, I always went to leeward. We were four years boiling in that blasted climate, and I came back at last with a little prize-money. I always had thoughts of putting things to rights in the Covenant Close, and reconciling myself to my father. I found out Jack Hadaway, who was "tuptowing" away with a dozen of wretched boys, and a fine string of stories he had ready to regale my ears withal. My father had lectured on what he called "my falling away" for seven Sabbaths, when, just as his parishoners began to hope that that the course was at an end, he was found dead in his bed on the eighth Sunday morning. Jack Hadaway assured me that, if I wished to atone for my errors by undergoing the

fate of the first martyr, I had only to go to my native village where the very stones of the street would rise up against me as my father's murderer. Here was a pretty item. Well, my tongue clove to my mouth for an hour, and was only able at last to utter the name of Mrs. Cantrips. O, this was a new theme for my Job's comforter. My sudden departure, my father's no less sudden death, had prevented the payment of the arrears of my board and lodging. The landlord was a haberdasher, with a heart as rotten as the muslin wares he dealt in. Without respect to her age and gentle kin, my Lady Kittlebasket was ejected from her airy habitation; her porridge-pot, silver posset-dish, silver-mounted spectacles, and Daniel's Cambridge Bible sold, at the Cross of Edinburgh, to the cadie who would bid highest for them, and she herself driven to the workhouse, where she got in difficulty, but was easily enough lifted out, at the end of the month, as dead as her friends could desire. Merry tidings this to me, who had been the d—d (he paused a moment) *origo mali*. Gad, I think my confession would sound better in Latin than in English."

"But the best jest was behind. I had just power to stammer out something about Jess—by my faith he *had* an answer! I had taught Jess one trade, and, like a prudent girl, she had found out another for herself; unluckily, they were both contraband, and Jess Cantrips, daughter of the Lady Kittlebasket, had the honor to be transported to the plantations for street-walking and pocket-picking about six months before I touched shore."

He changed the bitter tone of affected pleasantry into an attempt to laugh; then drew his swarthy hand across his swarthy eyes, and said in a more natural accent, "Poor Jess!"

There was a pause, until Fairford, pitying the poor man's state of mind, and believing he saw something in him that, but for early error and subsequent profligacy, might have been excellent and noble, helped on the conversation by asking, in a tone of commiseration, how he had been able to endure such a load of calamity.

"Why, very well," answered the seaman—"exceedingly well—like a tight ship in a brisk gale. Let me recollect. I remember thanking Jack, very composedly, for the interesting and agreeable communication. I then pulled out my canvas pouch with my hoard of moidores, and taking out two pieces, I bid Jack keep the rest till I came back, as I was for a cruise about Auld Reekie. The poor devil looked

anxiously, but I shook him by the hand and ran downstairs in such confusion of mind that, notwithstanding what I had heard, I expected to meet Jess at every turning.

"It was market-day, and the usual number of rogues and fools were assembled at the Cross. I observed everybody looked strange on me, and I thought some laughed. I fancy I had been making queer faces enough, and perhaps talking to myself. When I saw myself used in this manner, I held out my clenched fists straight before me, stooped my head, and, like a ram when he makes his race, darted off right down the street, scattering groups of weatherbeaten lairds and periwigged burgesses, and bearing down all before me. I heard the cry of "Seize the madman!" echoed, in Celtic sounds, from the City Guard, with "Ceaze ta matman!" but pursuit and opposition were in vain. I pursued my career; the smell of the sea, I suppose, led me to Leith, where, soon after, I found myself walking very quietly on the shore, admiring the tough round and sound cordage of the vessels, and thinking how a loop, with a man at the end of one of them, would look, by way of tassel.

"I was opposite to the rendezvous, formerly my place of refuge; in I bolted—found one or two old acquaintances, made half a dozen new ones—drank for two days—was put aboard the tender—off to Portsmouth—then landed at the Haslaar hospital in a fine hissing-hot fever. Never mind, I got better: nothing can kill me. The West Indies were my lot again, for, since I did not go where I deserved in the next world, I had something as like such quarters as can be had in this—black devils for inhabitants, flames and earthquakes, and so forth, for your element. Well, brother, something or other I did or said—I can't tell what. How the devil should I, when I was as drunk as David's sow, you know? But I was punished, my lad—made to kiss the wench that never speaks but when she scolds, and that's the gunner's daughter, comrade. Yes, the minister's son of—no matter where—has the cat's scratch on his back! This roused me, and when were ashore with the boat I gave three inches of the dirk, after a stout tussle, to the fellow I blamed most, and so took the bush for it. There were plenty of wild lads then along-shore; and—I don't care who knows—I went on the account, look you—sailed under the black flag and marrow-bones—was a good friend to the sea and an enemy to all that sailed on it."

Fairford, though uneasy in his mind at finding himself, a lawyer, so close to a character so lawless, thought it best,

nevertheless, to put a good face on the matter, and asked Mr. Ewart, with as much unconcern as he could assume, "Whether he was fortunate as a rover?"

"No—no, d—n it, no," replied Nanty; "the devil a crumb of butter was ever churned that would stick upon my bread. There was no order among us: he that was captain to-day was swabber to-morrow; and as for plunder—they say old Avery* and one or two close hunks made money, but in my time all went as it came; and reason good, for if a fellow had saved five dollars his throat would have been cut in his hammock. And then it was a cruel, bloody work. Pah—we'll say no more about it. I broke with them at last, for what they did on board of a bit of a snow—no matter what it was—bad enough, since it frightened me. I took French leave, and came in upon the proclamation, so I am free of all that business. And here I sit, the skipper of the "Jumping Jenny"—a nutshell of a thing, but goes through the water like a dolphin. If it were not for yon hypocritical scoundrel at Annan, who has the best end of the profit and takes none of the risk, I should be well enough—as well as I want to be. Here is no lack of my best friend," touching his case-bottle; "but, to tell you a secret, he and I have got so used to each other, I begin to think he is like a professed joker, that makes your sides sore with laughing if you see him but now and then, but if you take up house with him he can only make your head stupid. But I warrant the old fellow is doing the best he can for me, after all."

"And what may that be?" said Fairford.

"He is KILLING me," replied Nanty Ewart; "and I am only sorry he is so long about it."

So saying he jumped on his feet, and tripping up and down the deck, gave his orders with his usual clearness and decision, notwithstanding the considerable quantity of spirits which he had contrived to swallow while recounting his history.

Although far from feeling well, Fairford endeavored to rouse himself and walk to the head of the brig, to enjoy the beautiful prospect, as well as to take some note of the course which the vessel held. To his great surprise, instead of standing across to the opposite shore from which she had departed, the brig was going down the firth, and apparently steering into the Irish Sea. He called to Nanty Ewart, and expressed his surprise at the course they were pursuing, and

*See Note 35.

asked why they did not stand straight across the firth for some port in Cumberland.

"Why, this is what I call a reasonable question, now," answered Nanty; "as if a ship could go as straight to its port as a horse to the stable, or a free-trader could sail the Solway as securely as a king's cutter! Why, I'll tell ye, brother, if I do not see a smoke on Bowness, that is the village upon the headland yonder, I must stand out to sea for twenty-four hours at least, for we must keep the weather-gage if there are hawks abroad."

"And if you do see the signal of safety, Master Ewart, what is to be done then?"

"Why then, and in that case, I must keep off till night, and then run you, with the kegs and the rest of the lumber, ashore at Skinburness."

"And then I am to meet with this same laird whom I have the letter for?" continued Fairford.

"That," said Ewart, "is thereafter as it may be: the ship has its course, the fair-trader has his port, but it is not so easy to say where the Laird may be found. But he will be within twenty miles of us, off or on; and it will be my business to guide you to him."

Fairford could not withstand the passing impulse of terror which crossed him when thus reminded that he was so absolutely in the power of a man who, by his own account, had been a pirate, and who was at present, in all probability, an outlaw as well as a contraband trader. Nanty Ewart guessed the cause of his involuntary shuddering.

"What the devil should I gain," he said, "by passing so poor a card as you are? Have I not had ace of trumps in my hand, and did I not play it fairly? Ay, I say the "Jumping Jenny" can run in other ware as well as kegs. Put *sigma* and *tau* to "Ewart," and see how that will spell. D'ye take me now?"

"No, indeed," said Fairford: "I am utterly ignorant of what you allude to."

"Now, by Jove!" said Nanty Ewart, "thou art either the deepest or the shallowest fellow I ever met with—or you are not right after all. I wonder where Summertrees could pick up such a tender along-shore. Will you let me see his letter?"

Fairford did not hesitate to gratify his wish, which, he was aware he could not easily resist. The master of the "Jumping Jenny" looked at the direction very attentively, then turned the letter to and fro, and examined each flourish

of the pen, as if he were judging of a piece of ornamented manuscript ; then handed it back to Fairford, without a single word or remark.

“ Am I right now ? ” said the young lawyer.

“ Why, for that matter,” answered Nanty, “ the letter is right, sure enough ; but whether *you* are right or not is your own business, rather than mine.” And, striking upon a flint with the back of a knife, he kindled a cigar as thick as his finger, and began to smoke away with great perseverance.

Alan Fairford continued to regard him with a melancholy feeling divided betwixt the interest he took in the unhappy man and a not unnatural apprehension for the issue of his own adventure.

Ewart, notwithstanding the stupefying nature of his pastime, seemed to guess what was working in his passenger’s mind ; for, after they had remained some time engaged in silently observing each other, he suddenly dashed his cigar on the deck, and said to him, “ Well, then, if you are sorry for me, I am sorry for you. D—n me, if I have cared a button for man or mother’s son since two years since, when I had another peep of Jack Hadaway. The fellow was got as fat as a Norway whale ; married to a great Dutch-built quean that had brought him six children. I believe he did not know me, and thought I was come to rob his house ; however, I made up a poor face, and told him who I was. Poor Jack would have given me shelter and clothes, and began to tell me of the moidores that were in bank, when I wanted them. Egad, he changed his note when I told him what my life had been, and only wanted to pay me my cash and get rid of me. I never saw so terrified a visage. I burst out a-laughing in his face, told him it was all a hum-bug, and that the moidores were all his own, henceforth and forever, and so ran off. I caused one of our people send him a bag of tea and a keg of brandy before I left. Poor Jack ! I think you are the second person these ten years that has cared a tobacco-stopper for Nanty Ewart.”

“ Perhaps, Mr. Ewart,” said Fairford, “ you live chiefly with men too deeply interested for their own immediate safety to think much upon the distress of others ? ”

“ And with whom do you yourself consort, I pray ? ” replied Nanty, smartly. “ Why, with plotters that can make no plot to better purpose than their own hanging ; and incendiaries, that are snapping the flint upon wet tinder. You’ll as soon raise the dead as raise the Highlands ; you’ll as soon get a grunt from a dead sow as any comfort from

Wales or Cheshire. You think, because the pot is boiling, that no scum but yours can come uppermost ; I know better, by —. All these rackets and riots that you think are trending your way have no relation at all to your interest ; and the best way to make the whole kingdom friends again at once would be the alarm of such an undertaking as these mad old fellows are trying to launch into."

"I really am not in such secrets as you seem to allude to," said Fairford ; and, determined at the same time to avail himself as far as possible of Nanty's communicative disposition, he added, with a smile, "And if I were, I should not hold it prudent to make them much the subject of conversation. But I am sure so sensible men as Summertrees and the Laird may correspond together without offense to the state."

"I take you, friend—I take you," said Nanty Ewart, upon whom, at length, the liquor and tobacco-smoke began to make considerable innovation. "As to what gentlemen may or may not correspond about, why, we may pretermit the question, as the old professor used to say at the hall ; and as to Summertrees, I will say nothing, knowing him to be an old fox. But I say that this fellow the Laird is a firebrand in the country ; that he is stirring up all the honest fellows who should be drinking their brandy quietly, by telling them stories about their ancestors and the Forty-five ; and that he is trying to turn all waters into his own mill-dam, and to set his sails to all winds. And because the London people are roaring about for some pinches of their own, he thinks to win them to his turn with a wet finger. And he gets encouragement from some because they want a spell of money from him ; and from others because they fought for the cause once, and are ashamed to go back ; and others because they have nothing to lose ; and others because they are discontented fools. But if he has brought you, or any one, I say not whom, into this scrape, with the hope of doing any good, he's a d—d decoy-duck, and that's all I can say for him ; and you are geese, which is worse than being decoy-ducks, or lame ducks either. And so here is to the prosperity of King George the Third, and the true Presbyterian religion, and confusion to the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender ! I'll tell you what, Mr. Fairbairn, I am but tenth owner of this bit of a craft, the "Jumping Jenny"—but tenth owner, and must sail by her own owners' directions. But if I were whole owner, I would not have the brig be made a ferryboat for your Jacobitical, old-fashioned Popish riff-raff, Mr. Fair-

port—I would not, by my soul : they should walk the plank, by the gods, as I have seen better men do when I sailed under the what-d’ye-callum colors. But being contraband good, and on board my vessel, and I with my sailing orders in my hand, why, I am to forward them as directed. I say, John Robers, keep her up a bit with the helm. And so, Mr. Fairweather, what I do is, as the d—d villain Turnpenny says, “all in the way of business.”

He had been speaking with difficulty for the last five minutes, and now at length dropped on the deck fairly silenced by the quantity of spirits which he had swallowed, but without having shown any glimpse of the gaiety, or even of the extravagance, of intoxication.

The old sailor stepped forward and flung a sea-cloak over the slumberer’s shoulders, and added, looking at Fairford, “Pity of him he should have this fault ; for without it, he would have been as clever a fellow as ever trode a plank with ox leather.”

“And what are we to do now ?” said Fairford.

“Stand off and on, to be sure, till we see the signal, and then obey orders.”

So saying, the old man turned to his duty, and left the passenger to amuse himself with his own meditations. Presently afterward a light column of smoke was seen rising from the little headland.

“I can tell you what we are to do now, master,” said the sailor. “We’ll stand out to sea, and then run in again with the evening tide, and make Skinburness ; or, if there’s not light, we can run into the Wampool river, and put you ashore about Kirkbride or Leaths with the long-boat.”

Fairford, unwell before, felt this destination condemned him to an agony of many hours, which his disordered stomach and aching head were ill able to endure. There was no remedy, however, but patience, and the recollection that he was suffering in the cause of friendship. As the sun rose high, he became worse ; his sense of smell appeared to acquire a morbid degree of acuteness, for the mere purpose of inhaling and distinguishing all the various odors with which he was surrounded, from that of pitch to all the complicated smells of the hold. His heart, too, throbbed under the heat, and he felt as if in full progress towards a high fever.

The seamen, who were civil and attentive, considering their calling, observed his distress, and one contrived to make an awning out of an old sail, while another compounded

some lemonade, the only liquor which their passenger could be prevailed upon to touch. After drinking it off, he obtained, but could not be said to enjoy, a few hours of troubled slumber.

CHAPTER XV

NARRATIVE OF ALAN FAIRFORD, CONTINUED

ALAN FAIRFORD'S spirit was more ready to encounter labor than his frame was adequate to support it. In spite of his exertions, when he awoke, after five or six hours' slumber, he found that he was so much disabled by dizziness in his head and pains in his limbs that he could not raise himself without assistance. He heard with some pleasure that they were now running right for the Wampool river, and that he would be put on shore in a very short time. The vessel accordingly lay to, and presently showed a weft in her ensign, which was hastily answered by signals from on shore. Men and horses were seen to come down the broken path which leads to the shore, the latter all properly tackled for carrying their loading. Twenty fishing-barks were pushed afloat at once, and crowded round the brig with much clamor, laughter, cursing, and jesting. Amidst all this apparent confusion there was the essential regularity. Nanty Ewart again walked his quarter-deck as if he had never tasted spirits in his life, issued the necessary orders with precision, and saw them executed with punctuality. In half an hour the loading of the brig was in a great measure disposed in the boats ; in a quarter of an hour more, it was landed on the beach ; and another interval of about the same duration was sufficient to distribute it on the various strings of pack-horses which waited for that purpose, and which instantly dispersed, each on its own proper adventure. More mystery was observed in loading the ship's boat with a quantity of small barrels, which seemed to contain ammunition. This was not done until the commercial customers had been dismissed ; and it was not until this was performed that Ewart proposed to Alan, as he lay stunned with pain and noise, to accompany him ashore.

It was with difficulty that Fairford could get over the side of the vessel, and he could not seat himself on the stern of the boat without assistance from the captain and his people. Nanty Ewart, who saw nothing in this worse than an ordinary fit of sea-sickness, applied the usual topics of con-

solation. He assured his passenger that he would be quite well by and by, when he had been half an hour on terra firma, and that he hoped to drink a can and smoke a pipe with him at Father Crackenthorp's, for all that he felt a little out of the way for riding the wooden horse.

"Who is Father Crackenthorp?" said Fairford, though scarcely able to articulate the question.

"As honest a fellow as is of a thousand," answered Nanty. "Ah, how much good brandy he and I have made little of in our day! By my soul, Mr. Fairbird, he is the prince of skinkers, and the father of the free trade; not a stingy, hypocritical devil like old Turnpenny Skinflint, that drinks drunk on other folks' cost, and thinks it sin when he has to pay for it, but a real hearty old cock. The sharks have been at and about him this many a day, but Father Crackenthorp knows how to trim his sails—never a warrant but he hears of it before the ink's dry. He is *bonus socius* with headborough and constable. The King's Exchequer could not bribe a man to inform against him. If any such rascal were to cast up, why, he would miss his ears next morning, or be sent to seek them in the Solway. He is a statesman, though he keeps a public; but, indeed, that is only for convenience, and to excuse his having cellarage and folk about him; his wife's a canny woman, and his daughter Doll too. Gad, you'll be in port there till you get round again; and I'll keep my word with you, and bring you to speech of the Laird. Gad, the only trouble I shall have is to get you out of the house; for Doll is a rare wench, and my dame a funny old one, and Father Crackenthorp the rarest companion! He'll drink you a bottle of rum or brandy without starting, but never wet his lips with that nasty Scottish stuff that the canting old scoundrel Turnpenny has brought into fashion. He is a gentleman, every inch of him, old Crackenthorp—in his own way, that is; and besides, he has a share in the 'Jumping Jenny,' and many a moonlight outfit besides. He can give Doll a pretty penny, if he likes the tight fellow that would turn in with her for life."

In the midst of this prolonged panegyric on Father Crackenthorp, the boat touched the beach, the rowers backed their oars to keep her afloat, whilst the other fellows jumped into the surf, and, with the most rapid dexterity, began to hand the barrels ashore.

"Up with them higher on the beach, my hearties," exclaimed Nanty Ewart. "High and dry—high and dry; this gear will not stand wetting. Now, out with our spare hand

here—high and dry with him too. What's that? the galloping of horse! Oh, I hear the jingle of the pack-saddles: they are our own folk."

By this time all the boat's load was ashore, consisting of the little barrels; and the boat's crew, standing to their arms, ranged themselves in front, waiting the advance of the horses which came clattering along the beach. A man, overgrown with corpulence, who might be distinguished in the moonlight, panting with his own exertions, appeared at the head of the cavalcade, which consisted of horses linked together, and accommodated with pack-saddles, and chains for securing the kegs, which made a dreadful clattering.

"How now, Father Crackenthorp?" said Ewart. "Why this hurry with your horses? We mean to stay a night with you, and taste your old brandy and my dame's home-brewed. The signal is up, man, and all is right."

"All is wrong Captain Nanty," cried the man to whom he spoke; "and you are the lad that is like to find it so, unless you bundle off. There are new brooms bought at Carlisle yesterday to sweep the country of you and the like of you; so you were better be jogging inland."

"How many rogues are the officers? If not more than ten, I will make fight."

"The devil you will!" answered Crackenthorp. "You were better not, for they have the bloody-backed dragoons from Carlisle with them."

"Nay, then," said Nanty, "we must make sail. Come, Master Fairlord, you must mount and ride. He does not hear me: he has fainted, I believe. What the devil shall I do? Father Crackenthorp, I must leave this young fellow with you till the gale blows out. Hark ye—goes between the Laird and the t'other old one. He can neither ride nor walk—I must send him up to you."

"Send him up to the gallows!" said Crackenthorp. "There is Quartermaster Thwacker, with twenty men, up yonder; an he had not some kindness for Doll, I had never got hither for a start; but you must get off, or they will be here to seek us, for his orders are woundy particular; and these kegs contain worse than whisky—a hanging matter, I take it."

"I wish they were at the bottom of Wampool river, with them they belong to," said Nanty Ewart. "But they are part of cargo; and what to do with the poor young fellow——"

"Why, many a better fellow has roughed it on the grass,

with a cloak o'er him,' said Crackenthorp. "If he hath a fever, nothing is so cooling as the night air."

"Yes, he would be cold enough in the morning, no doubt; but it's a kind heart, and shall not cool so soon, if I can help it," answered the captain of the "Jumping Jenny."

"Well, captain, and ye will risk your own neck for another man's, why not take him to the old girls at Fairladies?"

"What, the Miss Arthurets! The Papist jades! But never mind, it will do; I have known them take in a whole sloop's crew that were stranded on the sands."

"You may run some risk, though, by turning up to Fairladies; for I tell you they are all up through the country."

"Never mind, I may chance to put some of them down again," said Nanty, cheerfully. "Come, lads, bustle to your tackle. Are you all loaded?"

"Ay—ay, captain; we will be ready in a jiffy," answered the gang.

"D—n your 'captains!' Have you a mind to have me hanged if I am taken? All's hail-fellow here."

"A sup at parting," said Father Crackenthorp, extending a flask to Nanty Ewart.

"Not the twentieth part of a drop," said Nanty. "No Dutch courage for me: my heart is always high enough when there's a chance of fighting; besides, if I live drunk, I should like to die sober. Here, old Jephson—you are the best-natured brute amongst them—get the lad between us on a quiet horse, and we will keep him upright, I warrant."

As they raised Fairford from the ground, he groaned heavily, and asked faintly, where they were taking him to.

"To a place where you will be as snug and quiet as a mouse in his hole," said Nanty, "if so be that we can get you there safely. Good-by, Father Crackenthorp; poison the quartermaster, if you can."

The loaded horses then sprang forward at a hard trot, following each other in a line, and every second horse being mounted by a stout fellow in a smock-frock, which served to conceal the arms with which most of these desperate men were provided. Ewart followed in the rear of the line, and, with the occasional assistance of old Jephson, kept his young charge erect in the saddle. He groaned heavily from time to time; and Ewart, more moved with compassion for his situation than might have been expected from his own habits, endeavored to amuse him and comfort him, by some

account of the place to which they were conveying him, his words of consolation being, however, frequently interrupted by the necessity of calling to his people, and many of them being lost amongst the rattling of the barrels, and clinking of the tackle and small chains by which they are secured on such occasions.

“ And you see, brother, you will be in safe quarters at Fairladies—good old scrambling house—good old maids enough, if they were not Papists. Halloo, you, Jack Lowther; keep the line, can’t ye, and shut your rattle-trap, you broth of a——! And so, being of a good family, and having enough, the old lasses have turned a kind of saints, and nuns, and so forth. The place they live in was some sort of nun-shop long ago, as they have them still in Flanders; so folk call them the Vestals of Fairladies; that may be or may not be, and I care not whether it be or no. Blinkinsop, hold your tongue, and be d—d! And so, betwixt great alms and good dinners, they are well thought of by rich and poor, and their trucking with Papists is looked over. There are plenty of priests, and stout young scholars, and such-like about the house: it’s a hive of them. More shame that government send dragoons out after a few honest fellows that bring the old women of England a drop of brandy, and let these ragamuffins smuggle in as much Papistry and—— Hark! was that a whistle? No, it’s only a plover. You, Jem Collier, keep a look-out a-head; we’ll meet them at the High Whins or Brotthole Bottom, or nowhere. Go a furlong a-head, I say, and look sharp. These Miss Arthurets feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, and such-like acts; which my poor father used to say were filthy rags, but he dressed himself out with as many of them as most folk. D—n that stumbling horse! Father Crackenthorp should be d—d himself for putting an honest fellow’s neck in such jeopardy.”

Thus, and with much more to the same purpose, Nanty ran on, increasing, by his well-intended annoyance, the agony of Alan Fairford, who, tormented by racking pain along the back and loins, which made the rough trot of the horse torture to him, had his aching head still further rended and split by the hoarse voice of the sailor, close to his ear. Perfectly passive, however, he did not even essay to give any answer; and indeed his own bodily distress was now so great and engrossing that to think of his situation was impossible, even if he could have mended it by doing so.

Their course was inland, but in what direction Alan had no means of ascertaining. They passed at first over heaths

and sandy downs; they crossed more than one brook, or "beck," as they are called in that country—some of them of considerable depth—and at length reached a cultivated country, divided, according to the English fashion of agriculture, into very small fields or closes, by high banks, overgrown with underwood and surmounted by hedgerow trees, amongst which winded a number of impracticable and complicated lanes, where the boughs, projecting from the embankments on each side, intercepted the light of the moon and endangered the safety of the horsemen. But through this labyrinth the experience of the guides conducted them without a blunder, and without even the slackening of their pace. In many places, however, it was impossible for three men to ride abreast, and therefore the burden of supporting Alan Fairford fell alternately to old Jephson and to Nanty; and it was with much difficulty that they could keep him upright in his saddle.

At length, when his powers of sufferance were quite worn out, and he was about to implore them to leave him to his fate in the first cottage or shed, or under a haystack or a hedge, or anywhere, so he was left at ease, Collier, who rode a-head, passed back the word that they were at the avenue to Fairladies. "Was he to turn up?"

Committing the charge of Fairford to Jephson, Nanty dashed up to the head of the troop and gave his orders.

"Who knows the house best?"

"Sam Skelton's a Catholic," said Lowther.

"A d—d bad religion," said Nanty, of whose Presbyterian education a hatred of Popery seemed to be the only remnant. "But I'm glad there is one amongst us, anyhow. You, Sam, being a Papist, know Fairladies and the old maidens, I dare say; so do you fall out of the line and wait here with me; and do you, Collier, carry on to Walinford Bottom, then turn down the beck till you come to the old mill, and Goodman Grist, the miller, or old Peel-the-Causeway will tell you where to stow; but I will be up with you before that."

The string of loaded horses then struck forward at their former pace, while Nanty, with Sam Skelton, waited by the roadside till the rear came up, when Jephson and Fairford joined them; and, to the great relief of the latter, they began to proceed at an easier pace than formerly, suffering the gang to precede them, till the clatter and clang attending their progress began to die away in the distance. They had not proceeded a pistol-shot from the place where they parted, when a short turning brought them in front of an

old moldering gateway, whose heavy pinnacles were decorated in the style of the 17th century, with clumsy architectural ornaments, several of which had fallen down from decay, and lay scattered about, no further care having been taken than just to remove them out of the direct approach to the avenue. The great stone pillars, glimmering white in the moonlight, had some fanciful resemblance to supernatural apparitions; and the air of neglect all around gave an uncomfortable idea of the habitation to those who passed its avenue.

"There used to be no gate here," said Skelton, finding their way unexpectedly stopped.

"But there is a gate now, and a porter too," said a rough voice from within. "Who be you, and what do you want at this time of night?"

"We want to come to speech of the ladies—of the Miss Arthurets," said Nanty; "and to ask lodging for a sick man."

"There is no speech to be had of the Miss Arthurets at this time of night, and you may carry your sick man to the doctor," answered the fellow from within, gruffly; "for, as sure as there is savor in salt and scent in rosemary, you will get no entrance. Put your pipes up and be jogging on."

"Why, Dick Gardener," said Skelton, "be thou then turned porter?"

"What, do you know who I am?" said the domestic, sharply.

"I know you by your bye-word," answered the other.

"What, have you forgot little Sam Skelton and the brock in the barrel?"

"No, I have not forgotten you," answered the acquaintance of Sam Skelton; "but my orders are peremptory to let no one up the avenue this night, and therefore——"

"But we are armed, and will not be kept back," said Nanty. "Harkye, fellow, were it not better for you to take a guinea and let us in than to have us break the door first and thy pate afterwards? for I won't see my comrade die at your door, be assured of that."

"Why, I dunna know," said the fellow; "but what cattle were those that rode by in such hurry?"

"Why, some of our folks from Browness, Stoniecultrum, and thereby," answered Skelton: "Jack Lowther, and old Jephson, and broad Will Lamplugh, and such-like."

"Well," said Dick Gardener, "as sure as there is savor in

salt and scent in rosemary, I thought it had been the droopers from Carlisle and Wigton, and the sound brought my heart to my mouth."

"Had thought thou wouldst have known the clatter of a cask from the clash of a broadsword as well as e'er a quaffer in Cumberland," answered Skelton.

"Come, brother, less of your jaw and more of your legs, if you please," said Nanty: "every moment we stay is a moment lost. Go to the ladies, and tell them that Nanty Ewart, of the 'Jumping Jenny,' has brought a young gentleman, charged with letters from Scotland to a certain gentleman of consequence in Cumberland; that the soldiers are out, and the gentleman is very ill, and if he is not received at Fairladies, he must be left either to die at the gate or to be taken, with all his papers about him, by the redcoats."

Away ran Dick Gardener with this message; and in a few minutes lights were seen to flit about, which convinced Fairford, who was now, in consequence of the halt, a little restored to self-possession, that they were traversing the front of a tolerably large mansion house.

"What if thy friend, Dick Gardener, comes not back again?" said Jephson to Skelton.

"Why, then," said the person addressed, "I shall owe him just such a licking as thou, old Jephson, hadst from Dan Cooke, and will pay as duly and truly as he did."

The old man was about to make an angry reply, when his doubts were silenced by the return of Dick Gardener, who announced that Miss Arthuret was coming herself as far as the gateway to speak with them.

Nanty Ewart cursed in a low tone, the suspicion of old maids and the churlish scruples of Catholics, that made so many obstacles to helping a fellow-creature, and wished Miss Arthuret a hearty rheumatism or toothache as the reward of her excursion; but the lady presently appeared, to cut short farther grumbling. She was attended to by a waiting-maid with a lantern, by means of which she examined the party on the outside, as closely as the imperfect light and the spars of the newly-erected gate would permit.

"I am sorry we have disturbed you so late, Madam Arthuret," said Nanty; "but the case is this——"

"Holy Virgin," said she, "why do you speak so loud? Pray, are you not the captain of the 'Sainte Genevieve'?"

"Why, ay, ma'am," answered Ewart, "they call the brig so at Dunkirk, sure enough; but alongshore here they call her the 'Jumping Jenny.'"

"You brought over the holy Father Buonaventure, did you not?"

"Ay—ay, madam, I have brought over enough of them black cattle," answered Nanty.

"Fie! fie! friend," said Miss Arthuret; "it is a pity that the saints should commit these good men to a heretic's care."

"Why, no more they would, ma'am," answered Nanty, "could they find a Papish lubber that knew the coast as I do. Then I am trusty as steel to owners, and always look after cargo—live lumber, or dead flesh, or spirits, all is one to me; and your Catholics have such d—d large hoods, with pardon, ma'am, that they can sometimes hide two faces under them. But here is a gentleman dying, with letters about him from the Laird of Summertrees to the Laird of the Lochs, as they call him, along Solway, and every minute he lies here is a nail in his coffin."

"St Mary! what shall we do?" said Miss Arthuret. "We must admit him, I think, at all risks. You, Richard Gardener, help one of these men to carry the gentleman up to the Place; and you, Selby, see him lodged at the end of the long gallery. You are a heretic, captain, but I think you are trusty, and I know you have been trusted; but if you are imposing on me——"

"Not I, madam—never attempt to impose on ladies of your experience: my practise that way has been all among the young ones. Come, cheerly, Mr. Fairford—you will be taken good care of; try to walk."

Alan did so; and, refreshed by his halt, declared himself able to walk to the house with the sole assistance of the gardener.

"Why, that's hearty. Thank thee, Dick, for lending him thine arm," and Nanty slipped into his hand the guinea he had promised. "Farewell, then, Mr. Fairford, and farewell, Madam Arthuret, for I have been too long here."

So saying, he and his two companions threw themselves on horseback, and went off at a gallop. Yet, even above the clatter of their hoofs did the incorrigible Nanty halloo out the old ballad—

"A lovely lass to a friar came,
To confession a-morning early;—
'In what, my dear, are you to blame,
Come tell me most sincerely?'
'Alas! my fault I dare not name—
But my lad he loved me dearly.'"

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed Miss Seraphina, as the un-

hallowed sounds reached her ears ; “ what profane heathens be these men, and what frights and pinches we be put to among them ! The saints be good to us, what a night has this been ! the like never seen at Fairladies. Help me to make fast the gate, Richard, and thou shalt come down again to wait on it, lest there come more unwelcome visitors. Not that you are unwelcome, young gentleman, for it is sufficient that you need such assistance as we can give you to make you welcome to Fairladies—only, another time would have done as well ; but, hem ! I daresay it is all for the best. The avenue is none of the smoothest, sir, look to your feet. Richard Gardener should have had it mown and leveled, but he was obliged to go on a pilgrimage to St. Winifred’s Well, in Wales.” Here Dick gave a short dry cough, which, as if he had found it betrayed some internal feeling a little at variance with what the lady said, he converted into a muttered “ *Sancta Winifreda ora pro nobis.*” Miss Arthuret, meantime, proceeded—“ We never interfere with our servants’ vows or penances, Master Fairford—I know a very worthy father of your name, perhaps a relation—I say, we never interfere with our servants’ vows. Our Lady forbid they should not know some difference between our service and a heretic’s. Take care, sir, you will fall if you have not a care. Alas, by night and day there are many stumbling-blocks in our paths !”

With more talk to the same purpose, all of which tended to show a charitable and somewhat silly woman, with a strong inclination to her superstitious devotion, Miss Arthuret entertained her new guest, as, stumbling at every obstacle which the devotion of his guide, Richard, had left in the path, he at last, by ascending some stone steps decorated on the side with griffins, or some such heraldic anomalies, attained a terrace extending in front of the Place of Fairladies—an old-fashioned gentleman’s house of some consequence, with its range of notched gable-ends and narrow windows, relieved by here and there an old turret about the size of a pepper-box. The door was locked during the brief absence of the mistress ; a dim light glimmered through the sashed door of the hall, which opened beneath a huge stone porch, loaded with jessamine and other creepers. All the windows were dark as pitch.

Miss Arthuret tapped at the door. “ Sister—sister Angelica ! ”

“ Who is there ? ” was answered from within ; “ is it you, sister Seraphina ? ”

“ Yes—yes, undo the door. Do you not know my voice ? ”

“ No doubt, sister,” said Angelica, undoing bolt and bar ; “ but you know our charge, and the enemy is watchful to surprise us : *incedit sicut leo vorans*, saith the breviary. Whom have you brought here ? Oh, sister, what have you done ? ”

“ It is a young man,” said Seraphina, hastening to interrupt her sister’s remonstrance, “ a relation, I believe, of our worthy Father Fairford, left at the gate by the captain of that blessed vessel the ‘ Sainte Genevieve ’—almost dead, and charged with despatches to——”

She lowered her voice as she mumbled over the last words.

“ Nay, then, there is no help,” said Angelica ; “ but it is unlucky.”

During this dialogue between the vestals of Fairladies, Dick Gardener deposited his burden in a chair, where the young [er] lady, after a moment of hesitation, expressing a becoming reluctance to touch the hand of a stranger, put her finger and thumb upon Fairford’s wrist and counted his pulse.

“ There is fever here, sister,” she said : “ Richard must call Ambrose, and we must send some of the febrifuge.”

Ambrose arrived presently, a plausible and respectable-looking old servant, bred in the family, and who had risen from rank to rank in the Arthuret service, till he was become half-physician, half-almoner, half-butler, and entire governor ; that is, when the father confessor, who frequently eased him of the toils of government, chanced to be abroad. Under the direction, and with the assistance, of this venerable personage, the unlucky Alan Fairford was conveyed to a decent apartment at the end of a long gallery, and, to his inexpressible relief, consigned to a comfortable bed. He did not attempt to resist the prescription of Mr. Ambrose, who not only presented him with the proposed draught, but proceeded so far as to take a considerable quantity of blood from him, by which last operation he probably did his patient much service.

CHAPTER XVI

NARRATIVE OF ALAN FAIRFORD, CONTINUED

ON the next morning, when Fairford awoke, after no very refreshing slumbers, in which were mingled many wild dreams of his father, and of Darsie Latimer, of the damsel in the green mantle, and the vestals of Fairladies, of drinking small beer with Nanty Ewart, and being immersed in the Solway with the "Jumping Jenny," he found himself in no condition to dispute the order of Mr. Ambrose, that he should keep his bed, from which, indeed, he could not have raised himself without assistance. He became sensible that his anxiety, and his constant efforts for some days past, had been too much for his health, and that, whatever might be his impatience, he could not proceed in his undertaking until his strength was re-established.

In the meanwhile, no better quarters could have been found for an invalid. The attendants spoke under their breath, and moved only on tiptoe ; nothing was done unless *par ordonnance du médecin* : Esculapius reigned paramount in the premises at Fairladies. Once a-day the ladies came in great state to wait upon him and inquire after his health, and it was then that Alan's natural civility, and the thankfulness which he expressed for their timely and charitable assistance, raised him considerably in their esteem. He was on the third day removed to a better apartment than that in which he had been at first accommodated. When he was permitted to drink a glass of wine, it was of the first quality—one of those curious old-fashioned cobwebbed bottles being produced on the occasion which are only to be found in the crypts of old country seats, where they may have lurked undisturbed for more than half a century.

But, however delightful a residence for an invalid, Fairladies, at its present inmate became soon aware, was not so agreeable to a convalescent. When he dragged himself to the window so soon as he could crawl from bed, behold it was closely grated, and commanded no view except of a little paved court. This was nothing remarkable, most old Border houses having their windows so secured : but then Fairford

observed that whoever entered or left the room always locked the door with great care and circumspection : and some proposals which he made to take a walk in the gallery, or even in the garden, were so coldly received, both by the ladies and their prime minister, Mr. Ambrose, that he saw plainly such an extension of his privileges as a guest would not be permitted.

Anxious to ascertain whether this excessive hospitality would permit him his proper privilege of free agency, he announced to this important functionary, with grateful thanks for the care with which he had been attended, his purpose to leave Fairladies next morning, requesting only, as a continuance of the favors with which he had been loaded, the loan of a horse to the next town ; and, assuring Mr. Ambrose that his gratitude would not be limited by such a trifle, he slipped three guineas into his hand, by way of seconding his proposal. The fingers of that worthy domestic closed as naturally upon the *honorarium* as if a degree in the learned faculty had given him a right to clutch it, but his answer concerning Alan's proposed departure was at first evasive, and when he was pushed it amounted to a peremptory assurance that he could not be permitted to depart to-morrow ; it was as much as his life was worth, and his ladies would not authorize it.

"I know best what my own life is worth," said Alan ; "and I do not value it in comparison to the business which requires my instant attention."

Receiving still no satisfactory answer from Mr. Ambrose, Fairford thought it best to state his resolution to the ladies themselves, in the most measured, respectful, and grateful terms, but still such as expressed a firm determination to depart on the morrow, or next day at farthest. After some attempts to induce him to stay, on the alleged score of health, which were so expressed that he was convinced they were only used to delay his departure, Fairford plainly told them that he was entrusted with despatches of consequence to the gentleman known by the name of Herries, Redgauntlet, and the Laird of the Lochs ; and that it was matter of life and death to deliver them early.

"I daresay, sister Angelica," said the elder Miss Arthuret, "that the gentleman is honest ; and if he is really a relation of Father Fairford, we can run no risk."

"Jesu Maria !" exclaimed the younger. "Oh, fie, sister Seraphina ! Fie—fie ! *Vade retro*—get thee behind me !"

"Well—well ; but sister—sister Angelica—let me speak with you in the gallery."

So out the ladies rustled in their silks and tissues, and it was a good half-hour ere they rustled in again, with importance and awe on their countenances.

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Fairford, the cause of our desire to delay you is, there is a religious gentleman in this house at present——"

"A most excellent person indeed," said the sister Angelica.

"An anointed of his Master !" echoed Seraphina ; " and we should be glad that, for conscience' sake, you would hold some discourse with him before your departure."

"Oho !" thought Fairford, "the murder is out : here is a design of conversion ! I must not affront the good old ladies, but I shall soon send off the priest, I think." He then answered aloud, "That he should be happy to converse with any friend of theirs ; that in religious matters he had the greatest respect for every modification of Christianity, though, he must say, his belief was made up to that in which he had been educated ; nevertheless, if his seeing the religious person they recommended could in the least show his respect——"

"It is not quite that," said sister Seraphina, "although I am sure the day is too short to hear him—Father Buonaventure, I mean—speak upon the concerns of our souls ; but——"

"Come—come, sister Seraphina," said the younger, "it is needless to talk so much about it. His—his Eminence—I mean, Father Buonaventure—will himself explain what he wants this gentleman to know."

"His Eminence," said Fairford, surprised. "Is this gentleman so high in the Catholic Church ? The title is given only to cardinals, I think."

"He is not a cardinal as yet," answered Seraphina ; "but I assure you, Mr. Fairford, he is as high in rank as he is eminently endowed with good gifts, and——"

"Come away," said sister Angelica. "Holy Virgin, how you do talk ! What has Mr. Fairford to do with Father Buonaventure's rank ? Only, sir, you will remember that the father has been always accustomed to be treated with the most profound deference ; indeed——"

"Come away, sister," said sister Seraphina, in her turn. "Who talks now, I pray you ? Mr. Fairford will know how to comport himself."

"And we had best both leave the room," said the younger lady, "for here his Eminence comes."

She lowered her voice to a whisper as she pronounced the last words ; and as Fairford was about to reply by assuring her that any friend of hers should be treated by him with all the ceremony he could expect, she imposed silence on him by holding up her finger.

A solemn and stately step was now heard in the gallery ; it might have proclaimed the approach not merely of a bishop or cardinal, but of the Sovereign Pontiff himself. Nor could the sound have been more respectfully listened to by the two ladies had it announced that the Head of the Church was approaching in person. They drew themselves, like sentinels on duty, one on each side of the door by which the long gallery communicated with Fairford's apartment, and stood there immovable, and with countenances expressive of the deepest reverence.

The approach of Father Buonaventure was so slow, that Fairford had time to notice all this, and to marvel in his mind what wily and ambitious priest could have contrived to subject his worthy but simple-minded hostesses to such superstitious trammels. Father Buonaventure's entrance and appearance in some degree accounted for the whole.

He was a man of middle life, about forty or upwards ; but either care, or fatigue, or indulgence had brought on the appearance of premature old age, and given to his fine features a cast of seriousness or even sadness. A noble countenance, however, still remained ; and though his complexion was altered, and wrinkles stamped upon his brow in many a melancholy fold, still the lofty forehead, the full and well-opened eye, and the well-formed nose showed how handsome in better days he must have been. He was tall, but lost the advantage of his height by stooping ; and the cane which he wore always in his hand, and occasionally used, as well as his slow though majestic gait, seemed to intimate that his form and limbs felt already some touch of infirmity. The color of his hair could not be discovered, as, according to the fashion, he wore a periwig. He was handsomely, though gravely, dressed in a secular habit, and had a cockade in his hat—circumstances which did not surprise Fairford, who knew that a military disguise was very often assumed by the seminary priests, whose visits to England, or residence there, subjected them to legal penalties.

As this stately person entered the apartment, the two ladies facing inward, like soldiers on their post when about to salute a superior officer, dropped on either hand of the father a courtesy so profound, that the hoop petticoats which per-

formed the feat seemed to sink down to the very floor, nay, through it, as if a trap-door had opened for the decent of the dames who performed this act of reverence.

The father seemed accustomed to such homage, profound as it was ; he turned his person a little way first towards one sister, and then towards the other, while, with a gracious inclination of his person, which certainly did not amount to a bow, he acknowledge their courtesy. But he passed forward without addressing them, and seemed by doing so to intimate that their presence in the apartment was unnecessary.

They accordingly glided out of the room, retreating backwards, with hands clasped and eyes cast upwards, as if imploring blessings on the religious man whom they venerated so highly. The door of the apartment was shut after them, but not before Fairford had perceived that there were one or two men in the gallery, and that, contrary to what he had before observed, the door, though shut, was not locked on the outside.

“Can the good souls apprehend danger from me to this god of their idolatry?” thought Fairford. But he had no time to make farther observations, for the stranger had already reached the middle of the apartment.

Fairford rose to receive him respectfully, but as he fixed his eyes on the visitor, he thought that the father avoided his looks. His reasons for remaining incognito were cogent enough to account for this, and Fairford hastened to relieve him, by looking downwards in his turn ; but when again he raised his face, he found the broad light eye of the stranger so fixed on him, that he was almost put out of countenance by the steadiness of his gaze. During this time they remained standing.

“Take your seat, sir,” said the father : “you have been an invalid.”

He spoke with the tone of one who desires an inferior to be seated in his presence, and his voice was full and melodious.

Fairford, somewhat surprised to find himself overawed by the airs of superiority, which could be only properly exercised towards one over whom religion gave the speaker influence, sat down at his bidding, as if moved by springs, and was at a loss how to assert the footing of equality on which he felt that they ought to stand. The stranger kept the advantage which he had obtained.

“Your name, sir, I am informed, is Fairford?” said the father,

Alan answered by a bow.

"Called to the Scottish bar," continued his visitor. "There is, I believe, in the West, a family of birth and rank called Fairford of Fairford."

Alan thought this a strange observation from a foreign ecclesiastic, as his name intimated Father Buonaventure to be ; but only answered, he believed there was such a family.

"Do you count kindred with them, Mr. Fairford?" continued the inquirer.

"I have not the honor to lay such a claim," said Fairford. "My father's industry has raised his family from a low and obscure situation : I have no hereditary claim to distinction of any kind. May I ask the cause of these inquiries?"

"You will learn it presently," said Father Buonaventure, who had given a dry and dissatisfied "hem" at the young man's acknowledging a plebeian descent. He then motioned to him to be silent, and proceeded with his queries.

"Although not of condition, you are, doubtless, by sentiments and education, a man of honor and a gentleman?"

"I hope so, sir," said Alan, coloring with displeasure. "I have not been accustomed to have it questioned."

"Patience, young man," said the unperturbed querist : "we are on serious business, and no idle etiquette must prevent its being discussed seriously. You are probably aware that you speak to a person proscribed by the severe and unjust laws of the present government?"

"I am aware of the statute 1700, chapter 3," said Alan, "banishing from the realm priests and trafficking Papists, and punishing by death, on summary conviction, any such person who being so banished may return. The English law, I believe, is equally severe. But I have no means of knowing you, sir, to be one of those persons ; and I think your prudence may recommend to you to keep your own counsel."

"It is sufficient, sir ; and I have no apprehensions of disagreeable consequences from your having seen me in this house," said the priest.

"Assuredly no," said Alan. "I consider myself as indebted for my life to the mistresses of Fairladies ; and it would be a vile requital on my part to pry into or make known what I may have seen or heard under this hospitable roof. If I were to meet the Pretender himself in such a situation, he should, even at the risk of a little stretch to my loyalty, be free from any danger from my indiscretion."

"The Pretender!" said the priest, with some angry em-

phasis ; but immediately softened his tone and added, "No doubt, however, that person *is* a pretender ; and some people think his pretensions are not ill founded. But before running into politics, give me leave to say, that I am surprised to find a gentleman of your opinions in habits of intimacy with Mr. Maxwell of Summertrees and Mr. Redgauntlet, and the medium of conducting the intercourse betwixt them."

"Pardon me, sir," replied Alan Fairford ; "I do not aspire to the honor of being reputed their confidant or go-between. My concern with those gentlemen is limited to one matter of business, dearly interesting to me, because it concerns the safety—perhaps the life—of my dearest friend."

"Would you have any objections to entrust me with the cause of your journey ?" said Father Buonaventure. "My advice may be of service to you, and my influence with one or both these gentlemen is considerable."

Fairford hesitated a moment, and hastily revolving all circumstances, concluded that he might perhaps receive some advantage from propitiating this personage ; while, on the other hand, he endangered nothing by communicating to him the occasion of his journey. He, therefore, after stating shortly that he hoped Mr. Buonaventure would render him the same confidence which he required on his part, gave a short account of Darsie Latimer—of the mystery which hung over his family, and of the disaster which had befallen him, finally, of his own resolution to seek for his friend, and to deliver him, at the peril of his own life.

The Catholic priest, whose manner it seemed to be to avoid all conversation which did not arise from his own express motion, made no remarks upon what he had heard, but only asked one or two abrupt questions, where Alan's narrative appeared less clear to him ; then rising from his seat, he took two turns through the apartment, muttering between his teeth, with emphasis, the word "Madman !" But apparently he was in the habit of keeping all violent emotions under restraint ; for he presently addressed Fairford with the most perfect indifference.

"If," said he, "you thought you could do so without breach of confidence, I wish you would have the goodness to show me the letter of Mr. Maxwell of Summertrees. I desire to look particularly at the address."

Seeing no cause to decline this extension of his confidence, Alan, without hesitation, put the letter into his hand. Having turned it round as old Trumbull and Nanty Ewart had formerly done, and, like them, having examined the address

with much minuteness, he asked whether he had observed these words, pointing to a pencil-writing upon the under side of the letter. Fairford answered in the negative, and looking at the letter, read with surprise, "*Cave ne literas Bellerophontis adferres*"—a caution which coincided so exactly with the provost's admonition, that he would do well to inspect the letter of which he was bearer, that he was about to spring up and attempt an escape, he knew not wherefore or from whom.

"Sit still, young man," said the father, with the same tone of authority which reigned in his whole manner, although mingled with stately courtesy. "You are in no danger: my character shall be a pledge for your safety. By whom do you suppose these words have been written?"

Fairford could have answered, "By Nanty Ewart." for he remembered seeing that person scribble something with a pencil, although he was not well enough to observe with accuracy where or upon what. But not knowing what suspicious, or what worse consequences, the seaman's interest in his affairs might draw upon him, he judged it best to answer that he knew not the hand.

Father Buonaventure was again silent for a moment or two, which he employed in surveying the letter with the strictest attention; then stepped to the window, as if to examine the address and writing of the envelope with the assistance of a stronger light, and Alan Fairford beheld him, with no less amazement than high displeasure, coolly and deliberately break the seal, open the letter, and peruse the contents.

"Stop, sir—hold!" he exclaimed, so soon as his astonishment permitted him to express his resentment in words; "by what right do you dare——"

"Peace, young gentleman," said the father, repelling him with a wave of his hand; "be assured I do not act without warrant: nothing can pass betwixt Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Redgauntlet that I am not fully entitled to know."

"It may be so," said Alan, extremely angry; "but though you may be these gentlemen's father confessor, you are not mine; and in breaking the seal of a letter entrusted to my care, you have done me——"

"No injury, I assure you," answered the unperturbed priest; "on the contrary, it may be a service."

"I desire no advantage at such a rate, or to be obtained in such a manner," answered Fairford; "restore me the letter instantly, or——"

"As you regard your own safety," said the priest, "forbear all injurious expressions and all menacing gestures. I am not one who can be threatened or insulted with impunity; and there are enough within hearing to chastise any injury or affront offered to me, in case, I may think it unbecoming to protect or avenge myself with my own hand."

In saying this, the father assumed an air of such fearlessness and calm authority, that the young lawyer, surprised and overawed, forbore, as he had intended, to snatch the letter from his hand, and confined himself to bitter complaints of the impropriety of his conduct, and of the light in which he himself must be placed to Redgauntlet, should he present him a letter with a broken seal.

"That," said Father Buonaventure, "shall be fully cared for. I will myself write to Redgauntlet, and inclose Maxwell's letter, provided always you continue to desire to deliver it, after perusing the contents."

He then restored the letter to Fairford, and, observing that he hesitated to peruse it, said emphatically, "Read it, for it concerns you."

This recommendation, joined to what Provost Crosbie had formerly recommended, and to the warning which he doubted not that Nanty intended to convey by his classical allusion, decided Fairford's resolution. "If these correspondents," he thought, "are conspiring against my person, I have a right to counterplot them; self-preservation, as well as my friend's safety, require that I should not be too scrupulous."

So thinking, he read the letter, which was in the following words:—

"DEAR RUGGED AND DANGEROUS—

"Will you never cease meriting your old nickname? You have springed your dottrel, I find, and what is the consequence? Why, that there will be hue and cry after you presently. The bearer is a pert young lawyer, who has brought a formal complaint against you, which, luckily, he has preferred in a friendly court. Yet, favorable as the judge was disposed to be, it was with the utmost difficulty that cousin Jenny and I could keep him to his tackle. He begins to be timid, suspicious, and intractable, and I fear Jenny will soon bend her brows on him in vain. I know not what to advise. The lad who carries this is a good lad, active for his friend; and I have pledged my honor he shall have no personal ill-usage. Pledged my honor, remark these words, and remember I can be rugged and dangerous as well

as my neighbors. But I have not ensured him against a short captivity, and as he is a stirring, active fellow, I see no remedy but keeping him out of the way till this business of the good Father B—— is safely blown over, which God send it were! Always thine, even should I be once more

“CRAIG-IN-PERIL.”

“What think you, young man, of the danger you have been about to encounter so willingly?”

“As strangely,” replied Alan Fairford, “as of the extraordinary means which you have been at present pleased to use for the discovery of Mr. Maxwell’s purpose.”

“Trouble not yourself to account for my conduct,” said the father: “I have a warrant for what I do, and fear no responsibility. But tell me what is your present purpose.”

“I should not perhaps name it to you, whose own safety may be implicated.”

“I understand you,” answered the father: “you would appeal to the existing government? That can at no rate be permitted; we will rather detain you at Fairladies by compulsion.”

“You will probably,” said Fairford, “first weigh the risk of such a proceeding in a free country.”

“I have incurred more formidable hazard,” said the priest, smiling; “yet I am willing to find a milder expedient. Come—let us bring the matter to a compromise.” And he assumed a conciliating graciousness of manner which struck Fairford as being rather too condescending for the occasion. “I presume you will be satisfied to remain here in seclusion for a day or two longer, provided I pass my solemn word to you that you shall meet with the person whom you seek after—meet with him in perfect safety, and, I trust, in good health, and be afterwards both at liberty to return to Scotland, or dispose of yourselves as each of you may be minded?”

“I respect the *verbum sacerdotis* as much as can reasonably be expected from a Protestant,” answered Fairford; “but, methinks, you can scarce expect me to repose so much confidence in the word of an unknown person as is implied in the guarantee which you offer me.”

“I am not accustomed, sir,” said the father, in a very haughty tone, “to have my word disputed. But,” he added, while the angry hue passed from his cheek, after a moment’s reflection, “you know me not, and ought to be

excused. I will repose more confidence in your honor than you seem willing to rest upon mine; and since we are so situated that one must rely upon the other's faith, I will cause you to be set presently at liberty, and furnished with the means of delivering your letter as addressed, provided that now, knowing the contents, you think it safe for yourself to execute the commission."

Alan Fairford paused. "I cannot see," he at length replied, "how I can proceed with respect to the accomplishment of my sole purpose, which is the liberation of my friend, without appealing to the law, and obtaining the assistance of a magistrate. If I present this singular letter of Mr. Maxwell, with the contents of which I have become so unexpectedly acquainted, I shall only share his captivity."

"And if you apply to a magistrate, young man, you will bring ruin on these hospitable ladies, to whom, in all human probability, you owe your life. You cannot obtain a warrant for your purpose without giving a clear detail of all the late scenes through which you have passed. A magistrate would oblige you to give a complete account of yourself, before arming you with his authority against a third party; and in giving such an account the safety of these ladies will necessarily be compromised. A hundred spies have had, and still have, their eyes upon this mansion; but God will protect His own." He crossed himself devoutly, and then proceeded. "You can take an hour to think of your best plan, and I will pledge myself to forward it thus far, provided it be not asking you to rely more on my word than your prudence can warrant. You shall go to Redgauntlet—I name him plainly, to show my confidence in you—and you shall deliver him this letter of Mr. Maxwell's with one from me, in which I will enjoin him to set your friend at liberty, or at least to make no attempts upon your own person, either by detention or otherwise. If you can trust me thus far," he said, with a proud emphasis on the words, "I will on my side see you depart from this place with the most perfect confidence that you will not return armed with powers to drag its inmates to destruction. You are young and inexperienced, bred to a profession also which sharpens suspicion, and gives false views of human nature. I have seen much of the world, and have known better than most men how far mutual confidence is requisite in managing affairs of consequence."

He spoke with an air of superiority, even of authority, by which Fairford, notwithstanding his own internal struggles,

was silenced and overawed so much that it was not till the father had turned to leave the apartment that he found words to ask him, what the consequences would be should he decline to depart on the terms proposed.

"You must then, for the safety of all parties, remain for some days an inhabitant of Fairladies, where we have the means of detaining you, which self-preservation will in that case compel us to make use of. Your captivity will be short; for matters cannot long remain as they are. The cloud must soon rise, or it must sink upon us forever. *Benedicite!*"

With these words he left the apartment.

Fairford, upon his departure, felt himself much at a loss what course to pursue. His line of education, as well as his father's tenets in matters of church and state, had taught him a holy horror of Papists, and a devout belief in whatever had been said of the punie faith of Jesuits, and of the expedients of mental reservation by which the Catholic priests in general were supposed to evade keeping faith with heretics. Yet there was something of majesty, depressed indeed, and overclouded, but still grand and imposing, in the manner and words of Father Buonaventure, which it was difficult to reconcile with those preconceived opinions which imputed subtlety and fraud to his sect and order. Above all, Alan was aware that, if he accepted not his freedom upon the terms offered him, he was likely to be detained by force; so that, in every point of view, he was a gainer by adopting them.

A qualm, indeed, came across him, when he considered, as a lawyer, that his father was probably, in the eye of law, a traitor, and that there was an ugly crime on the statute book, called misprision of treason. On the other hand, whatever he might think or suspect, he could not take upon him to say that the man was a priest, whom he had never seen in the dress of his order, or in the act of celebrating mass; so that he felt himself at liberty to doubt of that respecting which he possessed no legal proof. He therefore arrived at the conclusion that he would do well to accept his liberty, and proceed to Redgauntlet under the guaranty of Father Buonaventure, which he scarce doubted would be sufficient to save him from personal inconvenience. Should he once obtain speech of that gentleman, he felt the same confidence as formerly that he might be able to convince him of the rashness of his conduct, should he not consent to liberate Darsie Latimer. At all events, he should learn where his friend was, and how circumstanced.

Having thus made up his mind, Alan waited anxiously for the expiration of the hour which had been allowed him for deliberation. He was not kept on the tenter-hooks of impatience an instant longer than the appointed moment arrived, for, even as the clock struck, Ambrose appeared at the door of the gallery, and made a sign that Alan should follow him. He did so, and after passing through some of the intricate avenues common in old houses, was ushered into a small apartment, commodiously fitted up, in which he found Father Buonaventure reclining on a couch, in the attitude of a man exhausted by fatigue or indisposition. On a small table beside him, a silver embossed salver sustained a Catholic book of prayer, a small flask of medicine, a cordial, and little tea-cup of old china. Ambrose did not enter the room; he only bowed profoundly, and closed the door with the least possible noise so soon as Fairford had entered.

"Sit down, young man," said the father, with the same air of condescension which had before surprised, and rather offended, Fairford. "You have been ill, and I know too well by my own case that indisposition requires indulgence. Have you," he continued, so soon as he saw him seated, "resolved to remain or to depart?"

"To depart," said Alan, "under the agreement that you will guarantee my safety with the extraordinary person who has conducted himself in such a lawless manner towards my friend, Darsie Latimer."

"Do not judge hastily, young man," replied the father. "Redgauntlet has the claims of a guardian over his ward in respect to the young gentleman, and a right to dictate his place of residence, although he may have been injudicious in selecting the means by which he thinks to enforce his authority."

"His situation as an attainted person abrogates such rights," said Fairford, hastily.

"Surely," replied the priest, smiling at the young lawyer's readiness, "in the eye of those who acknowledge the justice of the attainder; but that do not I. However, sir, here is the guaranty; look at its contents, and do not again carry the letters of Uriah."

Fairford read these words:—

"GOOD FRIEND—We send you hither a young man desirous to know the situation of your ward since he came under your paternal authority, and hopeful of dealing with you for having your relative put at large. This we recommend

to your prudence, highly disapproving, at the same time, of any force or coercion, when such can be avoided, and wishing, therefore, that the bearer's negotiation may be successful. At all rates, however, the bearer hath our pledged word for his safety and freedom, which, therefore, you are to see strictly observed, as you value our honor and your own. We farther wish to converse with you, with as small loss of time as may be, having matters of the utmost confidence to impart. For this purpose we desire you to repair hither with all haste, and thereupon we bid you heartily farewell.

“P. B.”

“You will understand sir,” said the father, when he saw that Alan had perused his letter, “that, by accepting charge of this missive, you bind yourself to try the effect of it before having recourse to any legal means, as you term them, for your friend's release.”

“There are a few ciphers added to this letter,” said Fairford, when he had perused the paper attentively; “may I inquire what their import is?”

“They respect my own affairs,” answered the father, briefly; “and have no concern whatever with yours.”

“It seems to me, however,” replied Alan, “natural to suppose——”

“Nothing must be supposed incompatible with my honor,” replied the priest, interrupting him; “when such as I am confer favors, we expect that they shall be accepted with gratitude or declined with thankful respect, not questioned or discussed.”

“I will accept your letter then,” said Fairford, after a minute's consideration, “and the thanks you expect shall be most liberally paid if the result answer what you teach me to expect.”

“God only commands the issue,” said Father Buonventure. “Man uses means. You understand that, by accepting this commission, you engage yourself in honor to try the effect of my letter upon Mr. Redgauntlet before you have recourse to informations or legal warrants?”

“I hold myself bound, as a man of good faith and honor, to do so,” said Fairford.

“Well, I trust you,” said the father. “I will now tell you that an express, despatched by me last night, has, I hope, brought Redgauntlet to a spot many miles nearer this place, where he will not find it safe to attempt any violence on your friend, should he be rash enough to follow the advice

of Mr. Maxwell of Summertrees rather than my commands. We now understand each other."

He extended his hand towards Alan, who was about to pledge his faith in the usual form by grasping it with his own, when the father drew back hastily. Ere Alan had time to comment upon this repulse, a small side-door, covered with tapestry, was opened; the hangings were drawn aside, and a lady as if by sudden apparition, glided into the apartment. It was neither of the Miss Arthurets, but a woman in the prime of life, and in the full-blown expansion of female beauty, tall, fair, and commanding in her aspect. Her locks, of paly gold, were taught to fall over a brow which, with the stately glance of the large, open, blue eyes, might have become Juno herself; her neck and bosom were admirably formed, and of a dazzling whiteness. She was rather inclined to *embonpoint*, but not more than became her age, of apparently thirty years. Her step was that of a queen, but it was of Queen Vashti, not Queen Esther—the bold and commanding, not the retiring, beauty.

Father Buonaventure raised himself on the couch, angrily, as if displeased by this intrusion. "How now, madam," he said with some sternness—"why have we the honor of your company?"

"Because it is my pleasure," answered the lady, composedly.

"Your pleasure, madam!" he repeated, in the same angry tone.

"My pleasure, sir," she continued, "which always keeps exact pace with my duty. I had heard you were unwell; let me hope it is only business which produces this seclusion."

"I am well," he replied—"perfectly well, and I thank you for your care; but we are not alone, and this young man——"

"That young man!" she said, bending her large and serious eye on Alan Fairford, as if she had been for the first time aware of his presence—"may I ask who he is?"

"Another time, madam. You shall learn his history after he is gone. His presence renders it impossible for me to explain farther."

"After he is gone may be too late," said the lady; "and what is his presence to me when your safety is at stake? He is the heretic lawyer whom those silly fools, the Arthurets, admitted into this house at a time when they should have let their own father knock at the door in vain, though the

night had been a wild one. You will not surely dismiss him ? ”

“ Your own impatience can alone make that step perilous,” said the father. “ I have resolved to take it ; do not let your indiscreet zeal, however excellent its motive, add any unnecessary risk to the transaction.”

“ Even so ? ” said the lady, in a tone of reproach, yet mingled with respect and apprehension. “ And thus you will still go forward, like a stag upon the hunter’s snares, with undoubting confidence, after all that has happened ? ”

“ Peace, madam,” said Father Buonaventure, rising up : “ be silent, or quit the apartment ; my designs do not admit of female criticism.”

To this peremptory command the lady seemed about to make a sharp reply ; but she checked herself, and pressing her lips strongly together, as if to secure the words from bursting from them which were already formed upon her tongue, she made a deep reverence, partly as it seemed in reproach, partly in respect, and left the room as suddenly as she had entered it.

The father looked disturbed at this incident, which he seemed sensible could not but fill Fairford’s imagination with an additional throng of bewildering suspicions : he bit his lip, and muttered something to himself as he walked through the apartment ; then suddenly turned to his visitor with a smile of much sweetness, and a countenance in which every rougher expression was exchanged for those of courtesy and kindness.

“ The visit we have just been honored with, my young friend, has given you,” he said, “ more secrets to keep than I would have wished you burdened with. The lady is a person of condition—of rank and fortune : but, nevertheless, is no circumstanced that the mere fact of her being known to be in this country would occasion many evils. I should wish you to observe secrecy on this subject, even to Redgauntlet or Maxwell, however much I trust them in all that concerns my own affairs.”

“ I can have no occasion,” replied Fairford, “ for holding any discussion with these gentlemen, or with any others, on the circumstance which I have just witnessed ; it could only have become the subject of my conversation by mere accident, and I will now take care to avoid the subject entirely.”

“ You will do well, sir, and I thank you,” said the father, throwing much dignity into the expression of obligation

which he meant to convey. "The time may perhaps come when you will learn what it is to have obliged one of my condition. As to the lady, she has the highest merit, and nothing can be said of her justly which would not redound to her praise. Nevertheless—in short, sir, we wander at present as in a morning mist; the sun will, I trust, soon rise and dispel it, when all that now seems mysterious will be fully revealed; or it will sink into rain," he added, in a solemn tone. "and then explanation will be of little consequence. Adieu, sir; I wish you well."

He made a graceful obeisance, and vanished through the same side-door by which the lady had entered; and Alan thought he heard their voices high in dispute in the adjoining apartment.

Presently afterwards, Ambrose entered, and told him that a horse and guide waited him beneath the terrace.

"The good Father Buonaventure," added the butler, "has been graciously pleased to consider your situation, and desired me to inquire whether you have any occasion for a supply of money?"

"Make my respects to his reverence," answered Fairford, "and assure him I am provided in that particular. I beg you also to make my acknowledgments to the Miss Arthurets, and assure that their kind hospitality, to which I probably owe my life, shall be remembered with gratitude as long as that life lasts. You yourself, Mr. Ambrose, must accept of my kindest thanks for your skill and attention."

Mid these acknowledgments they left the house, descended the terrace, and reached the spot where the gardener, Fairford's old acquaintance, waited for him, mounted upon one horse and leading another.

Bidding adieu to Ambrose, our young lawyer mounted, and rode down the avenue, often looking back to the melancholy and neglected dwelling in which he had witnessed such strange scenes, and musing upon the character of its mysterious inmates, especially the noble and almost regal seeming priest, and the beautiful but capricious dame, who, if she was really Father Buonaventure's penitent, seemed less docile to the authority of the church than, as Alan conceived, the Catholic discipline permitted. He could not indeed help being sensible that the whole deportment of these persons differed much from his preconceived notions of a priest and devotee. Father Buonaventure, in particular, had more natural dignity and less art and affectation in his manner than accorded with the idea which Calvinists were taught to

entertain of that wily and formidable person, a Jesuitical missionary.

While reflecting on these things, he looked back so frequently at the house that Dick Gardener, a forward, talkative fellow, who began to tire of silence, at length said to him, "I think you will know Fairladies when you see it again, sir."

"I daresay I shall, Richard," answered Fairford, good-humoredly. "I wish I knew as well where I am to go next. But you can tell me perhaps?"

"Your worship should know better than I," said Dick Gardener; "nevertheless, I have a notion you are going where all you Scotsmen should be sent, whether you will or no."

"Not to the devil, I hope, good Dick?" said Fairford.

"Why, no. That is a road which you may travel as heretics; but, as Scotsmen, I would only send you three-fourths of the way, and that is back to Scotland again—always craving your honor's pardon?"

"Does our journey lie that way?" said Fairford.

"As far as the water-side," said Richard. "I am to carry you to old Father Crackenthrop's, and then you are within a spit and a stride of Scotland, as the saying is. But mayhap you may think twice of going thither, for all that; for Old England is fat feeding-ground for north-country cattle."

CHAPTER XVII

NARRATIVE OF DARSIE LATIMER

OUR history must now, as the old romancers wont to say, "leave to tell" of the quest of Alan Fairford, and instruct our readers of the adventures which befell Darsie Latimer, left as he was in the precarious custody of his self-named tutor, the Laird of the Lochs of Solway, to whose arbitrary pleasure he found it necessary for the present to conform himself.

In consequence of this prudent resolution, and although he did not assume such a disguise without some sensations of shame and degradation, Darsie permitted Cristal Nixon to place over his face, and secure by a string, one of those silk masks which ladies frequently wore to preserve their complexions, when exposed to the air during long journeys on horseback. He remonstrated somewhat more vehemently against the long riding-skirt, which converted his person from the waist into the female guise, but was obliged to concede this point also.

The metamorphosis was then complete ; for the fair reader must be informed that in those rude times the ladies, when they honored the masculine dress by assuming any part of it, wore just such hats, coats, and waistcoats as the male animals themselves made use of, and had no notion of the elegant compromise betwixt male and female attire which has now acquired, *par excellence*, the name of a "habit." Trolloping things our mothers must have looked, with long, square-cut coats, lacking collars, and with waistcoats plentifully supplied with a length of pocket, which hung far downwards from the middle. But then they had some advantage from the splendid colors, lace, and gay embroidery which masculine attire then exhibited ; and, as happens in many similar instances, the finery of the materials made amends for the want of symmetry and grace of form in the garments themselves. But this is a digression.

In the court of the old mansion, half manor-place, half farm-house, or rather a decayed manor-house, converted into an abode for a Cumberland tenant, stood several saddled

horses. Four or five of them were mounted by servants of inferior retainers, all of whom were well armed with sword, pistol, and carbine. But two had riding-furniture for the use of females—the one being accoutred with a side-saddle, the other with a pillion attached to the saddle.

Darsie's heart beat quicker within him; he easily comprehended that one of these was intended for his own use, and his hopes suggested that the other was designed for that of the fair Green Mantle, whom, according to his established practise, he had adopted for the queen of his affections, although his opportunities of holding communication with her had not exceeded the length of a silent supper * on one occasion, and the going down a country dance on another. This, however, was no unwonted mood of passion with Darsie Latimer, upon whom Cupid was used to triumph only in the degree of a Mahratta conqueror, who overruns a province with the rapidity of lightning, but finds it impossible to retain it beyond a very brief space. Yet this new love was rather more serious than the scarce skinned-up wounds which his friend Fairford used to ridicule. The damsel had shown a sincere interest in his behalf; and the air of mystery with which that interest was veiled gave her, to his lively imagination, the character of a benevolent and protecting spirit, as much as that of a beautiful female.

At former times, the romance attending his short-lived attachments had been of his own creating, and had disappeared [as] soon as ever he approached more closely to the object with which he had invested it. On the present occasion, it really flowed from external circumstances, which might have interested less susceptible feelings, and an imagination less lively, than that of Darsie Latimer, young, inexperienced, and enthusiastic as he was.

He watched, therefore, anxiously to whose service the palfrey bearing the lady's saddle was destined. But ere any female appeared to occupy it, he was himself summoned to take his seat on the pillion behind Cristal Nixon, amid the grins of his old acquaintance Jan, who helped him to horse, and the unrestrained laughter of Cicely (Doreas), who displayed on the occasion a case of teeth which might have rivalled ivory.

Latimer was at an age when being an object of general ridicule, even to clowns and milkmaids, was not a matter of indifference, and he longed heartily to have laid his horse-whip across Jan's shoulders. That, however, was a solace-

* [Read "short grace." Compare p. 38.]

ment of his feelings which was not at the moment to be thought of; and Cristal Nixon presently put an end to his unpleasant situation by ordering the riders to go on. He himself kept the center of the troop, two men riding before and two behind him, always, as it seemed to Darsie, having their eye upon him, to prevent any attempt to escape. He could see from time to time, when the straight line of the road or the advantage of an ascent permitted him, that another troop of three or four riders followed them at about a quarter of a mile's distance, amongst whom he could discover the tall form of Redgauntlet, and the powerful action of his gallant black horse. He had little doubt that Green Mantle made one of the party, though he was unable to distinguish her from the others.

In this manner they traveled from six in the morning until nearly ten of the clock, without Darsie's exchanging a word with any one; for he loathed the very idea of entering into conversation with Cristal Nixon, against whom he seemed to feel an instinctive aversion; nor was that domestic's saturnine and sullen disposition such as to have encouraged advances, had he thought of making them.

At length the party halted for the purpose of refreshment; but as they had hitherto avoided all villages and inhabited places upon their route, so they now stopped at one of those large, ruinous Dutch barns which are sometimes found in the fields, at a distance from the farm-houses to which they belong. Yet in this desolate place some preparations had been made for their reception. There were in the end of the barn racks filled with provender for the horses, and plenty of provisions for the party were drawn from the trusses of straw, under which the baskets that contained them had been deposited. The choicest of these were selected and arranged apart by Cristal Nixon, while the men of the party threw themselves upon the rest, which he abandoned to their discretion. In a few minutes afterwards the rearward party arrived and dismounted, and Redgauntlet himself entered the barn with the green-mantled maiden by his side. He presented her to Darsie with these words:

"It is time you two should know each other better. I promised you my confidence, Darsie, and the time is come for reposing it. But first we will have our breakfast; and then, when once more in the saddle, I will tell you that which it is necessary that you should know. Salute Lillas, Darsie."

The command was sudden, and surprised Latimer, whose confusion was increased by the perfect ease and frankness

with which Lilius offered at once her cheek and her hand, and pressing his, as she rather took it than gave her own, said very frankly, "Dearest Darsie, how rejoiced I am that our uncle has at last permitted us to become acquainted!"

Darsie's head turned round; and it was perhaps well that Redgauntlet called on him to sit down, as even that movement served to hide his confusion. There is an old song which says—

When ladies are willing.
A man can but look like a fool.

And on the same principle Darsie Latimer's looks at this unexpected frankness of reception would have formed an admirable vignette for illustrating the passage. "Dearest Darsie," and such a ready, nay, eager salute of lip and hand! It was all very gracious, no doubt, and ought to have been received with much gratitude; but, constituted as our friend's temper was, nothing could be more inconsistent with his tone of feeling. If a hermit had proposed to him to club for a pot of beer, the illusion of his reverend sanctity could not have been dispelled more effectually than the divine qualities of Green Mantle faded upon the ill-imagined frank-heartedness of poor Lilius. Vexed with her forwardness, and affronted at having once more cheated himself, Darsie could hardly help muttering two lines of the song we have already quoted:—

"The fruit that must fall without shaking
Is rather too mellow for me."

And yet it was pity of her too: she was a very pretty young woman, his fancy had scarce overrated her in that respect; and the slight derangement of the beautiful brown locks which escaped in natural ringlets from under her riding hat, with the bloom which exercise had brought into her cheek, made her even more than usually fascinating. Redgauntlet modified the sternness of his look when it was turned towards her, and, in addressing her, used a softer tone than his usual deep bass. Even the grim features of Cristal Nixon relaxed when he attended on her, and it was then, if ever, that his misanthropical visage expressed some sympathy with the rest of humanity.

"How can she," thought Latimer, "look so like an angel, yet be so mere a mortal after all? How could so much seeming modesty have so much forwardness of manner, when she ought to have been most reserved? How can her con-

duct be reconciled to the grace and ease of her general deportment?"

The confusion of thoughts which occupied Darsie's imagination gave to his looks a disordered appearance, and his inattention to the food which was placed before him, together with his silence and absence of mind, induced Lilius solicitously to inquire whether he did not feel some return of the disorder under which he had suffered so lately. This led Mr. Redgauntlet, who seemed also lost in his own contemplations, to raise his eyes and join in the same inquiry with some appearance of interest. Latimer explained to both that he was perfectly well.

"It is well it is so," answered Redgauntlet; "for we have that before us which will brook, no delay from indisposition: we have not, as Hotspur says, leisure to be sick."

Lilius, on her part, endeavored to prevail upon Darsie to partake of the food which she offered him, with a kindly and affectionate courtesy corresponding to the warmth of the interest she had displayed at their meeting, but so very natural, innocent, and pure in its character, that it would have been impossible for the vainest coxcomb to have mistaken it for coquetry, or a desire of captivating a prize so valuable as his affections. Darsie, with no more than the reasonable share of self-opinion common to most youths when they approach twenty-one, knew not how to explain her conduct.

Sometimes he was tempted to think that his own merits had, even during the short intervals when they had seen each other, secured such a hold of the affections of a young person who had probably been bred up in ignorance of the world and its forms that she was unable to conceal her partiality. Sometimes he suspected that she acted by her guardian's order, who, aware that he, Darsie, was entitled to a considerable fortune, might have taken this bold stroke to bring about a marriage betwixt him and so near a relative

But neither of these suppositions was applicable to the character of the parties. Miss Lilius's manners, however soft and natural, displayed in their ease and versatility considerable acquaintance with the habits of the world, and in the few words she said during the morning repast there were mingled a shrewdness and good sense which could scarce belong to a miss capable of playing the silly part of a love-smitten maiden so broadly. As for Redgauntlet, with his stately bearing, his fatal frown, his eye of threat and of command, it was impossible, Darsie thought, to suspect him

of a scheme having private advantage for its object : he could as soon have imagined Cassius picking Caesar's pocket, instead of drawing his poniard on the dictator.

While he thus mused, unable either to eat, drink, or answer to the courtesy of Lillias, she soon ceased to speak to him, and sat silent as himself.

They had remained nearly an hour in their halting-place, when Redgauntlet said aloud, "Look out, Cristal Nixon. If we hear nothing from Fairladies, we must continue our journey."

Cristal went to the door, and presently returned and said to his master, in a voice as harsh as his features, "Gilbert Gregson is coming, his horse as white with foam as if a fiend had ridden him."

Redgauntlet threw from him the plate on which he had been eating, and hastened towards the door of the barn, which the courier at that moment entered—a smart jockey with a black velvet hunting-cap, and a broad belt drawn tight round his waist, to which was secured his express-bag. The variety of mud with which he was splashed from cap to spur showed he had had a rough and rapid ride. He delivered a letter to Mr. Redgauntlet, with an obeisance, and then retired to the end of the barn, where the other attendants were sitting or lying upon the straw, in order to get some refreshment.

Redgauntlet broke the letter open with haste, and read it with anxious and discomposed looks. On a second perusal, his displeasure seemed to increase, his brow darkened, and was distinctly marked with the fatal sign peculiar to his family and house. Darsie had never before observed his frown bear such a close resemblance to the shape which tradition assigned it.

Redgauntlet held out the open letter with one hand, and struck it with the forefinger of the other, as, in a suppressed and displeased tone, he said to Cristal Nixon, "Countermanded—ordered northward once more! Northward, when all our hopes lie to the south—a second Derby direction, when we turned our back on glory, and marched in quest of ruin!"

Cristal Nixon took the letter and ran it over, then returned it to his master with the cold observation, "A female influence predominates."

"But it shall predominate no longer," said Redgauntlet : "it shall wane as ours rises in the horizon. Meanwhile, I will on before ; and you, Cristal, will bring the party to the place assigned in the letter. You may now permit the

young persons to have unreserved communication together ; only mark that you watch the young man closely enough to prevent his escape, if he should be idiot enough to attempt it, but not approaching so close as to watch their free conversation."

"I care nought about their conversation," said Nixon, surlily.

"You hear my commands, Liliass," said the Laird, turning to the young lady. "You may use my permission and authority to explain so much of our family matters as you yourself know. At our next meeting I will complete the task of disclosure, and I trust I shall restore one Redgauntlet more to the bosom of our ancient family. Let Latimer, as he calls himself, have a horse to himself ; he must for some time retain his disguise. My horse—my horse !"

In two minutes they heard him ride off from the door of the barn, followed at speed by two of the armed men of his party.

The commands of Cristal Nixon, in the meanwhile, put all the remainder of the party in motion, but the Laird himself was long out of sight ere they were in readiness to resume their journey. When at length they set out, Darsie was accommodated with a horse and side-saddle, instead of being obliged to resume his place on the pillion behind the detestable Nixon. He was obliged, however, to retain his riding-skirt, and to reassume his mask. Yet, notwithstanding this disagreeable circumstance, and although he observed that they gave him the heaviest and slowest horse of the party, and that, as a farther precaution against escape, he was closely watched on every side, yet riding in company with the pretty Liliass was an advantage which overbalanced these inconveniences.

It is true, that this society, to which that very morning he would have looked forward as a glimpse of heaven, had, now that it was thus unexpectedly indulged, something much less rapturous than he had expected.

It was in vain that, in order to avail himself of a situation so favorable for indulging his romantic disposition, he endeavored to coax back, if I may so express myself, that delightful dream of ardent and tender passion ; he felt only such a confusion of ideas at the difference between the being whom he had imagined and her with whom he was now in contact, that it seemed to him like the effect of witchcraft. What most surprised him was, that this sudden flame should have died away so rapidly, notwithstanding that the

maiden's personal beauty was even greater than he had expected, her demeanor, unless it should be deemed over kind towards himself, as graceful and becoming as he could have fancied it, even in his gayest dreams. It were judging hardly of him to suppose, that the mere belief of his having attracted her affections more easily than he expected was the cause of his ungratefully undervaluing a prize too lightly won, or that his transient passion played around his heart with the flitting radiance of a wintry sunbeam flashing against an icicle, which may brighten it for a moment, but cannot melt it. Neither of these was precisely the case, though such fickleness of disposition might also have some influence in the change.

The truth is, perhaps, that the lover's pleasure, like that of the hunter, is in the chase; and that the brightest beauty loses half its merit, as the fairest flower its perfume, when the willing hand can reach it too easily. There must be doubt, there must be danger, there must be difficulty; and if, as the poet says, the course of ardent affection never does run smooth, it is perhaps because, without some intervening obstacle, that which is called the romantic passion of love, in its high poetical character and coloring, can hardly have an existence, any more than there can be a current in a river without the stream being narrowed by steep banks or checked by opposing rocks.

Let not those, however, who enter into a union for life without those embarrassments which delight a Darsie Latimer or a Lydia Languish, and which are perhaps necessary to excite an enthusiastic passion in breasts more firm than theirs, augur worse of their future happiness because their own alliance is formed under calmer auspices. Mutual esteem, an intimate knowledge of each other's character, seen, as in their case, undisguised by the mists of too partial passion, a suitable proportion of parties in rank and fortune, in taste and pursuits, are more frequently found in a marriage of reason than in a union of romantic attachment, where the imagination, which probably created the virtues and accomplishments with which it invested the beloved object, is frequently afterwards employed in magnifying the mortifying consequences of its own delusion, and exasperating all the stings of disappointment. Those who follow the banners of reason are like the well-disciplined battalion which, wearing a more sober uniform, and making a less dazzling show, than the light troops commanded by imagination, enjoy more safety, and even more honor, in the con-

flicts of human life. All this, however, is foreign to our present purpose.

Uncertain in what manner to address her whom he had been lately so anxious to meet with, and embarrassed by a *tête-à-tête* to which his own timid inexperience gave some awkwardness, the party had proceeded more than a hundred yards before Darsie assumed courage to accost, or even to look at, his companion. Sensible, however, of the impropriety of his silence, he turned to speak to her; and observing that, although she wore her mask, there was something like disappointment and dejection in her manner, he was moved by self-reproach for his own coldness, and hastened to address her in the kindest tone he could assume.

"You must think me cruelly deficient in gratitude, Miss Lilius, that I have been thus long in your company without thanking you for the interest which you have deigned to take in my unfortunate affairs?"

"I am glad you have at length spoken," she said, "though I own it is more coldly than I expected. *Miss Lilius! Deign* to take interest! In whom, dear Darsie, *can* I take interest but in you? and why do you put this barrier of ceremony betwixt us, whom adverse circumstances have already separated for such a length of time?"

Darsie was again confounded at the extra candor, if we may use the term, of this frank avowal. "One must love partridge very well," thought he, "to accept it when thrown in one's face: if this is not plain speaking, there is no such place as downright Dunstable in being!"

Embarrassed with these reflections, and himself of a nature fancifully, almost fastidiously, delicate, he could only in reply stammer forth an acknowledgment of his companion's goodness, and his own gratitude. She answered in a tone partly sorrowful and partly, impatient, repeating, with displeased emphasis, the only distinct words he had been able to bring forth—"Goodness—gratitude! O Darsie, should these be the phrases between you and me? Alas! I am too sure you are displeased with me, though I cannot even guess on what account. Perhaps you think I have been too free in venturing upon my visit to your friend. But then remember it was in your behalf, and that I knew no better way to put you on your guard against the misfortunes and restraint which you have been subjected to, and are still enduring."

"Dear lady——" said Darsie, rallying his recollection, and suspicious of some error in apprehension—a suspicion

which his mode of address seemed at once to communicate to Lillas, for she interrupted him—

“*Lady! dear lady!* For whom or for what, in Heaven’s name, do you take me, that you address me so formally?”

Had the question been asked in that enchanted hall in Fairyland where all interrogations must be answered with absolute sincerity, Darsie had certainly replied that he took her for the most frank-hearted and ultra-liberal lass that had ever lived since Mother Eve eat the pippin without paring. But as he was still on middle-earth, and free to avail himself of a little polite deceit, he barely answered, that he believed he had the honor of speaking to the niece of Mr. Redgauntlet.

“Surely,” she replied; “but were it not as easy for you to have said, to your own only sister?”

Darsie started in his saddle as if he had received a pistol-shot.

“My sister!” he exclaimed.

“And you did *not* know it, then?” said she. “I thought your reception of me was cold and indifferent!”

A kind and cordial embrace took place betwixt the relatives; and so light was Darsie’s spirit, that he really felt himself more relieved by getting quit of the embarrassments of the last half hour, during which he conceived himself in danger of being persecuted by the attachment of a forward girl, than disappointed by the vanishing of so many day-dreams as he had been in the habit of encouraging during the time when the green-mantled maiden was goddess of his idolatry. He had been already flung from his romantic Pegasus, and was too happy at length to find himself with bones unbroken, though with his back on the ground. He was, besides, with all his whims and follies, a generous, kind-hearted youth, and was delighted to acknowledge so beautiful and amiable a relative, and to assure her in the warmest terms of his immediate affection and future protection, so soon as they should be extricated from their present situation. Smiles and tears mingled on Lillas’s cheeks, like showers and sunshine in April weather.

“Out on me,” she said, “that I should be so childish as to cry at what makes me so sincerely happy! since, God knows, family love is what my heart has most longed after, and to which it has been most a stranger. My uncle says that you and I, Darsie, are but half Redgauntlets, and that the metal of which our father’s family was made has been softened to effeminacy in our mother’s offspring.”

"Alas!" said Darsie, "I know so little of our family story that I almost doubted that I belonged to the house of Redgauntlet, although the chief of the family himself intimated so much to me."

"The chief of the family?" said Lilius. "You must know little of your own descent indeed, if you mean my uncle by that expression. You yourself, my dear Darsie, are the heir and representative of our ancient house, for our father was the elder brother—that brave and unhappy Sir Henry Darsie Redgauntlet who suffered at Carlisle in the year 1746. He took the name of Darsie, in conjunction with his own, from our mother, heiress to a Cumberland family of great wealth and antiquity, of whose large estates you are the undeniable heir, although those of your father have been involved in the general doom of forfeiture. But all this must be necessarily unknown to you."

"Indeed, I hear it for the first time in my life," answered Darsie.

"And you knew not that I was your sister?" said Lilius. "No wonder you received me so coldly. What a strange, wild, forward young person you must have thought me—mixing myself in the fortunes of a stranger whom I had only once spoken to—corresponding with him by signs. Good Heaven! what can you have supposed me?"

"And how should I have come to the knowledge of our connection?" said Darsie. "You are aware I was not acquainted with it when we danced together at Brokenburn."

"I saw that with concern, and fain I would have warned you," answered Lilius; "but I was closely watched, and before I could find or make an opportunity of coming to a full explanation with you on a subject so agitating, I was forced to leave the room. What I did say was, you may remember, a caution to leave the southern border, for I foresaw what has since happened. But since my uncle has had you in his power, I never doubted he had communicated to you our whole family history."

"He has left me to learn it from you, Lilius; and assure yourself that I will hear it with more pleasure from your lips than from his. I have no reason to be pleased with his conduct towards me."

"Of that," said Lilius, "you will judge better when you have heard what I have to tell you; and she began her communication in the following manner.

CHAPTER XVIII

NARRATIVE OF DARSIE LATIMER, CONTINUED

"THE house of Redgauntlet," said the young lady, "has for centuries been supposed to lie under a doom, which has rendered vain their courage, their talents, their ambition, and their wisdom. Often making a figure in history, they have been ever in the situation of men striving against both wind and tide, who distinguish themselves by their desperate exertions of strength, and their persevering endurance of toil, but without being able to advance themselves upon their course, by either vigor or resolution. They pretend to trace this fatality to a legendary history, which I may tell you at a less busy moment."

Darsie intimated that he had already heard the tragic story of Sir Alberick Redgauntlet.

"I need only say, then," proceeded Lillias, "that our father and uncle felt the family doom in its full extent. They were both possessed of considerable property, which was largely increased by our father's marriage, and were both devoted to the service of the unhappy house of Stuart; but, as our mother at least supposed, family considerations might have withheld her husband from joining openly in the affair of 1745, had not the high influence which the younger brother possessed over the elder, from his more decided energy of character, hurried him along with himself into that undertaking.

"When, therefore, the enterprise came to the fatal conclusion which bereaved our father of his life and consigned his brother to exile, Lady Redgauntlet fled from the north of England, determined to break off all communication with her late husband's family, particularly his brother, whom she regarded as having, by their insane political enthusiasm, been the means of his untimely death, and determined that you, my brother, an infant, and that I, to whom she had just given birth, should be brought up as adherents of the present dynasty. Perhaps she was too hasty in this determination—too timidly anxious to exclude, if possible, from the knowledge of the very spot where we existed a relation

so nearly connected with us as our father's only brother. But you must make allowance for what she had suffered. See, brother," she said, pulling her glove off, "these five blood-specks on my arm are a mark by which mysterious nature has impressed on an unborn infant a record of its father's violent death and its mother's miseries."*

"You were not, then, born when my father suffered?" said Darsie.

"Alas, no!" she replied; "nor were you a twelvemonth old. It was no wonder that my mother, after going through such scenes of agony, became irresistibly anxious for the sake of her children—of her son in particular; the more especially as the late Sir Henry, her husband, had, by a settlement of his affairs, confided the custody of the persons of her children, as well as the estates which descended to them, independently of those which fell under his forfeiture, to his brother Hugh, in whom he placed unlimited confidence."

"But my mother had no reason to fear the operation of such a deed, conceived in favor of an attainted man," said Darsie.

"True," replied Lillas; "but our uncle's attainder might have been reversed, like that of so many other persons, and our mother, who both feared and hated him, lived in continual terror that this would be the case, and that she should see the author, as she thought him, of her husband's death come armed with legal powers, and in a capacity to use them, for the purpose of tearing her children from her protection. Besides, she feared, even in his incapacitated condition, the adventurous and pertinacious spirit of her brother-in-law, Hugh Redgauntlet, and felt assured that he would make some attempt to possess himself of the persons of the children. On the other hand, our uncle, whose proud disposition might, perhaps, have been soothed by the offer of her confidence, revolted against the distrustful and suspicious manner in which Lady Darsie Redgauntlet acted towards him. She basely abused, he said, the unhappy circumstances in which he was placed, in order to deprive him of his natural privilege of protecting and educating the infants whom nature and law, and the will of their father, had committed to his charge, and he swore solemnly he would not submit to such an injury. Report of his threats was made to Lady Redgauntlet, and tended to increase those fears, which proved but too well founded. While you and

* See Prenatal Marks. Note 36.

I, children at that time of two or three years old, were playing together in a walled orchard adjacent to our mother's residence, which she had fixed somewhere in Devonshire, my uncle suddenly scaled the wall with several men, and I was snatched up and carried off to a boat which waited for them. My mother, however, flew to your rescue, and as she seized on and held you fast, my uncle could not, as he has since told me, possess himself of your person without using unmanly violence to his brother's widow. Of this he was incapable; and, as people began to assemble upon my mother's screaming, he withdrew, after darting upon you and her one of those fearful looks which, it is said, remain with our family as a fatal bequest of Sir Alberick, our ancestor."

"I have some recollection of the scuffle which you mention," said Darsie; "and I think it was my uncle himself, since my uncle he is, who recalled the circumstance to my mind on a late occasion. I can now account for the guarded seclusion under which my poor mother lived, for her frequent tears, her starts of hysterical alarm, and her constant and deep melancholy. Poor lady! what a lot was hers, and what must have been her feelings when it approached to a close!"

"It was then that she adopted," said Lillas, "every precaution her ingenuity could suggest to keep your very existence concealed from the person whom she feared—nay, from yourself; for she dreaded, as she is said often to have expressed herself, that the wildfire blood of Redgauntlet would urge you to unite your fortunes to those of your uncle, who was well known still to carry on political intrigues, which most other persons had considered as desperate. It was also possible that he, as well as others, might get his pardon, as government showed every year more lenity towards the remnant of the Jacobites, and then he might claim the custody of your person as your legal guardian. Either of these events she considered as the direct road to your destruction."

"I wonder she had not claimed the protection of Chancery for me," said Darsie: "or confided me to the care of some powerful friend."

"She was on indifferent terms with her relations on account of her marriage with our father," said Lillas, "and trusted more to secreting you from your uncle's attempts than to any protection which law might afford against them. Perhaps she judged unwisely, but surely not unnaturally, for one rendered irritable by so many misfortunes and so

many alarms. Samuel Griffiths, an eminent banker, and a worthy clergyman now dead were, I believe, the only persons whom she entrusted with the execution of her last will ; and my uncle believes that she made them both swear to observe profound secrecy concerning your birth and pretensions until you should come to the age of majority, and, in the mean time, to breed you up in the most private way possible, and that which was most likely to withdraw you from my uncle's observation."

"And I have no doubt," said Darsie, "that, betwixt change of name and habitation, they might have succeeded perfectly, but for the accident—lucky or unlucky, I know not which to term it—which brought me to Brokenburn, and into contact with Mr. Redgauntlet. I see also why I was warned against England, for in England——"

"In England alone, if I understand rightly," said Miss Redgauntlet, "the claims of your uncle to the custody of your person could have been enforced, in case of his being replaced in the ordinary rights of citizenship, either by the lenity of the government or by some change in it. In Scotland, where you possess no property, I understand his authority might have been resisted, and measures taken to put you under the protection of the law. But, pray, think it not unlucky that you have taken the step of visiting Brokenburn ; I feel confident that the consequences must be ultimately fortunate, for, have they not already brought us into contact with each other ?"

So saying, she held out her hand to her brother, who grasped it with a fondness of pressure very different from the manner in which they first clasped hands that morning. There was a moment's pause, while the hearts of both were overflowing with a feeling of natural affection, to which circumstances had hitherto rendered them strangers.

At length Darsie broke silence. "I am ashamed," he said, "my dearest Lilius, that I have suffered you to talk so long about matters concerning myself only, while I remain ignorant of your story and your present situation."

"The former is none of the most interesting, nor the latter the most safe or agreeable," answered Lilius ; "but now, my dearest brother, I shall have the inestimable support of your countenance and affection ; and were I but sure that we could weather the formidable crisis which I find so close at hand, I should have little apprehensions for the future."

"Let me know," said Darsie, "what our present situation

is ; and rely upon my utmost exertions both in your defense and my own. For what reason can my uncle desire to detain me a prisoner ? If in mere opposition to the will of my mother, she has long been no more ; and I see not why he should wish, at so much trouble and risk, to interfere with the free-will of one to whom a few months will give a privilege of acting for himself with which he will have no longer any pretense to interfere."

"My dearest Arthur," answered Lilius—"for that name, as well as Darsie, properly belongs to you—it is the leading feature in my uncle's character that he has applied every energy of his powerful mind to the service of the exiled family of Stuart. The death of his brother, the dilapidation of his own fortunes, have only added to his hereditary zeal for the house of Stuart a deep and almost personal hatred against the present reigning family. He is, in short, a political enthusiast of the most dangerous character, and proceeds in his agency with as much confidence as if he felt himself the very Atlas who is alone capable of supporting a sinking cause."

"And where or how did you, my Lilius, educated doubtless, under his auspices, learn to have a different view of such subjects ?"

"By a singular chance," replied Lilius, "in the nunnery where my uncle placed me. Although the abbess was a person exactly after his own heart, my education as a pensioner devolved much on an excellent old mother who had adopted the tenets of the Jansenists, which perhaps a still further tendency towards the Reformed doctrines than those of *Porte Royale*. The mysterious secrecy with which she inculcated these tenets gave them charms to my young mind, and I embraced them rather than that they were in direct opposition to the doctrines of the abbess, whom I hated so much for her severity that I felt a childish delight in setting her control at defiance, and contradicting in my secret soul all that I was openly obliged to listen to with reverence. Freedom of religious opinion brings on, I suppose, freedom of political creed ; for I had no sooner renounced the Pope's infallibility than I began to question the doctrine of hereditary and indefeasible right. In short, strange as it may seem, I came out of a Parisian convent not indeed an instructed Whig and Protestant, but with as much inclination to be so as if I had been bred up, like you, within the Presbyterian sounds of *St. Giles's* chimes."

"More so, perhaps," replied Darsie, "for the nearer the

church—— The proverb is somewhat musty. But how did these liberal opinions of yours agree with the very opposite prejudices of my uncle ?”

“They would have agreed like fire and water,” answered Lillias, “had I suffered mine to become visible ; but as that would have subjected me to constant reproach and upbraiding, or worse, I took great care to keep my own secret ; so that occasional censures for coldness and lack of zeal for the good cause were the worst I had to undergo, and these were bad enough.”

“I applaud your caution,” said Darsie.

“You have reason,” replied his sister ; “but I got so terrible a specimen of my uncle’s determination of character, before I had been acquainted with him for much more than a week, that it taught me at what risk I should contradict his humor. I will tell you the circumstances ; for it will better teach you to appreciate the romantic and resolved nature of his character than anything which I could state of his rashness and enthusiasm.

“After I had been many a long year at the convent, I was removed from thence, and placed with a meager old Scottish lady of high rank, the daughter of an unfortunate person whose head had in the year 1715 been placed on Temple Bar. She subsisted on a small pension from the French court, aided by an occasional gratuity from the Stuarts ; to which the annuity paid for my board formed a desirable addition. She was not ill-tempered, nor very covetous—neither beat me nor starved me ; but she was so completely trammelled by rank and prejudices, so awfully profound in genealogy, and so bitterly keen, poor lady, in British politics, that I sometimes thought it pity that the Hanoverians, who murdered, as she used to tell me, her poor dear father, had left his dear daughter in the land of the living. Delighted, therefore, was I when my uncle made his appearance, and abruptly announced his purpose of conveying me to England. My extravagant joy at the idea of leaving Lady Rachel Rougedragon was somewhat qualified by observing the melancholy look, lofty demeanor, and commanding tone of my near relative. He held more communication with me on the journey, however, than consisted with his taciturn demeanor in general, and seemed anxious to ascertain my tone of character, and particularly in point of courage. Now, though I am a tamed Redgauntlet, yet I have still so much of our family spirit as enables me to be as composed in danger as most of my sex ; and upon two occasions in the

course of our journey—a threatened attack by banditti and the overturn of our carriage—I had the fortune so to conduct myself as to convey to my uncle a very favorable idea of my intrepidity. Probably this encouraged him to put into execution the singular scheme which he had in agitation.

“ Ere we reached London we changed our means of conveyance, and altered the route by which we approached the city more than once; then, like a hare which doubles repeatedly at some distance from the seat she means to occupy, and at last leaps into her form from a distance as great as she can clear by a spring, we made a forced march, and landed in private and obscure lodgings in a little old street in Westminster, not far distant from the cloisters.

“ On the morning of the day on which we arrived my uncle went abroad, and did not return for some hours. Meantime I had no other amusement than to listen to the tumult of noises which succeeded each other, or reigned in confusion together, during the whole morning. Paris I had thought the most noisy capital in the world, but Paris seemed midnight silence compared to London. Cannon thundered near and at a distance; drums, trumpets, and military music of every kind rolled, flourished, and pierced the clouds, almost without intermission. To fill up the concert, bells pealed incessantly from a hundred steeples. The acclamations of an immense multitude were heard from time to time, like the roaring of a mighty ocean, and all this without my being able to glean the least idea of what was going on, for the windows of our apartment looked upon a waste back-yard, which seemed totally deserted. My curiosity became extreme, for I was satisfied, at length, that it must be some festival of the highest order which called forth these incessant sounds.

“ My uncle at length returned, and with him a man of an exterior singularly unprepossessing. I need not describe him to you, for—do not look round—he rides behind us at this moment.”

“ That respectable person, Mr. Cristal Nixon, I suppose ?” said Darsie.

“ The same,” answered Lilius; “ make no gesture that may intimate we are speaking of him.”

Darsie signified that he understood her, and she pursued her relation.

“ They were both in full dress, and my uncle, taking a bundle from Nixon, said to me, ‘ Lilius, I am come to carry you to see a grand ceremony; put on as hastily as you can

the dress you will find in that parcel, and prepare to attend me.' I found a female dress, splendid and elegant, but somewhat bordering upon the antique fashion. It might be that of England, I thought, and I went to my apartment full of curiosity, and dressed myself with all speed.

"My uncle surveyed me with attention. "'She may pass for one of the flower girls,'" he said to Nixon, who only answered with a nod.

"We left the house together, and such was their knowledge of the lanes, courts, and bye-paths that, though there was the roar of the multitude in the broad streets, those which we traversed were silent and deserted; and the strollers whom we met, tired of gazing upon gayer figures, scarcely honored us with a passing look, although at any other time we should, among these vulgar suburbs, have attracted a troublesome share of observation. We crossed at length a broad street, where many soldiers were on guard, while others, exhausted with previous duty, were eating, drinking, smoking, and sleeping beside their piled arms.

"'One day, Nixon,' whispered my uncle, 'we will make these redcoated gentry stand to their muskets more watchfully.'

"'Or it will be the worse for them,' answered his attendant, in a voice as unpleasant as his physiognomy.

"Unquestioned and unchallenged by any one, we crossed among the guards, and Nixon tapped thrice at a small postern door in a huge ancient building which was straight before us. It opened, and we entered without my perceiving by whom we were admitted. A few dark and narrow passages at length conveyed us into an immense Gothic hall, the magnificence of which baffles my powers of description.

"It was illuminated by ten thousand wax lights, whose splendor at first dazzled my eyes, coming as we did from these dark and secret avenues. But when my sight began to become steady, how shall I describe what I beheld! Beneath were huge ranges of tables, occupied by princes and nobles in their robes of state; high officers of the crown, wearing their dresses and badges of authority; reverend prelates and judges, the sages of the church and law, in their more somber, yet not less awful robes, with others whose antique and striking costume announced their importance, though I could not even guess who they might be. But at length the truth burst on me at once; it was, and the murmurs around confirmed it, the coronation feast. At a table above the rest, and extending across the upper end of the

hall, sat enthroned the youthful sovereign himself, surrounded by the princes of the blood and other dignitaries, and receiving the suit and homage of his subjects. Heralds and pursuivants, blazing in their fantastic yet splendid armorial habits, and pages of honor, gorgeously arrayed in the garb of other days, waited upon the princely banqueters. In the galleries with which this spacious hall was surrounded shone all, and more than all, that my poor imagination could conceive of what was brilliant in riches or captivating in beauty. Countless rows of ladies, whose diamonds, jewels, and splendid attire were their least powerful charms, looked down from their lofty seats on the rich scene beneath, themselves forming a show as dazzling and as beautiful as that of which they were spectators. Under these galleries and behind the banqueting tables, were a multitude of gentlemen, dressed as if to attend a court, but whose garb, although rich enough to have adorned a royal drawing-room, could not distinguish them in such a high scene as this. Amongst these we wandered for a few minutes, undistinguished and unregarded. I saw several young persons dressed as I was, so was under no embarrassment from the singularity of my habit, and only rejoiced, as I hung on my uncle's arm, at the magical splendor of such a scene, and at his goodness for procuring me the pleasure of beholding it.'

"By and by, I perceived that my uncle had acquaintances among those who were under the galleries, and seemed, like ourselves, to be mere spectators of the solemnity. They recognized each other with a single word, sometimes only with a grip of the hand—exchanged some private signs, doubtless—and gradually formed a little group, in the center of which we were placed.

"'Is it not a grand sight, Lillias?' said my uncle. 'All the noble, and all the wise, and all the wealthy of Britain are there assembled.

"'It is indeed,' said I, 'all that my mind could have fancied of regal power and splendor.'

"'Girl,' he whispered—and my uncle can make his whispers as terribly emphatic as his thundering voice or his blighting look—'all that is noble and worthy in this fair land are there assembled, but it is to bend like slaves and sycophants before the throne of a new usurper.'

"I looked at him, and the dark hereditary frown of our unhappy ancestor was black upon his brow.

"'For God's sake,' I whispered, 'consider where we are.'

“‘Fear nothing,’ he said: ‘we are surrounded by friends.’ As he proceeded, his strong and muscular frame shook with suppressed agitation. ‘See,’ he said, ‘yonder bends Norfolk, renegade to his Catholic faith; there stoops the Bishop of —, traitor to the Church of England; and—shame of shames! yonder the gigantic form of Errol bows his head before the grandson of his father’s murderer! But a sign shall be seen this night amongst them: “*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*” shall be read on these walls as distinctly as the spectral handwriting made them visible on those of Belshazzar!’

“‘For God’s sake,’ said I, dreadfully alarmed, ‘it is impossible you can meditate violence in such a presence!’

“‘None is intended, fool,’ he answered, ‘nor can the slightest mischance happen, provided you will rally your boasted courage and obey my directions. But do it coolly and quickly, for there are an hundred lives at stake.’

“‘Alas! what can I do?’ I asked in the utmost terror.

“‘Only be prompt to execute my bidding,’ said he; ‘it is but to lift a glove. Here, hold this in your hand—throw the train of your dress over it—be firm, composed, and ready—or, at all events, I step forward myself.’

“‘If there is no violence designed,’ I said, taking, mechanically, the iron glove he put into my hand.

“‘I could not conceive his meaning; but, in the excited state of mind in which I beheld him, I was convinced that disobedience on my part would lead to some wild explosion. I felt, from the emergency of the occasion, a sudden presence of mind, and resolved to do anything that might avert violence and bloodshed. I was not long held in suspense. A loud flourish of trumpets, and the voice of heralds, were mixed with the clatter of horse’s hoofs, while a champion armed at all points, like those I had read of in romances, attended by squires, pages, and the whole retinue of chivalry, pranced forward, mounted upon a barbed steed. His challenge, in defiance of all who dared impeach the title of the new sovereign, was recited aloud—once and again.

“‘Rush in at the third sounding,’ said my uncle to me; ‘bring me the parader’s gage, and leave mine in lieu of it.’

“‘I could not see how this was to be done, as we were surrounded by people on all sides. But, at the third sounding of the trumpets, a lane opened, as if by word of command, betwixt me and the champion, and my uncle’s voice said, ‘Now, Lilius, now!’

“‘With a swift and yet steady step, and with a presence of

mind for which I have never since been able to account, I discharged the perilous commission. I was hardly seen, I believe, as I exchanged the pledges of battle, and in an instant retired. 'Nobly done, my girl!' said my uncle, at whose side I found myself, shrouded as I was before, by the interposition of the bystanders. 'Cover our retreat, gentlemen,' he whispered to those around him.

"Room was made for us to approach the wall, which seemed to open, and we were again involved in the dark passages through which we had formerly passed. In a small ante-room, my uncle stopped, and hastily muffling me in a mantle which was lying there, we passed the guards, threaded the labyrinth of empty streets and courts, and reached our retired lodgings without attracting the least attention."

"I have often heard," said Darsie, "that a female, supposed to be a man in disguise—and yet, Lillas, you do not look very masculine—had taken up the champion's gauntlet at the present king's coronation, and left in its place a gage of battle, with a paper, offering to accept the combat, provided a fair field should be allowed for it. I have hitherto considered it as an idle tale. I little thought how nearly I was interested in the actors of a scene so daring. How could you have courage to go through with it?"*

"Had I had leisure for reflection," answered his sister, "I should have refused, from a mixture of principle and of fear. But, like many people who do daring actions, I went on because I had not time to think of retreating. The matter was little known, and it is said the king had commanded that it should not be farther inquired into—from prudence, as I suppose, and lenity, though my uncle chooses to ascribe the forbearance of the Elector of Hanover, as he calls him, sometimes to pusillanimity and sometimes to a presumptuous scorn of the faction who opposes his title."

"And have your subsequent agencies under this frantic enthusiast," said Darsie, "equalled this in danger?"

"No, nor in importance," replied Lillas; "though I have witnessed much of the strange and desperate machinations by which, in spite of every obstacle and in contempt of every danger, he endeavors to awaken the courage of a broken party. I have traversed in his company all England and Scotland, and have visited the most extraordinary and contrasted scenes; now lodging at the castles of the proud gentry of Cheshire and Wales, where the retired aristocrats,

* See Coronation of George III. Note 37.

with opinions as antiquated as their dwellings and their manners, still continue to nourish Jacobitical principles; and the next week, perhaps, spent among outlawed smugglers or Highland banditti. I have known my uncle often act the part of a hero, and sometimes that of a mere vulgar conspirator, and turn himself, with the most surprising flexibility, into all sorts of shapes to attract proselytes to his cause."

"Which, in the present day," said Darsie, "he finds, I presume, no easy task."

"So difficult," said Lillas, "that I believe he has, at different times, disgusted with the total falling away of some friend and the coldness of others, been almost on the point of resigning his undertaking. How often have I known him affect an open brow and a jovial manner, joining in the games of the gentry, and even in the sports of the common people, in order to invest himself with a temporary degree of popularity, while, in fact, his heart was bursting to witness what he called the degeneracy of the times, the decay of activity among the aged, and the want of zeal in the rising generation. After the day has been passed in the hardest exercise, he has spent the night in pacing his solitary chamber, bewailing the downfall of the cause, and wishing for the bullet of Dundee or the ax of Balmerino."

"A strange delusion," said Darsie; "and it is wonderful that it does not yield to the force of reality."

"Ah, but," replied Lillas, "realities of late have seemed to flatter his hopes. The general dissatisfaction with the peace, the unpopularity of the minister, which has extended itself even to the person of his master, the various uproars which have disturbed the quiet of the metropolis, and a general state of disgust and dissatisfaction, which seems to affect the body of the nation, have given unwonted encouragement to the expiring hopes of the Jacobites, and induced many, both at the court of Rome and, if it can be called so, of the Pretender, to lend a more favorable ear than they had hitherto done to the insinuations of those who, like my uncle, hope when hope is lost to all but themselves. Nay, I really believe that at this moment they meditate some desperate effort. My uncle has been doing all in his power of late to conciliate the affections of those wild communities that dwell on the Solway, over whom our family possessed a seigniorial interest before the forfeiture, and amongst whom, on the occasion of 1745, our unhappy father's interest, with his own, raised a considerable body of men. But they are no longer willing

to obey his summons; and, as one apology among others, they allege your absence as their natural head and leader. This has increased his desire to obtain possession of your person, and, if he possibly can, to influence your mind, so as to obtain your authority to his proceedings."

"That he shall never obtain," answered Darsie: "my principles and my prudence alike forbid such a step. Besides, it would be totally unavailing to his purpose. Whatever these people may pretend to evade your uncle's importunities, they cannot, at this time of day, think of subjecting their necks again to the feudal yoke, which was effectually broken by the Act of 1748, abolishing vassalage and hereditary jurisdictions."

"Ay, but that my uncle considers as the act of a usurping government," said Liliás.

"Like enough *he* may think so," answered her brother, "for he is a superior, and loses his authority by the enactment. But the question is, what the vassal will think of it, who have gained their freedom from feudal slavery, and have now enjoyed that freedom for many years? However, to cut the matter short, if five hundred men would rise at the wagging of my finger, that finger should not be raised in a cause which I disapprove of, and upon that my uncle may reckon."

"But you may temporize," said Liliás, upon whom the idea of her uncle's displeasure made evidently a strong impression—"you may temporize, as most of the gentry in this country do, and let the bubble burst of itself; for it is singular how few of them venture to oppose my uncle directly. I entreat you to avoid direct collision with him. To hear you, the head of the house of Redgauntlet, declare against the family of Stuart would either break his heart or drive him to some act of desperation."

"Yes, but, Liliás, you forget that the consequences of such an act of complaisance might be, that the house of Redgauntlet and I might lose both our heads at one blow."

"Alas!" said she, "I had forgotten that danger. I have grown familiar with perilous intrigues, as the nurses in a pest-house are said to become accustomed to the air around them, till they forget even that it is noisome."

"And yet," said Darsie, "if I could free myself from him without coming to an open rupture— Tell me Liliás, do you think it possible that he can have any immediate attempt in view?"

"To confess the truth," answered Liliás, "I cannot doubt

that he has. There has been an unusual bustle among the Jacobites of late. They have hopes, as I told you, from circumstances unconnected with their own strength. Just before you came to the country, my uncle's desire to find you out became, if possible, more eager than ever—he talked of men to be presently brought together, and of your name and influence for raising them. At this very time, your first visit to Brokenburn took place. A suspicion arose in my uncle's mind that you might be the youth he sought, and it was strengthened by papers and letters which the rascal Nixon did not hesitate to take from your pocket. Yet a mistake might have occasioned a fatal explosion; and my uncle therefore posted to Edinburgh to follow out the clue he had obtained, and fished enough of information from old Mr. Fairford to make him certain that you were the person he sought. Meanwhile, and at the expense of some personal, and perhaps too bold, exertion, I endeavored, through your friend young Fairford, to put you on your guard."

"Without success," said Darsie, blushing under his mask, when he recollected how he had mistaken his sister's meaning.

"I do not wonder that my warning was fruitless," said she: "the thing was doomed to be. Besides, your escape would have been difficult. You were dogged the whole time you were at the Shepherd's Bush and at Mount Sharon by a spy who scarcely ever left you."

"That wretch little Benjie!" exclaimed Darsie. "I will wring the monkey's neck round the first time we meet."

"It was he indeed who gave constant information of your motions to Cristal Nixon," said Lillas.

"And Cristal Nixon—I owe him, too, a day's work in harvest," said Darsie; "for I am mistaken if he is not the person that struck me down when I was made prisoner among the rioters."

"Like enough; for he has a head and hand for any villany. My uncle was very angry about it; for though the riot was made to have an opportunity of carrying you off in the confusion, as well as to put the fishermen at variance with the public law, it would have been his last thought to have injured a hair of your head. But Nixon has insinuated himself into all my uncle's secrets, and some of these are so dark and dangerous that, though there are few things he would *not* dare, I doubt if he dare quarrel with him. And yet I know that of Cristal would move my uncle to pass his sword through his body."

"What is it, for Heaven's sake?" said Darsie; "I have a particular desire for wishing to know."

"The old brutal desperado, whose face and mind are a libel upon human nature, has had the insolence to speak to his master's niece as one whom he was at liberty to admire; and when I turned on him with the anger and contempt he merited, the wretch grumbled out something, as if he held the destiny of our family in his hand."

"I thank you, Liliast," said Darsie, eagerly—"I thank you with all my heart for this communication. I have blamed myself as a Christian man for the indescribable longing I felt, from the first moment I saw that rascal, to send a bullet through his head; and now you have perfectly accounted for and justified this very laudable wish. I wonder my uncle, with the powerful sense you describe him to be possessed of, does not see through such a villain."

"I believe he knows him to be capable of much evil," answered Liliast—"selfish, obdurate, brutal, and a man hater. But then he conceives him to possess the qualities most requisite for a conspirator—undaunted courage, imperturbable coolness and address, and inviolable fidelity. In the last particular he may be mistaken. I have heard Nixon blamed for the manner in which our poor father was taken after Culloden."

"Another reason for my innate aversion," said Darsie; "but I will be on my guard with him."

"See, he observes us closely," said Liliast. "What a thing is conscience! He knows we are now speaking of him, though he cannot have heard a word that we have said."

It seemed as if she had guessed truly; for Cristal Nixon at that moment rode up to them, and said, with an affectation of jocularitv which sat very ill upon his sullen features, "Come, young ladies, you have had time enough for your chat this morning, and your tongues, I think, must be tired. We are going to pass a village, and I must beg you to separate—you, Miss Liliast, to ride a little behind, and you, Mrs., or Miss, or Master, whichever you choose to be called, to be jogging a little bit before."

Liliast checked her horse without speaking, but not until she had given her brother an expressive look, recommending caution; to which he replied by a signal, indicating that he understood and would comply with her request.

CHAPTER XIX

NARRATIVE OF DARSIE LATIMER, CONTINUED

LEFT to his solitary meditations, Darsie (for we will still term Sir Arthur Darsie Redgauntlet of that Ilk by the name to which the reader is habituated) was surprised not only at the alteration of his own state and condition, but at the equanimity with which he felt himself disposed to view all these vicissitudes.

His fever-fit of love had departed like a morning's dream, and left nothing behind but a painful sense of shame, and a resolution to be more cautious ere he again indulged in such romantic visions. His station in society was changed from that of a wandering, unowned youth, in whom none appeared to take an interest, excepting the strangers by whom he had been educated, to the heir of a noble house, possessed of such influence and such property that it seemed as if the progress or arrest of important political events was likely to depend upon his resolution. Even this sudden elevation, the more than fulfilment of those wishes which had haunted him ever since he was able to form a wish on the subject, was contemplated by Darsie, volatile as his disposition was, without more than a few thrills of gratified vanity.

It is true, there were circumstances in his present situation to counterbalance such high advantages. To be a prisoner in the hands of a man so determined as his uncle was no agreeable consideration, when he was calculating how he might best dispute his pleasure, and refuse to join him in the perilous enterprise which he seemed to meditate. Outlawed and desperate himself, Darsie could not doubt that his uncle was surrounded by men capable of anything, that he was restrained by no personal considerations; and therefore what degree of compulsion he might apply to his brother's son, or in what manner he might feel at liberty to punish his contumacy, should he disavow the Jacobite cause, must depend entirely upon the limits of his own conscience; and who was to answer for the conscience of a heated enthusiast, who considers opposition to the party he has espoused as treason to the welfare of his country? After a short

terval, Cristal Nixon was pleased to throw some light upon the subject which agitated him.

When that grim satellite rode up without ceremony close to Darsie's side, the latter felt his very flesh creep with abhorrence, so little was he able to endure his presence, since the story of Lillias had added to his instinctive hatred of the man. His voice, too, sounded like that of a screech-owl, as he said, "So, my young cock of the North, you now know it all, and no doubt are blessing your uncle for stirring you up to such an honorable action."

"I will acquaint my uncle with my sentiments on the subject, before I make them known to any one else," said Darsie, scarcely prevailing on his tongue to utter even these few words in a civil manner.

"Umph," murmured Cristal between his teeth. "Close as wax, I see; and perhaps not quite so pliable. But take care, my pretty youth," he added, scornfully; "Hugh Redgauntlet will prove a rough colt-breaker: he will neither spare whipcord nor spur-rowel, I promise you."

"I have already said, Mr. Nixon," answered Darsie, "that I will canvass those matters of which my sister has informed me with my uncle himself, and with no other person."

"Nay, but a word of friendly advice would do you no harm, young master," replied Nixon. "Old Redgauntlet is apter at a blow than a word—likely to bite before he barks—the true man for giving Scarborough warning—first knock you down, then bid you stand. So, methinks, a little kind warning as to consequences were not amiss, lest they come upon you unawares."

"If the warning is really kind, Mr. Nixon," said the young man, "I will hear it thankfully; and, indeed, if otherwise, I must listen to it whether I will or no, since I have at present no choice of company or of conversation."

"Nay, I have but little to say," said Nixon, affecting to give to his sullen and dogged manner the appearance of an honest bluntness: "I am as little apt to throw away words as any one. But here is the question—Will you join heart and hand with your uncle or no?"

"What if I should say 'Ay'?" said Darsie, determined, if possible, to conceal his resolution from this man.

"Why, then," said Nixon, somewhat surprised at the readiness of his answer, "all will go smooth, of course: you will take share in this noble undertaking, and, when it succeeds, you will exchange your open helmet for an earl's coronet perhaps."

"And how if it fails?" said Darsie.

"Thereafter as it may be," said Nixon: "they who play at bowls must meet with rubbers."

"Well, but suppose, then, I have some foolish tenderness for my windpipe, and that, when my uncle proposes the adventure to me, I should say 'No'—how then, Mr. Nixon?"

"Why, then, I would have you look to yourself, young master. There are sharp laws in France against refractory pupils—*lettres de cachet* are easily come by, when such men as we are concerned with interest themselves in the matter."

"But we are not in France," said poor Darsie, through whose blood ran a cold shivering at the idea of a French prison.

"A fast-sailing lugger will soon bring you there though, snug stowed under hatches, like a cask of moonlight."

"But the French are at peace with us," said Darsie, "and would not dare——"

"Why, who would ever hear of you?" interrupted Nixon. "Do you imagine that a foreign court would call you up for judgment, and put the sentence of imprisonment in the *Courier de l'Europe*, as they do at the Old Bailey? No—no, young gentleman—the gates of the Bastille, and of Mont St. Michel, and the Castle of Vincennes move on d—d easy hinges when they let folk in: not the least jar is heard. There are cool cells there for hot heads—as calm, and quiet, and dark as you could wish in Bedlam; and the dismissal comes when the carpenter brings the prisoner's coffin, and not sooner."

"Well, Mr. Nixon," said Darsie, affecting a cheerfulness which he was far from feeling, "mine is a hard case—a sort of hanging choice, you will allow—since I must either offend our own government here, and run the risk of my life for doing so, or be doomed to the dungeons of another country, whose laws I have never offended, since I have never trod its soil. Tell me what you would do if you were in my place."

"I'll tell you what when I *am* there," said Nixon, and, checking his horse, fell back to the rear of the little party.

"It is evident," thought the young man, "that the villain believes me completely noosed, and perhaps has the ineffable impudence to suppose that my sister must eventually succeed to the possessions which have occasioned my loss of freedom, and that his own influence over the destinies of our unhappy family may secure him possession of the heiress; but he shall perish by my hand first! I must now be on the alert to make my escape, if possible, before I am forced on shipboard,

Blind Willie will not, I think, desert me without an effort on my behalf, especially if he has learned that I am the son of his late unhappy patron. What a change is mine ! Whilst I possessed neither rank nor fortune, I lived safely and unknown, under the protection of the kind and respectable friends whose hearts Heaven had moved towards me. Now that I am the head of an honorable house, and that enterprises of the most daring character wait my decision, and retainers and vassals seem ready to rise at my beck, my safety consists chiefly in the attachment of a blind stroller !”

While he was revolving these things in his mind, and preparing himself for the interview with his uncle, which could not but be a stormy one, he saw Hugh Redgauntlet come riding slowly back to meet them, without any attendants. Cristal Nixon rode up as he approached, and, as they met, fixed on him a look of inquiry.

“The fool, Crackenthorp,” said Redgauntlet, “has let strangers into his house. Some of his smuggling comrades, I believe ; we must ride slowly to give him time to send them packing.”

“Did you see any of your friends,” said Cristal.

“Three, and have letters from many more. They are unanimous on the subject you wot of ; and the point must be conceded to them, or, far as the matter has gone, it will go no farther.”

“You will hardly bring the Father to stoop to his flock,” said Cristal, with a sneer.

“He must and shall !” answered Redgauntlet, briefly. “Go to the front, Cristal—I will speak with my nephew. I trust, Sir Arthur Redgauntlet, you are satisfied with the manner in which I have discharged my duty to your sister ?”

“There can be no fault found to her manners or sentiments,” answered Darsie ; “I am happy in knowing a relative so amiable.”

“I am glad of it,” answered Mr. Redgauntlet. “I am no nice judge of women’s qualifications, and my life has been dedicated to one great object ; so that since she left France she has had but little opportunity of improvement. I have subjected her, however, as little as possible to the inconveniences and privations of my wandering and dangerous life. From time to time she has resided for weeks and months with families of honor and respectability, and I am glad that she has, in your opinion, the manners and behavior which become her birth.”

Darsie expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and there was

a little pause, which Redgauntlet broke by solemnly addressing his nephew.

"For you, my nephew, I also hoped to have done much. The weakness and timidity of your mother sequestered you from my care, or it would have been my pride and happiness to have trained up the son of my unhappy brother in those paths of honor in which our ancestors have always trod."

"Now comes the storm," thought Darsie to himself, and began to collect his thoughts, as the cautious master of a vessel furls his sails and makes his ship snug when he discerns the approaching squall.

"My mother's conduct in respect to me might be misjudged," he said, "but it was founded on the most anxious affection."

"Assuredly," said his uncle, "and I have no wish to reflect on her memory, though her mistrust has done so much injury, I will not say to me, but to the cause of my unhappy country. Her scheme was, I think, to have made you that wretched pettifogging being which they still continue to call in derision by the once respectable name of a Scottish advocate—one of those mongrel things that must creep to learn the ultimate decision of his causes to the bar of a foreign court, instead of pleading before the independent and august Parliament of his own native kingdom."

"I did prosecute the study of law for a year or two," said Darsie, "but I found I had neither taste nor talents for the science."

"And left it with scorn, doubtless," said Mr. Redgauntlet. "Well, I now hold up to you, my dearest nephew, a more worthy object of ambition. Look eastward—do you see a monument standing on yonder plain, near a hamlet?"

Darsie replied that he did.

"The hamlet is called Burgh-upon-Sands, and yonder monument is erected to the memory of the tyrant Edward I. The just hand of Providence overtook him on that spot, as he was leading his hands to complete the subjugation of Scotland, whose civil dissensions began under his accursed policy. The glorious career of Bruce might have been stopped in its outset, the field of Bannockburn might have remained a bloodless turf, if God had not removed, in the very crisis, the crafty and bold tyrant who had so long been Scotland's scourge. Edward's grave is the cradle of our national freedom. It is within sight of that great landmark of our liberty that I have to propose to you an undertaking second in honor and importance to none since the immortal Bruce

stabbed the Red Comyn, and grasped, with his yet bloody hand, the independent crown of Scotland."

He paused for an answer; but Darsie, overawed by the energy of his manner, and unwilling to commit himself by a hasty explanation, remained silent.

"I will not suppose," said Hugh Redgauntlet, after a pause, "that you are either so dull as not to comprehend the import of my words, or so dastardly as to be dismayed by my proposal, or so utterly degenerate from the blood and sentiments of your ancestors as not to feel my summons as the horse hears the war-trumpet."

"I will not pretend to misunderstand you, sir," said Darsie; "but an enterprise directed against a dynasty now established for three reigns requires strong arguments, both in point of justice and of expediency, to recommend it to men of conscience and prudence."

"I will not," said Redgauntlet, while his eyes sparkled with anger—"I will not hear you speak a word against the justice of that enterprise for which your oppressed country calls with the voice of a parent, entreating her children for aid; or against that noble revenge which your father's blood demands from his dishonored grave. His skull is yet standing over the Rikargate,* and even its bleak and moldered jaws command you to be a man. I ask you, in the name of God and of your country, will you draw your sword and go with me to Carlisle, were it but to lay your father's head, now the perch of the obscene owl and carrion crow, and the scoff of every ribald clown, in consecrated earth, as befits his long ancestry?"

Darsie, unprepared to answer an appeal urged with so much passion, and not doubting a direct refusal would cost him his liberty or life, was again silent.

"I see," said his uncle, in a more composed tone, "that it is not deficiency of spirit, but the groveling habits of a confined education among the poor-spirited class you were condemned to herd with, that keeps you silent. You scarce yet believe yourself a Redgauntlet: your pulse has not yet learned the genuine throb that answers to the summons of honor and of patriotism."

"I trust," replied Darsie at last, "that I shall never be found indifferent to the call of either: but to answer them with effect—even were I convinced that they now sounded in my ear—I must see some reasonable hope of success in the

* The northern gate of Carlisle was long garnished with the heads of the Scottish rebels executed in 1746.

desperate enterprise in which you would involve me. I look around me, and I see a settled government—an established authority—a born Briton on the throne—the very Highland mountaineers, upon whom alone the trust of the exiled family reposed, assembled into regiments, which act under the orders of the existing dynasty.* France has been utterly dismayed by the tremendous lessons of the last war, and will hardly provoke another. All without and within the kingdom is adverse to encountering a hopeless struggle, and you alone, sir, seem willing to undertake a desperate enterprise.”

“And would undertake it were it ten times more desperate; and have agitated it when ten times the obstacles were interposed. Have I forgot my brother’s blood? Can I—dare I even now repeat the paternoster, since my enemies and the murderers remain unforgiven? Is there an art I have not practised, a privation to which I have not submitted, to bring on the crisis which I now behold arrived? Have I not been a vowed and a devoted man, foregoing every comfort of social life, renouncing even the exercise of devotion, unless when I might name in prayer my prince and country, submitting to everything to make converts to this noble cause? Have I done all this, and shall I now stop short?” Darsie was about to interrupt him, but he pressed his hand affectionately upon his shoulder, and enjoining, or rather imploring, silence—“Peace,” he said, “heir of my ancestors” fame—heir of all my hopes and wishes! Peace, son of my slaughtered brother! I have sought for thee, and mourned for thee, as a mother for an only child. Do not let me again lose you in the moment when you are restored to my hopes. Believe me, I distrust so much my own impatient temper, that I entreat you, as the dearest boon, do nought to awaken it at this crisis.”

Darsie was not sorry to reply, that his respect for the person of his relation would induce him to listen to all which he had to apprise him of before he formed any definite resolution upon the weighty subjects of deliberations which he proposed to him.

“Deliberation!” repeated Redgauntlet, impatiently; “and yet it is not ill said. I wish there had been more warmth in thy reply, Arthur; but I must recollect were an eagle bred in a falcon’s mew, and hooded like a reclaimed hawk, he could not at first gaze steadily on the sun. Listen to me, my dearest Arthur. The state of this nation no more implies prosperity than the florid color of a feverish patient

* See Highland Regiments. Note 38.

is a symptom of health. All is false and hollow : the apparent success of Chatham's administration has plunged the country deeper in debt than all the barren acres of Canada are worth, were they as fertile as Yorkshire ; the dazzling luster of the victories of Minden and Quebec have been dimmed by the disgrace of the hasty peace ; by the war, England, at immense expense, gained nothing but honor, and that she has gratuitously resigned. Many eyes, formerly cold and indifferent, are now looking towards the line of our ancient and rightful monarchs, as the only refuge in the approaching storm ; the rich are alarmed, the nobles are disgusted, the populace are inflamed, and a band of patriots, whose measures are more safe than their numbers are few, have resolved to set up King Charles's standard."

"But the military," said Darsie—"how can you, with a body of unarmed and disorderly insurgents, propose to encounter a regular army ? The Highlanders are now totally disarmed."

"In a great measure, perhaps," answered Redgauntlet ; "but the policy which raised the Highland regiments has provided for that. We have already friends in these corps ; nor can we doubt for a moment what their conduct will be when the white cockade is once more mounted. The rest of the standing army has been greatly reduced since the peace ; and we reckon confidently on our standard being joined by thousands of the disbanded troops."

"Alas !" said Darsie, "and is it upon such vague hopes as these, the inconstant humor of a crowd or of a disbanded soldiery, that men of honor are invited to risk their families, their property, their life ?"

"Men of honor, boy," said Redgauntlet, his eyes glancing with impatience, "set life, property, family, and all at stake when that honor commands it. We are not now weaker than when seven men, landing in the wilds of Moidart, shook the throne of the usurper till it tottered, won two pitched fields, besides overrunning one kingdom and the half of another, and, but for treachery, would have achieved what their venturous successors are now to attempt in their turn."

"And will such an attempt be made in serious earnest ?" said Darsie. "Excuse me, my uncle, if I can scarce believe a fact so extraordinary. Will there really be found men of rank and consequence sufficient to renew the adventure of 1745 ?"

"I will not give you my confidence by halves, Sir Arthur,"

replied his uncle. "Look at that scroll—what say you to these names? Are they not the flower of the Western shires, of Wales, of Scotland?"

"The paper contains indeed the names of many that are great and noble," replied Darsie, after perusing it; "but——"

"But what?" asked his uncle impatiently. "Do you doubt the ability of those nobles and gentlemen to furnish the aid in men and money at which they are rated?"

"Not their ability certainly," said Darsie, "for of that I am no competent judge; but I see in this scroll the name of Sir Arthur Darsie Redgauntlet of that ilk rated at an hundred men and upwards—I certainly am ignorant how he is to redeem that pledge."

"I will be responsible for the men," replied Hugh Redgauntlet.

"But, my dear uncle," added Darsie, "I hope, for your sake, that the other individuals whose names are here written have had more acquaintance with your plan than I have been indulged with."

"For thee and thine I can be myself responsible," said Redgauntlet; "for if thou hast not the courage to head the force of thy house, the leading shall pass to other hands, and thy inheritance shall depart from thee, like vigor and verdure from a rotten branch. For these honorable persons, a slight condition there is which they annex to their friendship—something so trifling that it is scarce worthy of mention. This boon granted to them by him who is most interested, there is no question they will take the field in the manner there stated."

Again Darsie perused the paper, and felt himself still less inclined to believe that so many men of family and fortune were likely to embark in an enterprise so fatal. It seemed as if some rash plotter had put down at a venture the names of all whom common report tainted with Jacobitism; or, if it was really the act of the individuals named, he suspected they must be aware of some mode of excusing themselves from compliance with its purport. It was impossible, he thought, that Englishmen of large fortune, who had failed to join Charles when he broke into England at the head of a victorious army, should have the least thoughts of encouraging a descent when circumstances were so much less propitious. He therefore concluded the enterprise would fall to pieces of itself and that his best way was, in the meantime, to remain silent, unless the actual approach of a

crisis (which might, however, never arrive) should compel him to give a downright refusal to his uncle's proposition; and if, in the interim, some door for escape should be opened, he resolved within himself not to omit availing himself of it.

Hugh Redgauntlet watched his nephew's looks for some time, and then, as if arriving from some other process of reasoning at the same conclusion, he said, "I have told you, Sir Arthur, that I do not urge your immediate accession to my proposal; indeed, the consequences of a refusal would be so dreadful to yourself, so destructive to all the hopes which I have nursed, that I would not risk, by a moment's impatience, the object of my whole life. Yes, Arthur, I have been a self-denying hermit at one time, at another the apparent associate of outlaws and desperadoes, at another the subordinate agent of men whom I felt every way my inferiors—not for any selfish purpose of my own—no, not even to win for myself the renown of being the principal instrument in restoring my king and freeing my country. My first wish on earth is for that restoration and that freedom; my next, that my nephew, the representative of my house and of the brother of my love, may have the advantage and the credit of all my efforts in the good cause. But," he added, darting on Darsie one of his withering frowns, "if Scotland and my father's house cannot stand and flourish together, then perish the very name of Redgauntlet! perish the son of my brother, with every recollection of the glories of my family, of the affections of my youth, rather than my country's cause should be injured in the tithing of a barleycorn! The spirit of Sir Alberick is alive within me at this moment," he continued, drawing up his stately form and sitting erect in his saddle, while he pressed his finger against his forehead; "and if you yourself crossed my path in opposition, I swear, by the mark that darkens my brow, that a new deed should be done—a new doom should be deserved!"

He was silent, and his threats were uttered in a tone of voice so deeply resolute, that Darsie's heart sunk within him, when he reflected on the storm of passion which he must encounter if he declined to join his uncle in a project to which prudence and principle made him equally adverse. He had scarce any hope left but in temporizing until he could make his escape, and resolved to avail himself for that purpose of the delay which his uncle seemed not unwilling to grant. The stern, gloomy look of his companion became relaxed by degrees, and presently afterwards he made a sign

to Miss Redgauntlet to join the party, and began a forced conversation on ordinary topics; in the course of which Darsie observed that his sister seemed to speak under the most cautious restraint, weighing every word before she uttered it, and always permitting her uncle to give the tone to the conversation, though of the most trifling kind. This seemed to him, such an opinion had he already entertained of his sister's good sense and firmness, the strongest proof he had yet received of his uncle's peremptory character, since he saw it observed with so much deference by a young person whose sex might have given her privileges, and who seemed by no means deficient either in spirit or firmness.

The little cavalcade was now approaching the house of Father Crackenthorp, situated, as the reader knows, by the side of the Solway, and not far distant from a rude pier, near which lay several fishing-boats, which frequently acted in a different capacity. The house of the worthy publican was also adapted to the various occupations which he carried on, being a large scrambling assemblage of cottages attached to a house of two stories, roofed with flags of sandstone—the original mansion, to which the extension of Master Crackenthorp's trade had occasioned his making many additions. Instead of the single long watering-trough which usually distinguishes the front of the English public-house of the second class, there were three conveniences of that kind, for the use, as the landlord used to say, of the troop-horses, when the soldiers came to search his house; while a knowing leer and a nod let you understand what species of troops he was thinking of. A huge ash-tree before the door, which had reared itself to a great size and height, in spite of the blasts from the neighboring Solway, overshadowed, as usual, the ale-bench, as our ancestors called it, where, though it was still early in the day, several fellows, who seemed to be gentlemen's servants, were drinking beer and smoking. One or two of them wore liveries which seemed known to Mr. Redgauntlet, for he muttered between his teeth, "Fools—fools! were they on a march to hell, they must have their rascals in livery with them, that the whole world might know who were going to be damned."

As he thus muttered, he drew bridle before the door of the place, from which several other lounging guests began to issue, to look with indolent curiosity, as usual, upon an "arrival."

Redgauntlet sprung from his horse, and assisted his niece to dismount; but, forgetting, perhaps, his nephew's disguise,

he did not pay him the attention which his female dress demanded.

The situation of Darsie was indeed something awkward ; for Cristal Nixon, out of caution perhaps to prevent escape, had muffled the extreme folds of the riding-skirt with which he was accoutered around his ankles and under his feet, and there secured it with large corking-pins. We presume that gentlemen-cavaliers may sometimes cast their eyes to that part of the person of the fair equestrian whom they chance occasionally to escort ; and if they will conceive their own feet, like Darsie's, muffled in such a labyrinth of folds and amplitude of robe as modesty doubtless induces the fair creatures to assume upon such occasions, they will allow that, on a first attempt, they might find some awkwardness in dismounting. Darsie, at least, was in such a predicament, for, not receiving adroit assistance from the attendant of Mr. Redgauntlet, he stumbled as he dismounted from the horse, and might have had a bad fall, had it not been broken by the gallant interposition of a gentleman, who probably was, on his part, a little surprised at the solid weight of the distressed fair one whom he had the honor to receive in his embrace. But what was his surprise to that of Darsie's, when the hurry of the moment and of the accident permitted him to see that it was his friend Alan Fairford in whose arms he found himself ! A thousand apprehensions rushed on him, mingled with the full career of hope and joy, inspired by the unexpected appearance of his beloved friend at the very crisis, it seemed, of his fate.

He was about to whisper in his ear, cautioning him at the same time to be silent ; yet he hesitated for a second or two to effect his purpose ; since, should Redgauntlet take the alarm from any sudden exclamation on the part of Alan, there was no saying what consequences might ensue.

Ere he could decide what was to be done, Redgauntlet, who had entered the house, returned hastily, followed by Cristal Nixon. " I'll release you of the charge of this young lady, sir," he said, haughtily, to Alan Fairford, whom he probably did not recognize.

" I had no desire to intrude, sir," replied Alan ; " the lady's situation seemed to require assistance, and—but have I not the honor to speak to Mr. Herries of Birrenswork ? "

" You are mistaken, sir," said Redgauntlet, turning short off and making a sign with his hand to Cristal, who hurried Darsie, however unwillingly, into the house, whispering in his ear, " Come, miss, let us have no making of acquaintance

from the windows. Ladies of fashion must be private. Show us a room, Father Crackenthorp."

So saying, he conducted Darsie into the house, interposing at the same time his person betwixt the supposed young lady and the stranger of whom he was suspicious, so as to make communication by signs impossible. As they entered, they heard the sound of a fiddle in the stone-floored and well-sanded kitchen, through which they were about to follow their corpulent host, and where several people seemed engaged in dancing to its strains.

"D—n thee," said Nixon to Crackenthorp, "would you have the lady go through all the mob of the parish? Hast thou no more private way to our sitting-room?"

"None that is fit for my traveling," answered the landlord, laying his hand on his portly stomach. "I am not Tom Turnpenny, to creep like a lizard through keyholes."

So saying, he kept moving on through the revelers in the kitchen; and Nixon holding Darsie by his arm, as if to offer the lady support, but in all probability to frustrate any effort at escape, moved through the crowd, which presented a very motley appearance, consisting of domestic servants, country fellows, seamen, and other idlers, whom Wandering Willie was regaling with his music.

To pass another friend without intimation of his presence would have been actual pusillanimity; and just when they were passing the blind man's elevated seat, Darsie asked him, with some emphasis, whether he could not play a Scottish air? The man's face had been the instant before devoid of all sort of expression, going through his performance like a clown through a beautiful country, too much accustomed to consider it as a task to take any interest in the performance, and, in fact, scarce seeming to hear the noise that he was creating. In a word, he might at the time have made a companion to my friend Wilkie's inimitable blind crowder. But with Wandering Willie this was only an occasional and a rare fit of dulness, such as will at times creep over all the professors of the fine arts, arising either from fatigue, or contempt of the present audience, or that caprice which so often tempts painters and musicians and great actors in the phrase of the latter, to "walk through" their part, instead of exerting themselves with the energy which acquired their fame. But when the performer heard the voice of Darsie, his countenance became at once illuminated, and showed the complete mistake of those who suppose that the principal point of expression depends upon the

eyes. With his face turned to the point from which the sound came, his upper lip a little curved and quivering with agitation, and with a color which surprise and pleasure had brought at once into his faded cheek, he exchanged the humdrum hornpipe which he had been sawing out with reluctant and lazy bow for the fine Scottish air,

“You’re welcome, Charlie Stuart,”

which flew from his strings as if by inspiration, and, after a breathless pause of admiration among the audience, was received with a clamor of applause which seemed to show that the name and tendency, as well as the execution of the tune, was in the highest degree acceptable to all the party assembled.

In the meantime, Cristal Nixon, still keeping hold of Darsie, and following the landlord, forced his way with some difficulty through the crowded kitchen, and entered a small apartment on the other side of it, where they found Lillias Redgauntlet already seated. Here Nixon gave way to his suppressed resentment, and turning sternly on Crackenthorp, threatened him with his master’s severest displeasure because things were in such bad order to receive his family, when he had given such special advice that he desired to be private. But Father Crackenthorp was not a man to be browbeaten.

“Why, brother Nixon, thou art angry this morning,” he replied: “hast risen from thy wrong side, I think. You know as well as I that most of this mob is of the Squire’s own making—gentlemen that come with their servants, and so forth, to meet him in the way of business, as old Tom Turnpenny says: the very last that came was sent down with Dick Gardener from Fairladies.”

“But the blind scraping scoundrel yonder,” said Nixon, “how dared you take such a rascal as that across your threshold at such a time as this? If the Squire should dream you have a thought of peaching—I am only speaking for your good, Father Crackenthorp.”

“Why, look ye, brother Nixon,” said Crackenthorp, turning his quid with great composure, “the Squire is a very worthy gentleman, and I’ll never deny it; but I am neither his servant nor his tenant, and so he need send me none of his orders till he hears I have put on his livery. As for turning away folk from my door, I might as well plug up the ale-tap and pull down the sign; and as for peaching and

such-like, the Squire will find the folk here are as honest to the full as those he brings with him."

"How, you impudent lump of tallow," said Nixon, "what do you mean by that?"

"Nothing," said Crackenthorp, "but that I can tour out as well as another—you understand me—keep good lights in my upper story—know a thing or two more than most folk in this country. If folk will come to my house on dangerous errands, egad they shall not find Joe Crackenthorp a cat's paw. I'll keep myself clear, you may depend on it, and let every man answer for his own actions—that's my way. Anything wanted, Master Nixon?"

"No. Yes—begone!" said Nixon, who seemed embarrassed with the landlord's contumacy, yet desirous to conceal the effect it produced on him.

The door was no sooner closed on Crackenthorp than Miss Redgauntlet, addressing Nixon, commanded him to leave the room and go to his proper place.

"How, madam?" said the fellow sullenly, yet with an air of respect. "Would you have your uncle pistol me for disobeying his orders?"

"He may perhaps pistol you for some other reason, if you do not obey mine," said Lillas, composedly.

"You abuse your advantage over me, madam. I really dare not go; I am on guard over this other miss here; and if I should desert my post, my life were not worth five minutes' purchase."

"Then know your post, sir," said Lillas, "and watch on the outside of the door. You have no commission to listen to our private conversation, I suppose? Begone, sir, without further speech or remonstrance, or I will tell my uncle that which you would have reason to repent he should know."

The fellow looked at her with a singular expression of spite, mixed with deference. "You abuse your advantages, madam," he said, "and act as foolishly in doing so as I did in affording you such a hawk over me. But you are a tyrant, and tyrants have commonly short reigns."

So saying, he left the apartment.

"The wretch's unparalleled insolence," said Lillas to her brother, "has given me one great advantage over him. For, knowing that my uncle would shoot him with as little remorse as a woodcock if he but guessed at his brazen-faced assurance towards me, he dares not since that time assume, so far as I am concerned, the air of insolent domination which the

possession of my uncle's secrets, and the knowledge of his most secret plans, have led him to exert over others of his family."

"In the meantime," said Darsie, "I am happy to see that the landlord of the house does not seem so devoted to him as I apprehended; and this aids the hope of escape which I am nourishing for you and for myself. O, Liliass, the truest of friends, Alan Fairford, is in pursuit of me, and is here at this moment. Another humble, but I think faithful, friend is also within these dangerous walls."

Liliass laid her finger on her lips, and pointed to the door. Darsie took the hint, lowered his voice, and informed her in whispers of the arrival of Fairford, and that he believed he had opened a communication with Wandering Willie. She listened with the utmost interest, and had just begun to reply, when a loud noise was heard in the kitchen, caused by several contending voices, amongst which Darsie thought he could distinguish that of Alan Fairford.

Forgetting how little his own condition permitted him to become the assistant of another, Darsie flew to the door of the room, and finding it locked and bolted on the outside, rushed against it with all his force, and made the most desperate efforts to burst it open, notwithstanding the entreaties of his sister that he would compose himself, and recollect the condition in which he was placed. But the door, framed to withstand attacks from excisemen, constables, and other personages, considered as worthy to use what are called the king's keys, "and therewith to make lockfast places open and patent," set his efforts at defiance. Meantime, the noise continued without, and we are to give an account of its origin in our next chapter.

CHAPTER XX

NARRATIVE OF DARSIE LATIMER, CONTINUED

JOE CRACKENTHORP'S public-house had never, since it first reared its chimneys on the banks of the Solway, been frequented by such a miscellaneous group of visitors as had that morning become its guests. Several of them were persons whose quality seemed much superior to their dresses and modes of traveling. The servants who attended them contradicted the inferences to be drawn from the garb of their masters, and, according to the customs of the knights of the rainbow, gave many hints that they were not people to serve any but men of first-rate consequence. These gentlemen, who had come thither chiefly for the purpose of meeting with Mr. Redgauntlet, seemed moody and anxious, conversed and walked together, apparently in deep conversation, and avoided any communication with the chance travelers whom accident brought that morning to the same place of resort.

As if Fate had set herself to confound the plans of the Jacobite conspirators, the number of travelers was unusually great, their appearance respectable, and they filled the public tap-room of the inn, where the political guests had already occupied most of the private apartments.

Amongst others, honest Joshua Geddes had arrived, traveling, as he said, in the sorrow of the soul, and mourning for the fate of Darsie Latimer as he would for his first-born child. He had skirted the whole coast of the Solway, besides making various trips into the interior, not shunning, on such occasions, to expose himself to the laugh of the scorner, nay, even to serious personal risk, by frequenting the haunts of smugglers, horse-jockeys, and other irregular persons, who looked on his intrusion with jealous eyes, and were apt to consider him as an exciseman in the disguise of a Quaker. All this labor and peril, however, had been undergone in vain. No search he could make obtained the least intelligence of Latimer, so that he began to fear the poor lad had been spirited abroad—for the practise of kidnapping was then not infrequent, especially on the western coast of Britain—if indeed he had escaped a briefer and more bloody fate.

With a heavy heart he delivered his horse, even Solomon, into the hands of the hostler, and walking into the inn, demanded from the landlord breakfast and a private room. Quakers and such hosts as old Father Crackenthorp are no congenial spirits ; the latter looked askew over his shoulder, and replied, " If you would have breakfast here, friend, you are like to eat it where other folk eat theirs."

" And wherefore can I not," said the Quaker, " have an apartment to myself for my money ?"

" Because, Master Jonathan, you must wait till your betters be served, or else eat with your equals."

Joshua Geddes argued the point no farther, but sitting quietly down on the seat which Crackenthorp indicated to him, and calling for a pint of ale, with some bread, butter, and Dutch cheese, began to satisfy the appetite which the morning air had rendered unusually alert.

While the honest Quaker was thus employed, another stranger entered the apartment, and sat down near to the table on which his victuals were placed. He looked repeatedly at Joshua, licked his parched and chopped lips as he saw the good Quaker masticate his bread and cheese, and sucked up his thin chops when Mr. Geddes applied the tankard to his mouth, as if the discharge of these bodily functions by another had awakened his sympathies in an uncontrollable degree. At last, being apparently unable to withstand his longings, he asked, in a faltering tone, the huge landlord, who was tramping through the room in all corpulent impatience, " Whether he could have a plack-pie ?"

" Never heard of such a thing, master," said the landlord, and was about to trudge onward, when the guest, detaining him, said in a strong Scottish tone, " Ye will maybe have nae whey then, nor buttermilk, nor ye couldna exhibit a souter's clod ?"

" Can't tell what ye are talking about, master," said Crackenthorp.

" Then ye will have nae breakfast that will come within the compass of a shilling Scots ?"

" Which is a penny sterling," answered Crackenthorp, with a sneer. " Why, no, Sawney, I can't say as we have—we can't afford it ; but you shall have a bellyful for love, as we say in the bull-ring."

" I shall never refuse a fair offer," said the poverty-stricken guest ; " and I will say that for the English, if they were deils, that they are a ceeveleeced people to gentlemen that are under a cloud."

"Gentlemen!—humph!" said Crackenthorp—"not a blue-cap among them but halts upon that foot." Then seizing on a dish which still contained a huge cantle of what had been once a princely mutton pasty, he placed it on the table before the stranger, saying, "There, master gentleman—there is what is worth all the black pies, as you call them, that were ever made of sheep's head."

"Sheep's head is a gude thing for a' that," replied the guest; but, not being spoken so loud as to offend his hospitable entertainer, the interjection might pass for a private protest against the scandal thrown out against the standing dish of Caledonia.

This premised, he immediately began to transfer the mutton and pie-crust from his plate to his lips, in such huge gobbets as if he was refreshing after a three days' fast and laying in provisions against a whole Lent to come.

Joshua Geddes in his turn gazed on him with surprise, having never, he thought, beheld such a gaunt expression of hunger in the act of eating. "Friend," he said, after watching him for some minutes, "if thou gorgest thyself in this fashion thou wilt assuredly choke. Wilt thou not take a draught out of my cup to help down all that dry meat?"

"Troth," said the stranger, stopping and looking at the friendly propounder, "that's nae bad overture, as they say in the General Assembly. I have heard waur motions than that frae wiser counsel."

Mr. Geddes ordered a quart of home-brewed to be placed before our friend Peter Peebles; for the reader must have already conceived that this unfortunate litigant was the wanderer in question.

The victim of Themis had no sooner seen the flagon than he seized it with the same energy which he had displayed in operating upon the pie, puffed off the froth with such emphasis that some of it lighted on Mr. Geddes's head, and then said, as if with a sudden recollection of what was due to civility, "Here's to ye, friend. What! are ye ower grand to give me an answer, or are ye dull o' hearing?"

"I prithee drink thy liquor, friend," said the good Quaker: "thou meanest it in civility, but we care not for these idle fashions."

"What! ye are a Quaker, are ye?" said Peter; and without further ceremony reared the flagon to his head, from which he withdrew it not while a single drop of "barley-broo" remained. "That's done you and me muckle gude," he said, sighing as he set down his pot; "but twa mutch-

kins o' yill between twa folk is a drappie ower little measure. What say ye to anither pot? or shall we cry in a blythe Scots pint at ance? The yill is no amiss."

"Thou mayst call for what thou wilt on thine own charges, friend," said Geddes; "for myself, I willingly contribute to the quenching of thy natural thirst; but I fear it were no such easy matter to relieve thy acquired and artificial drouth."

"That is to say, in plain terms, ye are for withdrawing your caution with the folk of the house? You Quaker folk are but fause comforters; but since ye have garred me drink sae muckle cauld yill—me that am no used to the like of it in the forenoon—I think ye might as weel have offered me a glass of brandy or usquabae. I'm nae nice body: I can drink onything that's wet and toothsome."

"Not a drop at my cost, friend," quoth Geddes. "Thou art an old man, and hast, perchance, a heavy and long journey before thee. Thou art, moreover, my countryman, as I judge from thy tongue, and I will not give thee the means of dishonoring thy gray hairs in a strange land."

"Gray hairs, neighbor!" said Peter, with a wink to the bystanders, whom this dialogue began to interest, and who were in hopes of seeing the Quaker played off by the crazed beggar, for such Peter Peebles appeared to be—"gray hairs! The Lord mend your eyesight, neighbor, that disna ken gray hairs frae a tow wig!"

This jest procured a shout of laughter, and, what was still more acceptable than dry applause, a man who stood beside called out, 'Father Crackenthorp, bring a nipperkin of brandy. I'll bestow a dram on this fellow, were it but for that very word.'

The brandy was immediately brought by a wench who acted as barmaid; and Peter, with a grin of delight, filled a glass, quaffed it off, and then saying, 'God bless me! I was so unmannerly as not to drink to ye: I think the Quaker has smitten me wi' his ill-bred havings,' he was about to fill another, when his hand was arrested by his new friend, who said at the same time, 'No—no, friend, fair play's a jewel—time about if you please,' and filling a glass for himself, emptied it as gallantly as Peter could have done. "What say you to that, friend?" he continued, addressing the Quaker.

"Nay, friend," answered Joshua, "it went down thy throat, not mine, and I have nothing to say about what concerns me not; but if thou art a man of humanity, thou wilt not give this poor creature the means of debauchery. Be-

think thee that they will spurn him from the door as they would do a houseless and masterless dog, and that he may die on the sands or on the common. And if he has through thy means been rendered incapable of helping himself, thou shalt not be innocent of his blood."

"Faith, broadbrim, I believe thou art right, and the old gentleman in the flaxen jazy shall have no more of the comforter. Besides, we have business in hand to-day, and this fellow, for as mad as he looks, may have a nose on his face after all. Harkye, father, what is your name, and what brings you into such an out-of-the-way corner?"

"I am not just free to condescend on my name," said Peter; "and as for my business—there is a wee dribble of brandy in the stoup, it would be wrang to leave it to the lass: it is learning her bad usages."

"Well, thou shalt have the brandy, and be d—d to thee, if thou wilt tell me what you are making here."

"Seeking a young advocate chap that they ca' Alan Fairford, that has played me a slippery trick, and ye maun ken a' about the cause," said Peter.

"An advocate, man!" answered the captain of the 'Jumping Jenny,' for it was he, and no other, who had taken compassion on Peter's drought. "Why, Lord help thee, thou art on the wrong side of the firth to seek advocates, whom I take to be Scottish lawyers, not English."

"English lawyers, man!" exclaimed Peter; "the deil a lawyer's in a' England."

"I wish from my soul it were true," said Ewart; "but what the devil put that in your head?"

"Lord, man, I got a grip of ane of their attorneys in Carlisle, and he tauld me that there wasna a lawyer in England, ony mair than himsell, that kenn'd the nature of a multiplepoinding! And when I tauld him how this loopy lad, Alan Fairford, had served me, he said I might bring an action on the case—just as if the case hadna as mony actions already as one case can weel carry. By my word, it is a gude case, and muckle has it borne, in its day, of various procedure; but it's the barley-pickle breaks the naig's back, and wi' my consent it shall not hae ony mair burden laid upon it."

"But this Alan Fairford," said Nanty—"come, sip up the drop of brandy, man, and tell me some more about him, and whether you are seeking him for good or for harm."

"For my ain gude, and for his harm, to be sure," said

Peter. "Think of his having left my cause in the dead-thraw between the tyneing and the winning, and capering off into Cumberland here after a wild loup-the-tether lad they ca' Darsie Latimer."

"Darsie Latimer!" said Mr. Geddes, hastily. "Do you know anything of Darsie Latimer?"

"Maybe I do and maybe I do not," answered Peter; "I am no free to answer everybody's interrogatory, unless it is put judicially and by form of law, specially where folk think so much of a caup of sour yill or a thimblefu' of brandy. But as for this gentleman, that has shown himself a gentleman at breakfast, and will show himself a gentleman at the meridian, I am free to condescend upon any points in the cause that may appear to bear upon the question at issue."

"Why, all I want to know from you, my friend, is whether you are seeking to do this Mr. Alan Fairford good or harm; because, if you come to do him good, I think you could maybe get speech of him; and if to do him harm, I will take the liberty to give you a cast across the firth, with fair warning not to come back on such an errand, lest worse come of it."

The manner and language of Ewart were such that Joshua Geddes resolved to keep cautious silence till he could more plainly discover whether he was likely to aid or impede him in his researches after Darsie Latimer. He therefore determined to listen attentively to what should pass between Peter and the seaman, and to watch for an opportunity of questioning the former, so soon as he should be separated from his new acquaintance.

"I wad by no means," said Peter Peebles, "do any substantial harm to the poor lad Fairford, who has had mony a gowd guinea of mine, as weel as his father before him; but I wad hae him brought back to the minding of my business and his ain; and maybe I wadna insist farther in my action of damages against him than for refunding the fees, and for some annual rent on the principal sum, due frae the day on which he should have recovered it for me, plaek and bawbee, at the great advising; for, ye are aware, that is the least that I can ask *nomine damni*; and I have nae thought to break down the lad bodily a'thegither: we maun live and let live, forgie and forget."

"The deuce take me, friend broadbrim," said Nanty Ewart, looking to the Quaker, "if I can make out what this old scarecrow means. If I thought it was fitting that Master Fairford should see him, why, perhaps it is a matter

that could be managed. Do you know anything about the old fellow? You seemed to take some charge of him just now."

"No more than I should have done by any one in distress," said Geddes, not sorry to be appealed to; "but I will try what I can do to find out who he is, and what he is about in this country. But are we not a little too public in this open room?"

"It's well thought of," said Nanty; and at his command the barmaid ushered the party into a side-booth, Peter attending them, in the instinctive hope that there would be more liquor drank among them before parting. They had scarce sat down in their new apartment when the sound of a violin was heard in the room which they had just left.

"I'll awa' back yonder," said Peter, rising up again; "yon's the sound of a fiddle, and where there is music there's aye something ganging to eat or drink."

"I am just going to order something here," said the Quaker; "but, in the meantime have you any objection, my good friend, to tell us your name?"

"None in the world, if you are wanting to drink to me by name and surname," answered Peebles; "but, otherwise, I would rather evite your interrogatories."

"Friend," said the Quaker, "it is not for thine own health, seeing thou hast drunk enough already; however—— Here, handmaiden, bring me a gill of sherry."

"Sherry's but shilpit drink, and a gill's a sma' measure for twa gentlemen to crack ower at their first acquaintance. But let us see your sneaking gill of sherry," said Poor Peter, thrusting forth his huge hand to seize on the diminutive pewter measure, which, according to the fashion of the time, contained the generous liquor freshly drawn from the butt.

"Nay, hold, friend," said Joshua, "thou hast not yet told me what name and surname I am to call thee by."

"D—d sly in the Quaker," said Nanty, apart, "to make him pay for his liquor before he gives it him. Now, I am such a fool, that I should have let him get too drunk, to open his mouth, before I thought of asking him a question."

"My name is Peter Peebles, then," said the litigant, rather sulkily, as one who thought his liquor too sparingly meted out to him; "and what have you to say to that?"

"Peter Peebles!" repeated Nanty Ewart, and seemed to muse upon something which the words brought to his remembrance, while the Quaker pursued his examination.

“But I prithee, Peter Peebles, what is thy further designation? Thou knowest, in our country, that some men are distinguished by their craft and calling, as cordwainers, fishers, weavers, or the like, and some by their titles as proprietors of land—which savors of vanity—now, how may you be distinguished from others of the same name?”

“As Peter Peebles of the great plea of Poor Peter Peebles against Plainstones, *et per contra*; if I am laird of naething else, I am aye a *dominus litis*.”

“It’s but a poor lairdship, I doubt,” said Joshua.

“Pray, Mr. Peebles,” said Nanty, interrupting the conversation abruptly, “were you not once a burgess of Edinburgh?”

“Was I a burgess!” said, Peter indignantly, “and *am* I not a burgess even now? I have done nothing to forfeit my right, I trow—once provost and aye ‘my lord.’”

“Well, Mr. Burgess, tell me farther; have you not some property in the Gude Town?” continued Ewart.

“Troth have I—that is, before my misfortunes, I had twa or three bonny bits of mailings amang the closes and wynds, forbye the shop and the story abune it. But Plainstones has put me to the causeway now. Never mind though, I will be upsides with him yet.”

“Had not you once a tenement in the Covenant Close?” again demanded Nanty.

“You have hit it, lad, though you look not like a Covenanter,” said Peter; “we’ll drink to its memory—Hout! the heart’s at the mouth o’ that ill-faur’d bit stoup already!—it brought a rent, reckoning from the crawstep to the groundsill, that ye might ca’ fourteen pounds a year, forbye the laigh cellar that was let to Luckie Littleworth.”

“And do you not remember that you had a poor old lady for your tenant, Mrs. Cantrips of Kittlebasket?” said Nanty, suppressing his emotion with difficulty.

“Remember! G—d, I have gude cause to remember her,” said Peter, “for she turned a dyvour on my hands, the auld besom! and, after a’ that the law could do to make me satisfied and paid, in the way of poinding and distrenyicing, and sae forth, as the law will, she ran away to the charity workhouse, a matter of twenty pounds Scots in my debt; it’s a great shame and oppression that charity workhouse, taking in bankrupt dyvours that canna pay their honest creditors.”

“Methinks, friend,” said the Quaker, “thine own rags might teach thee compassion for other people’s nakedness.”

“Rags!” said Peter, taking Joshua’s words literally.

“Does ony wise body put on their best coat when they are traveling, and keeping company with Quakers and such other cattle as the road affords.”

“The old lady *died*, I have heard,” said Nanty, affecting a moderation which was belied by accents that faltered with passion.

“She might live or die, for what I care,” answered Peter the Cruel; “what business have folk to do to live, that canna live as the law will, and satisfy their just and lawful creditors.”

“And you—you that are now yourself trodden down in the very kennel, are you not sorry for what you have done? Do you not repent having occasioned the poor widow woman’s death?”

“What for should I repent?” said Peter. “The law was on my side—a decret of the bailies, followed by poinding and an act of warding, a suspension intended, and the letters found orderly proceeded. I followed the auld rudas through twa courts; she cost me mair money than her lugs were worth.”

“Now, by Heaven!” said Nanty, “I would give a thousand guineas, if I had them, to have you worth my beating! Had you said you repented, it had been between God and your conscience; but to hear you boast of your villainy! Do you think it little to have reduced the aged to famine, and the young to infamy—to have caused the death of one woman, the ruin of another, and to have driven a man to exile and despair? By Him that made me, I can scarce keep hands off you!”

“Off me! I defy ye,” said Peter. “I take this honest man to witness that, if ye stir the neck of my collar, I will have my action for stouthreif, spulzie, oppression, assault and battery. Here’s a bra’ din, indeed about an auld wife gaun to the grave, a young limmer to the close-heads and causeway, and a sticket stibbler to the sea instead of the gallows!”

“Now, by my soul,” said Nanty, “this is too much! and since you can feel no otherwise, I will try if I cannot beat some humanity into your head and shoulders.”

He drew his hanger as he spoke, and although Joshua, who had in vain endeavored to interrupt the dialogue, to which he foresaw a violent termination, now threw himself between Nanty and the old litigant, he could not prevent the latter from receiving two or three sound slaps over the shoulder with the flat side of the weapon,

Poor Peter Peebles, as inglorious in his extremity as he had been presumptuous in bringing it on, now ran and roared, and bolted out of the apartment and house itself, pursued by Nanty, whose passion became high in proportion to his giving way to its dictates, and by Joshua, who still interfered at every risk, calling upon Nanty to reflect on the age and miserable circumstances of the offender, and upon Poor Peter to stand and place himself under his protection. In front of the house, however, Peter Peebles found a more efficient protector than the worthy Quaker.

CHAPTER XXI

NARRATIVE OF ALAN FAIRFORD

OUR readers may recollect that Fairford had been conducted by Dick Gardener from the house of Fairladies to the inn of old Father Crackenthorp, in order, as he had been informed by the mysterious Father Buonaventure, that he might have the meeting which he desired with Mr. Redgauntlet, to treat with him for the liberty of his friend Darsie. His guide, by the special direction of Mr. Ambrose, had introduced him into the public-house by a back-door, and recommended to the landlord to accommodate him with a private apartment, and to treat him with all civility, but in other respects to keep his eye on him, and even to secure his person, if he saw any reason to suspect him to be a spy. He was not, however, subjected to any direct restraint, but was ushered into an apartment, where he was requested to await the arrival of the gentleman with whom he wished to have an interview, and who, as Crackenthorp assured him with a significant nod, would be certainly there in the course of an hour. In the meanwhile, he recommended to him, with another significant sign, to keep his apartment, "as there were people in the house who were apt to busy themselves about other folks' matters."

Alan Fairford complied with the recommendation, so long as he thought it reasonable; but when, among a large party riding up to the house, he discerned Redgauntlet, whom he had seen under the name of Mr. Herries of Birrenswork, and whom, by his height and strength, he easily distinguished from the rest, he thought it proper to go down to the front of the house, in hopes that, by more closely reconnoitering the party, he might discover if his friend Darsie was among them.

The reader is aware that, by doing so, he had an opportunity of breaking Darsie's fall from his side-saddle, although his disguise and mask prevented his recognizing his friend. It may be also recollected that, while Nixon hurried Miss Redgauntlet and her brother into the house, their uncle, somewhat chafed at an unexpected and inconvenient interruption, remained himself in parley with Fairford, who had

already successively addressed him by the names of Herries and Redgauntlet ; neither of which, any more than the acquaintance of the young lawyer, he seemed at the moment willing to acknowledge, though an air of haughty indifference which he assumed could not conceal his vexation and embarrassment.

"If we must needs be acquainted, sir," he said at last—"for which I am unable to see any necessity, especially as I am now particularly disposed to be private—I must entreat you will tell me at once what you have to say, and permit me to attend to matters of more importance."

"My introduction," said Fairford, "is contained in this letter (delivering that of Maxwell). I am convinced that, under whatever name it may be your pleasure for the present to be known, it is into your hands, and yours only, that it should be delivered."

Redgauntlet turned the letter in his hand, then read the contents, then again looked upon the letter, and sternly observed, "The seal of the letter has been broken. Was this the case, sir, when it was delivered into your hand?"

Fairford despised a falsehood as much as any man, unless, perhaps, as Tom Turnpenny might have said, "in the way of business." He answered readily and firmly, "The seal was whole when the letter was delivered to me by Mr. Maxwell of Summertrees."

"And did you dare, sir, to break the seal of a letter addressed to me?" said Redgauntlet, not sorry, perhaps, to pick a quarrel upon a point foreign to the tenor of the epistle.

"I have never broken the seal of any letter committed to my charge," said Alan ; "not from fear of those to whom such letter might be addressed, but from respect to myself."

"That is well worded," said Redgauntlet ; "and yet, young Mr. Counselor, I doubt whether your delicacy prevented your reading my letter, or listening to the contents as read by some other person after it was opened."

"I certainly did hear the contents read over," said Fairford ; "and they were such as to surprise me a good deal."

"Now that," said Redgauntlet, "I hold to be pretty much the same, *in foro conscientiæ*, as if you had broken the seal yourself. I shall hold myself excused from entering upon farther discourse with a messenger so faithless ; and you may thank yourself if your journey has been fruitless."

"Stay, sir," said Fairford ; "and know that I became acquainted with the contents of the paper without my consent—I may even say against my will ; Mr. Buonaventure—"

"Who?" demanded Redgauntlet, in a wild and alarmed manner—"whom was it you named?"

"Father Buonaventure," said Alan—"a Catholic priest, as I apprehend, whom I saw at the Miss Arthurets' house, called Fairladies."

"Miss Arthurets! Fairladies! A Catholic priest! Father Buonaventure!" said Redgauntlet, repeating the words of Alan with astonishment. "Is it possible that human rashness can reach such a point of infatuation? Tell me the truth, I conjure you, sir. I have the deepest interest to know whether this is more than an idle legend, picked up from hearsay about the country. You are a lawyer, and know the risk incurred by the Catholic clergy whom the discharge of their duty sends to these bloody shores."

"I am a lawyer, certainly," said Fairford; "but my holding such a respectable condition in life warrants that I am neither an informer nor a spy. Here is sufficient evidence that I have seen Father Buonaventure."

He put Buonaventure's letter into Redgauntlet's hand, and watched his looks closely while he read it. "Double-dyed infatuation!" he muttered, with looks in which sorrow, displeasure, and anxiety were mingled. "'Save me from the indiscretion of my friends,' says the Spaniard; 'I can save myself from the hostility of my enemies.'"

He then read the letter attentively, and for two or three minutes was lost in thought, while some purpose of importance seemed to have gathered and sit brooding upon his countenance. He held up his finger towards his satellite, Cristal Nixon, who replied to his signal with a prompt nod; and with one or two of the attendants approached Fairford in such a manner as to make him apprehensive they were about to lay hold of him.

At this moment a noise was heard from withinside of the house and presently rushed forth Peter Peebles, pursued by Nanty Ewart with his drawn hanger, and the worthy Quaker, who was endeavoring to prevent mischief to others, at some risk of bringing it on himself.

A wilder and yet a more absurd figure can hardly be imagined than that of Poor Peter clattering along as fast as his huge boots would permit him, and resembling nothing so much as a flying scarecrow; while the thin emaciated form of Nanty Ewart, with the hue of death on his cheek, and the fire of vengeance glancing from his eye, formed a ghastly contrast with the ridiculous object of his pursuit.

Redgauntlet threw himself between them. "What ex-

travagant folly is this?" he said. "Put up your weapon, captain. Is this a time to indulge in drunken brawls, or is such a miserable object as that a fitting antagonist for a man of courage?"

"I beg your pardon," said the captain, sheathing his weapon. "I was a little bit out of the way to be sure; but to know the provocation, a man must read my heart, and that I hardly dare to do myself. But the wretch is safe from me. Heaven has done its own vengeance on us both."

While he spoke in this manner, Peter Peebles, who had at first crept behind Redgauntlet in bodily fear, began now to reassume his spirits. Pulling his protector by the sleeve, "Mr. Herries—Mr. Herries," he whispered, eagerly, "ye have done me mair than ae gude turn, and if ye will but do me anither at this dead pinch, I'll forgie the girded keg of brandy that you and Captain Sir Harry Redgimlet drank out yon time. Ye shall hae an ample discharge and renunciation, and though I should see you walking at the Cross of Edinburgh, or standing at the bar of the Court of Justiciary, no the very thumbikins themselves should bring to my memory that ever I saw you in arms yon day."

He accompanied this promise by pulling so hard at Redgauntlet's cloak that he at last turned round. "Idiot! speak in a word what you want."

"Aweel—aweel! in a word then," said Peter Peebles, "I have a warrant on me to apprehend that man that stands there, Alan Fairford by name, and advocate by calling. I bought it from Justice Maister Foxley's clerk, Maister Nicholas Faggot, wi' the guinea that you gie me."

"Ha!" said Redgauntlet, "hast thou really such a warrant? Let me see it. Look sharp that no one escape, Cristal Nixon."

Peter produced a huge, greasy, leathern pocketbook, too dirty to permit its original color to be visible, filled with scrolls of notes, memorials to counsel, and Heaven knows what besides. From amongst this precious mass he culled forth a paper, and placed it in the hands of Redgauntlet or Herries, as he continued to call him, saying, at the same time, "It's a formal and binding warrant, proceeding on my affidavit made, that the said Alan Fairford, being lawfully engaged in my service, had slipped the tether and fled over the Border, and was now lurking there and thereabouts, to elude and evite the discharge of his bounden duty to me; and therefore granting warrant to constables and others to seek for, take, and apprehend him, that he may be brought

before the honorable Justice Foxley for examination, and, if necessary, for commitment. Now, though a' this be fairly set down as I tell ye, yet wheream I to get an officer to execute this warrant in sic a country as this, where sword's and pistols flee out at a word's speaking, and folk care as little for the peace of King George as the peace of Auld King Coul? There's that drunken skipper and that wet Quaker enticed me into the public this morning, and because I wouldna gie them as much brandy as wad have made them blind-drunk, they baith fell on me, and were in way of guiding me very ill."

While Peter went on in this manner, Redgauntlet glanced his eye over the warrant, and immediately saw that it must be a trick passed by Nicholas Faggot to cheat the poor insane wretch out of his solitary guinea. But the Justice had actually subscribed it, as he did whatever his clerk presented to him, and Redgauntlet resolved to use it for his own purposes.

Without making any direct answer, therefore, to Peter Peebles, he walked up gravely to Fairford, who had waited quietly for the termination of a scene in which he was not a little surprised to find his client, Mr. Peebles, a conspicuous actor.

"Mr. Fairford," said Redgauntlet, "there are many reasons which might induce me to comply with the request, or rather the injunctions, of the excellent Father Buonaventure, that I should communicate with you upon the present condition of my ward; whom you know under the name of Darsie Latimer; but no man is better aware than you that the law must be obeyed, even in contradiction to our own feelings; now, this poor man has obtained a warrant for carrying you before a magistrate and I am afraid there is a necessity of your yielding to it, although to the postponement of the business which you may have with me."

"A warrant against me!" said Alan, indignantly, "and at that poor miserable wretch's instance? Why, this is a trick—a mere and most palpable trick!"

"It may be so," replied Redgauntlet, with great equanimity, "doubtless you know best; only the writ appears regular, and with that respect for the law which has been," he said, with hypocritical formality, "a leading feature of my character through life, I cannot dispense with giving my poor aid to the support of a legal warrant. Look at it yourself, and be satisfied it is no trick of mine."

Fairford ran over the affidavit and the warrant, and then

exclaimed once more that it was an impudent imposition, and that he would hold those who acted upon such a warrant liable in the highest damages. I guess at your motive, Mr. Redgauntlet," he said, "for acquiescing in so ridiculous a proceeding. But be assured you will find that in this country one act of illegal violence will not be covered or atoned for by practising another. You cannot, as a man of sense and honor, pretend to say you regard this as a legal warrant."

"I am no lawyer, sir," said Redgauntlet; "and pretend not to know what is or is not law: the warrant is quite formal, and that is enough for me."

"Did ever any one hear," said Fairford, "of an advocate being compelled to return to his task, like a collier or a salter* who has deserted his master?"

"I see no reason why he should not," said Redgauntlet, drily, "unless on the ground that the services of the lawyer are the most expensive and least useful of the two."

"You cannot mean this in earnest," said Fairford—"you cannot really mean to avail yourself of so poor a contrivance to evade the word pledged by your friend, your ghostly father, in my behalf? I may have been a fool for trusting it too easily, but think what you must be if you can abuse my confidence in this manner. I entreat you to reflect that this usage releases me from all promises of secrecy or connivance at what I am apt to think are very dangerous practises, and that——"

"Harkye, Mr. Fairford," said Redgauntlet, "I must here interrupt you for your own sake. One word of betraying what you may have seen, or what you may have suspected, and your seclusion is like to have either a very distant or a very brief termination—in either case a most undesirable one. At present, you are sure of being at liberty in a very few days, perhaps much sooner."

"And my friend," said Alan Fairford, "for whose sake I have run myself into this danger, what is to become of him? Dark and dangerous man!" he exclaimed, raising his voice, "I will not be again cajoled by deceitful promises——"

"I give you my honor that your friend is well," interrupted Redgauntlet; "perhaps I may permit you to see him, if you will but submit with patience to a fate which is inevitable."

But Alan Fairford, considering his confidence as having been abused, first by Maxwell and next by the priest, raised his voice, and appealed to all the king's lieges within hear-

* [See Note 25.]

ing, against the violence with which he was threatened. He was instantly seized on by Nixon and two assistants, who, holding down his arms and endeavoring to stop his mouth, were about to hurry him away.

The honest Quaker, who had kept out of Redgauntlet's presence, now came boldly forward.

"Friend," said he, "thou dost more than thou canst answer. Thou knowest me well, and thou art aware that in me thou hast a deeply-injured neighbor, who was dwelling beside thee in the honesty and simplicity of his heart."

"Tush, Jonathan," said Redgauntlet—"talk not to me, man: it is neither the craft of a young lawyer nor the *simplicity* of an old hypocrite can drive me from my purpose."

"By my faith," said the captain, coming forward in his turn, "this is hardly fair, General; and I doubt," he added, "whether the will of my owners can make me a party to such proceedings. Nay, never fumble with your sword-hilt, but out with it like a man, if you are for a tilting." He unsheathed his hanger, and continued—"I will neither see my comrade Fairford nor the old Quaker abused. D—n all warrants, false or true—curse the justice—confound the constable! and here stands little Nanty Ewart to make good what he says against gentle and simple, in spite of horseshoe or horseradish either."

The cry of "Down with all warrants!" was popular in the ears of the militia of the inn, and Nanty Ewart was no less so. Fishers, hostlers, seamen, smugglers began to crowd to the spot. Crackenthorp endeavored in vain to mediate. The attendants of Redgauntlet began to handle their fire-arms; but their master shouted to them to forbear, and, unsheathing his sword as quick as lightning, he rushed on Ewart in the midst of his bravade, and struck his weapon from his hand with such address and force that it flew three yards from him. Closing with him at the same moment, he gave him a severe fall, and waved his sword over his head, to show he was absolutely at his mercy.

"There you drunken vagabond," he said, "I gave you your life; you are no bad fellow, if you could keep from brawling among your friends. But we all know Nanty Ewart," he said to the crowd around, with a forgiving laugh, which, joined to the awe his prowess had inspired, entirely confirmed their wavering allegiance.

They shouted, "The Laird forever!" while poor Nanty, rising from the earth, on whose lap he had been stretched so

rudely, went in quest of his hanger, lifted it, wiped it, and as he returned the weapon to the scabbard, muttered between his teeth, "It is true they say of him, and the devil will stand his friend till his hour come; I will cross him no more."

So saying, he slunk from the crowd, cowed, and disheartened by his defeat.

"For you, Joshua Geddes," said Redgauntlet, approaching the Quaker, who, with lifted hands and eyes, had beheld the scene of violence, "I shall take the liberty to arrest thee for a breach of the peace altogether unbecoming thy pretended principles; and I believe it will go hard with thee both in a Court of Justice and among thine own Society of Friends, as they call themselves, who will be but indifferently pleased to see the quiet tenor of their hypocrisy insulted by such violent proceedings."

"I violent!" said Joshua—"I do aught unbecoming the principles of the Friends! I defy thee, man, and I charge thee, as a Christian, to forbear vexing my soul with such charges: it is grievous enough to me to have seen violences which I was unable to prevent."

"Oh, Joshua—Joshua!" said Redgauntlet, with a sardonic smile, "thou light of the faithful in the town of Dumfries and the places adjacent, wilt thou thus fall away from the truth? Hast thou not, before us all, attempted to rescue a man from the warrant of law? Didst thou not encourage that drunken fellow to draw his weapon; and didst thou not thyself flourish thy cudgel in the cause? Think'st thou that the oaths of the injured Peter Peebles and the conscientious Cristal Nixon, besides those of such gentlemen as look on this strange scene, who not only put on swearing as a garment, but to whom, in custom-house matters, oaths are literally meat and drink—dost thou not think, I say, that these men's oaths will go farther than thy "Yea" and "Nay" in this matter?"

"I will swear to anything," said Peter: "all is fair when it comes to an oath *ad litem*."

"You do me foul wrong," said the Quaker, undisturbed by the general laugh. "I encouraged no drawing of weapons, though I attempted to move an unjust man by some use of argument; I brandished no cudgel, although it may be that the ancient Adam struggled within me, and caused my hand to grasp mine oaken staff firmer than usual, when I saw innocence borne down with violence. But why talk I what is true and just to thee, who hast been a man of vio-

lence from thy youth upwards? Let me rather speak to thee such language as thou canst comprehend. Deliver these young men up to me," he said, when he had led Redgauntlet a little apart from the crowd, "and I will not only free thee from the heavy charge of damages which thou hast incurred by thine outrage upon my property, but I will add ransom for them and for myself. What would it profit thee to do the youths wrong, by detaining them in captivity?"

"Mr. Geddes," said Redgauntlet, in a tone more respectful than he had hitherto used to the Quaker, "your language is disinterested, and I respect the fidelity of your friendship. Perhaps we have mistaken each other's principles and motives; but if so, we have not at present time for explanation. Make yourself easy. I hope to raise your friend Darsie Latimer to a pitch of eminence which you will witness with pleasure—nay, do not attempt to answer me. The other young man shall suffer restraint a few days, probably only a few hours; it is not more than due for his pragmatical interference in what concerned him not. Do you, Mr. Geddes, be so prudent as to take your horse and leave this place, which is growing every moment more unfit for the abode of a man of peace. You may wait the event in safety at Mount Sharon."

"Friend," replied Joshua, "I cannot comply with thy advice: I will remain here, even as thy prisoner, as thou didst but now threaten, rather than leave the youth, who hath suffered by and through me and my misfortunes, in his present state of doubtful safety. Wherefore, I will not mount my steed Solomon, neither will I turn his head towards Mount Sharon, until I see an end of this matter."

"A prisoner, then, you must be," said Redgauntlet. "I have no time to dispute the matter farther with you. But tell me for what you fix your eyes so attentively on yonder people of mine?"

"To speak the truth," said the Quaker, "I admire to behold among them a little wretch of a boy called Benjie, to whom I think Satan has given the power of transporting himself wheresoever mischief is going forward, so that it may be truly said, there is no evil in this land wherein he hath not a finger, if not a whole hand."

The boy, who saw their eyes fixed on him as they spoke, seemed embarrassed, and rather desirous of making his escape; but at a signal from Redgauntlet he advanced, assuming the sheepish look and rustic manner with which the jackanapes covered much acuteness and roguery,

"How long have you been with the party, sirrah," said Redgauntlet.

"Since the raid on the stake-nets," said Benjie, with his finger in his mouth.

"And what made you follow us?"

"I dauredna stay at hame for the constables," replied the boy.

"And what have you been doing all this time?"

"Doing, sir! I dinna ken what ye ca' doing—I have been doing naething," said Benjie; then seeing something in Redgauntlet's eye which was not to be trifled with, he added, "Naething but waiting on Maister Cristal Nixon."

"Hum!—ay—indeed?" muttered Redgauntlet. "Must Master Nixon bring his own retinue into the field? This must be seen to."

He was about to pursue his inquiry, when Nixon himself came to him with looks of anxious haste. "The Father is come," he whispered, "and the gentlemen are getting together in the largest room of the house, and they desire to see you. Yonder is your nephew, too, making a noise like a man in Bedlam."

"I will look to it all instantly," said Redgauntlet. "Is the Father lodged as I directed?"

Cristal nodded.

"Now, then, for the final trial," said Redgauntlet. He folded his hands, looked upwards, crossed himself, and after this act of devotion (almost the first which any one had observed him make use of), he commanded Nixon to keep good watch, have his horses and men ready for every emergency, look after the safe custody of the prisoners, but treat them at the same time well and civilly. And these orders given, he darted hastily into the house.

CHAPTER XXII

NARRATIVE CONTINUED

REDGAUNTLET'S first course was to the chamber of his nephew. He unlocked the door, entered the apartment, and asked what he wanted, that he made so much noise.

"I want my liberty," said Darsie, who had wrought himself up to a pitch of passion in which his uncle's wrath had lost its terrors—"I desire my liberty, and to be assured of the safety of my beloved friend, Alan Fairford, whose voice I heard but now."

"Your liberty shall be your own within half an hour from this period; your friend shall be also set at freedom in due time, and you yourself be permitted to have access to his place of confinement."

"This does not satisfy me," said Darsie: "I must see my friend instantly; he is here, and he is here endangered on my account only. I have heard violent exclamations—the clash of swords. You will gain no point with me unless I have ocular demonstration of his safety."

"Arthur—dearest nephew," answered Redgauntlet, "drive me not mad! Thine own fate—that of thy house—that of thousands—that of Britain herself, are at this moment in the scales; and you are only occupied about the safety of a poor insignificant pettifogger!"

"He has sustained injury at your hands, then?" said Darsie, fiercely. "I know he has; but if so, not even relationship shall protect you."

"Peace, ungrateful and obstinate fool!" said Redgauntlet. "Yet stay. Will you be satisfied if you see this Alan Fairford, the bundle of bombazine—this precious friend of yours—well and sound? Will you, I say, be satisfied with seeing him in perfect safety, without attempting to speak to or converse with him?" Darsie signified his assent. "Take hold of my arm, then," said Redgauntlet; "and do you, niece Lilius, take the other; and beware, Sir Arthur, how you bear yourself."

Darsie was compelled to acquiesce, sufficiently aware that his uncle would permit him no interview with a friend whose

influence would certainly be used against his present earnest wishes, and in some measure contented with the assurance of Fairford's personal safety.

Redgauntlet led them through one or two passages (for the house, as we have before said, was very irregular, and built at different times), until they entered an apartment where a man with shouldered carabine kept watch at the door, but readily turned the key for their reception. In this room they found Alan Fairford and the Quaker, apparently in deep conversation with each other. They looked up as Redgauntlet and his party entered; and Alan pulled off his hat and made a profound reverence, which the young lady, who recognized him—though, masked as she was, he could not know her—returned with some embarrassment, arising probably from the recollection of the bold step she had taken in visiting him.

Darsie longed to speak, but dared not. His uncle only said, "Gentlemen, I know you are as anxious on Mr. Darsie Latimer's account as he is upon yours. I am commissioned by him to inform you that he is as well as you are. I trust you will all meet soon. Meantime, although I cannot suffer you to be at large, you shall be as well treated as is possible under your temporary confinement."

He passed on, without pausing to hear the answers which the lawyer and the Quaker were hastening to prefer; and only waving his hand by way of adieu, made his exit with the real and the seeming lady whom he had under his charge through a door at the upper end of the apartment, which was fastened and guarded like that by which they entered.

Redgauntlet next led the way into a very small room, adjoining which, but divided by a partition, was one of apparently larger dimensions; for they heard the trampling of the heavy boots of the period, as if several persons were walking to and fro, and conversing in low and anxious whispers.

"Here," said Redgauntlet to his nephew, as he disencumbered him from the riding-skirt and the mask. "I restore you to yourself, and trust you will lay aside all effeminate thoughts with this feminine dress. Do not blush at having worn a disguise to which kings and heroes have been reduced. It is when female craft or female cowardice find their way into a manly bosom that he who entertains these sentiments should take eternal shame to himself for thus having resembled womankind. Follow me while Lillias remains here. I will introduce you to those whom I hope to see associated with you in the most glorious cause that hand ever drew sword in."

Darsie paused. "Uncle," he said, "my person is in your hands; but remember, my will is my own. I will not be hurried into any resolution of importance. Remember what I have already said—what I now repeat—that I will take no step of importance but upon conviction."

"But canst thou be convinced, thou foolish boy, without hearing and understanding the grounds on which we act?"

So saying, he took Darsie by the arm and walked with him to the next room—a large apartment, partly filled with miscellaneous articles of commerce, chiefly connected with contraband trade; where, among bales and barrels, sat or walked to and fro several gentlemen, whose manners and looks seemed superior to the plain riding-dresses which they wore.

There was a grave and stern anxiety upon their countenances, when, on Redgauntlet's entrance, they drew from their separate coteries into one group around him, and saluted him with a formality which had something in it of ominous melancholy. As Darsie looked around the circle, he thought he could discern in it few traces of that adventurous hope which urges men upon desperate enterprises; and began to believe that the conspiracy would dissolve of itself, without the necessity of his placing himself in direct opposition to so violent a character as his uncle, and incurring the hazard with which such opposition must needs be attended.

Mr. Redgauntlet, however, did not, or would not, see any such marks of depression of spirit amongst his coadjutors, but met them with cheerful countenance and a warm greeting of welcome. "Happy to meet you here, my lord," he said, bowing low to a slender young man. "I trust you come with the pledges of your noble father of B—— and all that royal house. Sir Richard, what news in the west? I am told you had two hundred men on foot to have joined when the fatal retreat from Derby was commenced. When the White Standard is again displayed, it shall not be turned back so easily, either by the force of its enemies or the falsehood of his friends. Doctor Grumball, I bow to the representative of Oxford, the mother of learning and loyalty. Pengwinion, you Cornish chough, has this good wind blown you north? Ah, my brave Cambro-Britons, when was Wales last in the race of honor?"

Such and such-like compliments he dealt around, which were in general answered by silent bows; but when he saluted one of his own countrymen by the name of MacKeller, and greeted Maxwell of Summertrees by that of Pate-in-

Peril, the latter replied, "that if Pate were not a fool, he would be Pate-in-Safety"; and the former, a thin old gentleman, in tarnished embroidery, said bluntly, "Ay, troth, Redgauntlet, I am here just like yourself: I have little to lose; they that took my land the last time may take my life this, and that is all I care about it."

The English gentlemen, who were still in possession of their paternal estates, looked doubtfully on each other, and there was something whispered among them of the fox which had lost his tail.

Redgauntlet hastened to address them. "I think, my lords and gentlemen," he said, "that I can account for something like sadness which has crept upon an assembly gathered together for so noble a purpose. Our numbers seem, when thus assembled, too small and inconsiderable to shake the firm-seated usurpation of a half-century. But do not count us by what we are in thew and muscle, but by what our summons can do among our countrymen. In this small party are those who have power to raise battalions, and those who have wealth to pay them. And do not believe our friends who are absent are cold or indifferent to the cause. Let us once light the signal, and it will be hailed by all who retain love for the Stuart, and by all—a more numerous body—who hate the Elector. Here I have letters from——"

Sir Richard Glendale interrupted the speaker. "We all confide, Redgauntlet, in your valor and skill, we admire your perseverance, and probably nothing short of your strenuous exertions, and the emulation awakened by your noble and disinterested conduct, could have brought so many of us, the scattered remnant of a disheartened party, to meet together once again in solemn consultation—for I take it, gentlemen," he said, looking round, "this is only a consultation."

"Nothing more," said the young lord.

"Nothing more," said Doctor Grumball, shaking his large academical peruke.

And "Only a consultation," was echoed by the others.

Redgauntlet bit his lip. "I had hopes," he said, "that the discourses I have held with most of you, from time to time, had ripened into more maturity than your words imply, and that we were here to execute as well as to deliberate. And for this we stand prepared: I can raise five hundred men with my whistle."

"Five hundred men!" said one of the Welsh squires.

"Cot bless us! and, pray you, what good could five hundred men do?"

"All that the priming does for the cannon, Mr. Meredith," answered Redgauntlet: "it will enable us to seize Carlisle, and you know what our friends have engaged for in that case."

"Yes, but," said the young nobleman, "you must not hurry us on too fast, Mr. Redgauntlet; we are all, I believe, as sincere and true-hearted in this business as you are, but we will not be driven forward blindfold. We owe caution to ourselves and our families, as well as to those whom we are empowered to represent on this occasion."

"Who hurries you, my lord? Who is it that would drive this meeting forward blindfold? I do not understand your lordship," said Redgauntlet.

"Nay," said Sir Richard Glendale, "at least do not let us fall under our old reproach of disagreeing among ourselves. What my lord means, Redgauntlet, is, that we have this morning heard it is uncertain whether you could even bring that body of men whom you count upon; your countryman, Mr. MacKellar, seemed, just before you came in, to doubt whether your people would rise in any force, unless you could produce the authority of your nephew."

"I might ask," said Redgauntlet, "what right MacKellar, or any one, has to doubt my being able to accomplish what I stand pledged for? But our hopes consist in our unity. Here stands my nephew. Gentlemen, I present to you my kinsman, Sir Arthur Darsie Redgauntlet of that ilk."

"Gentlemen," said Darsie, with a throbbing bosom, for he felt the crisis a very painful one, "allow me to say that I suspend expressing my sentiments on the important subject under discussion until I have heard those of the present meeting."

"Proceed in your deliberations, gentlemen," said Redgauntlet; "I will show my nephew such reasons for acquiescing in the result as will entirely remove any scruples which may hang around his mind."

Dr. Grumball now coughed, "shook his ambrosial curls," and addressed the assembly.

"The principles of Oxford," he said, "are well understood, since she was the last to resign herself to the Arch-Usurper; since she was condemned, by her sovereign authority, the blasphemous, atheistical, and anarchical tenets of Locke and other deluders of the public mind. Oxford will

give men, money and countenance to the cause of the right-ful monarch. But we have been often deluded by foreign powers, who have availed themselves of our zeal to stir up civil dissensions in Britain, not for the advantage of our blessed though banished monarch, but to engender disturbances by which they might profit, while we, their tools, are sure to be ruined. Oxford, therefore, will not rise unless our sovereign comes in person to claim our allegiance, in which case, God forbid we should refuse him our best obedience."

"It is a very good advice," said Mr. Meredith.

"In troth," said Sir Richard Glendale, "it is the very keystone of our enterprise, and the only condition upon which I myself and others could ever have dreamt of taking up arms. No insurrection which has not Charles Edward himself at its head will ever last longer than till a single foot-company of redcoats march to disperse it."

"This is my own opinion, and that of all my family," said the young nobleman already mentioned; "and I own I am somewhat surprised at being summoned to attend a dangerous rendezvous such as this, before something certain could have been stated to us on this most important preliminary point."

"Pardon me, my lord," said Redgauntlet; "I have not been so unjust either to myself or my friends—I had no means of communicating to our distant confederates, without the greatest risk of discovery, what is known to some of my honorable friends. As courageous and as resolved as when, twenty years since, he threw himself into the wilds of Moidart, Charles Edward has instantly complied with the wishes of his faithful subjects. Charles Edward is in this country—Charles Edward is in this house! Charles Edward waits but your present decision, to receive the homage of those who have ever called themselves his loyal liegemen. He that would now turn his coat and change his note must do so under the eye of his sovereign."

There was a deep pause. Those among the conspirators whom mere habit or a desire of preserving consistency had engaged in the affair now saw with terror their retreat cut off; and others, who at a distance had regarded the proposed enterprise as hopeful, trembled when the moment of actually embarking in it was thus unexpectedly and almost inevitably precipitated.

"How now, my lords and gentlemen!" said Redgauntlet. "Is it delight and rapture that keep you thus silent?"

Where are the eager welcomes that should be paid your rightful king, who a second time confides his person to the care of his subjects, undeterred by the hairbreadth escapes and severe privations of his former expeditions? I hope there is no gentleman here that is not ready to redeem, in his prince's presence, the pledge of fidelity which he offered in his absence?"

"I, at least," said the young nobleman, resolutely, and laying his hand on his sword, "will not be that coward. If Charles is come to these shores, I will be the first to give him welcome, and to devote my life and fortune to his service."

"Before Cot," said Mr. Meredith, "I do not see that Mr. Redcantlet has left us anything else to do."

"Stay," said Summertrees, "there is yet one other question. Has he brought any of those Irish rapparees with him, who broke the neck of our last glorious affair?"

"Not a man of them," said Redgauntlet.

"I trust," said Dr. Grumball, "that there are no Catholic priests in his company? I would not intrude on the private conscience of my sovereign, but, as an unworthy son of the Church of England, it is my duty to consider her security."

"Not a Popish dog or cat is there, to bark or mew about his Majesty," said Redgauntlet. "Old Shaftesbury himself could not wish a prince's person more secure from Popery—which may not be the worst religion in the world, notwithstanding. Any more doubts, gentlemen? can no more plausible reasons be discovered for postponing the payment of our duty, and discharge of our oaths and engagements? Meantime your king waits your declaration—by my faith, he hath but a frozen reception!"

"Redgauntlet," said Sir Richard Glendale, calmly, "your reproaches shall not goad me into anything of which my reason disapproves. That I respect my engagement as much as you do is evident, since I am here, ready to support it with the best blood in my veins. But has the King really come hither entirely unattended?"

"He has no man with him but young ——, as aide-de-camp, and a single valet-de-chambre."

"No *man*—but, Redgauntlet, as you are a gentleman, has he no *woman* with him?"

Redgauntlet cast his eyes on the ground and replied, "I am sorry to say—he has."

The company looked at each other, and remained silent

for a moment. At length Sir Richard proceeded. "I need not repeat to you, Mr. Redgauntlet, what is the well-grounded opinion of his Majesty's friends concerning that most unhappy connection : there is but one sense and feeling amongst us upon the subject. I must conclude that our humble remonstrances were communicated by you, sir, to the King?"

"In the same strong terms in which they were couched," replied Redgauntlet. "I love his Majesty's cause more than I fear his displeasure."

"But, apparently, our humble expostulation has produced no effect. This lady, who has crept into his bosom, has a sister in the Elector of Hanover's court, and yet we are well assured that every point of our most private communication is placed in her keeping."

"*Varium et mutabile semper femina*," said Dr. Grumball.

"She puts his secrets into her work-bag," said Maxwell, "and out they fly whenever she opens it. If I must hang, I would wish it to be in somewhat a better rope than the string of a lady's hussy."

"Are you, too, turning dastard, Maxwell?" said Redgauntlet, in a whisper.

"Not I," said Maxwell; "let us fight for it, and let them win and wear us; but to be betrayed by a brimstone like that——"

"Be temperate, gentlemen," said Redgauntlet; "the foible of which you complain so heavily has always been that of king and heroes, which I feel strongly confident the King will surmount, upon the humble entreaty of his best servants, and when he sees them ready to peril their all in his cause, upon the slight condition of his resigning the society of a female favorite, of whom I have seen reason to think he hath been himself for some time wearied. But let us not press upon him rashly with our well-meant zeal. He has a princely will, as becomes his princely birth, and we, gentlemen, who are loyalists, should be the last to take advantage of circumstances to limit its exercise. I am as much surprised and hurt as you can be to find that he has made her the companion of his journey, increasing every chance of treachery and detection. But do not let us insist upon a sacrifice so humiliating, while he has scarce placed a foot upon the beach of his kingdom. Let us act generously by our sovereign; and when we have shown what we will do for him, we shall be able, with better face, to state what it is we expect him to concede,"

“Indeed, I think it is but a pity,” said MacKellar, “when so many pretty gentlemen are got together, that they should part without the flash of a sword among them.”

“I should be of that gentleman’s opinion,” said Lord——, “had I nothing to lose but my life ; but I frankly own that the conditions on which our family agreed to join having been, in this instance, left unfulfilled, I will not peril the whole fortunes of our house on the doubtful fidelity of an artful woman.”

“I am sorry to see your lordship,” said Redgauntlet, “take a course which is more likely to secure your house’s wealth than to augment its honors.”

“How am I to understand your language, sir ?” said the young nobleman, haughtily.

“Nay, gentlemen,” said Dr. Grumball, interposing, “do not let friends quarrel ; we are all zealous for the cause, but truly, although I know the license claimed by the great in such matters, and can, I hope, make due allowance, there is I may say, an indecorum in a prince who comes to claim the allegiance of the Church of England arriving on such an errand with such a companion—*si non caste, caute tamen*.”

“I wonder how the Church of England came to be so heartily attached to his merry old namesake,” said Redgauntlet.

Sir Richard Glendale then took up the question, as one whose authority and experience gave him right to speak with much weight.

“We have no leisure for hesitation,” he said : “it is full time that we decide what course we are to hold. I feel as much as you, Mr. Redgauntlet, the delicacy of capitulating with our sovereign in his present condition. But I must also think of the total ruin of the cause, the confiscation and bloodshed which will take place among his adherents, and all through the infatuation with which he adheres to a woman who is the pensionary of the present minister, as she was for years Sir Robert Walpole’s. Let his Majesty send her back to the continent, and the sword on which I now lay my hand shall instantly be unsheathed, and, I trust, many hundred others at the same moment.”

The other persons present testified their unanimous acquiescence in what Sir Richard Glendale had said.

“I see you have taken your resolutions, gentlemen,” said Redgauntlet—“unwisely, I think, because I believe that, by softer and more generous proceedings, you would have been more likely to carry a point which I think as desirable as

you do. But what is to be done if Charles should refuse, with the inflexibility of his grandfather, to comply with this request of yours? Do you mean to abandon him to his fate?"

"God forbid!" said Sir Richard, hastily; and God forgive you, Mr. Redgauntlet, for breathing such a thought. No; I for one will, with all duty and humility, see him safe back to his vessel, and defend him with my life against whoever shall assail him. But when I have seen his sails spread, my next act will be to secure, if I can, my own safety by retiring to my house; or, if I find our engagement, as is too probable, has taken wind, by surrendering myself to the next justice of peace, and giving security that hereafter I shall live quiet and submit to the ruling powers."

Again the rest of the persons present intimated their agreement in opinion with the speaker.

"Well, gentlemen," said Redgauntlet, "it is not for me to oppose the opinion of every one: and I must do you the justice to say, that the King has, in the present instance, neglected a condition of your agreement which was laid before him in very distinct terms. The question now is, who is to acquaint him with the result of this conference? for I presume you would not wait on him in a body to make the proposal that he should dismiss a person from his family as the price of your allegiance."

"I think, Mr. Redgauntlet should make the explanation," said Lord ——. "As he has, doubtless, done justice to our remonstrances by communicating them to the King, no one can, with such propriety and force, state the natural and inevitable consequence of their being neglected."

"Now, I think," said Redgauntlet, "that those who make the objection should state it; for I am confident the King will hardly believe, on less authority than that of the heir of the loyal house of B——, that he is the first to seek an evasion of his pledge to join him."

"An evasion, sir!" repeated Lord ——. fiercely. "I have borne too much from you already, and this I will not endure. Favor me with your company to the downs yonder."

Redgauntlet laughed scornfully, and was about to follow the fiery young man, when Sir Richard again interposed. "Are we to exhibit," he said, "the last symptoms of the dissolution of our party, by turning our swords against each other? Be patient, Lord —; in such conferences as this, much must pass unquestioned which might brook challenge elsewhere. There is a privilege of party as of parliament;

men cannot, in emergency, stand upon picking phrases. Gentlemen, if you will extend your confidence in me so far, I will wait upon his Majesty, and I hope my Lord — and Mr. Redgauntlet will accompany me. I trust the explanation of this unpleasant matter will prove entirely satisfactory, and that we shall find ourselves at liberty to render our homage to our sovereign without reserve, when I for one will be the first to peril all in his just quarrel.”

Redgauntlet at once stepped forward. “My Lord,” he said, “if my zeal made me say anything in the slightest degree offensive, I wish it unsaid, and ask your pardon. A gentleman can do no more.”

“I could not have asked Mr. Redgauntlet to do so much,” said the young nobleman, willingly accepting the hand which Redgauntlet offered. “I know no man living from whom I could take so much reproof without a sense of degradation as from himself.”

“Let me then hope, my lord, that you will go with Sir Richard and me to the presence. Your warm blood will heat our zeal ; our colder resolves will temper yours.”

The young lord smiled and shook his head. “Alas ! Mr. Redgauntlet,” he said, “I am ashamed to say that in zeal you surpass us all. But I will not refuse this mission, provided you will permit Sir Arthur, your nephew, also to accompany us.”

“My nephew !” said Redgauntlet, and seemed to hesitate ; then added, “Most certainly. I trust,” he said, looking at Darsie, “he will bring to his prince’s presence such sentiments as fit the occasion.”

It seemed, however, to Darsie that his uncle would rather have left him behind, had he not feared that he might in that case have been influenced by, or might perhaps himself influence, the unresolved confederates with whom he must have associated during his absence.

“I will go,” said Redgauntlet, “and request admission.” In a moment after he returned, and, without speaking, motioned for the young nobleman to advance. He did so, followed by Sir Richard Glendale and Darsie, Redgauntlet himself bringing up in the rear. A short passage and a few steps brought them to the door of the temporary presence-chamber, in which the Royal Wanderer was to receive their homage. It was the upper loft of one of those cottages which made additions to the old inn, poorly furnished, dusty, and in disorder ; for, rash as the enterprise might be considered, they had been still careful not to draw the

attention of strangers by any particular attentions to the personal accommodation of the Prince. He was seated when the deputies, as they might be termed, of his remaining adherents entered; and as he rose and came forward and bowed in acceptance of their salutation, it was with a dignified courtesy which at once supplied whatever was deficient in external pomp, and converted the wretched garret into a saloon worthy of the occasion.

It is needless to add, that he was the same personage already introduced in the character of Father Buonaventure, by which name he was distinguished at Fairladies. His dress was not different from what he then wore, excepting that he had a loose riding-coat of camlet, under which he carried an efficient cut-and-thrust sword, instead of his walking rapier, and also a pair of pistols.

Redgauntlet presented to him successively the young Lord —— and his kinsman, Sir Arthur Darsie Redgauntlet, who trembled as, bowing and kissing his hand, he found himself surprised into what might be construed an act of high treason, which yet he saw no safe means to avoid.

Sir Richard Glendale seemed personally known to Charles Edward, who received him with a mixture of dignity and affection, and seemed to sympathize with the tears which rushed into that gentleman's eyes as he bid his Majesty welcome to his native kingdom.

"Yes, my good Sir Richard," said the unfortunate prince, in a tone melancholy yet resolved, "Charles Edward is with his faithful friends once more—not, perhaps, with his former gay hopes which undervalued danger, but with the same determined contempt of the worst which can befall him in claiming his own rights and those of his country."

"I rejoice, sire—and yet, alas! I must also grieve—to see you once more on the British shores," said Sir Richard Glendale, and stopped short, a tumult of contradictory feelings preventing his farther utterance.

"It is the call of my faithful and suffering people which alone could have induced me to take once more the sword in my hand. For my own part, Sir Richard, when I have reflected how many of my loyal and devoted friends perished by the sword and by proscription, or died indigent and neglected in a foreign land, I have often sworn that no view to my personal aggrandizement should again induce me to agitate a title which has cost my followers so dear. But since so many men of worth and honor conceive the cause of England and Scotland to be linked with that of Charles

Stuart, I must follow their brave example, and, laying aside all other considerations, once more stand forward as their deliverer. I am, however, come hither upon your invitation ; and as you are so completely acquainted with circumstances to which my absence must necessarily have rendered me a stranger, I must be a mere tool in the hands of my friends. I know well I never can refer myself implicitly to more loyal hearts or wiser heads than Herries Redgauntlet and Sir Richard Glendale. Give me your advice, then, how we are to proceed, and decide upon the fate of Charles Edward."

Redgauntlet looked at Sir Richard, as if to say, "Can you press an additional or unpleasant condition at a moment like this?" And the other shook his head and looked down, as if his resolution was unaltered, and yet as feeling all the delicacy of the situation.

There was a silence, which was broken by the unfortunate representative of an unhappy dynasty with some appearance of irritation. "This is strange, gentlemen," he said: "you have sent for me from the bosom of my family to head an adventure of doubt and danger, and when I come, your own minds seem to be still irresolute. I had not expected this on the part of two such men."

"For me, sire," said Redgauntlet, "the steel of my sword is not truer than the temper of my mind."

"My Lord —'s and mine are equally so," said Sir Richard; "but you had in charge, Mr. Redgauntlet, to convey our request to his Majesty, coupled with certain conditions."

"And I discharged my duty to his Majesty and to you," said Redgauntlet.

"I looked at no condition, gentlemen," said their king, with dignity, "save that which called me here to assert my rights in person. *That* I have fulfilled at no common risk. Here I stand to keep my word, and I expect of you to be true to yours."

"There was, or should have been, something more than that in our proposal, please your Majesty," said Sir Richard. "There was a condition annexed to it."

"I saw it not," said Charles, interrupting him. "Out of tenderness towards the noble hearts of whom I think so highly, I would neither see nor read anything which could lessen them in my love and my esteem. Conditions can have no part betwixt prince and subject."

"Sire," said Redgauntlet, kneeling on one knee, "I see from Sir Richard's countenance he deems it my fault that

your Majesty seems ignorant of what your subjects desired that I should communicate to your Majesty. For Heaven's sake! for the sake of all my past services and sufferings, leave not such a stain upon my honor! The Note Number D., of which this is a copy, referred to the painful subject to which Sir Richard again directs your attention."

"You press upon me, gentlemen," said the Prince, coloring highly, "recollections which, as I hold them most alien to your character, I would willingly have banished from my memory. I did not suppose that my loyal subjects would think so poorly of me as to use my depressed circumstances as a reason for forcing themselves into my domestic privacies, and stipulating arrangements with their king regarding matters in which the meanest hinds claim the privilege of thinking for themselves. In affairs of state and public policy, I will ever be guided, as becomes a prince, by the advice of my wisest counselors; in those which regard my private affections and my domestic arrangements I claim the same freedom of will which I allow to all my subjects, and without which a crown were less worth wearing than a beggar's bonnet."

"May it please your Majesty," said Sir Richard Glendale, "I see it must be my lot to speak unwilling truths, but, believe me, I do so with as much profound respect as deep regret. It is true we have called you to head a mighty undertaking, and that your Majesty, preferring honor to safety, and the love of your country to your own ease, has condescended to become our leader. But we also pointed out as a necessary and indispensable preparatory step to the achievement of our purpose—and, I must say, as a positive condition of our engaging in it—that an individual, supposed—I presume not to guess how truly—to have your Majesty's more intimate confidence, and believed—I will not say on absolute proof, but upon the most pregnant suspicion—to be capable of betraying that confidence to the Elector of Hanover, should be removed from your royal household and society."

"This is too insolent, Sir Richard!" said Charles Edward. "Have you inveigled me into your power to bait me in this unseemly manner? And you, Redgauntlet, why did you suffer matters to come to such a point as this without making me more distinctly aware what insults were to be practised on me?"

"My gracious prince," said Redgauntlet, "I am so far to blame in this, that I did not think so slight an impediment as that of a woman's society could have really interrupted an

undertaking of this magnitude. I am a plain man, sire, and speak but bluntly—I could not have dreamed but what, within the first five minutes of this interview, either Sir Richard and his friends would have ceased to insist upon a condition so ungrateful to your Majesty, or that your Majesty would have sacrificed this unhappy attachment to the sound advice, or even to the over-anxious suspicions, of so many faithful subjects. I saw no entanglement in such a difficulty which on either side might not have been broken through like a cobweb.”

“You were mistaken, sir,” said Charles Edward—“entirely mistaken, as much so as you are at this moment, when you think in your heart my refusal to comply with this insolent proposition is dictated by a childish and romantic passion for an individual. I tell you, sir, I could part with that person to-morrow without an instant’s regret—that I have had thoughts of dismissing her from my court, for reasons known to myself; but that I will never betray my rights as a sovereign and a man by taking this step to secure the favor of any one, or to purchase that allegiance which, if you owe it to me at all, is due to me as my birthright.”

“I am sorry for this,” said Redgauntlet; “I hope both your Majesty and Sir Richard will reconsider your resolutions, or forbear this discussion in a conjuncture so pressing. I trust your Majesty will recollect that you are on hostile grounds; that our preparations cannot have so far escaped notice as to permit us now with safety to retreat from our purpose; insomuch, that it is with the deepest anxiety of heart I foresee even danger to your own royal person, unless you can generously give your subjects the satisfaction which Sir Richard seems to think they are obstinate in demanding.”

“And deep indeed your anxiety ought to be,” said the Prince. “Is it in these circumstances of personal danger in which you expect to overcome a resolution which is founded on a sense of what is due to me as a man or a prince? If the ax and scaffold were ready before the windows of Whitehall, I would rather tread the same path with my great-grandfather than concede the slightest point in which my honor is concerned.”

He spoke these words with a determined accent, and looked around him on the company, all of whom (excepting Darsie, who saw, he thought, a fair period to a most perilous enterprise) seemed in deep anxiety and confusion. At length Sir Richard spoke in a solemn and melancholy tone.

“If the safety,” he said, “of poor Richard Glendale were

alone concerned in this matter, I have never valued my life enough to weigh it against the slightest point of your Majesty's service. But I am only a messenger—a commissioner, who must execute my trust, and upon whom a thousand voices will cry 'Curse and woe' if I do it not with fidelity. All of your adherents, even Redgauntlet himself, see certain ruin to this enterprise, the greatest danger to your Majesty's person, the utter destruction of all your party and friends, if they insist not on the point which, unfortunately, your Majesty is so unwilling to concede. I speak it with a heart full of anguish, with a tongue unable to utter my emotions; but it must be spoken—the fatal truth that, if your royal goodness cannot yield to us a boon which we hold necessary to our security and your own, your Majesty with one word disarms ten thousand men, ready to draw their swords in your behalf; or, to speak yet more plainly, you annihilate even the semblance of a royal party in Great Britain."

"And why do you not add," said the Prince, scornfully, "that the men who have been ready to assume arms in my behalf will atone for their treason to the Elector by delivering me up to the fate for which so many proclamations have destined me? Carry my head to St. James's, gentlemen; you will do a more acceptable and more honorable action than, having inveigled me into a situation which places me so completely in your power, to dishonor yourselves by propositions which dishonor me."

"My God, sire!" exclaimed Sir Richard, clasping his hands together in impatience, "of what great and inexpressible crime can your Majesty's ancestors have been guilty, that they have been punished by the infliction of judicial blindness on their whole generation! Come, my Lord —, we must to our friends."

"By your leave, Sir Richard," said the young nobleman, "not till we have learned what measures can be taken for his Majesty's personal safety."

"Care not for me, young man," said Charles Edward; "when I was in the society of Highland robbers and cattle-drovers, I was safer than I now hold myself among the representatives of the best blood in England. Farewell, gentlemen—I will shift for myself."

"This must never be," said Redgauntlet. "Let me, that brought you to the point of danger, at least provide for your safe retreat."

So saying, he hastily left the apartment, followed by his

nephew. The Wanderer, averting his eyes from Lord —— and Sir Richard Glendale, threw himself into a seat at the upper end of the apartment, while they, in much anxiety, stood together at a distance from him and conversed in whispers.

CHAPTER XXIII

NARRATIVE CONTINUED

WHEN Redgauntlet left the room, in haste and discomposure, the first person he met on the stair, and indeed so close by the door of the apartment that Darsie thought he must have been listening there, was his attendant Nixon.

“What the devil do you here?” he said, abruptly and sternly.

“I wait your orders,” said Nixon. “I hope all’s right?—excuse my zeal.”

“All is wrong, sir. Where is the seafaring fellow—Ewart—what do you call him?”

“Nanty Ewart, sir. I will carry your commands,” said Nixon.

“I will deliver them myself to him,” said Redgauntlet. “Call him hither.”

“But should your honor leave the presence?” said Nixon, still lingering.

“’Sdeath, sir, do you prate to me?” said Redgauntlet, bending his brows. “I, sir, transact my own business; you, I am told, act by a ragged deputy.”

Without farther answer, Nixon departed, rather disconcerted, as it seemed to Darsie.

“That dog turns insolent and lazy,” said Redgauntlet; “but I must bear with him for a while.”

A moment after, Nixon returned with Ewart.

“Is this the smuggling fellow?” demanded Redgauntlet. Nixon nodded.

“Is he sober now? he was brawling anon.”

“Sober enough for business,” said Nixon.

“Well then, hark ye, Ewart—man your boat with your best hands, and have her by the pier; get your other fellows on board the brig; if you have any cargo left, throw it overboard—it shall be all paid, five times over; and be ready for a start to Wales or the Hebrides, or perhaps for Sweden or Norway.”

Ewart answered sullenly enough. “Ay—ay, sir.”

“Go with him, Nixon,” said Redgauntlet, forcing himself

to speak with some appearance of cordiality to the servant with whom he was offended ; “ see he does his duty.”

Ewart left the house sullenly, followed by Nixon. The sailor was just in that species of drunken humor which made him jealous, passionate, and troublesome, without showing any other disorder than that of irritability. As he walked towards the beach he kept muttering to himself, but in such a tone that his companion lost not a word, “ ‘ Smuggling fellow’—ay, smuggler—and, ‘ start your cargo into the sea—and be ready to start for the Hebrides, or Sweden’—or the devil, I suppose. Well, and what if I said in answer—‘ Rebel—Jacobite—traitor—I’ll make you and your d—d confederates walk the plank.’ I have seen better men do it—half a score of a morning—when I was across the Line.”

“ D—d unhandsome terms those Redgauntlet used to you, brother,” said Nixon.

“ Which do you mean ?” said Ewart, starting, and recollecting himself. “ I have been at my old trade of thinking aloud, have I ?”

“ No matter,” answered Nixon, “ none but a friend heard you. You cannot have forgotten how Redgauntlet disarmed you this morning ?”

“ Why, I would bear no malice about that, only he is so cursedly high and saucy,” said Ewart.

“ And then,” said Nixon, “ I know you for a true-hearted Protestant.”

“ That I am, by G—,” said Ewart. “ No, the Spaniards could never get my religion from me.”

“ And a friend to King George and the Hanover line of succession,” said Nixon, still walking and speaking very slow.

“ You may swear I am, excepting in the way of business, as Turnpenny says. I like King George, but I can’t afford to pay duties.”

“ You are outlawed, I believe ?” said Nixon.

“ Am I ?—faith, I believe I am,” said Ewart. “ I wish I were ‘ inlawed ’ again with all my heart. But come along, we must get all ready for our peremptory gentleman, I suppose.”

“ I will teach you a better trick,” said Nixon. “ There is a bloody pack of rebels yonder.”

“ Ay, we all know that,” said the smuggler ; “ but the snowball’s melting, I think.”

“ There is some one yonder, whose head is worth—thirty—thousand—pounds—of sterling money,” said Nixon,

pausing between each word, as if to enforce the magnificence of the sum.

"And what of that?" said Ewart, quickly.

"Only that if, instead of lying by the pier with your men on their oars, if you will just carry your boat on board just now, and take no notice of any signal from the shore, by G—d, Nanty Ewart, I will make a man of you for life!"

"Oh, ho! then the Jacobite gentry are not so safe as they think themselves?" said Nanty.

"In an hour or two," replied Nixon, "they will be made safer in Carlisle Castle."

"The devil they will!" said Ewart; "and you have been the informer, I suppose?"

"Yes; I have been ill paid for my service among the Redgauntlets—have scarce got dog's wages, and been treated worse than ever dog was used. I have the old fox and his cubs in the same trap now, Nanty; and we'll see how a certain young lady will look then. You see I am frank with you, Nanty."

"And I will be as frank with you," said the smuggler. "You are a d—d old scoundrel—traitor to the man whose bread you eat! Me help to betray poor devils, that have been so often betrayed myself! Not if they were a hundred Popes, Devils, and Pretenders. I will back and tell them their danger; they are part of cargo, regularly invoiced, put under my charge by the owners—I'll back——"

"You are not stark mad?" said Nixon, who now saw he had miscalculated in supposing Nanty's wild ideas of honor and fidelity could be shaken even by resentment, or by his Protestant partialities. "You shall not go back; it is all a joke."

"I'll back to Redgauntlet, and see whether it is a joke he will laugh at."

"My life is lost if you do," said Nixon; "hear reason."

They were in a clump or cluster of tall furze at the moment they were speaking, about half-way between the pier and the house, but not in a direct line, from which Nixon, whose object it was to gain time, had induced Ewart to diverge insensibly. He now saw the necessity of taking a desperate resolution. "Hear reason," he said; and added, as Nanty still endeavored to pass him, "Or else hear this!" discharging a pocket-pistol into the unfortunate man's body.

Nanty staggered, but kept his feet. "It has cut my backbone asunder," he said: "you have done me the last good office, and I will not die ungrateful."

As he uttered the last words, he collected his remaining strength, stood firm for an instant, drew his hanger, and fetching a stroke with both hands, cut Cristal Nixon down. The blow, struck with all the energy of a desperate and dying man, exhibited a force to which Ewart's exhausted frame might have seemed inadequate: it cleft the hat which the wretch wore, though secured by a plate of iron within the lining, bit deep into his skull, and there left a fragment of the weapon, which was broke by the fury of the blow.

One of the seamen of the lugger, who strolled up, attracted by the firing of the pistol, though, being a small one, the report was very trifling, found both the unfortunate men stark dead. Alarmed at what he saw, which he conceived to have been the consequence of some unsuccessful engagement betwixt his late commander and a revenue officer (for Nixon chanced not to be personally known to him), the sailor hastened back to the boat, in order to apprise his comrades of Nanty's fate, and to advise them to take off themselves and the vessel.

Meantime, Redgauntlet, having, as we have seen, despatched Nixon for the purpose of securing a retreat for the unfortunate Charles in case of extremity, returned to the apartment where he had left the Wanderer. He now found him alone.

"Sir Richard Glendale," said the unfortunate prince, "with his young friend, has gone to consult their adherents now in the house. Redgauntlet, my friend, I will not blame you for the circumstances in which I find myself, though I am at once placed in danger and rendered contemptible. But you ought to have stated to me more strongly the weight which these gentlemen attached to their insolent proposition. You should have told me that no compromise would have any effect—that they desired, not a prince to govern them, but one, on the contrary, over whom they were to exercise restraint on all occasions, from the highest affairs of the state down to the most intimate and closest concerns of his own privacy, which the most ordinary men desire to keep secret and sacred from interference."

"God knows," said Redgauntlet, in much agitation, "I acted for the best when I pressed your Majesty to come hither: I never thought that your Majesty, at such a crisis, would have scrupled, when a kingdom was in view, to sacrifice an attachment which——"

"Peace, sir!" said Charles; "it is not for you to estimate my feelings upon such a subject."

Redgauntlet colored high, and bowed profoundly. "At least," he resumed, "I hoped that some middle way might be found, and it shall—and must. Come with me, nephew. We will to these gentlemen, and I am confident I shall bring back heart-stirring tidings."

"I will do much to comply with them, Redgauntlet. I am loth, having again set my foot on British land, to quit it without a blow for my right. But this which they demand of me is a degradation, and compliance is impossible."

Redgauntlet, followed by his nephew, the unwilling spectator of this extraordinary scene, left once more the apartment of the adventurous Wanderer, and was met on the top of the stairs by Joe Crackenthorp. "Where are the other gentlemen?" he said.

"Yonder, in the west barrack," answered Joe; "but, Master Ingoldsby"—that was the name by which Redgauntlet was most generally known in Cumberland—"I wished to say to you that I must put yonder folk together in one room."

"What folk?" said Redgauntlet, impatiently.

"Why, them prisoner stranger folk, as you bid Cristal Nixon look after. Lord love you! this is a large house enow, but we cannot have separate lock-ups for folks, as they have in Newgate or in Bedlam. Yonder's a mad beggar that is to be a great man when he wins a lawsuit, Lord help him! yonder's a Quaker and a lawyer charged with a riot; and, ecod, I must make one key and one lock keep them, for we are chokeful and you have sent off old Nixon, that could have given one some help in this confusion. Besides, they take up every one a room, and call for noughts on earth—excepting the old man, who calls lustily enough, but he has not a penny to pay shot."

"Do as thou wilt with them," said Redgauntlet, who had listened impatiently to his statement; "so thou dost but keep them from getting out and making some alarm in the country, I care not."

"A Quaker and a lawyer!" said Darsie. "This must be Fairford and Geddes. Uncle, I must request of you——"

"Nay, nephew," interrupted Redgauntlet, "this is no time for asking questions. You shall yourself decide upon their fate in the course of an hour; no harm whatever is designed them."

So saying, he hurried towards the place where the Jacobite gentlemen were holding their council, and Darsie followed him, in the hope that the obstacle which had arisen

to the prosecution of their desperate adventure would prove unsurmountable, and spare him the necessity of a dangerous and violent rupture with his uncle. The discussions among them were very eager; the more daring part of the conspirators, who had little but life to lose, being desirous to proceed at all hazards, while the others, whom a sense of honor and a hesitation to disavow long-cherished principles had brought forward, were perhaps not ill satisfied to have a fair apology for declining an adventure into which they had entered with more of reluctance than zeal.

Meanwhile, Joe Crackenthorp, availing himself of the hasty permission obtained from Redgauntlet, proceeded to assemble in one apartment those whose safe custody had been thought necessary; and without much considering the propriety of the matter, he selected for the common place of confinement the room which Lilius had since her brother's departure occupied alone. It had a strong lock, and was double-hinged, which probably led the preference assigned to it as a place of security.

Into this, Joe, with little ceremony and a good deal of noise, introduced the Quaker and Fairford; the first desecrating on the immorality, the other on the illegality, of his proceedings, and he turning a deaf ear both to the one and the other. Next he pushed in, almost in headlong fashion, the unfortunate litigant, who, having made some resistance at the threshold, had received a violent thrust in consequence, and came rushing forward, like a ram in the act of charging, with such impetus as must have carried him to top of the room, and struck the cocked hat which sat perched on the top of his tow wig against Miss Redgauntlet's person, had not the honest Quaker interrupted his career by seizing him by the collar and bringing him to a stand. "Friend," said he, with the real good-breeding which so often subsists independently of ceremonial, "thou art no company for that young person; she is, thou seest, frightened at our being so suddenly thrust in hither; and although that be no fault of ours, yet it will become us to behave civilly towards her. Wherefore, come then with me to this window, and I will tell thee what it concerns thee to know."

"And what for should I no speak to the leddy, friend?" said Peter, who was now about half seas over. "I have spoke to leddies before now, man. What for should she be frightened at me? I am nae bogle, I ween. What are ye pooin' me that gate for? Ye will rive my coat, and I will

have a good action for having myself made *sartum atque tectum* at your expenses."

Notwithstanding this threat, Mr. Geddes, whose muscles were as strong as his judgment was sound and his temper sedate, led Poor Peter, under the sense of a control against which he could not struggle, to the farther corner of the apartment, where, placing him, whether he would or no, in a chair, he sat down beside him, and effectually prevented his annoying the young lady, upon whom he had seemed bent on conferring the delights of his society.

If Peter had immediately recognized his counsel learned in the law, it is probable that not even the benevolent efforts of the Quaker could have kept him in a state of restraint; but Fairford's back was turned towards his client, whose optics, besides being somewhat dazzled with ale and brandy, were speedily engaged in contemplating a half-crown which Joshua held between his finger and his thumb, saying, at the same time, "Friend, thou art indigent and improvident. This will, well employed, procure thee sustentation of nature for more than a single day; and I will bestow it on thee if thou wilt sit here and keep me company; for neither thou nor I, friend, are fit company for ladies."

"Speak for yourself, friend," said Peter, scornfully; "I was aye kenn'd to be agreeable to the fair sex; and when I was in business I served the leddies wi' anither sort of decorum than Plainstones, the d—d awkward scoundrel! It was one of the articles of dittay between us."

"Well, but, friend," said the Quaker, who observed that the young lady still seemed to fear Peter's intrusion, "I wish to hear thee speak about this great lawsuit of thine, which has been matter of such celebrity."

"Celebrity! Ye may swear that," said Peter, for the string was touched to which his crazy imagination always vibrated. "And I dinna wonder that folk that judge things by their outward grandeur should think me something worth their envying. It's very true that it is grandeur upon earth to hear ane's name thundered out along the long-arched roof of the Outer House—" *Poor Peter Peebles* against Plainstones, *et per contra*"; a' the best lawyers in the house fleeing like eagles to the prey—some because they are in the cause, and some because they want to be thought engaged, for there are tricks in other trades bye selling muslins; to see the reporters mending their pens to take down the debate; the Lords themselves pooin' in their chairs, like folk sitting down to a gude dinner, and crying on the clerks for

parts and pendicles of the process, who, puir bodies, can do little mair than cry on their closet-keepers to help them. To see a' this," continued Peter, in a tone of sustained rapture, "and to ken that naething will be said or dune amang a' thae grand folk, for maybe the feck of three hours, saving what concerns you and your business. O, man, nae wonder that ye judge this to be earthly glory! And yet, neighbor, as I was saying, there be unco drawbacks: I whiles think of my bit house, where dinner, and supper, and breakfast used to come without the crying for, just as if fairies had brought it, and the gude bed at e'en, and the needfu' penny in the pouch. And then to see a' ane's worldly substance capering in the air in a pair of weigh-bauks, now up, now down, as the breath of judge or counsel inclines it for pursuer of defender—troth, man, there are times I rue having ever begun the plea wark, though, maybe, when ye consider the renown and credit I have by it, ye will hardly believe what I am saying."

"Indeed, friend," said Joshua, with a sigh, "I am glad thou hast found anything in the legal contention which compensates thee for poverty and hunger; but I believe, were other human objects of ambition looked upon as closely their advantages would be found as chimerical as those attending protracted litigation."

"But never mind, friend," said Peter, "I'll tell you the exact state of the conjunct processes, and make you sensible that I can bring mysell round with a wet finger, now I have my finger and my thumb on this loup-the-dyke loon, the lad Fairford."

Alan Fairford was in the act of speaking to the masked lady, for Miss Redgauntlet had retained her riding-vizard, endeavoring to assure her, as he perceived her anxiety, of such protection as he could afford, when his own name, pronounced in a loud tone, attracted his attention. He looked round, and, seeing Peter Peebles, as hastily turned to avoid his notice, in which he succeeded, so earnest was Peter upon his colloquy with one of the most respectable auditors whose attention he had ever been able to engage. And by this little motion, momentary as it was, Alan gained an unexpected advantage; for while he looked round, Miss Lillias, I could never ascertain why, took the moment to adjust her mask, and did it so awkwardly that, when her companion again turned his head, he recognized as much of her features as authorized him to address her as his fair client, and to press his offers of protection and assistance with the boldness of a former acquaintance.

Lilias Redgauntlet withdrew the mask from her crimsoned cheek. "Mr. Fairford," she said, in a voice almost inaudible, "you have the character of a young gentleman of sense and generosity ; but we have already met in one situation which you must think singular, and I must be exposed to misconception, at least, for my forwardness, were it not in a cause in which my dearest affections were concerned."

"Any interest in my beloved friend Darsie Latimer," said Fairford, stepping a little back and putting a marked restraint upon his former advances, "gives me a double right to be useful to——" He stopped short.

"To his sister, your goodness would say," answered Lilias.

"His sister, madam !" replied Alan, in the extremity of astonishment. "Sister, I presume, in affection only ?"

"No, sir ; my dear brother Darsie and I are connected by the bonds of actual relationship, and I am not sorry to be the first to tell this to the friend he most values."

Fairford's first thought was on the violent passion which Darsie had expressed towards the fair unknown. "Good God !" he exclaimed, "how did he bear the discovery ?"

"With resignation, I hope," said Lilias, smiling. "A more accomplished sister he might easily have come by, but scarcely could have found one who could love him more than I do."

"I meant—I only meant to say," said the young counselor, his presence of mind failing him for an instant—"that is, I meant to ask where Darsie Latimer is at this moment."

"In this very house, and under the guardianship of his uncle, whom I believe you knew as a visitor of your father, under the name of Mr. Herries of Birrenswork."

"Let me hasten to him," said Fairford. "I have sought him through difficulties and dangers ; I must see him instantly."

"You forget you are a prisoner," said the young lady.

"True—true ; but I cannot be long detained : the cause alleged is too ridiculous."

"Alas !" said Lilias, "our fate—my brother's and mine, at least—must turn on the deliberations perhaps of less than an hour. For you, sir, I believe and apprehend nothing but some restraint : my uncle is neither cruel nor unjust, though few will go farther in the cause which he has adopted."

"Which is that of the Pretend——"

"For God's sake, speak lower !" said Lilias, approaching her hand as if to stop him. "The word may cost you your life."

You do not know—indeed you do not—the terrors of the situation in which we at present stand, and in which I fear you also are involved by your friendship for my brother.”

“I do not indeed know the particulars of our situation,” said Fairford; “but, be the danger what it may, I shall not grudge my share of it for the sake of my friend, or,” he added, with more timidity, “of my friend’s sister. Let me hope,” he said, “my dear Miss Latimer, that my presence may be of some use to you; and that it may be so, let me entreat a share of your confidence, which I am conscious I have otherwise no right to ask.”

He led her, as he spoke, towards the recess of the farther window of the room, and observing to her that, unhappily, he was particularly exposed to interruption from the mad old man whose entrance had alarmed her, he disposed of Darsie Latimer’s riding-skirt, which had been left in the apartment, over the back of two chairs, forming thus a sort of screen, behind which he ensconced himself with the maiden of the green mantle; feeling at the moment that the danger in which he was placed was almost compensated by the intelligence which permitted those feelings towards her to revive which justice to his friend had induced him to stifle in the birth.

The relative situation of adviser and advised, of protector and protected, is so peculiarly suited to the respective condition of man and woman, that great progress towards intimacy is often made in very short space; for the circumstances call for confidence on the part of the gentleman, and forbid coyness on that of the lady, so that the usual barriers against easy intercourse are at once thrown down.

Under these circumstances, securing themselves as far as possible from observation, conversing in whispers, and seated in a corner, where they were brought into so close contact that their faces nearly touched each other, Fairford heard from Lilius Redgauntlet the history of her family, particularly of her uncle, his views upon her brother, and the agony which she felt, lest at that very moment he might succeed in engaging Daasie in some desperate scheme, fatal to his fortune, and perhaps to his life.

Alan Fairford’s acute understanding instantly connected what he had heard with the circumstances he had witnessed at Fairladies. His first thought was to attempt, at all risks, his instant escape, and procure assistance powerful enough to crush, in the very cradle, a conspiracy of such a determined character. This he did not consider as difficult; for,

though the door was guarded on the outside, the window, which was not above ten feet from the ground, was open for escape, the common on which it looked was uninclosed, and profusely covered with furze. There would, he thought, be little difficulty in effecting his liberty, and in concealing his course after he had gained it.

But Lilius exclaimed against this scheme. Her uncle, she said, was a man who, in his moments of enthusiasm, knew neither remorse nor fear. He was capable of visiting upon Darsie any injury which he might conceive Fairford had rendered him; he was her near kinsman also, and not an unkind one, and she deprecated any effort, even in her brother's favor, by which his life must be exposed to danger. Fairford himself remembered Father Buonaventure, and made little question but that he was one of the sons of the old Chevalier de St. George; and with feelings which, although contradictory of his public duty, can hardly be much censured, his heart recoiled from being the agent by whom the last scion of such a long line of Scottish princes should be rooted up. He then thought of obtaining an audience, if possible, of this devoted person, and explaining to him the utter hopelessness of his undertaking, which he judged it likely that the ardor of his partisans might have concealed from him. But he relinquished this design as soon as formed. He had no doubt that any light which he could throw on the state of the country would come too late to be serviceable to one who was always reported to have his own full share of the hereditary obstinacy which had cost his ancestors so dear, and who, in drawing the sword, must have thrown from him the scabbard.

Lilius suggested the advice which, of all others, seemed most suited to the occasion, that yielding, namely, to the circumstances of their situation, they should watch carefully when Darsie should obtain any degree of freedom, and endeavor to open a communication with him, in which case their joint flight might be effected, and without endangering the safety of any one.

Their youthful deliberation had nearly fixed in this point, when Fairford, who was listening to the low sweet whispering tones of Lilius Redgauntlet, rendered yet more interesting by some slight touch of foreign accent, was startled by a heavy hand which descended with full weight on his shoulder, while the discordant voice of Peter Peebles, who had at length broken loose from the well-meaning Quaker, exclaimed in the ear of his truant counsel—"Aha, lad! I

think ye are catched. An' so ye are turned chamber-counsel, are ye? And ye have drawn up wi' clients in scarfs and hoods? But bide a wee, billie, and see if I dinna sort ye when my petition and complaint comes to be discussed, with or without answers, under certification."

Alan Fairford had never more difficulty in his life to subdue a first emotion than he had to refrain from knocking down the crazy blockhead who had broken in upon him at such a moment. But the length of Peter's address gave him time, fortunately perhaps for both parties, to reflect on the extreme irregularity of such a proceeding. He stood silent, however, with vexation, while Peter went on.

"Weel, my bonnie man, I see ye are thinking shame o' yoursell, and nàe great wonder. Ye maun leave this quean; the like of her is owerlight company for you. I have heard honest Mr. Pest say, that the gown grees ill wi' the petticoat. But come awa' hame to your puir father, and I'll take care of you the hail gate, and keep you company, and deil a word we will speak about, but just the state of the conjoined processes of the great cause of Poor Peebles against Plainstones."

"If thou canst endure to hear as much of that suit, friend," said the Quaker, "as I have heard out of mere compassion for thee, I think verily thou wilt soon be at the bottom of the matter, unless it be altogether bottomless."

Fairford shook off, rather indignantly, the large bony hand which Peter had imposed upon his shoulder, and was about to say something peevish upon so unpleasant and insolent a mode of interruption, when the door opened, a treble voice saying to the sentinel, "I tell you I maun be in, to see if Mr. Nixon's here;" and little Benjie thrust in his mop-head and keen black eyes. Ere he could withdraw it Peter Peebles sprang to the door, seized on the boy by the collar, and dragged him forward into the room.

"Let me see it," he said, "ye ne'er-do-weel limb of Satan. I'll gar you satisfy the production, I trow: I'll hae first and second diligence against you, ye devil's buckie!"

"What dost thou want?" said the Quaker, interfering. "Why dost thou frighten the boy, friend Peebles?"

"I gave the bastard a penny to buy me snuff," said the pauper, "and he has rendered no account of his intromissions; but I'll gar him as gude."

So saying, he proceeded forcibly to rifle the pockets of Benjie's ragged jacket of one or two snares for game, marbles, a half-bitten apple, two stolen eggs (one of which Peter

broke in the eagerness of his research), and various other unconsidered trifles, which had not the air of being very honestly come by. The little rascal, under this discipline, bit and struggled like a fox-cub, but, like that vermin, uttered neither cry nor complaint, till a note, which Peter tore from his bosom, flew as far as Liliás Redgauntlet and fell at her feet. It was addressed to 'C. N.'

"It is for the villain Nixon," she said to Alan Fairford; "open it without scruple: that boy is his emissary. We shall now see what the miscreant is driving at."

Little Benjie now gave up all farther struggle, and suffered Peebles to take from him, without resistance, a shilling, out of which Peter declared he would pay himself principal and interest, and account for the balance. The boy, whose attention seemed fixed on something very different, only said, 'Maister Nixon will murder me!'"

Alan Fairford did not hesitate to read the little scrap of paper, on which was written, "All is prepared; keep them in play until I come up. You may depend on your reward.—C. C."

"Alas! my uncle—my poor uncle!" said Liliás, "this is the result of his confidence! Methinks, to give him instant notice of his confidant's treachery is now the best service we can render all concerned. If they break up their undertaking, as they must now do, Darsie will be at liberty."

In the same breath, they were both at the half-opened door of the room, Fairford entreating to speak with the Father Buonaventure, and Liliás, equally vehemently, requesting a moment's interview with her uncle. While the sentinel hesitated what to do, his attention was called to a loud noise at the door, where a crowd had been assembled in consequence of the appalling cry that the enemy were upon them, occasioned, as it afterward proved, by some stragglers having at length discovered the dead bodies of Nanty Ewart and of Nixon.

Amid the confusion occasioned by this alarming incident, the sentinel ceased to attend to his duty; and, accepting Alan Fairford's arm, Liliás found no opposition in penetrating even to the inner apartment, where the principal persons in the enterprise, whose conclave had been disturbed by this alarming incident, were now assembled in great confusion, and had been joined by the Chevalier himself.

"Only a mutiny among these smuggling scoundrels," said Redgauntlet.

"*Only* a mutiny, do you say?" said Richard Glendale;

"and the lugger, the last hope of escape for"—he looked towards Charles—"stands out to sea under a press of sail!"

"Do not concern yourself about me," said the unfortunate prince; "this is not the worst emergency in which it has been my lot to stand; and if it were, I fear it not. Shift for yourselves, my lords and gentlemen."

"No, never!" said the young Lord—. "Our only hope now is in an honorable resistance."

"Most true," said Redgauntlet; "let despair renew the union amongst us which accident disturbed. I give my voice for displaying the royal banner instantly, and—How now?" he concluded, sternly, as Lilius, first soliciting his attention by pulling his cloak, put into his hand the scroll, and added, it was designed for that of Nixon.

Redgauntlet read, and, dropping it on the ground, continued to stare upon the spot where it fell with raised hands and fixed eyes. Sir Richard Glendale lifted the fatal paper, read it, and saying, "Now all is indeed over," handed it to Maxwell, who said aloud, "Black Colin Campbell, by G—d! I heard he had come post from London last night."

As if in echo to his thoughts, the violin of the blind man was heard playing with spirit, "The Campbells are coming," a celebrated clan-march.

"The Campbells are coming in earnest," said MacKellar: "they are upon us with the whole battalion from Carlisle."

There was a silence of dismay, and two or three of the company began to drop out of the room.

Lord—spoke with the generous spirit of a young English nobleman. "If we have been fools, do not let us be cowards. We have one here more precious than us all, and come hither on our warrant; let us save him at least."

"True—most true," answered Sir Richard Glendale. "Let the King be first cared for."

"That shall be my business," said Redgauntlet. "If we have but time to bring back the brig, all will be well; I will instantly despatch a party in a fishing-skiff to bring her to." He gave his commands to two or three of the most active among his followers. "Let him be once on board," he said, "and there are enough of us to stand to arms and cover his retreat."

"Right—right," said Sir Richard, "and I will look to points which can be made defensible; and the old powder-plot boys could not have made a more desperate resistance than we shall. Redgauntlet," continued he, "I see some of our friends are looking pale; but methinks your nephew has

more mettle in his eye now than when we were in cold deliberation, with danger at a distance."

"It is the way of our house," said Redgauntlet: "our courage ever kindles highest on the losing side. I, too, feel that the catastrophe I have brought on must not be survived by its author. Let me first," he said, addressing Charles, "see your Majesty's sacred person in such safety as can now be provided for it, and then——"

"You may spare all considerations concerning me, gentlemen," again repeated Charles; "yon mountain of Criffell shall fly as soon as I will."

Most threw themselves at his feet with weeping and entreaty; some one or two slunk in confusion from the apartment, and were heard riding off. Unnoticed in such a scene, Darsie, his sister, and Fairford drew together, and held each other by the hands as those who, when a vessel is about to founder in the storm, determine to take their chance of life and death together.

Amid this scene of confusion, a gentleman, plainly dressed in a riding-habit, with a black cocarde in his hat, but without any arms except a *couteau-de-chasse*, walked into the apartment without ceremony. He was a tall, thin, gentlemanly man, with a look and bearing decidedly military. He had passed through their guards, if in the confusion they now maintained any, without stop or question, and now stood almost unarmed among armed men, who, nevertheless, gazed on him as on the angel of destruction.

"You look coldly on me, gentlemen," he said. "Sir Richard Glendale—my Lord——we were not always such strangers. Ha, Pate-in-Peril, how is it with you? And you, too, Ingoldsby—I must not call you by any other name—why do you receive an old friend so coldly? But you guess my errand."

"And are prepared for it, General," said Redgauntlet: "we are not men to be penned up like sheep for the slaughter."

"Pshaw! you take it too seriously; let me speak but one word with you."

"No words can shake our purpose," said Redgauntlet, "were your whole command, as I suppose is the case, drawn round the house."

"I am certainly not unsupported," said the General; "but if you would hear me——"

"Hear *me*, sir," said the Wanderer, stepping forward. "I suppose I am the mark you aim at. I surrender myself

willingly, to save these gentlemen's danger ; let this at least avail in their favor,"

An exclamation of " Never—never !" broke from the little body of partisans, who threw themselves round the unfortunate prince, and would have seized or struck down Campbell, had it not been that he remained with his arms folded, and a look rather indicating impatience because they would not hear him than the least apprehension of violence at their hand.

At length he obtained a moment's silence. " I do not," he said, " know this gentleman (making a profound bow to the unfortunate prince)—I do not wish to know him ; it is a knowledge which would suit neither of us."

" Our ancestors, nevertheless, have been well acquainted," said Charles, unable to suppress, even in that hour of dread and danger, the painful recollections of fallen royalty.

" In one word, General Campbell," said Redgauntlet, " is it to be peace or war ? You are a man of honor, and we can trust you."

" I thank you, sir," said the General ; " and I reply that the answer to your question rests with yourself. Come, do not be fools, gentlemen ; there was perhaps no great harm meant or intended by your gathering together in this obscure corner, for a bear-bait or a cock-fight, or whatever other amusement you may have intended ; but it was a little imprudent, considering how you stand with government, and it has occasioned some anxiety. Exaggerated accounts of your purpose have been laid before government by the information of a traitor in your own counsels ; and I was sent down post to take the command of a sufficient number of troops, in case these calumnies should be found to have any real foundation. I have come here, of course, sufficiently supported both with cavalry and infantry to do whatever might be necessary ; but my commands are—and I am sure they agree with my inclination—to make no arrests, nay, to make no farther inquiries of any kind, if this good assembly will consider their own interests so far as to give up their immediate purpose and return quietly home to their own houses."

" What !—all ?" exclaimed Sir Richard Glendale—" all, without exception ?"

" ALL, without one single exception," said the General ; " such are my orders. If you accept my terms, say so, and make haste ; for things may happen to interfere with his Majesty's kind purposes towards you all."

"His Majesty's kind purposes!" said the Wanderer. "Do I hear you aright, sir?"

"I speak the King's very words, from his very lips," replied the General. "'I will,' said his Majesty, 'deserve the confidence of my subjects by reposing my security in the fidelity of the millions who acknowledge my title—in the good sense and prudence of the few who continue, from the errors of education, to disown it.' His Majesty will not even believe that the most zealous Jacobites who yet remain can nourish a thought of exciting a civil war, which must be fatal to their families and themselves, besides spreading bloodshed and ruin through a peaceful land. He cannot even believe of his kinsman that he would engage brave and generous, though mistaken, men in an attempt which must ruin all who have escaped former calamities; and he is convinced that, did curiosity or any other motive lead that person to visit this country, he would soon see it was his wisest course to return to the continent; and his Majesty compassionates his situation too much to offer any obstacle to his doing so."

"Is this real?" said Redgauntlet. "Can you mean this? Am I—are all—are any of these gentlemen at liberty, without interruption, to embark in yonder brig, which, I see, is now again approaching the shore?"

"You, sir—all—any of the gentlemen present," said the General—"all whom the vessel can contain, are at liberty to embark uninterrupted by me; but I advise none to go off who have not powerful reasons, unconnected with the present meeting, for this will be remembered against no one."

"Then, gentlemen," said Redgauntlet, clasping his hands together as the words burst from him, "the cause is lost forever!"

General Campbell turned away to the window, as if to avoid hearing what they said. Their consultation was but momentary; for the door of escape which thus opened was as unexpected as the exigence was threatening.

"We have your word of honor for our protection," said Sir Richard Glendale, "if we dissolve our meeting in obedience to your summons?"

"You have, Sir Richard," answered the General.

"And I also have your promise," said Redgauntlet, "that I may go on board yonder vessel with any friend whom I may choose to accompany me?"

"Not only that, Mr. Ingoldsby—or I *will* call you Redgauntlet once more—you may stay in the offing for a tide,

until you are joined by any person who may remain at Fairladies. After that, there will be a sloop of war on the station, and I need not say your condition will then become perilous."

"Perilous it should not be, General Campbell," said Redgauntlet, "or more perilous to others than to us, if others thought as I do even in this extremity."

"You forget yourself, my friend," said the unhappy Adventurer: "you forget that the arrival of this gentleman only puts the copestone on our already adopted resolution to abandon our bull-fight, or by whatever other wild name this headlong enterprise may be termed. I bid you farewell, unfriendly friends; I bid *you* farewell (bowing to the General), my friendly foe: I leave this strand as I landed upon it, alone, and to return no more!"

"Not alone," said Redgauntlet, "while there is blood in the veins of my father's son."

"Not alone," said the other gentlemen present, stung with feelings which almost overpowered the better reasons under which they had acted. "We will not disown our principles, or see your person endangered."

"If it be only your purpose to see the gentleman to the beach," said General Campbell, "I will myself go with you. My presence among you, unarmed and in your power, will be a pledge of my friendly intentions, and will overawe, should such be offered, any interruption on the part of officious persons."

"Be it so," said the Adventurer, with the air of a prince to a subject, not of one who complied with the request of an enemy too powerful to be resisted.

They left the apartment—they left the house; an unauthenticated and dubious, but appalling, sensation of terror had already spread itself among the inferior retainers, who had so short time before strutted, and bustled, and thronged the doorway and the passages. A report had arisen, of which the origin could not be traced, of troops advancing towards the spot in considerable numbers; and men who, for one reason or other, were most of them amenable to the arm of power, had either shrunk into stables or corners or fled the place entirely. There was solitude on the landscape, excepting the small party which now moved towards the rude pier, where a boat lay manned, agreeably to Redgauntlet's orders previously given.

The last heir of the Stuarts leant on Redgauntlet's arm as they walked toward the beach; for the ground was rough,

and he no longer possessed the elasticity of limb and of spirit which had, twenty years before, carried him over many a Highland hill, as light as one of their native deer. His adherents followed, looking on the ground, their feelings struggling against the dictates of their reason.

General Campbell accompanied them with an air of apparent ease and indifference, but watching at the same time, and no doubt with some anxiety, the changing features of those who acted in this extraordinary scene.

Darsie and his sister naturally followed their uncle, whose violence they no longer feared, while his character attracted their respect; and Alan Fairford accompanied them from interest in their fate, unnoticed in a party where all were too much occupied with their own thoughts and feelings, as well as with the impending crisis, to attend to his presence.

Half-way betwixt the house and the beach, they saw the bodies of Nanty Ewart and Cristal Nixon blackening in the sun.

"That was your informer?" said Redgauntlet, looking back to General Campbell, who only nodded his assent. "Caitiff wretch!" exclaimed Redgauntlet; "and yet the name were better bestowed on the fool who could be misled by thee."

"That sound broadsword cut," said the General, "has saved us the shame of rewarding a traitor."

They arrived at the place of embarkation. The Prince stood a moment with folded arms, and looked around him in deep silence. A paper was then slipped into his hands; he looked at it, and said, "I find the two friends I have left at Fairladies are apprised of my destination, and propose to embark from Bowness. I presume this will not be an infringement of the conditions under which we have acted?"

"Certainly not," answered General Campbell, "they shall have all facility to join you."

"I wish, then," said Charles, "only another companion. Redgauntlet, the air of this country is as hostile to you as it is to me. These gentlemen have made their peace, or rather they have done nothing to break it. But you—come you, and share my home where chance shall cast it. We shall never see these shores again; but we will talk of them, and of our disconcerted bull-fight."

"I follow you, sire, through life," said Redgauntlet, "as I would have followed you to death. Permit me one moment."

The Prince then looked round, and seeing the abashed

countenances of his other adherents bent upon the ground, he hastened to say, "Do not think that you, gentlemen, have obliged me less because your zeal was mingled with prudence, entertained, I am sure, more on my own account and on that of your country than from selfish apprehensions."

He stepped from one to another, and, amid sobs and bursting tears, received the adieus of the last remnant which had hitherto supported his lofty pretensions, and addressed them individually, with accents of tenderness and affection.

The General drew a little aloof, and signed to Redgauntlet to speak with him while this scene proceeded. "It is now all over," he said, "and Jacobite will be henceforth no longer a party name. When you tire of foreign parts, and wish to make your peace, let me know. Your restless zeal alone has impeded your pardon hitherto."

"And now I shall not need it," said Redgauntlet. "I leave England forever; but I am not displeased that you should hear my family adieus. Nephew, come hither. In presence of General Campbell, I tell you that, though to breed you up in my own political opinions has been for many years my anxious wish, I am now glad that it could not be accomplished. You pass under the service of the reigning monarch without the necessity of changing your allegiance—a change, however," he added, looking around him, "which sits more easy on honorable men than I could have anticipated; but some wear the badge of their loyalty on the sleeve, and others in the heart. You will from henceforth be uncontrolled master of all the property of which forfeiture could not deprive your father—of all that belonged to him—excepting this, his good sword (laying his hand on the weapon he wore), which shall never fight for the house of Hanover; and as my hand will never draw weapon more, I shall sink it forty fathoms deep in the wide ocean. Bless you, young man! If I have dealt harshly with you, forgive me. I had set my whole desires on one point—God knows, with no selfish purpose—and I am justly punished by this final termination of my views for having been so little scrupulous in the means by which I pursued them. Niece, farewell, God bless you also!"

"No, sir," said Lillias, seizing his hand eagerly. "You have been hitherto my protector; you are now in sorrow, let me be your attendant and your comforter in exile!"

"I thank you, my girl, for your unmerited affection; but it cannot and must not be. The curtain here falls between us. I go to the house of another. If I leave it before

I quit the earth, it shall be only for the house of God. Once more, farewell both ! The fatal doom," he said, with a melancholy smile, " will, I trust, now depart from the house of Redgauntlet, since its present representative has adhered to the winning side. I am convinced he will not change it, should it in turn become the losing one."

The unfortunate Charles Edward had now given his last adieus to his downcast adherents. He made a sign with his hand to Redgauntlet, who came to assist him into the skiff. General Campbell also offered his assistance, the rest appearing too much affected by the scene which had taken place to prevent him.

" You are not sorry, General, to do me this last act of courtesy," said the Chevalier ; " and, on my part, I thank you for it. You have taught me the principle on which men on the scaffold feel forgiveness and kindness even for their executioner. Farewell !"

They were seated in the boat, which presently pulled off from the land. The Oxford divine broke out into a loud benediction, in terms which General Campbell was too generous to criticise at the time or to remember afterwards ; nay, it is said that, Whig and Campbell as he was, he could not help joining in the universal " Amen !" which resounded from the shore.

CONCLUSION

BY

DOCTOR DRYASDUST

IN A LETTER TO THE AUTHOR OF *WAVERLEY*

I AM truly sorry, my worthy and much-respected sir, that my anxious researches have neither in the form of letters, nor of diaries, or other memoranda been able to discover more than I have hitherto transmitted of the history of the Redgauntlet family. But I observe in an old newspaper called the *Whitehall Gazette*, of which I fortunately possess a file for several years, that Sir Arthur Darsie Redgauntlet was presented to his late Majesty at the drawing-room by Lieut.-General Campbell; upon which the editor observes, in the way of comment, that we were going *remis atque velis* into the interests of the Pretender, since a Scot had presented a Jacobite at court. I am sorry I have not room (the frank being only uncial) for his farther observations, tending to show the apprehensions entertained by many well-instructed persons of the period, that the young king might himself be induced to become one of the Stuarts' faction—a catastrophe from which it has pleased Heaven to preserve these kingdoms.

I perceive also, by a marriage contract in the family repositories, that Miss Lilius Redgauntlet of Redgauntlet, about eighteen months after the transactions you have commemorated, intermarried with Alan Fairford, Esq., advocate, of Clinkdollar, who, I think, we may not unreasonably conclude to be the same person whose name occurs so frequently in the pages of your narration. In my last excursion to Edinburgh, I was fortunate enough to discover an old cadie, from whom, at the expense of a bottle of whisky and half a pound of tobacco, I extracted the important information that he knew Peter Peebles very well, and had drunk many a mutchkin with him in Cadie Fraser's time. He said that he lived ten years after King George's accession, in the momentary expectation of winning his cause every day in

the session time, and every hour in the day, and at last fell down dead, in what my informer called a “perplexity fit,” upon a proposal for a composition being made to him in the Outer House. I have chosen to retain my informer’s phrase, not being able justly to determine whether it is a corruption of the word apoplexy, as my friend Mr. Oldbuck supposes, or the name of some peculiar disorder incidental to those who have concerns in the courts of law, as many callings and conditions of men have diseases appropriate to themselves. The same cadie also remembered Blind Willie Stevenson, who was called Wandering Willie, and who ended his days “unco beinly, in Sir Arthur Redgauntlet’s ha’neuk.” “He had done the family some good turn,” he said, “specially when ane of the Argyle gentlemen was coming down on a wheen of them that had the “auld leaven” about them, and wad hae ta’en every man of them, and nae less nor headed and hanged them. But Willie, and a friend they had, called Robin the Rambler, gae them warning, by playing tunes such as “The Campbells are coming,” and the like, whereby they got timeous warning to take the wing.” I needed not point out to your acuteness, my worthy sir, that this seems to refer to some inaccurate account of the transactions in which you seem so much interested.

Respecting Redgauntlet, about whose subsequent history you are more particularly inquisitive, I have learned from an excellant person, who was a priest in the Scottish monastery of Ratisbon before its suppression, that he remained for two or three years in the family of the Chevalier, and only left it at last in consequence of some discords in that melancholy household. As he had hinted to General Campbell, he exchanged his residence for the cloister, and displayed in the latter part of his life a strong sense of the duties of religion, which in his earlier days he had too much neglected, being altogether engaged in political speculations and intrigues. He rose to the situation of prior in the house which he belonged to, and which was of a very strict order of religion. He sometimes received his countrymen whom accident brought to Ratisbon, and curiosity induced to visit the monastery of ——. But it was remarked, that though he listened with interest and attention when Britain, or particularly Scotland, became the subject of conversation, yet he never either introduced or prolonged the subject, never used the English language, never inquired about English affairs, and, above all, never mentioned his own family. His strict observations of the rules of his order gave

him, at the time of his death, some pretensions to be chosen a saint, and the brethren of the monastery of — made great efforts for that effect, and brought forward some plausible proofs of miracles. But there was a circumstance which threw a doubt over the subject, and prevented the consistory from acceding to the wishes of the worthy brethren. Under his habit, and secured in a small silver box, he had worn perpetually around his neck a lock of hair, which the fathers avouched to be a relic. But the *avocato del diablo*, in combating, as was his official duty, the pretensions of the candidate for sanctity, made it at least equally probable that the supposed relic was taken from the head of a brother of a deceased prior, who had been executed for adherence to the Stuart family in 1745-46; and the motto, *Haud obliviscendum*, seemed to intimate a tone of mundane feeling and recollection of injuries which made it at least doubtful whether, even in the quiet and gloom of the cloister, Father Hugo had forgotten the sufferings and injuries of the house of Redgauntlet.

NOTES TO REDGAUNTLET.

NOTE 1.—PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD'S LOVE OF MONEY, p. xi

THE reproof is thus expressed by Dr. King, who brings the charge :—" But the most odious part of his character is his love of money—a vice which I do not remember to have been imputed by our historians to any of his ancestors, and is the certain index of a base and little mind. I know it may be urged in his vindication that a prince in exile ought to be an economist. And so he ought; but, nevertheless, his purse should be always open as long as there is anything in it, to relieve the necessities of his friends and adherents. King Charles II., during his banishment, would have shared the last pistole in his pocket with his little family. But I have known this gentleman, with two thousand louis-d'ors in his strong-box, pretend he was in great distress, and borrow money from a lady in Paris who was not in affluent circumstances. His most faithful servants, who had closely attended him in all his difficulties, were ill rewarded." [*Anecdotes of his own Times*, 1818, pp. 201-203.]

NOTE 2.—KITTLE NINE STEPS, p. 3

A pass on the very brink of the Castle rock to the north, by which it is just possible for a goat, or a High School boy, to turn the corner of the building where it rises from the edge of the precipice. This was so favorite a feat with the "hell and neck boys" of the higher classes, that at one time sentinels were posted to prevent its repetition. One of the nine steps was rendered more secure because the climber could take hold of the root of a nettle, so precarious were the means of passing this celebrated spot. The manning the Cowgate Port, especially in snowball time, was also a choice amusement, as it offered an inaccessible station for the boys who used these missiles to the annoyance of the passengers. The gateway is now demolished; and probably most of its garrison lie as low as the fortress. To recollect that the Author himself, however naturally disqualified, was one of those juvenile dreadnoughts is a sad reflection to one who cannot now step over a brook without assistance.

NOTE 3.—PARLIAMENT HOUSE, EDINBURGH, p. 3

The Hall of the Parliament House of Edinburgh was, in former days, divided into two unequal portions by a partition, the inner side of which was consecrated to the use of the Courts of Justice and the gentlemen of the law; while the outer division was occupied by the stalls of stationers, toymen, and the like, as in a modern bazaar. From the old play of the *Plain Dealer*, it seems such was formerly the case with Westminster Hall. Minos has now purified his courts in both cities from all traffic but his own.

NOTE 4.—DIRLETON'S DOUBTS, p. 4

Sir John Nisbet of Dirleton's *Doubts and Questions upon the Law, especially of Scotland* [1698], and Sir James Stewart's *Dirleton's Doubts and Questions on the Law of Scotland Resolved and Answered*, are works of authority in Scottish jurisprudence. As is generally the case, the *Doubts* are held more in respect than the solution.

NOTE 5.—CRAMP-SPEECH, p. 4

Till of late years, every advocate who entered at the Scottish bar made a Latin address to the court, faculty, and audience, in set terms, and said a few words upon a text of the civil law, to show his Latinity and jurisprudence. He also wore his hat for a minute, in order to vindicate his right of being covered before the court, which is said to have originated from the celebrated lawyer, Sir Thomas Hope, having two sons on the bench while he himself remained at the bar. Of late this ceremony has been dispensed with, as occupying the time of the court

unnecessarily. The entrant lawyer merely takes the oaths to government, and swears to maintain the rules and privileges of his order.

NOTE 6.—FRANKING LETTERS, p. 7

It is well known and remembered that, when Members of Parliament enjoyed the unlimited privilege of franking by the mere writing the name on the cover, it was extended to the most extraordinary occasions. One noble lord, to express his regard for a particular regiment, franked a letter for every rank and file. It was customary also to save the covers and return them, in order that the correspondence might be carried on as long as the envelopes could hold together.

NOTE 7.—SCOTS MAGAZINE, p. 7

The *Scots Magazine*, commenced in 1739, was really not connected with the Ruddimans. Walter Ruddiman, junior, nephew of Thomas the Grammarian, who died in 1757, started an opposition periodical in 1768, called *The Weekly Magazine or Edinburgh Amusement*. It was carried on till 1784 (*Laing*).

NOTE 8.—"THE AULD MAN'S MARE'S DEAD," p. 7

Alluding, as all Scotsmen know, to the humorous old song :

The auld man's mare's dead,
The puir man's mare's dead,
The auld man's mare's dead,
A mile aboon Dundee.

—Both the words and air of this popular song are attributed to Patie Birnie, the famous fiddler of Kinghorn, celebrated by Allan Ramsay. See Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum* (*Laing*).

NOTE 9.—DR. RUTHERFORD, p. 13

Probably Dr. John Rutherford, the Author's uncle. He was a professor in the University of Edinburgh, and one of the founders of the Medical School. Scott's father removed from near the top of the College Wynd to George Square soon after Sir Walter's birth (*Laing*).

NOTE 10.—BROWN'S SQUARE, EDINBURGH, p. 13

The diminutive and obscure place called Brown's Square was hailed about the time of its erection as an extremely elegant improvement upon the style of designing and erecting Edinburgh residences. Each house was, in the phrase used by appraisers, "finished within itself," or, in the still newer phraseology, "self-contained." It was built about the year 1763-64; and the old part of the city being near and accessible, this square soon received many inhabitants, who ventured to remove to so moderate a distance from the High Street.—

The north side of the square now forms part of Chambers Street (*Laing*).

NOTE 11.—AUTHOR'S RESIDENCE WITH QUAKERS, p. 73

In explanation of this circumstance, I cannot help adding a note not very necessary for the reader, which yet I record with pleasure, from recollection of the kindness which it evinces. In early youth I resided for a considerable time in the vicinity of the beautiful village of Kelso, where my life passed in a very solitary manner. I had few acquaintances, scarce any companions, and books, which were at the time almost essential to my happiness, were difficult to come by. It was then that I was particularly indebted to the liberality and friendship of an old lady of the Society of Friends, eminent for her benevolence and charity. Her deceased husband had been a medical man of eminence, and left her, with other valuable property, a small and well-selected library. This the kind old lady permitted me to rummage at pleasure, and carry home what volumes I chose, on condition that I should take, at the same time, some of the tracts printed for encouraging and extending the doctrines of her own sect. She did not even exact any assurance that I would read these performances, being too justly afraid of involving me in a breach of promise, but was merely desirous that I should have the chance of instruction within my reach, in case whim, curiosity, or accident might induce me to have recourse to it.

NOTE 12.—GREEN MANTLE, p. 77

This scene would almost appear to have been founded on an incident in the

Author's own experience, and which is referred to in the following passage from a letter addressed to him about 1790 by an intimate friend :—" Your Quixotism, dear Walter, was highly characteristic. From the description of the blooming fair, as she appeared when she lowered her *manteau vert*, I am hopeful you have not dropt the acquaintance. At least I am certain some of our more rakish friends would have been glad enough of such an introduction." In referring to this letter, Mr. Lockhart says, " Scott's friends discovered that he had, from almost the dawn of the passions, cherished a secret attachment, which continued, through all the most perilous stage of life, to act as a romantic charm in safeguard of virtue. This was the early and innocent affection, however he may have disguised the story, to which we owe the tenderest pages of *Redgauntlet*, and where the heroine has certain distinctive features, drawn from one and the same haunting dream of his manly adolescence."

NOTE 13.—ALAN'S THESIS, p. 86

Mr. Lockhart, referring to the above, say it is easy for us to imagine who the original of the Alan in this letter was. He also informs us, that, when the Author " passed " advocate, the real Darsie (William Clerk) was present at the real Alan's " bit chack of dinner," and the real Alexander Fairford, W. S. (Scott's father), was very joyous on the occasion. Scott's thesis, on the same occasion, was, in fact, on the Title of the Pandects, " Concerning the disposal of the dead bodies of criminals." See the reference to Voet, p. 12 (*Laing*).

NOTE 14.—" ALL OUR MEN WERE VERY, VERY MERRY," p. 90

The original of this catch is to be found in Cowley's witty comedy of *The Guardian*, the first edition [Act ii. sc. 9]. It does not exist in the second and revised edition, called the *Cutter of Coleman Street*.

CAPTAIN BLADE. Ha, ha, boys, another catch.
And all our men were very, very merry,
And all our men were drinking.
CUTTER. One man of mine.
DOGREL. Two men of mine.
BLADE. Three men of mine.
CUTTER. And one man of mine.
OMNES. As we went by the way
We were drunk, drunk, damnably drunk.
And all our men were very, very merry, etc.

Such are the words, which are somewhat altered and amplified in the text. The play was acted in presence of Charles II., then Prince of Wales, in 1641. The catch in the text has been happily set to music.

NOTE 15.—FACULTIES OF THE BLIND, p. 97

It is certain that in many cases the blind have, by constant exercise of their other organs, learned to overcome a defect which one would think incapable of being supplied. Every reader must remember the celebrated Blind Jack of Knaresborough, who lived by laying out roads.—

This remarkable character, John Metcalf, called the Road-Maker, was born at Knaresborough in 1717. He lost his sight when six years old. An account of his life and undertakings forms an interesting chapter in the *Lives of the Engineers*, by S. Smiles, vol. i. 1861 (*Laing*).

NOTE 16.—WILLIAM III. AND THE COVENANTERS, p. 102

The caution and moderation of King William III., and his principles of unlimited toleration, deprived the Cameronians of the opportunity they ardently desired to retaliate the injuries which they had received during the reign of prelacy, and purify the land, as they called it, from the pollution of blood. They esteemed the Revolution, therefore, only a half measure, which neither comprehended the rebuilding the kirk in its full splendor nor the revenge of the death of the saints on their persecutors.

NOTE 17.—PERSECUTORS OF THE COVENANTERS, p. 111

The personages here mentioned are most of them characters of historical fame ; but those less known and remembered may be found in the tract entitled, *The Judgment and Justice of God Exemplified ; or, a Brief Historical Account of some of the Wicked Lives and Miserable Deaths of some of the most Remark-*

able Apostates and Bloody Persecutors, from the Reformation till after the Revolution. This constitutes a sort of postscript or appendix to John Howie of Loehgoon's *Account of the Lives of the most eminent Scots Worthies*. The author has, with considerable ingenuity, reversed his reasoning upon the inference to be drawn from the prosperity or misfortunes which befall individuals in this world, either in the course of their lives or in the hour of death. In the account of the martyrs' sufferings such inflictions are mentioned only as trials permitted by Providence, for the better and brighter display of their faith and constancy of principle. But when similar afflictions befell the opposite party, they are imputed to the direct vengeance of Heaven upon their impiety. If, indeed, the life of any person obnoxious to the historian's censures happened to have passed in unusual prosperity, the mere fact of its being finally concluded by death is assumed as an undeniable token of the judgment of Heaven, and, to render the conclusion inevitable, his last scene is generally garnished with some singular circumstances. Thus the Duke of Lauderdale is said, through old age but immense corpulence, to have become so sunk in spirits "that his heart was not the bigness of a walnut."

NOTE 18.—EXCESSIVE LAMENTATION, p. 117

I have heard in my youth some such wild tale as that placed in the mouth of the blind fiddler, of which, I think, the hero was Sir Robert Grierson of Lagg, the famous persecutor. But the belief was general throughout Scotland that the excessive lamentation over the loss of friends disturbed the repose of the dead, and broke even the rest of the grave. There are several instances of this in tradition, but one struck me particularly, as I heard it from the lips of one who professed receiving it from those of a ghost-seer. This was a Highland lady named Mrs. C— of B—, who probably believed firmly in the truth of an apparition which seems to have originated in the weakness of her nerves and strength of her imagination. She had been lately left a widow by her husband, with the office of guardian to their only child. The young man added to the difficulties of his charge by an extreme propensity for a military life, which his mother was unwilling to give way to, while she found it impossible to repress it. About this time the Independent Companies, formed for the preservation of the peace of the Highlands, were in the course of being levied; and as a gentleman named Cameron, nearly connected with Mrs C—, commanded one of those companies, she was at length persuaded to compromise the matter with her son, by permitting him to enter this company in the capacity of a cadet; thus gratifying his love of a military life without the dangers of foreign service, to which no one then thought these troops were at all liable to be exposed, while even their active service at home was not likely to be attended with much danger. She readily obtained a promise from her relative that he would be particular in his attention to her son, and therefore concluded she had accommodated matters between her son's wishes and his safety in a way sufficiently attentive to both. She set off to Edinburgh to get what was awaiting for his outfit, and shortly afterwards received melancholy news from the Highlands. The Independent Company into which her son was to enter had a skirmish with a party of caterans engaged in some act of spoil, and her friend the captain being wounded, and out of the reach of medical assistance, died in consequence. This news was a thunder-bolt to the poor mother, who was at once deprived of her kinsman's advice and assistance, and instructed by his fate of the unexpected danger to which her son's new calling exposed him. She remained also in great sorrow for her relative, whom she loved with sisterly affection. These conflicting causes of anxiety, together with her uncertainty whether to continue or change her son's destination, were terminated in the following manner:

The house in which Mrs. C— resided in the old town of Edinburgh was a flat or story of a land, accessible, as was then universal, by a common stair. The family who occupied the story beneath were her acquaintances, and she was in the habit of drinking tea with them every evening. It was accordingly about six o'clock, when recovering herself from a deep fit of anxious reflection, she was about to leave the parlor in which she sat in order to attend this engagement. The door through which she was to pass opened, as was very common in Edinburgh, into a dark passage. In this passage, and within a yard of her when she opened the door, stood the apparition of her kinsman, the deceased officer, in his full tartans, and wearing his bonnet. Terrified at what she saw, or thought she saw, she closed the door hastily, and, sinking on her knees by a chair, prayed to be delivered from the horrors of the vision. She remained in that posture till her friends below tapped on the floor to intimate that tea was ready. Recalled to herself by the signal, she arose, and, on opening the apartment door, again was confronted by the visionary Highlander, whose bloody brow bore token, on this second appearance, to the death he had died. Unable to endure this repetition of her terrors, Mrs. C— sunk on the floor in a swoon. Her friends below,

startled with the noise, came upstairs, and, alarmed at the situation in which they found her, insisted on her going to bed and taking some medicine, in order to compose what they took for a nervous attack. They had no sooner left her in quiet than the apparition of the soldier was once more visible in the apartment. This time she took courage and said, "In the name of God, Donald, why do you haunt one who respected and loved you when living?" To which he answered readily, in Gaelic, "Cousin, why did you not speak sooner? My rest is disturbed by your unnecessary lamentation—your tears scald me in my shroud. I come to tell you that my untimely death ought to make no difference in your views for your son: God will raise patrons to supply my place, and he will live to the fullness of years, and die honored and at peace." The lady of course followed her kinsman's advice: and as she was accounted a person of strict veracity, we may conclude the first apparition an illusion of the fancy, the final one a lively dream suggested by the other two.

NOTE 19.—PETER PEEBLES, p. 134

This unfortunate litigant (for a person named Peter Peebles actually flourished) frequented the courts of justice in Scotland about the year 1792, and the sketch of his appearance is given from recollection. The Author is of opinion that he himself had at one time the honor to be counsel for Peter Peebles, whose voluminous course of litigation served as a sort of assay-pieces to most young men who were called to the bar. The scene of the consultation is entirely imaginary.—

Another character of the same kind, by name Andrew Nicol, who flourished about this time, was probably well known to the Author. He was a weaver of Kinross, who, after years of litigation, neglecting his business, died a pauper in the jail of Cupar-Fife in 1817. See Kay's *Portraits*, vol. i. Nos. 118 and 119. The first represents him with a plan of his middenstead, dated 1804; the other, in 1802, consulting a lawyer [listening to John Skene and Mary Walker] (*Laing*).

NOTE 20.—OLD-FASHIONED SCOTTISH CIVILITY, p. 144

Such were literally the points of politeness observed in general society during the Author's youth, where it was by no means unusual in a company assembled by chance to find individuals who had borne arms on one side or the other in the civil broils of 1745. Nothing, according to my recollection, could be more gentle and decorous than the respect these old enemies paid to each other's prejudices. But in this I speak generally. I have witnessed one or two explosions.

NOTE 21.—SWINE IN HANKS OF YARN, p. 149

The simile is obvious, from the old manufacture of Scotland, when the "guid-wife's" thrift, as the yarn wrought in the winter was called, when laid down to bleach by the burn-side, was peculiarly exposed to the inroads of the pigs, seldom well regulated about a Scottish farm-house.

NOTE 22.—JOHN'S COFFEE-HOUSE, p. 150

This small dark coffee-house, now burnt down, was the resort of such writers and clerks belonging to the Parliament House above thirty years ago as retained the ancient Scottish custom of a meridian, as it was called, or noontide dram of spirits. If their proceedings were watched, they might be seen to turn fidgety about the hour of noon, and exchange looks with each other from their separate desks, till at length some one of formal and dignified presence assumed the honor of leading the band, when away they went, threading the crowd like a string of wild-fowl, crossed the square or close, and following each other into the coffee-house, received in turn from the hand of the waiter the meridian, which were placed ready at the bar. This they did day by day; and though they did not speak to each other, they seemed to attach a certain degree of sociability to performing the ceremony in company.

NOTE 23.—TITLES OF SCOTTISH JUDGES, p. 162

The Scottish judges are distinguished by the title of "lord" prefixed to their own territorial designation. As the ladies of these official dignitaries do not bear any share in their husbands' honors, they are distinguished only by their lords' family name. They were not always contented with this species of Salique law, which certainly is somewhat inconsistent. But their pretensions to title are said to have been long since repelled by James V., the sovereign who founded the College of Justice. "I," said he, "made the earles lords, but who the devil made the carlines ladies?"

NOTE 24.—ATTACK UPON THE DAM-DIKE, p. 176

It may be here mentioned that a violent and popular attack upon what the country people of this district considered as an invasion of their fishing right is by no means an improbable fiction. Shortly after the close of the American war, Sir James Graham of Netherby constructed a dam-dike, or cauld, across the Esk, at a place where it flowed through his estate, though it has its origin, and the principal part of its course, in Scotland. The new barrier at Netherby was considered as an encroachment calculated to prevent the salmon from ascending into Scotland; and the right of erecting it being an international question of law betwixt the sister kingdoms, there was no court in either competent to its decision. In this dilemma, the Scots people assembled in numbers by signal of rocket-lights, and, rudely armed with fowling-pieces, fish-spears, and such rustic weapons, marched to the banks of the river for the purpose of pulling down the dam-dike objected to. Sir James Graham armed many of his own people to protect his property, and had some military from Carlisle for the same purpose. A renewal of the Border wars had nearly taken place in the 18th century, when prudence and moderation on both sides saved much tumult, and perhaps some bloodshed. The English proprietor consented that a breach should be made in his dam-dike sufficient for the passage of the fish, and thus removed the Scottish grievance. I believe the river has since that time taken the matter into its own disposal, and entirely swept away the dam-dike in question.

NOTE 25.—COLLIER AND SALTER, p. 205

The persons engaged in these occupations were at this time bondsmen; and in case they left the ground of the farm to which they belonged, and as pertaining to which their services were bought or sold, they were liable to be brought back by a summary process. The existence of this species of slavery being thought irreconcilable with the spirit of liberty, colliers and salters were declared free, and put upon the same footing with other servants, by the Act 15 Geo. III. chap. 28th. They were so far from desiring or prizing the blessing conferred on them, that they esteemed the interest taken in their freedom to be a mere decree on the part of the proprietors to get rid of what they called head and heregeld money, payable to them when a female of their number, by bearing a child, made an addition to the live stock of their master's property.

NOTE 26.—TUNES AND TOASTS, p. 231

Every one must remember instances of this festive custom, in which the adaptation of the tune to the toast was remarkably felicitous. Old Neil Gow and his son Nathaniel were peculiarly happy on such occasions. [See *St. Ronan's Well*, Glossary, under "Gow."]

NOTE 27.—TREPANNING AND CONCEALMENT, p. 244

Scotland, in its half-civilized state, exhibited too many examples of the exertion of arbitrary force and violence, rendered easy by the dominion which lords exerted over their tenants, and chiefs over their clans. The captivity of Lady Grange,* in the desolate cliffs of St. Kilda, is in the recollection of every one. At the supposed date of the novel also, a man of the name of Merrilees, a tanner in Leith, absconded from his country to escape his creditors; and after having slain his own mastiff dog, and put a bit of red cloth in its mouth, as if it had died in a contest with soldiers, and involved his own existence in as much mystery as possible, made his escape into Yorkshire. Here he was detected by persons sent in search of him, to whom he gave a portentous account of his having been carried off and concealed in various places. Mr. Merrilees was, in short, a kind of male Elizabeth Canning,† but did not trespass on the public credulity quite so long.

* Lady Grange was the wife of a Scottish judge, Lord Grange. When she was on the eve of separating from him after twenty years of married life, she was, on 22d January 1732, carried off from her home by violence by a party of Highlanders, instigated by her husband. She was kept in close confinement for ten years, the last eight of the period in the lonely island of St. Kilda, far out in the Atlantic.]

† Elizabeth Canning was a London domestic servant, who disappeared suddenly, and without known cause, from her mistress's house in that city, in January 1753. But after a week's absence she returned in a wretched plight, and told a remarkable story of having been kidnapped, forcibly detained, and robbed by persons unknown to her. Two women, whom she pointed out, were arrested and tried for the alleged offence. One of them was sentenced to death; the other to be branded on the hand and imprisoned for six months. Canning was subse-

NOTE 28.—MAILS TO EDINBURGH, p. 247

Not much in those days, for within my recollection the London post was brought north in a small mail-cart: and men are yet alive who recollect when it came down with only one single letter for Edinburgh, addressed to the manager of the British Linen Company.

NOTE 29.—ESCAPE OF PATE-IN-PERIL, p. 255

The escape of a Jacobite gentleman, while on the road to Carlisle to take his trial for his share in the affair of 1745, took place at Errickstane Brae, in the singular manner ascribed to the laird of Summertrees in the text. The Author has seen in his youth the gentleman to whom the adventure actually happened. The distance of time makes some indistinctness of recollection, but it is believed the real name was MacEwen or MacMillan.

NOTE 30.—ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY, p. 255

An old gentleman of the Author's name was engaged in the affair of 1715, and with some difficulty was saved from the gallows by the intercession of the Duchess of Buccleugh and Monmouth. Her Grace, who maintained a good deal of authority over her clan, sent for the object of her intercession, and warning him of the risk which he had run, and the trouble she had taken on his account, wound up her lecture by intimating that, in case of such disloyalty again, he was not to expect her interest in his favor. "An it please your Grace," said the stout old Tory, "I fear I am too old to see another opportunity."

NOTE 31.—BRAXY MUTTON, p. 256

The flesh of sheep that has died of disease, not by the hand of the butcher. In pastoral countries it is used as food with little scruple.

NOTE 32.—CONCEALMENTS FOR THEFT AND SMUGGLING, p. 277

I am sorry to say, that the modes of concealment described in the imaginary premises of Mr. Trumbull are of a kind which have been common on the frontiers of late years. The neighborhood of two nations having different laws, though united in government, still leads to a multitude of transgressions on the Border, and extreme difficulty in apprehending delinquents. About twenty years since, as far as my recollection serves, there was along the frontier an organized gang of soldiers, forgers, smugglers, and other malefactors, whose operations were conducted on a scale not inferior to what is here described. The chief of the party was one Richard Mendham, a carpenter, who rose to opulence, although ignorant even of the arts of reading and writing. But he had found a short road to wealth, and had taken singular measures for conducting his operations. Amongst these, he found means to build, in a suburb of Berwick called Spittal, a street of small houses, as if for the investment of property. He himself inhabited one of these; another, a species of public-house, was open to his confederates, who held secret and unsuspected communication with him by crossing the roofs of the intervening houses, and descending by a trap-stair, which admitted them into the alcove of the dining-room of Dick Mendham's private mansion. A vault, too, beneath Mendham's stable, was accessible in the manner mentioned in the novel. The post of one of the stalls turned round on a bolt being withdrawn, and gave admittance to a subterranean place of concealment for contraband and stolen goods, to a great extent. Richard Mendham, the head of this very formidable conspiracy, which involved malefactors of every kind, was tried and executed at Jedburgh, where the Author was present as Sheriff of Selkirkshire. Mendham had previously been tried, but escaped by want of proof and the ingenuity of his counsel.

NOTE 33.—PINT MEASURE, p. 280

The Scottish pint of liquid measure comprehends four English measures of the same denomination. The jest is well known of my poor countryman, who, driven to extremity by the raillery of the Southern on the small denomination of the Scottish coin, at length answered, "Ay—ay! but the deil tak them that has the *least pint-stoup*."

NOTE 34.—TRANSLATIONS FROM SALLUST, p. 285

The translation of these passages is thus given by Sir Henry Steuart of Allanton,

quently charged with being an impostor, as indeed many suspected all along, convicted, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. The affair created great commotion in London for a time.]

"The youth, taught to look up to riches as the sovereign good, became apt pupils in the school of luxury. Avarice and pride supplied their precepts. Rapacity and profusion went hand in hand. Careless of their own fortunes, and eager to possess those of others, shame and remorse, modesty and moderation, every principle gave way."—*Works of Sallust, with Original Essays*, vol. ii. p. 17.

After enumerating the evil qualities of Catiline's associates, the author adds, "If it happened that any as yet uncontaminated by vice were fatally drawn into his friendship, the effects of intercourse and snares artfully spread subdued every scruple, and early assimilated them to their corruptors."—*Ibidem*, p. 19.

NOTE 35.—OLD AVERY, p. 294

Captain Avery, a noted and successful pirate, who married a daughter of the Great Mogul, according to his biographer Charles Johnson; see his *History of Highwaymen, Pyrates, etc.*, 1734, and his earlier *History of the Pyrates* (Laing).

NOTE 36.—PRENATAL MARKS, p. 341

Several persons have brought down to these days the impressions which nature had thus recorded when they were yet babes unborn. One lady of quality, whose father was long under sentence of death posterior to the rebellion, was marked on the back of the neck by the sign of a broad axe. Another, whose kinsmen had been slain in battle and died on the scaffold to the number of seven, bore a child spattered on the right shoulder and down the arm with scarlet drops, as if of blood. Many other instances might be quoted.

NOTE 37.—CORONATION OF GEORGE III., p. 350

The particulars here given are of course entirely imaginary: that is, they have no other foundation than what might be supposed probable had such a circumstance actually taken place. Yet a report to such an effect was long and generally current, though now having wholly lost its lingering credit, those who gave it currency, if they did not originate it, being, with the tradition itself, now mouldered in the dust. The attachment to the unfortunate house of Stuart among its adherents continued to exist and to be fondly cherished longer perhaps than in any similar case in another country; and when reason was baffled, and all hope destroyed, by repeated frustration, the mere dreams of imagination were summoned in to fill up the dreary blank left in so many hearts. Of the many reports set on foot and circulated from this cause, the tradition in question, though amongst the least authenticated, is not the least striking; and, in excuse of what may be considered as a violent infraction of probability in chapter xviii., the Author is under the necessity of quoting it. It was always said, though with very little appearance of truth, that, upon the coronation of George III., when the Champion of England, Dymock, or his representative, appeared in Westminster Hall, and, in the language of chivalry, solemnly wagered his body to defend in single combat the right of the young king to the crown of these realms, at the moment when he flung down his gauntlet as the gage of battle, an unknown female stepped from the crowd and lifted the pledge, leaving another gage in room of it, with a paper expressing that, if a fair field of combat should be allowed, a champion of rank and birth would appear with equal arms to dispute the claim of King George to the British kingdoms. The story, as we have said, is probably one of the numerous fictions which were circulated to keep up the spirits of a sinking faction. The incident was, however, possible, if it could be supposed to be attended by any motive adequate to the risk, and might be imagined to occur to a person of Redgauntlet's enthusiastic character. George III., it is said, had a police of his own, whose agency was so efficient, that the sovereign was able to tell his prime minister upon one occasion, to his great surprise, that the Pretender was in London. The prime minister began immediately to talk of measures to be taken, warrants to be procured, messengers and guards to be got in readiness. "Pooh, pooh," said the good-natured sovereign, "since I have found him out, leave me alone to deal with him." "And what," said the minister, "is your Majesty's purpose in so important a case?" "To leave the young man to himself," said George III.; "and when he tires he will go back again." The truth of this story does not depend on that of the lifting of the gauntlet; and while the latter could be but an idle bravado, the former expresses George III.'s goodness of heart and soundness of policy.

NOTE 38.—HIGHLAND REGIMENTS, p. 361

The Highland regiments were first employed by the celebrated Earl of Chatham, who assumed to himself no small degree of praise for having called forth to the support of the country and the government the valor which had been too often directed against both.

GLOSSARY

OF

WORDS, PHRASES, AND ALLUSIONS

- Abunu, aboon, above*
Account, went on the, took part in piratical expeditions
Ad litem, in a lawsuit
Adust, parched, sunburnt
Ad vindictam publicam, in the public defence
Age as accords, to do what is fitting—a Scots law phrase
Ailsay, or Ailsa, Craig, a rocky island in the Firth of Clyde
Ain, own
Airt, to direct
Alander, an ancient Greek soothsayer, the son of Munichus, king of the Molossi
Aldiborontiphosce ophorino, the humorous name given by Scott to James Ballantyne, is borrowed from H. Carey's Chrononhotonthologus (1734)
Alquife, a famous enchantment in the mediæval romances of the Amadis of Gaul cycle
Amadis, a celebrated hero in the mediæval romances of chivalry
Amaist, almost
Ance, anes, once; ance, wud and aye waur, once he was mad, he would get worse instead of better
Ane, one
Anes errand, for that very purpose
Another-guess, another sort of
Approbate and reprobate, to approve and reject, exercise choice
Argumentum ad hominem, personal recrimination to a man, ad femina, to a lady
Arles, earnest-money
Arniston, probably Robert Dundas of Arniston, the Younger (1713-87), Lord President of the Scottish courts
Ars longa, vita brevis, art or work is long and life is short
Ars medendi, art of healing, medicine
Atlantes, a magician in Ariosto's Orlando Furioso
Attour. See Bye and attour, under Bye
Aught, to own, possess, be chiefly concerned in
Auld Reekie, "Old Smoky," a popular name for Edinburgh
Auld-world, olden times, days that are gone
Avvocato, or avvocato, del diablo, Devil's advocate, the official pleader appointed by the Roman Catholic Church to dispute a proposal of canonization
Back-ganging, behind-hand in paying, getting into debt
Back-sands (p. 205). Horse-races were held on Leith sands for many years previous to their transference to Musselburgh in 1816
Back-spauld, the back part of the shoulder
Ballant, ballad
Balmerino, Lord, beheaded for participating in the Jacobite rebellion of 1745
Bankton, Andrew Macdougall, Lord, Scottish lawyer and judge, author of Institute of the Laws of Scotland (1751-53)
Bareford's Parks, now George Street, Edinburgh
Barley-pickle, barley-corn, the last straw
Barmecide's feast to Al-naschar. See Arabian Nights, tale of "Barber's Sixth Brother"
Baron-officer, the police officer of the estate
Bauld, bold
Bearmeal, barley meal
Bein, snug, comfortable
Belford, friend of Lovelace, in Richardson's Clarissa Harlowe (1749)
Belisarius, general of the Roman emperor Justinian, lost favor in his old age (548) through the malice of his enemies
Ben, within; over far ben, too far in, too intimate
Benedicite, my blessing be with you
Bicker, a drinking-bowl
Billie, brother, comrade—a term of familiarity
Bink, dresser for plates
Birkie, a smart fellow
Birling, merry-making, drinking
Bishop's summoner, perhaps William Carmichael, an agent of Archbishop Sharpe's
Black-fasting, being long without food
Black-fisher, a salmon-poacher who fished by night
Black-jack, a jug of waxed leather for holding ale
Blate, bashful
Blaud, a large piece, several verses
Blaw in (the) lugs, to blow in the ears, flatter, cajole
Bleezing, blazing, making an ostentatious show
Blue-cap, a Scotsman
Blue jacket and white lapelle, the uniform of officers in the royal navy
Bluidy Advocate MacKenzie, or Mackenzie, Lord Advocate of Scotland under Charles II.,

and an active persecutor of the Cameronians
Boddle, a Scotch coin = 1-6th penny English
Bogle, bogle, ghost; scarecrow
Bombazine, a stuff of wool and silk, of which a barrister's gown was made
Bona roba, courtesan, mistress
Bonshaw, James Irvine of, captured Cargill (q. v.), at Covington Mill in 1681
Bonus socius, good comrade, good fellow
Borrel, common, simple
Bourd, *See* Sooth, bourd, etc.
Brash, brush, attack
Brattle, clattering noise, of a horse going at great speed
Brent broo, high, smooth brow
Brocard, maxim
Brock, a badger
Brouge, a light rough leather shoe, worn by Highlanders
Brose, oatmeal over which boiling water has been poured
Brown's imitations of nature. Lancelot Brown, known as "Capability Brown," (1715-83), a celebrated landscape-gardener, fond of formal arrangements and artificial ornaments, caused a small stream, "a rival to the Thames," to flow through the grounds of Blenheim House
Broust, a brewing
Bucephalus, the favorite horse of Alexander the Great
Buckie, imp
Buff nor styie, neither one thing nor another
Bumbazed, stupefied, astonished
Burgh, or *Burgh by Sands*, a village on the Solway, five miles from Carlisle.
Bush aboon Traquair, the title of an old Scottish song. The "bush" itself was pointed out in the grounds of Traquair House, the seat of the Earl of Traquair in Peeblesshire
Bye, besides; *bye* and *attour*, over and above; *by ordinar*, uncommon, unusual; *bye-time*, now and then, occasionally

Cadie, a messenger, errand-boy
Cairn, *Point of*. *See* Point of Cairn
Callant, lad
Caller, fresh, crisp
Cambridge Bible, printed by Buck and Daniel, folio, 1638
Canning Elizabeth. *See* Elizabeth Canning
Canny, *cannily*, quiet, quietly
Cantle, fragment
Capernoited, cantankerous, crabbed, irritable
Cargill, Donald, or *Daniel*, founder, with Richard Cameron, of the Cameronians, a Covenanting sect, executed in 1681
Carle, fellow
Carline, witch, old woman
Carrifra Gauns, or *Carrifran Gans*, the precipitous side of a mountain in Moffatdale Dumfries
Cassandra, daughter of Priam, king of Troy, and possessed of the power of prophecy
Cast, lift, short ride
Cateran, freebooter, robber
Cauld, cold
Caup, or *cap*, a cup or wooden bowl
Cavaliere servente, an attentive beau
Cave ne literas, etc. (p. 319), beware of carrying Bellerophon's letters (letters unfavorable to the bearer)
Celsitude, loftiness, height
Cetera prorsus ignora, as for the rest, in short, I know nothing
Chack, a slight repast
Chamber of dais, the best bedroom, state bedroom
Change-house, inn, wayside inn
Chape, the metal mounting of a scabbard; the scabbard itself
Chapeau bras, a low-crowned, three-cornered hat
Cheat-the-woodie, cheat the-gallows
Chiel, fellow
Clavers, idle talk, gossip
Cleek, or *cleik*, to lay hold upon; *cleik in with*, to hook on to, join company with
Cleugh, a steep descent
Close-head, the top of a narrow side-street or

passage, a favorite place for gossips to gather at
Clour, to strike heavily
Cockade, *white*. *See* White cockade
Cockernony, top-knot of hair
Cocking-season, the time for shooting woodcock
Cogie, or *coggie*, small wooden bowl
Commune forum, etc. (p. 142), the common court is a common domicile
Cordwain, or *cordovan*, Spanish leather used for shoes
Corelli, Archangelo, celebrated Italian violinist and musical composer (1653-1713). The *Devil's Sonata* was composed, not by Corelli, but by Tartini (1692-1770), even more famous as a violinist and composer
Coriolanus C. Marcius, a famous old Roman patrician and soldier (5th century), was banished from Rome, and sought shelter at the hearth-stone of his enemy, Tullus Aufidius, the Volscian chief
Corking-pin, the largest kind of pin in use
Corporal Nym's philosophy, in *Shakespeare's Henry V.*, Act ii. sc. 1
Corsican, a rustic swain in *Virgil's Eclogues*
Cotton, Charles, a friend of Izaak Walton, and writer of the second part of *The Complete Angler* (1676)
Councillor Pest, ought probably to be Councillor Peat, according to J. G. Lockhart, in *Life of Scott*, vol. i. p. 251
Coup, or *corp*, to tumble over, upset
Conteau de chasse, hanger, hunting-knife
Coryne, or *corvine*, artifice
Crack, gossip, chat, talk
Crawstep, the step-like edges of a house gable
Creelfu' basketful
Cremony, Cremona, in Italy, where the celebrated violin-makers, the Amati family, lived in the 16th and 17th centuries
Criffell, a conspicuous mountain in Kirkcudbright, overlooking the estuary of the Nith

- Crispus**, that is, Sallust, the Roman historian
Crowder, fiddler
Crowdero, a lame fiddler in Butler's *Hudibras*
Cruise, a lamp
Crummie, a cow
Cur me exanimas, etc. (p. 1). Why do you kill me with your complaints?
Curn, a grain, particle
Dafting, frolicking, jesting
Daft, crazy; *gaen daft*, gone crazy
Dais, *chamber of*. See Chamber of dais
Dalyell. See Tam Dalyell
Dang, knocked over
Daniel. See Cambridge Bible
Dargle. Compare The Dargle, a wooded glen in Wicklow, Ireland. Perhaps, however, the word is a slip of the pen for "dingle," a small valley or dell
Daured, dared
Daurg, or *darg*, a day's work, task
David's sow, the wife of a Welshman. David Lloyd, who was found lying dead drunk beside the sow, when David brought a visitor to see the animal, which had six legs. See Glossary to *The Pirate*, "Drunk as Davy's sow"
David Lindsay, or *Sir David Lindsay of the Mount*, the most popular poet (c. 1490 to c. 1555) of Scotland antecedent to Burn's
Day's work in harvest, *owe one a*, to owe a good deed in a time of special need—of course used ironically on p. 355
Dead-thraw, death-agony
De apicibus juris, from ticklish points or delicate distinctions of the law
"Death . . . nothing could have," etc. (p. 204), from *King Lear*, Act iii. sc. 4
Deave, to deafen
Delate, to accuse
Delict, misdemeanor
Den, a dell or hollow
De periculo et commodo rei venditæ, concerning the risk and profit of things that are sold
Deray, mirthful noise, disorder
Dernier ressort, last remedy, resource
Désorienté, having lost all bearings
Diligence, a writ of execution—a Scots law term
Ding, to knock
Dirdum, uproar, disturbance
Dittay, indictment
Divot, thin flat turf used for thatching
Doch an dorroch, a drink taken standing, for which nothing is paid; a stirrup-cup. See *Waverley*, Note 10, p. 473
Doctor Pitcairn, or *Pitcairne*, a celebrated Edinburgh doctor (1652-1718), who had a turn for writing Latin verse
Dominus litis, one of the principals in a lawsuit
Donald of the Isles, a powerful chief of the western isles (Hebrides, etc.) of Scotland in the 15th century
Dool, sad consequences
Door-cheek, door-post
Douce, quiet, sensible
Dour, stubborn, obstinate
Downright Dunstable, a proverbial expression for plain straightforward speech or action.
Dunstable is a town in Bedfordshire
Drappie, drop
Drappit egg, an egg dropped in gravy
Dub, a pool, puddle
Dumbarton Douglas, Thomas Douglas, a Covenantee minister, an associate of Cameron and Cargill (q.v.)
Dundee, John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount, was shot whilst urging on the Highlanders for James II. at Killiecrankie in 1689
Dyvour, bankrupt
Earl of Douglas (p. 114). See MacLellan of Bombie
Earlshall, Bruce of, Claverhouse's lieutenant in his campaigns against the Cameronians in the south-west of Scotland
East Nook, a cape or promontory of Fifeshire
Ee, eye; een, eyes
Effusa est, etc. (p. 11). He is poured out like water, he shall not increase
Eke, addition
Elizabeth Canning. See footnote to Note 27, p. 442
Erickstane Brae, a steep hillside, or gully, at the head of the River Annan, in Dumfriesshire
Errol James, fourteenth Earl of, who officiated as constable at the coronation of George III., was the grandson of Lord Kilmarnock, who was beheaded in 1746
Erskine, John, professor of law in Edinburgh University, and author of *Principles of the Law of Scotland* (1754), and *Institutes of the Law of Scotland* (1773), both very important works
Even'd, compared
Exceptio firmat Regulam, the exception confirms the rule
Ex comitate, out of courtesy
Ex Misericordia, out of compassion
Facardin of Trebizond, an allusion to Count Anthony Hamilton's story o' *Les Quatre Facardins* (1749)
Factor loco tutoris, an agent acting in the place of a guardian
Falkirk, flight of. See Flight of Falkirk
Fardel, bundle, pack, burden
Fash, fasherie, trouble; *fashious*, troublesome
Faulding, folding
Faur'd, favored
Fause, false
Feck, space, greater part
Feroe, isle of, or the Færoe Islands, North of Scotland, present steep, rugged cliffs to the sea
Fielding, Sir John, half-brother of Henry Fielding, the novelist, was, as justice of Westminster, a terror to evil-doers, in spite of his being blind from his youth
Fieri, (yet) to be made
Fifish, a little deranged, cracked; on p. 207 there is a sly allusion to the county of Fife
Flacon, a smelling-bottle
Fleeching, flattery, cajolery
Flight of Falkirk, General Hawley's defeat by the Highlanders of the Pretender's army on 17th January 1746
Flip, ale or cider, sweetened and spiced, and heated by plunging a hot iron into the liquor

Flory, frothy, empty
Footman in the shilling gallery. In the 18th century, footmen, after keeping their master's or mistress's place in the boxes, were allowed to go up to the second or shilling gallery. The withdrawal of this privilege at Drury Lane, in 1787, in consequence of their bad behavior, occasioned a riot
Foot out of the Snare, a tract against the Quakers, by John Toldervy, Thomas Brooks, and seven others (1656)
Forfoughten, or *forfouchten*, out of breath, distressed
Forleet, leave off, forsake
Forpit, or *forpet*, the fourth part of a peck
Fou, full
Four-pottle, a gallon
Fox, *George*. See *George Fox*
Friend, *Sir John*. See *Sir John Friend*
Fristed, postponed
Fugie warrant, to apprehend a debtor who is presumed to be about to flee
Functus officio, in the position of one whose duty is completed and cannot be performed again
Furinish, stop a bit, stay a while
Furs, furrows
Fustian, bombastic and empty language
Gaberlunzie, a beggar
Gaen daft, gone out of his mind
*Gaits**, or *Gytes**, Class, the elementary class, boobies' class
Galloway, a horse bred in the old Scotch county of Galloway
Gangrel, wandering, vagrant
Gar, to force, make
Gash, ghastly, deathlike
Gate, way, road
Gaun, going
Gear, property, thing, goods
Gentrice, honorable birth, gentle blood
George Fox, the founder (1624-90) of the Quakers
Gey, pretty (as an adverb), moderately
Gie, give; *gied*, gave
Giff-gaff, give and take, mutual obligation

Gil Blas in the robbers' cave. See *Lesage*, *Gil Blas*, Bk. I. chap. x.
Girded, hooped with twigs, like a barrel
Girn, to grin, cry
Glaiket, giddy, rash
Glaramara, a mountain in the west of Cumberland, 2560 feet high
Glencairn, *William Cunningham*, Lord, tried to raise the Highlands for Charles (II.) in 1653
Gliff, an instant
Gobbet, a lump, piece
"God bless the king," etc. (p. 215), slightly altered from an extempore piece by Dr. John Byrom (1691-1763)
Gouff ba', golf ball
Grana invecata et illata, grain brought in and imported
Grange, *Lady*. See *Lady Grange*
Grat nor graned, wept nor groaned
Greyfriars' Churchyard, in Edinburgh, contains the graves of George Heriot, George Buchanan, Allan Ramsay, Sir George Mackenzie, and many other distinguished Scotsmen
Grillade, a broiled dish
Grossart, gooseberry
Grue, to creep (of the flesh), shiver
Gudeman, husband, head of the family
Gudesire, grandfather
Guiding, treating, behaving to
Gumple-foisted, sulky, sullen
Gunner's daughter, kiss the, be flogged whilst laid along the breech of a gun
Gyte, or *gait*, contemptuous name for a child, a brat
Hafflins, half-grown
Hail, the whole; *haill gate*, the whole way
Hairibee, or *Harraby*, *Hill*, close to Carlisle, where criminals were executed, especially several of the Jacobites of 1745
Hairst, harvest
Hallan, partition in a cottage
Hanesucken, the crime of assaulting a man in his own house

Ha' neuk, a cosy corner beside the hall fireplace
Hank over, an advantage over, ground for compelling obedience
Happed, hopped
Harpoocrates, an Egyptian god, (erroneously) conceived by the ancient Greeks to be the God of Silence
Harvest, owe a day's work in. See *Day's work*, etc.
Haud obliviscendum, never to be forgotten
Haugh, a holm, low ground beside a river
Hauld, habitation
Havers, nonsense
Haveings, behavior, manners
Head-borough, petty constable, the head of a borough
Heart of Midlothian, the ancient jail of Edinburgh, stood close beside St. Giles' Cathedral
Hellicat, wild, giddy
Hempy, a rogue
Herezeld, or *Herreyeld*, a fine payable to a feudal superior on the death of a tenant. See *Guy Mannering*, Note 15, p. 431
Heritor, landowner of a Scottish parish
Hesp, hank of yarn
Het, hot
Heuck, sickle, reaping-hook
Hill Folk, Covenanters, so called from their seeking refuge in the hills
Hinc illa lachryma, hence these tears, that's where the shoe pinches
Hinnie, honey, a term of endearment
Hirdie-girdie, topsy-turvy
Hodden-grey, cloth manufactured from undyed wool
Hoddled, waddled
Homologating, ratifying, approving
Hose-net, a small net like a stocking, affixed to a stick and used in rivulets
Hosting, mustering of armed men
Hunks, a miser, niggard
Hussy, lady's needlecase
Ik, *ilka*, every, each
Ill deddie, or *ill-deedy*, mischievous
Ill-faured, ugly, ill-favored
Incedit sicut leo vorans,

walketh about like a devouring lion
In civilibus vel criminalibus, in civil or criminal matters
In foro conscientiae, before one's conscience
In meditatione fugæ, meditating flight
In presentia dominorum, before the (law) lords
Invita, unwilling; *invita Minerva*, against my own natural inclination
Iron Mask. See *Man in the Iron Mask*
Ithuriel. See *Milton's Paradise Lost*, Bk. iv.
Jansenists, a 17th century party in the Roman Catholic Church, who opposed certain of the Jesuits' doctrines in religion and morality
Jaud, jade
Jazy, or *Jasey*, a wig, originally made of worsted
Jet d'eau, jet or upward stream of water
John Scot of Amwell, a Quaker (1739-83) of Southwark, wrote *Elegies* and the poem *Amwell*, descriptive of his estate in Hertfordshire
Jorum, a drinking-vessel; the liquor it contains
Jous in, ceases tolling
June 10th of, the birthday, in 1688, of James, the Old Pretender
Junk, old cable and cordage, often cut to pieces to make mats, etc., of
Katterfelto, *Gustavus*, a well-known conjurer and quack doctor in London (1782-1784), advertised in the newspapers under the heading "Wonders! Wonders! Wonders!"
Keek, look, glance
Keffel, or *keffle*, an inferior horse
Kennel, gutter
Kennington Common, on the south side of London, where many who had taken part in the Young Pretender's rebellion of 1745 were executed in the following year
King's keys, crowbar and hatchet
Kittle, ticklish, difficult; *kittled*, tickled
Knights of the rainbow, lackeys, liveried servants

Lady Grange. See footnote to Note 27, p. 442
Laigh, low
Laith, loth, unwilling
Lance, to make delicate and lively strokes on the violin
Land, a house or building containing several tenements or flats
Landlouper, adventurer, gad-about
Landward, country, rural, as opposed to town or urban
Lap, leaped
Lares, the guardian deities of the family
Lauderdale John Maitland, Duke of, Secretary of State for Charles II. in Scotland (1660-80)
Lave, the remainder
Laving, inn reckoning
Leasing-making, slander; literally, seditious words
Leasowes, the house and estate (converted into a landscape-garden) of the poet, William Shenstone, in Worcestershire, which the bookseller, R. Dodsley, described in an essay prefixed to his edition of Shenstone's *Works* (1764-69)
Leesome lane, alone with his own dear self
Lettres de cachet, sealed letters, conferring the most extensive power over the personal liberty of others
Lex aquarum, the law of the waters, water rights
Limmer, a loose woman, jade
Lindsay Davie. See *Davie Lindsay*
Loaning, an uncultivated tract, near the homestead, where the cows were pastured and frequently milked
Lobsters, redcoats, soldiers
Loe, to love
Loon, fellow, rogue (humorously)
Loopy, crafty, deceitful
Lord Burleigh in The Critic, Sheridan's play; see Act iii. sc. 1
Lord Stair, James Dalrymple, Viscount of Stair, a celebrated Scottish lawyer, and author of *The Institutes of the Law of Scotland* (1681)
Louis d'or, a French gold

coin worth from 16s. 6d. to 18s. 9d.
Loup, to leap; *loup-the-dyke*, runaway; *loup-the-tether*, breaking loose from restraint
Lovelace, friend of Belford, in Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe* (1749)
Luckenbooths, a block of shops and houses formerly in the middle of High Street, Edinburgh, beside St. Giles' Cathedral
Luckie, a title of honor given to an elderly dame
Lum, chimney
Lydia Languish, one of the characters in Sheridan's *Rivals*
MacKenzie Advocate. See *Bluidy Advocate*
MacKenzie
Macklin, Charles, an Irish actor (1697?-1797), who excelled as Shylock
MacLellan of Bombie, or *Bunby*, was put to death by Earl Douglas, whilst the messenger, who brought the order for his release, was detained to take refreshment after his journey. See *Scott's Tales of a Grandfather*, chap. xxi.
Mailing, a small farm, rented property; *mails*, rents
Maist, almost; most
Man in the Iron Mask, a mysterious state prisoner of France, confined in the Bastille and other prisons for thirty years in the reign of Louis XIV. He was a person of not the highest rank, but who is not yet clearly ascertained, in spite of several identifications—a new one even in 1893
March, border, boundary
Mare magnum, vast ocean
Marius, Caius, a famous old Roman soldier (157-86 B. C.), who, being once a fugitive, took refuge amongst the ruins of Carthage
Maun, must; *maunna*, must not
Maundering, talking incoherently, mumbling
Maut abune the meal, hilarious, when the ale or wine has taken effect
Meadows, a sort of park on

the south side of Edinburgh
Mear, mare
Menpie, retinue
Meridian, a mid-day dram
Merk, a Scotch silver coin
 =1s. 14d.
Messan doggies, dogs of inferior breed
Middenstead, the place where the dunghill stands
Middleton, *Earl of*, an unscrupulous soldier, and commissioner of Charles II. in Scotland
Miffed, piqued
Millar, or *Miller Philip*, gardener (1691-1771) to the Apothecaries Company at Chelsea, and author of several books for gardeners
Minden, 40 miles west of Hanover; there, in 1759, during the Seven Years War, the Anglo-Hanoverian army defeated the French
Minnie, mamma, mother
Minos, in ancient Greek mythology, judge of the lower world
Mischanter, mischief
Miss Nickie Murray, sister of the Earl of Mansfield, was the presiding genius of the Edinburgh assemblies (public balls) during the middle of the 18th century
Moidart, or *Kinlochmoidart*, a district in the southwest corner of Inverness-shire, between Skye and Mull, where the Young Pretender landed in 1745 with only seven followers
Moidore, a gold coin of Portugal -27s.
Month's mind, constant prayer for a deceased person during the month immediately following his death—a service in the Roman Catholic Church
Mont St. Michel, an island fortress, close to the north coast of France, east of St. Malo was used as a state-prison from the Revolution until 1863
Moonlight (cask of), more usually moonshine, smuggled spirits
More solito, in the usual way; *more tuo*, in your own way
Muckle, much, large, great

Muckle tikes, big wigs, great folks
Mulls, or *mullis*, a kind of slippers made of cloth or velvet and embroidered
Muisted, scented
Mull, a snuff-box
Multiplepoinding, a Scottish legal process for enforcing settlement of competing claims to the same fund, the English interpleader
Murray, *Miss Nickie*. See *Miss Nickie Murray*
Negatur, I deny it
Negotiorum gestor, manager of affairs
Neist, next
Ne quid nimis, not too much
Nevoy, nephew
Nicol, or *Nichol*, *Forest*, a border township of Cumberland
Nigri sunt hyacinthi, there are black hyacinths
Nihil novit in causa, he knows nothing of the case
Nipperkin, a small measure for ale or spirits
Nom de guerre, professional nickname
Nomine damni, in name of damages
Noscitur a socio, known by his associate
Noviter repertum, more newly discovered
Ohe, jamsatis, ho! enough
Omne ignotum pro terribili, the unknown is always taken to be something terrible
Omni suspicione major, above all suspicion
Origo mali, the cause of the evil
Orra, odd, occasional; *orra sough*, an occasional whiff, breath
Oswald James, author of *The Caledonian Pocket Companion* (1750, etc.), a collection of Scottish musical airs. The tune of "Roslin Castle" is attributed to him
Owe a day's work in harvest. See *Day's work* etc.
Overlay, a neckcloth, cravat
Oye, or *oe*, grandson
Pace, Easter
Pack or *peel* (*peile*), said

of a burgh freeman who lends his name for trading purposes to one who has not the freedom of the burgh
Pande manum, hold out your hand
Paraffle, ostentatious display
Parma non bene selecta, a defence not well chosen
Parochine, parish
Par ordonnance du medecin, by the doctor's orders
Patria potestas, paternal authority
Pawmie, a stroke on the palm of the hand
Peel-house, a small square tower, used as a place of refuge and defence on the Scottish borders
Pendente lite, whilst the case is proceeding
Per ambages, by circumlocution, in an ambiguous or indirect way
Per contra, on the other part
Perdu, concealed, lying in wait
Pessimi exempli, a very bad example
Pest, Councillor. See *Councillor Pest*
Pettle, a stick with which the ploughman removes the soil from his plough
Phalaris's bull, a furnace shaped like a bull, into which the tyrant Phalaris, ruler of Agrigentum in ancient Sicily, used to cast his victims
Pike out, pick out
Pint-stoup, a pint measure, containing 4 pints English. See *Notes* 33, p. 414
Piscator, fisherman
Pistole, a gold coin worth about 16s.
Plack and bawbee, to the last farthing; *plack-pie*, a pie sold for a plack = 1/4d. English
Plain-dealer, a comedy (1677) by Wycherley
Pleached, plashed and woven together
Plough-stilt, plow-handle
Ploy, a harmless frolic, sport, fête
Pock, or *poke*, bag, process-bag
Pock-pudding, a contemptuous term applied to an Englishman
Poining and distrenyie

- ing, distraining, seizing upon and taking possession of a debtor's goods
- Point d'Espagne*, Spanish lace
- Point of Cairn*, or *Cairn Head*, a promontory in the south-east of Wigtownshire
- Point of war*, a signal by trumpet or drum
- Pooi'n*, pulling
- Porte Royale*, a Cistercian abbey, 8 miles south-west of Versailles, gave its name to a body of men and women whose aims were closely identified with those of the Jansenists (q.v.)
- Posse*, or *posse comitatus*, the sheriff's levy of citizens to enable him to execute the law
- Pottle*, a measure containing 2 quarts
- Pound Scots* = 1s. 8d. English
- Powdered* (beef), pickled, sprinkled with salt, spices, etc.
- Powder-plot boys*. Catesby and his fellow-conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot fought most desperately against the government force sent to take them
- Prawn dub*, the puddle or pool in which prawns could be caught
- Prie*, or *pree*, to taste
- Procurator-fiscal*, public prosecutor for a Scotch county
- Pund Scots* = 1s. 8d. English
- Quean*, woman, lass, wench
- Quebec*, the battle by which General James Wolfe won (1759) Canada for the English
- Queensferry*, the passage of the Firth of Forth where the Great Forth Bridge now stands
- Quid tibi cum lyra?* What would you do with poetry?
- Quin, James*, an English actor (1693-1766), at the head of his profession until supplanted by Garrick
- Raff*, worthless character, rabble, scum
- Rainbow, knights of the*. See *Knights of the rainbow*
- Rampauging*, raging, violent
- Rant*, a noisy dance-tune; ranting, larking and toying, with dancing and drinking
- Rapparee*, an Irish plunderer, armed with a rappary or half-pike, a worthless fellow
- Ratione officii*, by virtue of his position
- Raxed*, stretched
- Reaming*, frothing, foaming
- Redd*, arranged, managed
- Regiam Majestatem*, an ancient collection of Scottish laws
- Reiver*, robber, forayer
- Remedium juris*, remedy at law
- Remis atque velis*, with might and main
- Rhino*, money, cash
- Richard and Richmond*, an allusion to Shakespeare's *Richard III.*
- Rigdumfunnidos*, the humorous name given by Scott to John Ballantyne, is borrowed from H. Carey's *Chrononhotologus* (1734)
- Rigging*, ridge (of a building)
- Riped*, searched
- Röthes, John, Earl of*, a supporter of Lauderdale (q.v.)
- Row*, to roll
- Rudas*, a jade, scold
- Rue, take the*, to repent of
- Rug*, a good share, good thing (out of)
- Rumble*, a shaking roll, tumble, fall
- Rumbo*, rum, spirits
- Sack-doubling*, hugging and squeezing the bagpipes, in order to play the instrument
- Sacque*, or *sack*, a lady's gown, which had a long loose back depending from the collar-band
- Sue*, so
- St. Giles's*, the principal Presbyterian church in Edinburgh, situated on the High Street
- St. Ninian's of Whiteherne*, in Wigtownshire, now called Whithorn, anciently *Candida Casa* (White House), was sacred to the memory of St. Ninian from the 4th century
- St. Winifred's Well* in Wales, at Holywell in Flintshire
- Sair*, very, much
- Salvages*, savages, rude, uncouth creatures
- Sancho's doctor*. See *Don Quixote*, Part II. chap. xlvii., where the doctor is styled Pedro Rezio de Agüero, a native of Tirteafuera
- Sancta Winifreda, ora pro nobis*, St. Winifred, pray for us
- Sartum atque tectum*, repaired and covered
- Saut*, salt
- Scarborough warning*, first a blow, then a warning, a phrase traced to a practice that prevailed in that town of lynching robbers; another origin is found in the sudden seizure of the castle at Scarborough by Thomas Stafford in the reign of Queen Mary
- Scaulding*, scalding
- Scot of Amwell*. See *John Scot of Amwell*
- Scots Mile* = nearly 9 furlongs; *Scots pint* = three, sometimes four, pints English; *Scots pund*, see *Pund Scots*; *Scots shilling*, see *Shilling Scots*
- Scoup*, or *scoup*, to leap or run from one place to another; to drink off
- Scrive*, writing
- Scrub*, a footman in George Farquhar's *Beaux' Stratagem* (1707)
- Sculduddery*, loose, immoral
- Sealch*, or *sealgh*, seal
- Secundum artem*, according to the recognized rules of the art
- Sederunt day*, day on which the law courts sit
- Se'enteen hundred linen*, had the web 1700 threads broad. Compare Burns' *Tam o' Shanter*
- Simple*, a common, ordinary man
- Shaftesbury, Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of*, took dexterous advantage of the Popish Plot of Titus Oates
- Sheep's-head between a pair of tangs*, held over the fire in order to have the wool singed off
- Shilling Scots* = 1d. English
- Shitpit*, weak, insipid

- Shoon*, shoes
Sib, related
Sic, such
Sigma, the Greek letter of the alphabet answering to "s"
Sin, since
Sinning my mercies, a peculiar Scottish phrase expressive of ingratitude for the favors of Providence
Sinon caste, caute tamen, if not modest, yet (be) prudent
Sir John Friend, a wealthy London brewer, executed for treason in 1696. In the text (p. 224) read "Fenwick" instead of "Friend"
Skelloch, screech
Skinker, one who serves out drink, tapster
Skirl, to scream
Skivie, harebrained
Skye. Sir Alexander MacDonald of Sleat and MacLeod of MacLeod, the principal chiefs in Skye, held aloof from the Young Pretender when he landed in Scotland in 1745
Slaint an rey, or righ, the king's health!
Sleekit, smooth
Sloken, quench
Slug, a swallow, mouthful, dram
Small swipes, thin drink, weak stuff
Snuke in the Grass (1696), an attack upon the Quakers by Charles Leslie, an Anglo-Irish non-juror (1650-1722)
Sneeshing, snuff
Snell, sharp, terrible
Snow, a vessel rigged very much like a brig
Societas est mater discordiarum, partnership breeds disagreements
Solon, the statesman and law-giver of the ancient Athenians
Somebody's orders (p. 254), the orders of the Duke of Cumberland to show no mercy after the battle of Culloden
Sonsy, good-humored
Sooth baird is nae baird, a true joke is no joke
Sortes Virgillianae, telling fortunes by opening the *Aeneid* of Virgil at random and reading the passage that first catches the eye
Soumons, summons
Souple, supple, agile; cunning
Souter's clod, a kind of coarse black bread
Soup, a spoonful
Speer, inquire, ask; *speerings*, tidings, intelligence
Splore, a spree, frolic
Sprattle, struggle, scramble
Sprush, spruce
Spule-blade, shoulder-blade
Spulzie, illegal removal of another man's goods
Spunk, a sort of match
Spunk out, get wind, leak out
Staneshaw Bank Fair, was held on the bank of the river Eden, not far from Carlisle
Statesman, a small landed proprietor of Cumberland
Stend, to leap, spring, take long steps
Stewartry, the territory over which the peculiar jurisdiction of the officer called a "steward" extended in Scotland
Stibbler, a ludicrous name for a probationer, or Scotch divinity student; *sticket stibbler*, a student of divinity who has not been able to complete (stuck in) his studies
Stocking, cattle and implements on a farm
Stoup, a liquid measure
Stonethief, robbery with violence
Stunkard, sullen, obstinate
Sua quemque trahit voluptas, every one has his own way of pleasure
Summar-roll, the list of summary cases
Tace, be silent. "Tace is Latin for a candle" is a proverbial expression enjoining silence and caution
Taciturn secretary. See Facardin of Trebizond
Tack, lease; *tacksman*, tenant, lessee
Take the rue, repent of a proposal or undertaking
Talis qualis, of some kind
Tam Dalyell. See Old Mortality, Note 29, p. 424, and Note 83, p. 425
Tam Marte quam Mercurio, a soldier as well as a pleader
Tangs. See Sheep's head, etc.
Tass, a glass
Tau, the Greek letter of the alphabet answering to "t"
Tent, notice, care
Teste me, etc. (p. 40), I can testify by being kept awake the whole night
Thairm, catgut
Themis, the ancient Greek goddess of justice
Thirlage, feudal servitude to a particular mill
Threap, to aver, maintain
Threave Castle. See MacLellan of Bombie
Thumbikins, thumbscrew, an instrument of torture
Timotheus, an ancient Greek musician, made many innovations in playing. See also Pope's *Essay on Criticism*
Tinwald, a seat in Dumfriesshire
Tippenny, twopenny ale
Tirtea Fuera. See Sancho's doctor
Tod, fox
Tongue of the trump, the speaking part of the instrument (Jews'-harp)
Toom, empty
Tour out, to look about one, keep one's weather-eye open
Town, the house and its outbuildings
Toy, a linen or woollen head-dress hanging down over the shoulders
Trance, passage
Triticism, a trite, hackneyed expression, phrase
Tuporting, declining the Greek verb *tupto*, which means "I strike, I beat"
Twa, two; *twasom*, by a couple or pair
Twalpenny, twelve-pence
Scotch — one penny English
Tynes, gets lost
Tyroners (sing. *tyro*), beginners, apprentices, novices
Unchancy, unlucky
Unco, uncommon, strange; particularly
Upcome, literally, promise for the future; here (at the) pinch
Uphard, to uphold, maintain
Upsides, quits, evens
Urganda, an enchantress in the medieval romance, *Amadis of Gaul*

- Usquebaugh*, or *usquebae*, whisky
- Tade retro*, get thee behind me
- Tale, sis memor mei*, farewell, remember me
- Tarium et mutabile semper femina*, woman was always capricious and changeable
- Verbum sacerdotis*, a priest's word
- Via facti*, by personal act, by force
- Vincennes*, Castle of about 4 miles east of Paris, sometimes used as a state-prison
- Vinco vincentem*, etc. (p. 80) If I beat your opponent in competition at law, I beat you; *vincere vincentem*, to beat the winning (counsel)
- Vir sapientia et pietate gravis*, a man full of wisdom and piety
- Vis animi*, force of the spirit
- Voet, Jan*, Dutch law professor, wrote a *Commentarium* (1693) on the Pandects. See Note 13, p. 437
- Wad*, would
- Wade and the Duke*, Marshal Wade and the Duke of Cumberland, the royal commanders against the Young Pretender in 1745
- Wae's me*, woe's me! alack the pity!
- Waling*, choosing
- Wallace, George*, an Edinburgh advocate, author of *Principles of the Law of Scotland* (1760)
- Wame*, belly, womb
- Wanchancie*, unlucky
- Warding, act of*, warrant for imprisonment
- Ware*, to expend
- Warlock*, wizard
- Warren*, a well-known manufacturer of blacking
- Waur*, worse
- Weel-freended*, had good friends
- Ween*, to guess
- Weepers*, strips of muslin or cambric, stitched to the ends of the sleeves as a sign of mourning
- Weft*, a signal by waving
- Weigh-bauk*, scales
- West Port*, the western city gate of Edinburgh
- Wet finger, with a*, very easily
- Wheen*, a few, small number
- Whilly-whaw*, wheedling, cajoling
- White cockade*, the badge of the Jacobites
- Wilkie's blind crowder*, an allusion to the picture "The Blind Fiddler," by Sir David Wilkie
- William of Nassau*, or *King William III.* is said to have been riding a horse that had belonged to Sir John Fenwick (not
- Sir John Friend, as on p. 224), executed for Jacobite conspiracy in 1697, when the animal stumbled over a mole-hill, and threw its rider, and the fall occasioned the king's death
- Windy*, boastful, bragging
- Withershins*, backwards in their courses, in the contrary direction
- Withers were not unwrung*. (p. 239), from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Act. iii. sc. 2. The meaning is, he showed no signs of giving way or yielding
- Woundy*, very, exceedingly
- Wowf*, a little deranged, half-cracked
- Writer to his Majesty's Signet*, a member of a privileged body of Scottish lawyers
- W.S.*, Writer to the signet. See above
- Wud*, mad
- Wunna*, will not
- Wuss*, to wish
- Yards*, the playgrounds of the High School, Edinburgh
- Yauld*, active, sprightly
- Yelloch*, yell, scream
- Yett*, gate
- Yill*, ale
- Yowling*, howling
- Yule*, Christmas

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THE
WAVERLEY NOVELS

Library Edition



“ ‘Speak for me, good lute,’ said Louis Kernegu, taking up the instrument.”

WOODSTOCK

OR

THE CAVALIER

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.



NEW YORK

THE WAVERLEY BOOK COMPANY

1898

INTRODUCTION TO WOODSTOCK

THE busy period of the great Civil War was one in which the character and genius of different parties were most brilliantly displayed, and, accordingly, the incidents which took place on either side were of a striking and extraordinary character, and afforded ample foundation for fictitious composition. The author had in some measure attempted such in *Peveril of the Peak*; but the scene was in a remote part of the kingdom, and mingled with other national differences, which left him still at liberty to glean another harvest out of so ample a store.

In these circumstances, some wonderful adventures which happened at Woodstock in the year 1649 occurred to him as something he had long ago read of, although he was unable to tell where, and of which the hint appeared sufficient, although, doubtless, it might have been much better handled if the Author had not, in the lapse of time, lost everything like an accurate recollection of the real story.

It was not until about this period, namely, 1831, that the Author, being called upon to write this Introduction, obtained a general account of what really happened upon the marvelous occasion in question, in a work termed *The Every-day Book*, published by Mr. Hone, and full of curious antiquarian research, the object being to give a variety of original information concerning manners, illustrated by curious instances, rarely to be found elsewhere.* Among other matter, Mr. Hone quotes an article from the *British Magazine* for 1747, in the following words, and which is probably the document which the Author of *Woodstock* had formerly perused, although he was unable to refer to the source of his information. The tract is entitled, *The Genuine History of the Good Devil of Woodstock, Famous in the World in the Year 1649, and never accounted for, or at all understood to this Time.*

* Vol. ii. pp. 582-590, Lond. 1827 (*Laing*).

The teller of this *Genuine History* proceeds verbatim as follows :

Some original papers having lately fallen into my hands, under the name of *Authentic Memoirs of the Memorable Joseph Collins of Oxford, commonly known by the Name of Fanny Joe, and now intended for the Press*, I was extremely delighted to find in them a circumstantial and unquestionable account of the most famous of all invisible agents, so well known in the year 1649, under the name of the Good Devil of Woodstock, and even adored by the people of that place, for the vexation and distress it occasioned some people they were not much pleased with. As this famous story, though related by a thousand people, and attested in all its circumstances, beyond all possibility of doubt, by people of rank, learning, and reputation, of Oxford and the adjacent towns, has never yet been accounted for, or at all understood, and is perfectly explained, in a manner that can admit of no doubt, in these papers, I could not refuse my readers their share of the pleasure it gave me in reading.

There is, therefore, no doubt that, in the year 1649, a number of incidents, supposed to be supernatural, took place at the king's palace of Woodstock, which the Commissioners of Parliament were then and there endeavoring to dilapidate and destroy. The account of this by the Commissioners themselves, or under their authority, was repeatedly published, and, in particular, is inserted as Relation Sixth of *Satan's Invisible World Discovered*,* by George Sinclair, Professor of Philosophy in Glasgow, an approved collector of such tales.

It was the object of neither of the great political parties of that day to discredit this narrative, which gave great satisfaction both to the Cavaliers and Roundheads; the former conceiving that the license given to the demons was in consequence of the impious desecration of the king's furniture and apartments, so that the citizens of Woodstock almost adored the supposed spirits, as avengers of the cause of royalty; while the friends of the Parliament, on the other hand, imputed to the malice of the fiend the obstruction of the pious work, as they judged that which they had in hand.

At the risk of prolonging a curious quotation, I include a page or two from Mr. Hone's *Every-day Book*.

* The honorable the Commissioners arrived at Woodstock manor house, October 13th, and took up their residence in the King's own

* Originally published at Edinburgh, 1685, 12mo (*Laing*).

rooms. His Majesty's bedchamber they made their kitchen, the council-hall their pantry, and the presence-chamber was the place where they sat for despatch of business. His Majesty's dining-room they made their wood-yard, and stowed it with no other wood but that of the famous Royal Oak from the High Park, which that nothing might be left with the name of the King about it, they had dug up by the roots, and bundled up into fagots for their firing.

"October 16.—This day they first sat for the despatch of business. In the midst of their first debate there entered a large black dog, as they thought, which made a terrible howling, overturned two or three of their chairs, and doing some other damage, went under the bed, and there gnawed the cords. The door this while continued constantly shut, when, after some two or three hours, Giles Sharp, their secretary, looking under the bed, perceived that the creature was vanished, and that a plate of meat which one of the servants had hid there was untouched, and showing them to their honors, they were all convinced there could be no real dog concerned in the case; the said Giles also deposed on oath, that, to his certain knowledge, there was not.

"October 17.—As they were this day sitting at dinner in a lower room, they heard plainly the noise of persons walking over their heads, though they well knew the doors were all locked, and there could be none there. Presently after they heard also all the wood of the King's Oak brought by parcels from the dining-room, and thrown with great violence into the presence-chamber, as also the chairs, stools, tables, and other furniture forcibly hurled about the room, their own papers of the minutes of their transactions torn, and the ink-glass broken. When all this had some time ceased, the said Giles proposed to enter first into these rooms, and, in presence of the commissioners, of whom he received the key, he opened the door, and entering, with their honors following him, he there found the wood strewed about the room, the chairs tossed about and broken, the papers torn, and the ink-glass broken over them all as they had heard, yet no footsteps appeared of any person whatever being there, nor had the doors ever been opened to admit or let out any persons since their honors were last there. It was therefore voted, *nem. con.*, that the person who did this mischief could have entered no other way than at the keyhole of the said doors.

"In the night following this same day, the said Giles, and two other of the Commissioners' servants, as they were in bed at [in] the same room with their honors, had their bed's feet lifted up so much higher than their heads, that they expected to have their necks broken, and then they were let fall at once with such violence as shook them up from the bed to a good distance; and this was repeated many times, their honors being amazed spectators of it. In the morning the bedsteads were found cracked and broken, and the said Giles and his fellows declared they were sore to the bones with the tossing and jolting of the beds.

"October 19.—As they were all in bed together, the candles were blown out with a sulphurous smell, and instantly many trenchers of wood were hurled about the room: and one of them, putting his head above the clothes, had not less than six forcibly thrown at him, which wounded him very grievously. In the morning

the trenchers were all found lying about the room, and were observed to be the same they had eaten on the day before, none being found remaining in the pantry.

"October 20.—This night the candles were put out as before; the curtains of the bed in which their honors lay were drawn to and fro many times with great violence; their honors received many cruel blows, and were much bruised beside, with eight great pewter dishes, and three dozen wooden trenchers, which were thrown on the bed, and afterwards heard rolling about the room.

"Many times also this night they heard the forcible falling of many fagots by their bedside, but in the morning no fagots were found there, no dishes or trenchers were there seen neither; and the aforesaid Giles attests that, by their different arranging in the pantry, they had assuredly been taken thence, and after put there again.

"October 21.—The keeper of their ordinary and his bitch lay with them. This night they had no disturbance.

"October 22.—Candles put out as before. They had the said bitch with them again, but were not by that protected: the bitch set up a very piteous cry; the clothes of their beds were all pulled off; and the bricks, without any wind, were thrown off the chimney-tops into the midst.

"October 24.—The candles put out as before. They thought all the wood of the King's Oak was violently thrown down by their bedsides; they counted sixty-four fagots that fell with great violence, and some hit and shook the bed; but in the morning none were found there, nor the door of the room opened in which the said fagots were.

"October 25.—The candles put out as before. The curtains of the bed in the drawing-room were many times forcibly drawn; the wood thrown out as before; a terrible crack like thunder was heard; and one of the servants, running to see if his masters were not killed, found at his return three dozen trenchers laid smoothly upon his bed under the quilt.

"October 26.—The beds were shaken as before; the windows seemed all broken to pieces, and glass fell in vast quantities all about the room. In the morning they found the windows all whole, but the floor strewed with broken glass, which they gathered and laid by.

"October 29.—At midnight candles went out as before; something walked majestically through the room, and opened and shut the window; great stones were thrown violently into the room, some whereof fell on the beds, others on the floor; and at about a quarter after one, a noise was heard as of forty cannon discharged together, and again repeated at about eight minutes' distance. This alarmed and raised all the neighborhood, who, coming into their honors' room, gathered up the great stones, fourscore in number, many of them like common pebbles and boulders, and laid them by, where they are to be seen to this day, at a corner of the adjoining field. This noise, like the discharge of cannon, was heard throughout the country for sixteen miles round. During these noises, which were heard in both rooms together, both the Commissioners and their servants gave one another over for lost, and cried out for help; and Giles Sharp, snatching up a sword, had well-nigh killed one of their honors, taking him for the spirit

as he came in his shirt into the room. While they were together, the noise was continued, and part of the tiling of the house, and all the windows of an upper room, were taken away with it.

"October 30.—At midnight something walked into the chamber, treading like a bear: it walked many times about, then threw the warming-pan violently upon the floor, and so bruised it that it was spoiled. Vast quantities of glass were now thrown about the room, and vast numbers of great stones and horses' bones were thrown in: these were all found in the morning, and the floors, beds, and walls were all much damaged by the violence they were thrown in.

"November 1. Candles were placed in all parts of the room, and a great fire made. At midnight, the candles all yet burning, a noise like the burst of a cannon was heard in the room, and the burning billets were tossed all over the room and about the beds, that had not their honors called in Giles and his fellows, the house had been assuredly burned. An hour after the candles went out, as usual, the crack of many cannon was heard, and many pails full of green stinking water were thrown on their honors in bed; great stones were also thrown in as before, the bed-curtains and bedsteads torn and broken; the windows were now all really broken, and the whole neighborhood alarmed with the noises: nay, the very rabbit-stealers that were abroad that night in the warren were so frightened at the dismal thundering, that they fled for fear, and left their ferrets behind them.

"One of their honors this night spoke, and in the name of God asked what it was, and why it disturbed them so? No answer was given to this; but the noise ceased for a while, when the spirit came again, and, as they all agreed, brought with it seven devils worse than itself. One of the servants now lighted a large candle, and set it in the doorway between the two chambers, to see what passed; and as he * watched it, he plainly saw a hoof striking the candle and candlestick into the middle of the room, and afterwards making three scrapes over the snuff of the candle, to scrape it out. Upon this, the same person was so bold as to draw a sword; but he had scarce got it out, when he perceived another invisible hand had hold of it too, and pulled with him for it, and, at length prevailing, struck him so violently on the head with the pommel, that he fell down for dead with the blow. At this instant was heard another burst like the discharge of a broadside of a ship of war, and at about a minute or two's distance each, no less than nineteen more such; these shook the house so violently, that they expected every moment it would fall upon their heads. The neighbors on this were all alarmed, and, running to the house, they all joined in prayer and psalm-singing, during which the noise still continued in the other rooms, and the discharge of cannon without, though nobody was there."

Dr. Plot † concludes his relation of this memorable event ‡ with

* Probably this part was also played by Sharp, who was the regular ghost-seer of the party.

† [From this point to the end of the quotation the diction is slightly altered by Scott.]

‡ In his *Natural History of Oxfordshire*.

observing that, though tricks have often been played in affairs of this kind, many of these things are not reconcilable with juggling ; such as, 1st, The loud noises beyond the power of man to make, without instruments which were not there ; 2d, The tearing and breaking of the beds ; 3d, The throwing about the fire ; 4th, The hoof treading out the candle ; and 5th, The striving for the sword, and the blow the man received from the pommel of it.

To show how great men are sometimes deceived, we may recur to the tract entitled *The Secret History of the Good Devil of Woodstock*, in which we find it, under the author's own hand, that he, Joseph Collins, commonly called Funny Joe, was himself this very devil ; that, under the feigned name of Giles Sharp, he hired himself as a servant to the Commissioners ; that, by the help of two friends—an unknown trap-door in the ceiling of the bedchamber, and a pound of common gunpowder—he played all these extraordinary tricks by himself ; that his fellow-servants, whom he had introduced on purpose to assist him, had lifted up their own beds ; and that the candles were contrived, by a common trick of gunpowder, to be extinguished at a certain time.

The dog who began the farce was, as Joe swore, no dog at all, but truly a bitch, who had shortly [the day] before whelped in that room, and made all this disturbance in seeking for her puppies ; and which, when she had served his purpose, he (Joe Sharp, or Collins) let out, and then looked for. The story of the hoof and sword he himself bore witness to, and was never suspected as to the truth of them, though mere fictions. By the trap-door his friends let down stones, fagots, glass, water, etc., which they either left there or drew up again, as best suited his purpose ; and by this way let themselves in and out, without opening the doors, or going through the keyholes ; and all the noises described, he declares he made by placing quantities of white gunpowder over pieces of burning charcoal, on plates of tin, which, as they melted, exploded with a violent noise,

[One thing there was beyond all these, he tells us, which drove them from the house in reality, though they never owned it. This was, they had formed a reserve of part of the premises to themselves, and hid their mutual agreement, which they had drawn up in writing, under the earth in a pot, in a corner of the room in which they usually dined, in which an orange-tree grew. When in the midst of their dinner one day this earth of itself took fire, and burnt violently with a blue flame, filling the room with a strong sulphurous stench ; and this he also professes was his own doing, by a secret mixture he had placed there the day before.]

I am very happy in having an opportunity of setting history right about these remarkable events, and would not have the reader disbelieve my author's account of them, from his naming either white gunpowder exploding when melted, or his making the earth about the pot take fire of its own accord : since, however improbable these accounts may appear to some readers, and whatever secrets they might be in Joe's time, they are now well known in chemistry. As to the last, there needs only to mix an equal quantity of iron filings, finely powdered, and powder of pure brimstone, and make them into a paste with fair water. This paste, when it hath lain together about twenty-six hours, will of itself take fire, and burn all the sulphur away with a blue flame

and a bad smell. For the others, what he calls white gunpowder is plainly the thundering powder called by our chemists *pulvis fulminans*. It is composed of three parts of saltpetre, two parts of pearl ashes or salt of tartar, and one part of flour of brimstone, mixed together and beat to a fine powder; a small quantity of this held on the point of a knife over a candle will not go off till it melt, and then it gives a report like that of a pistol; and this he might easily dispose of in larger quantities, so as to make it explode of itself, while he, the said Joe, was with his masters.

Such is the explanation of the ghostly adventures of Woodstock, as transferred by Mr. Hone from the pages of the old tract termed the *Authentic Memoirs of the Memorable Joseph Collins of Oxford*, whose courage and loyalty were the only wizards which conjured up those strange and surprising apparitions and works of spirits which passed as so unquestionable in the eyes of the Parliamentary Commissioners, of Dr. Plot, and other authors of credit. The *pulvis fulminans*, the secret principle he made use of, is now known to every apothecary's apprentice.

If my memory be not treacherous, the actor of these wonders made use of his skill in fireworks upon the following remarkable occasion. The Commissioners had not, in their zeal for the public service, overlooked their own private interests, and a deed was drawn up upon parchment, recording the share and nature of the advantages which they privately agreed to concede to each other; at the same time they were, it seems, loth to entrust to any one of their number the keeping of a document in which all were equally concerned. They hid the written agreement within a flower-pot, in which a shrub concealed it from the eyes of any chance spectator. But the rumor of the apparitions having gone abroad, curiosity drew many of the neighbors to Woodstock, and some in particular to whom the knowledge of this agreement would have afforded matter of scandal. As the Commissioners received these guests in the saloon where the flower-pot was placed, a match was suddenly set to some fireworks placed there by Sharp, the secretary. The flower-pot burst to pieces with the concussion, or was prepared so as to explode of itself, and the contract of the Commissioners, bearing testimony to their private roguery, was thrown into the midst of the visitors assembled. If I have recollected this incident accurately, for it is more than forty years since I perused the tract, it is probable that, in omitting it from the novel, I may also have passed over, from want of memory, other matters which might have made an essential addition to the story.

Nothing, indeed, is more certain than that incidents which are real preserve an infinite advantage in works of this nature over such as are fictitious. The tree, however, must remain where it has fallen.

Having occasion to be in London in October, 1831, I made some researches in the British Museum, and in that rich collection, with the kind assistance of the keepers, who manage it with so much credit to themselves and advantage to the public, I recovered two original pamphlets,* which contain a full account of the phenomena at Woodstock in 1649. The first is a satirical poem, published in that year, which plainly shows that the legend was current among the people in the very shape in which it was afterwards made public. I have not found the explanation of Joe Collins, which, as mentioned by Mr. Hone, resolves the whole into confederacy. It might, however, be recovered by a stricter search than I had leisure for. In the meantime, it may be observed, that neither the name of Joe Collins nor Sharp occurs among the *dramatis personæ* given in these tracts, published when he might have been endangered by anything which directed suspicion towards him, at least in 1649, and perhaps might have exposed him to danger even in 1660, from the malice of a powerful though defeated faction.*

1st August, 1832.

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

It is not my purpose to inform my readers how the manuscripts of that eminent antiquary, the Rev. J. A. Rochecliffe, D.D., came into my possession. There are many ways in which such things happen, and it is enough to say they were rescued from an unworthy fate, and that they were honestly come by. As for the authenticity of the anecdotes which I have gleaned from the writings of this excellent person, and put together with my own unrivalled facility, the name of Dr. Rochecliffe will warrant accuracy, wherever that name happens to be known.

With his history the reading part of the world are well acquainted ; and we might refer the tyro to honest Anthony

* See Appendix.

* [See Lockhart. *Life of Scott*, vol. viii. pp. 353-358.]

a Wood, who looked up to him as one of the pillars of High Church, and bestows on him an exemplary character in the *Athenæ Oxonienses*, although the Doctor was educated at Cambridge, England's other eye.

It is well known that Doctor Rochecliffe early obtained preferment in the church, on account of the spirited share which he took in the controversy with the Puritans; and that his work, entitled *Malleus Hæresis*, was considered as a knock-down blow by all except those who received it. It was that work which made him, at the early age of thirty, rector of Woodstock, and which afterwards secured him a place in the catalogue of the celebrated Century White; and, worse than being shown up by that fanatic, among the catalogues of scandalous and malignant priests admitted into benefices by the prelates, his opinions occasioned the loss of his living of Woodstock by the ascendancy of presbytery. He was chaplain, during most part of the Civil War, to Sir Henry Lee's regiment, levied for the service of King Charles; and it was said he engaged more than once personally in the field. At least it is certain that Doctor Rochecliffe was repeatedly in great danger, as will appear from more passages than one in the following history, which speaks of his own exploits, like Cæsar, in the third person. I suspect, however, some Presbyterian commentator has been guilty of interpolating two or three passages. The manuscript was long in the possession of the Everards, a distinguished family of that persuasion.*

During the usurpation Doctor Rochecliffe was constantly engaged in one or other of the premature attempts at a restoration of monarchy; and was accounted, for his audacity, presence of mind, and depth of judgment, one of the greatest undertakers for the King in that busy time, with this trifling drawback, that the plots in which he busied himself were almost constantly detected. Nay, it was suspected that Cromwell himself sometimes contrived to suggest to him the intrigues in which he engaged, by which means the wily Protector made experiments on the fidelity of doubtful friends, and became well acquainted with the plots of declared enemies, which he thought it more easy to disconcert and disappoint than to punish severely.

Upon the Restoration, Doctor Rochecliffe regained his living of Woodstock, with other church preferment, and

* It is hardly necessary to say, unless to some readers of very literal capacity, that Doctor Rochecliffe and his manuscripts are alike apocryphal.

gave up polemics and political intrigues for philosophy. He was one of the constituent members of the Royal Society, and was the person through whom Charles required of that learned body solution of their curious problem, "Why, if a vessel is filled brimful of water, and a large live fish plunged into the water, nevertheless it shall not overflow the pitcher?" Doctor Rochecliffe's exposition of this phenomenon was the most ingenious and instructive of four that were given in; and it is certain the Doctor must have gained the honor of the day, but for the obstinacy of a plain, dull, country gentleman, who insisted that the experiment should be, in the first place, publicly tried. When this was done, the event showed it would have been rather rash to have adopted the facts exclusively on the royal authority; as the fish, however curiously inserted into his native element, splashed the water over the hall, and destroyed the credit of four ingenious essayists, besides a large Turkey carpet.

Doctor Rochecliffe, it would seem, died about 1685, leaving many papers behind him of various kinds, and, above all, many valuable anecdotes of secret history, from which the following Memoirs have been extracted, on which we intend to say only a few words by way of illustration.

The existence of Rosamond's Labyrinth, mentioned in these pages, is attested by Drayton in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Rosamond's Labyrinth, whose ruins, together with her Well, being paved with square stone in the bottom, and also her Tower, from which the Labyrinth did run, are yet remaining . . . being vaults arched and walled with brick and stone, almost inextricably wound one with another, by which, if at any time her lodging were laid about by the Queen, she might easily avoid peril imminent, and, if need be, by secret issues take the air abroad, many furlongs about Woodstock, in Oxfordshire.*

It is highly probable that a singular piece of phantasmagoria, which was certainly played off upon the Commissioners of the Long Parliament, who were sent down to dispark and destroy Woodstock after the death of Charles I., was conducted by means of the secret passages and recesses in the ancient Labyrinth of Rosamond, round which successive monarchs had erected a hunting-seat or lodge.

There is a curious account of the disturbance given to those Honorable Commissioners, inserted by Dr. Plot in

* Drayton's *England's Heroical Epistles*, Note 1 on the Epistle, "Rosamond to King Henry."

his *Natural History of Oxfordshire*. But, as I have not the book at hand, I can only allude to the work of the celebrated Glanville, *Upon Witches*, who has extracted it as an highly-accredited narrative of supernatural dealings. The beds of the Commissioners and their servants were hoisted up till they were almost inverted, and then let down again so suddenly as to menace them with broken bones. Unusual and horrible noises disturbed those sacrilegious intruders with royal property. The devil, on one occasion, brought them a warming-pan; on another, pelted them with stones and horses' bones. Tubs of water were emptied on them in their sleep; and so many other pranks of the same nature played at their expense, that they broke up housekeeping, and left their intended spoliation only half completed. The good sense of Doctor Plot suspected that these feats were wrought by conspiracy and confederation, which Glanville of course endeavors to refute with all his might; for it could scarce be expected that he, who believed in so convenient a solution as that of supernatural agency, would consent to relinquish the service of a key which will answer any lock, however intricate.

Nevertheless, it was afterwards discovered that Doctor Plot was perfectly right; and that the only demon who wrought all these marvels was a disguised Royalist—a fellow called Trusty Joe, or some such name, formerly in the service of the keeper of the park, but who engaged in that of the Commissioners on purpose to subject them to his persecution. I think I have seen some account of the real state of the transaction, and of the machinery by which the wizard worked his wonders; but whether in a book or a pamphlet, I am uncertain. I remember one passage particularly, to this purpose. The Commissioners having agreed to retain some articles out of the public account, in order to be divided among themselves, had entered into an indenture for ascertaining their share in the peculation, which they hid in a bow-pot for security. Now, when an assembly of divines, aided by the most strict religious characters in the neighborhood of Woodstock, were assembled to conjure down the supposed demon, Trusty Joe had contrived a firework, which he let off in the midst of the exorcism, and which destroyed the bow-pot; and, to the shame and confusion of the Commissioners, threw their secret indenture into the midst of the assembled ghost-seers, who became thus acquainted with their secret schemes of peculation.

It is, however, to little purpose for me to strain my memory about ancient and imperfect recollections concerning the particulars of these fantastic disturbances at Woodstock, since Doctor Rochecliffe's papers give such a much more accurate narrative than could be obtained from any account in existence before their publication. Indeed, I might have gone much more fully into this part of my subject, for the materials are ample ; but, to tell the reader a secret, some friendly critics were of opinion they made the story hang on hand ; and thus I was prevailed on to be more concise on the subject than I might otherwise have been.

The impatient reader, perhaps, is by this time accusing me of keeping the sun from him with a candle. Were the sunshine as bright, however, as it is likely to prove ; and the flambeau, or link, a dozen of times as smoky, my friend must remain in the inferior atmosphere a minute longer, while I disclaim the idea of poaching on another's manor. Hawks, we say in Scotland, ought not to pick out hawks' eyes, or tire upon each other's quarry ; and, therefore, if I had known that, in its date and its characters, this tale was likely to interfere with that recently published by a distinguished contemporary, I should unquestionably have left Doctor Rochecliffe's manuscript in peace for the present season. But before I was aware of this circumstance, this little book was half through the press ; and I had only the alternative of avoiding any intentional imitation, by delaying a perusal of the contemporary work in question. Some accidental collision there must be, when works of a similar character are finished on the same general system of historical manners, and the same historical personages are introduced. Of course, if such have occurred, I shall be probably the sufferer. But my intentions have been at least innocent, since I look on it as one of the advantages attending the conclusion of *Woodstock*, that the finishing of my own task will permit me to have the pleasure of reading *Brambletye House*, from which I have hitherto conscientiously abstained.

WOODSTOCK.

CHAPTER I

Some were for gospel ministers,
And some for redcoat seculars,
As men most fit t' hold forth the word,
And wield the one and th' other sword.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras*.

THERE is a handsome parish church in the town of Woodstock—I am told so, at least, for I never saw it having scarce time, when at the place, to view the magnificence of Blenheim, its painted halls and tapestried bowers, and then return in due season to dine in hall with my learned friend, the provost of —, being one of those occasions on which a man wrongs himself extremely if he lets his curiosity interfere with his punctuality. I had the church accurately described to me, with a view to this work; but, as I have some reason to doubt whether my informant had ever seen the inside of it himself, I shall be content to say that it is now a handsome edifice, most part of which was rebuilt forty or fifty years since, although it still contains some arches of the old chantry, founded, it is said, by King John. It is to this more ancient part of the building that my story refers.

On a morning in the end of September or beginning of October, in the year 1652 [1651], being a day appointed for a solemn thanksgiving for the decisive victory at Worcester, a respectable audience was assembled in the old chantry, or chapel, of King John.* The condition of the church and character of the audience both bore witness to the rage of civil war and the peculiar spirit of the times. The sacred edifice showed many marks of dilapidation. The windows, once filled with stained glass, had been dashed to pieces with pikes and muskets, as matters of and

* See John's Church, Woodstock. Note 1.

pertaining to idolatry. The carving on the reading-desk was damaged, and two fair screens of beautiful sculptured oak had been destroyed, for the same pithy and conclusive reason. The high altar had been removed, and the gilded railing which was once around it was broken down and carried off. The effigies of several tombs were mutilated, and now lay scattered about the church,

Torn from their destined niche, unworthy meed
Of knightly counsel or heroic deed !

The autumn wind piped through empty aisles, in which the remains of stakes and trevisses of rough-hewn timber, as well as a quantity of scattered hay and trampled straw, seemed to intimate that the hallowed precincts had been, upon some late emergency, made the quarters of a troop of horse.

The audience, like the building, was abated in splendor. None of the ancient and habitual worshipers during peaceful times were now to be seen in their carved galleries, with hands shadowing their brows, while composing their minds to pray where their fathers had prayed, and after the same mode of worship. The eye of the yeoman and peasant sought in vain the tall form of old Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, as, wrapped in his laced cloak, and with beard and whiskers duly composed, he moved slowly through the aisles, followed by the faithful mastiff, or bloodhound, which in old time had saved his master by his fidelity, and which regularly followed him to church. Bevis, indeed, fell under the proverb which avers, "He is a good dog which goes to church"; for, bating an occasional temptation to warble along with the accord, he behaved himself as decorously as any of the congregation, and returned as much edified, perhaps, as most of them. The damsels of Woodstock looked as vainly for the laced cloaks, jingling spurs, slashed boots, and tall plumes of the young cavaliers of this and other high-born houses, moving through the streets and the churchyard with the careless ease which indicates perhaps rather an overweening degree of self-confidence, yet shows graceful when mingled with good-humor and courtesy. The good old dames, too, in their white hoods and black velvet gowns, their daughters, "the cynosure of neighboring eyes,"—where were they all now, who, when they entered the church, use to divide men's thoughts between them and Heaven! "But, ah! Alice Lee—so

sweet, so gentle, so condescending in thy loveliness," thus proceeds a contemporary annalist, whose manuscript we have deciphered; "why is my story to turn upon thy fallen fortunes? and why not rather to the period when, in the very dismounting from your palfrey, you attracted as many eyes as if an angel had descended, as many blessings as if the benignant being had come fraught with good tidings? No creature wert thou of an idle romancer's imagination, no being fantastically bedizened with inconsistent perfections: thy merits made me love thee well, and for thy faults—so well did they show amid thy good qualities, that I think they made me love thee better."

With the house of Lee had disappeared from the chantry of King John others of gentle blood and honored lineage—Freemantles, Winklecombes, Drycotts, etc.; for the air that blew over the towers of Oxford was unfavorable to the growth of Puritanism, which was more general in the neighboring counties. There were among the congregation, however, one or two that, by their habits and demeanor, seemed country gentlemen of consideration, and there were also present some of the notables of the town of Woodstock, cutlers or glovers chiefly, whose skill in steel or leather had raised them to a comfortable livelihood. These dignitaries wore long black cloaks, plaited close at the neck, and, like peaceful citizens, carried their Bibles and memorandum books at their girdles, instead of knife or sword.* This respectable, but least numerous, part of the audience were such decent persons as had adopted the Presbyterian form of faith, renouncing the liturgy and hierarchy of the Church of England, and living under the tuition of the Rev. Nehemiah Holdenough, much famed for the length and strength of his powers of predication. With these grave seniors sat their goodly dames in ruff and gorget, like the portraits which in catalogues of paintings are designed 'wife of a burgomaster', and their pretty daughters, whose study, like that of Chaucer's physician, was not always in the Bible, but who were, on the contrary, when a glance could escape the vigilance of their honored mothers, inattentive themselves and the cause of inattention in others.

But, besides these dignified persons, there were in the church a numerous collection of the lower orders, some brought thither by curiosity, but many of them unwashed

*This custom among the Puritans is mentioned often in old plays, and among others in the *Widow of Watling Street*.

artificers, bewildered in the theological discussions of the time, and of as many various sects as there are colors in the rainbow. The presumption of these learned Thebans being in exact proportion to their ignorance, the last was total and the first boundless. Their behavior in the church was anything but reverential or edifying. Most of them affected a cynical contempt for all that was only held sacred by human sanction: the church was to these men but a steeple-house, the clergyman an ordinary person, her ordinances dry bran and sapless pottage,* unfitted for the spiritualized palates of the saints, and the prayer and address to Heaven, to which each acceded or not, as in his too critical judgment he conceived fit.

The elder amongst them sat or lay on the benches, with their high steeple-crowned hats pulled over their severe and knitted brows, waiting for the Presbyterian parson, as mastiffs sit in dumb expectation of the bull that is to be brought to the stake. The younger mixed, some of them, a bolder license of manners with their heresies: they gazed round on the women, yawned, coughed, and whispered, eat apples, and cracked nuts, as if in the gallery of a theatre ere the piece commences.

Besides all these, the congregation contained a few soldiers, some in corslets and steel caps, some in buff, and others in red coats. These men of war had their bandoleers, with ammunition, slung round them, and rested on their pikes and muskets. They, too, had their peculiar doctrines on the most difficult points of religion, and united the extravagances of enthusiasm with the most determined courage and resolution in the field. The burghers of Woodstock looked on these military saints with no small degree of awe; for though not often sullied with deeds of plunder or cruelty, they had the power of both absolutely in their hands, and the peaceful citizens had no alternative, save submission to whatever the ill-regulated and enthusiastic imaginations of their martial guides might suggest.

After some time spent in waiting for him, Mr. Holdenough began to walk up the aisles of the chapel, not with the slow and dignified carriage with which the old rector was of yore wont to maintain the dignity of the surplice, but with a hasty step, like one who arrives too late at an appointment, and hustles forward to make the best use of

* See a curious vindication of this indecent simile here for the Common Prayer in Note 2, at end.

his time. He was a tall thin man, with an adust complexion, and the vivacity of his eye indicated some irascibility of temperament. His dress was brown, not black, and over his other vestments he wore, in honor of Calvin, a Geneva cloak of a blue color, which fell backwards from his shoulders as he posted on to the pulpit. His grizzled hair was cut as short as shears could perform the feat, and covered with a black silk skullcap, which stuck so close to his head, that the two ears expanded from under it as if they had been intended as handles by which to lift the whole person. Moreover, the worthy divine wore spectacles, and a long grizzled peaked beard, and he carried in his hand a small pocket Bible with silver clasps. Upon arriving at the pulpit, he paused a moment to take breath, then began to ascend the steps by two at a time.

But his course was arrested by a strong hand, which seized his cloak. It was that of one who had detached himself from the group of soldiery. He was a stout man of middle stature, with a quick eye, and a countenance which, though plain, had yet an expression that fixed the attention. His dress, though not strictly military, partook of that character. He wore large hose made of calves'-leather, and a tuck, as it was then called, or rapier, of tremendous length, balanced on the other side by a dagger. The belt was morocco, garnished with pistols.

The minister, thus intercepted in his duty, faced round upon the party who had seized him, and demanded, in no gentle tone, the meaning of the interruption.

"Friend," quoth the intruder, "is it thy purpose to hold forth to these good people?"

"Ay, marry is it," said the clergyman, "and such is my bounden duty. Woe to me if I preach not the Gospel. Prithee, friend, let me not in my labor——"

"Nay," said the man of warlike mien, "I am myself minded to hold forth; therefore, do thou desist, or if thou wilt do by mine advice, remain and fructify with those poor goslings, to whom I am presently about to shake forth the crumbs of comfortable doctrine."

"Give place, thou man of Satan," said the priest, waxing wroth; "respect mine order—my cloth."

"I see no more to respect in the cut of thy cloak, or in the cloth of which it is fashioned," said the other, "than thou didst in the bishop's rochets: they were black and white, thou art blue and brown. Sleeping dogs every one of you, lying down, loving to slumber—shepherds that

starve the flock, but will not watch it, each looking to his own gain—hum.”

Scenes of this indecent kind were so common at the time, that no one thought of interfering; the congregation looked on in silence, the better class scandalized, and the lower orders, some laughing, and others backing the soldier or minister, as their fancy dictated. Meantime the struggle waxed fiercer; Mr. Holdenough clamored for assistance.

“Master Mayor of Woodstock,” he exclaimed, “wilt thou be among those wicked magistrates who bear the sword in vain? Citizens, will you not help your pastor? Worthy aldermen, will you see me strangled on the pulpit stairs by this man of buff and Belial? But lo, I will overcome him, and cast his cords from me.”

As Holdenough spoke, he struggled to ascend the pulpit stairs, holding hard on the banisters. His tormentor held fast by the skirts of the cloak, which went nigh to the choking of the wearer, until, as he spoke the words last mentioned, in a half-strangled voice, Mr. Holdenough dexterously slipped the string which tied it round his neck, so that the garment suddenly gave way; the soldier fell backwards down the steps, and the liberated divine skipped into the pulpit and began to give forth a psalm of triumph over his prostrate adversary. But a great hubbub in the church marred his exultation, and although he and his faithful clerk continued to sing the hymn of victory, their notes were only heard by fits, like the whistle of a curlew during a gale of wind.

The cause of the tumult was as follows:—The Mayor was a zealous Presbyterian, and witnessed the intrusion of the soldier with great indignation from the very beginning, though he hesitated to interfere with an armed man while on his legs and capable of resistance. But no sooner did he behold the champion of Independency sprawling on his back, with the divine's Geneva cloak fluttering in his hands, than the magistrate rushed forward, exclaiming that such insolence was not to be endured, and ordered his constables to seize the prostrate champion, proclaiming, in the magnanimity of wrath, “I will commit every redecoat of them all—I will commit him were he Noll Cromwell himself!”

The worthy Mayor's indignation had overmastered his reason when he made this mistimed vaunt; for three soldiers, who had hitherto stood motionless like statues, made

each a stride in advance, which placed them betwixt the municipal officers and the soldier, who was in the act of rising : then making at once the movement of resting arms according to the manual as then practised, their musket-butts rang on the church pavement within an inch of the gouty toes of Master Mayor. The energetic magistrate, whose efforts in favor of order were thus checked, cast one glance on his supporters, but that was enough to show him that force was not on his side. All had shrunk back on hearing that ominous clatter of stone and iron. He was obliged to descend to expostulation.

"What do you mean, my masters?" he said; "is it like a decent and God-fearing soldiery, who have wrought such things for the land as have never before been heard of, to brawl and riot in the church, or to aid, abet, and comfort a profane fellow, who hath, upon a solemn thanksgiving, excluded the minister from his own pulpit?"

"We have nought to do with thy church, as thou call'st it," said he who by a small feather in front of his morion, appeared to be the corporal of the party; "we see not why men of gifts should not be heard within these citadels of superstition, as well as the voice of the men of crape of old and the men of cloak now. Wherefore, we will pluck you Jack Presbyter out of his wooden sentinel-box, and our own watchman shall relieve the guard, and mount thereon, and cry aloud and spare not."

"Nay, gentlemen," said the Mayor, "if such be your purpose, we have not the means to withstand you, being, as you see, peaceful and quiet men. But let me first speak with this worthy minister, Nehemiah Holdenough, to persuade him to yield up his place for the time without farther scandal."

The peacemaking Mayor then interrupted the quavering of Holdenough and the clerk, and prayed both to retire, else there would, he said, be certainly strife.

"Strife!" replied the Presbyterian divine, with scorn; "no fear of strife among men that dare not testify against this open profanation of the church and daring display of heresy. Would your neighbors of Banbury have brooked such an insult?"

"Come—come, Master Holdenough," said the Mayor, "put us not to mutiny and cry clubs. I tell you once more, we are not men of war or blood."

"Not more than may be drawn by the point of a needle," said the preacher, scornfully. "Ye tailors of Woodstock

—for what is a glover but a tailor working on kid-skin?—I forsake you, in scorn of your faint hearts and feeble hands, and will seek me elsewhere a flock which will not fly from their shepherd at the braying of the first wild ass which cometh from out the great desert.”

So saying, the aggrieved divine departed from his pulpit, and shaking the dust from his shoes, left the church as hastily as he had entered it, though with a different reason for his speed. The citizens saw his retreat with sorrow, and not without a compunctious feeling, as if conscious that they were not playing the most courageous part in the world. The Mayor himself and several others left the church, to follow and appease him.

The Independent orator, late prostrate, was now triumphant, and inducting himself into the pulpit without farther ceremony, he pulled a Bible from his pocket, and selected his text from the forty-fifth Psalm—“Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty: and in thy majesty ride prosperously.” Upon this theme he commenced one of those wild declamations common at the period, in which men were accustomed to wrest and pervert the language of Scripture, by adapting it to modern events.* The language, which in its literal sense, was applied to King David, and typically referred to the coming of the Messiah, was, in the opinion of the military orator, most properly to be interpreted of Oliver Cromwell, the victorious general of the infant Commonwealth, which was never destined to come of age. “Gird on thy sword!” exclaimed the preacher, emphatically; “and was not that a pretty bit of steel as ever dangled from a corslet, or rung against a steel saddle? Ay, ye prick up your ears now, ye cutlers of Woodstock, as if ye should know something of a good fox broadsword. Did you forge it, I trow? Was the steel quenched with water from Rosamond’s Well, or the blade blessed by the old cuckoldy priest of Godstow? You would have us think, I warrant me, that you wrought it and welded it, grinded and polished it, and all the while it never came on a Woodstock stithy! You were all too busy making whittles for the lazy crape-men of Oxford—bouncing priests, whose eyes were so closed up with fat, that they could not see destruction till she had them by the throat. But I can tell you where the sword was forged, and tempered, and welded, and grinded, and polished.

* See Vindication of the Book of Common Prayer. Note 2.

When you were, as I said before, making whittles for false priests, and daggers for dissolute G—d—d—n-me Cavaliers, to cut the people of England's throats with, it was forged at Long Marston Moor, where blows went faster than ever rung hammer on anvil ; and it was tempered at Naseby, in the best blood of the Cavaliers ; and it was welded in Ireland against the walls of Drogheda ; and it was grinded on Scottish lives at Dunbar ; and now of late it was polished in Worcester, till it shines as bright as the sun in the middle heaven, and there is no light in England that shall come nigh unto it."

Here the military part of the congregation raised a hum of approbation, which, being a sound like the "hear—hear" of the British House of Commons, was calculated to heighten the enthusiasm of the orator, by intimating the sympathy of the audience. "And then," resumed the preacher, rising in energy as he found that his audience partook in these feelings, "what sayeth the text? Ride on prosperously—do not stop—do not call a halt—do not quit the saddle—pursue the scattered fliers—sound the trumpet, not a levant or a flourish, but a point of war—sound, boot and saddle—to horse and away—a charge! Follow after the Young Man! What part have we in him? Slay, take, destroy, divide the spoil! Blessed art thou, Oliver, on account of thine honor; thy cause is clear, thy call is undoubted—never has defeat come near thy leading-staff, nor disaster attended thy banner. Ride on, flower of England's soldiers!—ride on, chosen leader of God's champions!—gird up the loins of thy resolution, and be steadfast to the mark of thy high calling!"

Another deep and stern hum, echoed by the ancient embowed arches of the old chantry, gave him an opportunity of an instant's repose; when the people of Woodstock heard him, and not without anxiety, turn the stream of his oratory into another channel.

"But wherefore, ye people of Woodstock, do I say these things to you, who claim no portion in our David, no interest in England's son of Jesse? You, who were fighting as well as your might could, and it was not very formidable, for the late Man, under that old bloodthirsty Papist Sir Jacob Aston, are you not now plotting, or ready to plot, for the restoring, as ye call it, of the Young Man—the unclean son of the slaughtered tyrant, the fugitive after whom the true hearts of England are now following, that they may take and slay him? 'Why should your rider

turn his bridle our way?' Say you in your hearts; 'we will none of him; if we may help ourselves, we will rather turn us to wallow in the mire of monarchy, with the sow that was washed but newly.' Come, men of Woodstock, I will ask, and do you answer me. Hunger ye still after the flesh-pots of the monks of Godstow? and ye will say 'Nay'; but wherefore, except that the pots are cracked and broken, and the fire is extinguished wherewith thy oven used to boil? And again, I ask, drink ye still of the well of the fornications of the fair Rosamond? Ye will say "Nay"; but wherefore——?"

Here the orator, ere he could answer the question in his own way, was surprised by the following reply, very prettily pronounced by one of the congregation:—"Because you, and the like of you, have left us no brandy to mix with it."

All eyes turned to the audacious speaker, who stood beside one of the thick sturdy Saxon pillars, which he himself somewhat resembled, being short of stature, but very strongly made, a squat broad Little John sort of figure, leaning on a quarter-staff, and wearing a jerkin, which, though now sorely stained and discolored, had once been of the Lincoln green, and showed remnants of having been laced. There was an air of careless, good-humored audacity about the fellow; and, though under military restraint, there were some of the citizens who could not help crying out—"Well said, Joceline Joliffe!"

"Jolly Joceline, call ye him?" proceeded the preacher, without showing either confusion or displeasure at the interruption; "I will make him Joceline of the jail, if he interrupts me again. One of your park-keepers, I warrant, that can never forget they have borne C. R. upon their badges and bugle-horns, even as a dog bears his owner's name on his collar—a pretty emblem for Christian men! But the brute beast hath the better of him: the brute weareth his own coat, and the caittiff thrall wears his master's. I have seen such a wag make a rope's end wag ere now. Where was I? Oh, rebuking you for your backslidings, men of Woodstock. Yes, then ye will say ye have renounced Popery, and ye have renounced Prelacy, and then ye wipe your mouth like Pharisees as ye are; and who but you for purity of religion! But I tell you, ye are but like Jehu the son of Nimshi, who broke down the house of Baal, yet departed not from the sins of Jeroboam. Even so ye eat not fish on Friday with the blinded Papists, nor mince

pies on the twenty-fifth day of December, like the slothful Prelatists; but ye will gorge on sack-posset each night in the year with your blind Presbyterian guide, and ye will speak evil of dignities, and revile the Commonwealth; and ye will glorify yourselves in your park of Woodstock, and say, 'Was it not walled in first of any other in England, and that by Henry, son of William called the Conqueror?' And ye have a princely lodge therein, and call the same a roval lodge; and ye have an oak which ye call the King's Oak; and ye steal and eat the venison of the park, and ye say, 'This is the king's venison, we will wash it down with a cup to the king's health: better we eat it than those Roundheaded Commonwealth knaves.' But listen unto me and take warning. For these things come we to controversy with you. And our name shall be a cannon-shot, before which your lodge, in the pleasantness whereof ye take pastime, shall be blown into ruins; and we will be as a wedge to split asunder the King's Oak into billets to heat a brown baker's oven; and we will dispark your park, and slay your deer, and eat them ourselves, neither shall you have any portion thereof, whether in neck or haunch. Ye shall not haft a tenpenny knife with the horns thereof, neither shall ye cut a pair of breeches out of the hide, for all ye be cutlers and glovers; and ye shall have no comfort or support neither from the sequestrated traitor Henry Lee, who called himself ranger of Woodstock, nor from any on his behalf; for they are coming hither who shall be called Maher-shalal-hash-baz, because he maketh haste to the spoil."

Here ended this wild effusion, the latter part of which fell heavy on the souls of the poor citizens of Woodstock, as tending to confirm a report of an unpleasing nature which had been lately circulated. The communication with London was indeed slow, and the news which it transmitted were uncertain; no less uncertain were the times themselves, and the rumors which were circulated, exaggerated by the hopes and fears of so many various factions. But the general stream of report, so far as Woodstock was concerned, had of late run uniformly in one direction. Day after day they had been informed that the fatal fiat of Parliament had gone out, for selling the park of Woodstock, destroying its lodge, disparking its forest, and erasing, as far as they could be erased, all traces of its ancient fame. Many of the citizens were likely to be sufferers on this occasion, as several of them enjoyed, either by suffer-

ance or right, various convenient privileges of pasturage, cutting firewood, and the like, in the royal chase; and all the inhabitants of the little borough were hurt to think that the scenery of the place was to be destroyed, its edifices ruined, and its honors rent away. This is a patriotic sensation often found in such places, which ancient distinctions and long-cherished recollections of former days render so different from towns of recent date. The natives of Woodstock felt it in the fullest force. They had trembled at the anticipated calamity; but now, when it was announced by the appearance of those dark, stern, and at the same time omnipotent, soldiers—now that they heard it proclaimed by the mouth of one of their military preachers, they considered their fate as inevitable. The causes of disagreement among themselves were for the time forgotten, as the congregation, dismissed without psalmody or benediction, went slowly and mournfully homeward, each to his own place of abode.

CHAPTER II.

Come forth, old man. Thy daughter's side
Is now the fitting place for thee ;
When Time hath quell'd the oak's bold pride,
The youthful tendril yet may hide
The ruins of the parent tree.

WHEN the sermon was ended, the military orator wiped his brow : for, notwithstanding the coolness of the weather, he was heated with the vehemence of his speech and action. He then descended from the pulpit and spoke a word or two to the corporal who commanded the party of soldiers, who, replying by a sober nod of intelligence, drew his men together, and marched them in order to their quarters in the town.

The preacher himself, as if nothing extraordinary had happened, left the church and sauntered through the streets of Woodstock, with the air of a stranger who was viewing the town, without seeming to observe that he was himself in his turn anxiously surveyed by the citizens, whose furtive yet frequent glances seemed to regard him as something alike suspected and dreadful, yet on no account to be provoked. He heeded them not, but stalked on in the manner affected by the distinguished fanatics of the day—a stiff, solemn pace, a severe, and at the same time a contemplative, look, like that of a man discomposed at the interruption which earthly objects forced upon him, obliging him by their intrusion to withdraw his thoughts for an instant from celestial things. Innocent pleasures of what kind soever they held in suspicion and contempt, and innocent mirth they abominated. It was, however, a cast of mind that formed men for great and manly actions, as it adopted principle, and that of an unselfish character, for the ruling motive, instead of the gratification of passion. Some of these men were indeed hypocrites, using the cloak of religion only as a covering for their ambition ; but many really possessed the devotional character and the severe republican virtue which others only affected. By far the greater number hovered between these extremes, felt to a

certain extent the power of religion, and complied with the times in affecting a great deal.

The individual whose pretensions to sanctity, written as they were upon his brow and gait, have given rise to the above digression reached at length the extremity of the principal street, which terminates upon the park of Woodstock. A battlemented portal of Gothic appearance defended the entrance to the avenue. It was of mixed architecture, but on the whole, though composed of the styles of the different ages when it had received additions, had a striking and imposing effect. An immense gate composed of rails of hammered iron, with many a flourish and scroll, displaying as its uppermost ornament the ill-fated cipher of C. R., was now decayed, being partly wasted with rust, partly by violence.

The stranger paused, as if uncertain whether he should demand or assay entrance. He looked through the grating down an avenue skirted by majestic oaks, which led onward with a gentle curve, as if into the depths of some ample and ancient forest. The wicket of the large iron gate being left unwittingly open, the soldier was tempted to enter, yet with some hesitation, as he that intrudes upon ground which he conjectures may be prohibited; indeed his manner showed more reverence for the scene than could have been expected from his condition and character. He slackened his stately and consequential pace, and at length stood still and looked around him.

Not far from the gate, he saw rising from the trees one or two ancient and venerable turrets, bearing each its own vane of rare device glittering in the autumn sun. These indicated the ancient hunting-seat, or lodge, as it was called, which had, since the time of Henry II., been occasionally the residence of the English monarchs, when it pleased them to visit the woods of Oxford, which then so abounded in game that, according to old Fuller, huntsmen and falconers were nowhere better pleased. The situation which the lodge occupied was a piece of flat ground, now planted with sycamores, not far from the entrance to that magnificent spot where the spectator first stops to gaze upon Blenheim, to think of Marlborough's victories, and to applaud or criticise the cumbrous magnificence of Vanburgh's style.

There, too, paused our military preacher, but with other thoughts, and for other purpose, than to admire the scene around him. It was not long afterwards when he beheld

two persons, a male and a female, approaching slowly, and so deeply engaged in their own conversation that they did not raise their eyes to observe that there stood a stranger in the path before them. The soldier took advantage of their state of abstraction, and, desirous at once to watch their motions and avoid their observation, he glided beneath one of the huge trees which skirted the path, and whose boughs, sweeping the ground on every side, ensured him against discovery, unless in case of an actual search.

In the meantime, the gentleman and lady continued to advance, directing their course to a rustic seat, which still enjoyed the sunbeams, and was placed adjacent to the tree where the stranger was concealed.

The man was elderly, yet seemed bent more by sorrow and infirmity than by the weight of years. He wore a mourning cloak, over a dress of the same melancholy color, cut in that picturesque form which Vandyck has rendered immortal. But although the dress was handsome, it was put on and worn with a carelessness which showed the mind of the wearer ill at ease. His aged, yet still handsome, countenance had the same air of consequence which distinguished his dress and his gait. A striking part of his appearance was a long white beard, which descended far over the breast of his slashed doublet, and looked singular from its contrast in color with his habit.

The young lady, by whom this venerable gentleman seemed to be in some degree supported as they walked arm in arm, was a slight and sylph-like form, with a person so delicately made, and so beautiful in countenance, that it seemed the earth on which she walked was too grossly massive a support for a creature so aerial. But mortal beauty must share human sorrows. The eyes of the beautiful being showed tokens of tears; her color was heightened as she listened to her aged companion; and it was plain, from his melancholy yet displeased look, that the conversation was as distressing to himself as to her. When they sat down on the bench we have mentioned, the gentleman's discourse could be distinctly overheard by the eavesdropping soldier, but the answers of the young lady reached his ear rather less distinctly.

"It is not to be endured!" said the old man, passionately; "it would stir up a paralytic wretch to start up a soldier. My people have been thinned, I grant you, or have fallen off from me in these times. I owe them no grudge for it, poor knaves; what should they do waiting

on me, when the pantry has no bread and the buttery no ale ? But we have still about us some rugged foresters of the old Woodstock breed—old as myself most of them. What of that ? old wood seldom warps in the wetting. I will hold out the old house, and it will not be the first time that I have held it against ten times the strength that we hear of now.”

“Alas ! my dear father !” said the young lady, in a tone which seemed to intimate his proposal of defense to be altogether desperate.

“And why, alas ?” said the gentleman, angrily ; “is it because I shut my door against a score or two of these bloodthirsty hypocrites ?”

“But their masters can as easily send a regiment or an army, if they will,” replied the lady ; “and what good would your present defense do, excepting to exasperate them to your utter destruction ?”

“Be it so, Alice,” replied her father ; “I have lived my time, and beyond it. I have outlived the kindest and most prince-like of masters. What do I do on the earth since the dismal Thirtieth of January ? The parrieide of that day was a signal to all true servants of Charles Stuart to avenge his death, or die as soon after as they could find a worthy opportunity.”

“Do not speak thus, sir, said Alice Lee : “it does not become your gravity and your worth to throw away that life which may yet be of service to your king and country. It will not and cannot always be thus. England will not long endure the rulers which these bad times have assigned her. In the meanwhile—(here a few words escaped the listener’s ears)—and beware of that impatience which makes bad worse.”

“Worse !” exclaimed the impatient old man. “What can be worse ? Is it not at the worst already ? Will not these people expel us from the only shelter we have left, dilapidate what remains of royal property under my charge, make the palace of princes into a den of thieves, and then wipe their mouths and thank God, as if they had done an alms-deed ?”

“Still,” said his daughter, “there is hope behind, and I trust the King is ere this out of their reach. We have reason to think well of my brother Albert’s safety.”

“Aye, Albert ! there again,” said the old man, in a tone of reproach ; “had it not been for thy entreaties I had gone to Worcester myself ; but I must needs lie here like a

worthless hound when the hunt is up, when who knows what service I might have shown? An old man's head is sometimes useful when his arm is but little worth. But you and Albert were so desirous that he should go alone, and now who can say what has become of him?"

"Nay—nay, father," said Alice, "we have good hope that Albert escaped from that fatal day; young Abney saw him a mile from the field."

"Young Abney lied, I believe," said the father, in the same humor of contradiction. "Young Abney's tongue seems quicker than his hands, but far slower than his horse's heels when he leaves the Roundheads behind him. I would rather Albert's dead body were laid between Charles and Cromwell than hear he fled as early as young Abney."

"My dearest father," said the young lady, weeping as she spoke, "what can I say to comfort you?"

"Comfort me, say'st thou, girl? I am sick of comfort: an honorable death, with the ruins of Woodstock for my monument, were the only comfort to old Henry Lee. Yes, by the memory of my fathers! I will make good the lodge against these rebellious robbers."

"Yet be ruled, dearest father," said the maiden, "and submit to that which we cannot gainsay. My uncle Everard——"

Here the old man caught at her unfinished words. "Thy uncle Everard, wench! Well, get on. What of thy precious and loving uncle Everard?"

"Nothing, sir," she said, "if the subject displeases you."

"Displeases me!" he replied, "why should it displease me? or if it did, why shouldst thou, or any one, affect to care about it? What is it that hath happened of late years—what is it can be thought to happen that astrologer can guess at—which can give pleasure to us?"

"Fate," she replied, "may have in store the joyful restoration of our banished prince."

"Too late for my time, Alice," said the knight; "if there be such a white page in the heavenly book, it will not be turned until long after my day. But I see thou wouldst escape me. In a word, what of thy uncle Everard?"

"Nay, sir," said Alice, "God knows I would rather be silent forever than speak what might, as you would take it, add to your present distemperature."

"Distemperature!" said her father. "Oh, thou art a sweet-lipped physician, and wouldst, I warrant me, drop nought but sweet balm, and honey, and oil on my distem-

perature, if that is the phrase for an old man's ailment, when he is wellnigh heartbroken. Once more, what of thy uncle Everard?"

His last words were uttered in a high and peevish tone of voice; and Alice Lee answered her father in a trembling and submissive tone.

"I only meant to say, sir, that I am well assured that my uncle Everard, when we quit this place——"

"That is to say, when we are kicked out of it by crooked canting villains like himself. But on with thy bountiful uncle—what will he do? Will he give us the remains of his worshipful and economical housekeeping, the fragments of a thrice-sacked capon twice a-week, and a plentiful fast on the other five days? Will he give us beds beside his half-starved nags, and put them under a short allowance of straw, that his sister's husband—that I should have called my deceased angel by such a name!—and his sister's daughter, may not sleep on the stones? Or will he send us a noble each, with a warning to make it last, for he had never known the ready penny so hard to come by? Or what else will your uncle Everard do for us? Get us a furlough to beg? Why, I can do that without him."

"You misconstrue him much," answered Alice with more spirit than she had hitherto displayed; "and would you but question your own heart, you would acknowledge—I speak with reverence—that your tongue utters what your better judgment would disown. My uncle Everard is neither a miser nor a hypocrite—neither so fond of the goods of this world that he would not supply our distresses amply, nor so wedded to fanatical opinions as to exclude charity for other sects beside his own."

"Ay—ay, the Church of England is a *sect* with him, I doubt not, and perhaps with thee too, Alice," said the knight. "What is a Muggletonian, or a Ranter, or a Brownist, but a sectary? and thy phrase places them all, with Jack Presbyter himself, on the same footing with our learned prelates and religious clergy! Such is the cant of the day thou livest in, and why shouldst thou not talk like one of the wise virgins and psalm-singing sisters, since, though thou hast a profane old Cavalier for a father, thou art own niece to pious uncle Everard?"

"If you speak thus, my dear father," said Alice, "what can I answer you? Hear me but one patient word, and I shall have discharged my uncle Everard's commission?"

"Oh, it is a commission then? Surely, I suspected so

much from the beginning—nay, have some sharp guess touching the ambassador also. Come, madam the mediator, do your errand, and you shall have no reason to complain of my patience.”

“Then, sir,” replied his daughter, “my uncle Everard desires you would be courteous to the Commissioners who come here to sequestrate the parks and the property, or, at least, heedfully to abstain from giving them obstacle or opposition; it can, he says, do no good, even on your own principles, and it will give a pretext for proceeding against you as one in the worst degree of malignity, which he thinks may otherwise be prevented. Nay, he has good hope that if you follow his counsel, the committee may, through the interest he possesses, be inclined to remove the sequestration of your estate on a moderate fine. Thus says my uncle; and having communicated his advice, I have no occasion to urge your patience with farther argument.”

“It is well thou dost not, Alice,” answered Sir Henry Lee, in a tone of suppressed anger; “for, by the blessed Rood, thou hast well-nigh led me into the heresy of thinking thee no daughter of mine. Ah! my beloved companion, who art now far from the sorrows and cares of this weary world, couldst thou have thought that the daughter thou didst clasp to thy bosom would, like the wicked wife of Job, become a temptress to her father in the hour of affliction, and recommend to him to make his conscience truckle to his interest, and to beg back at the bloody hands of his master’s, and perhaps his son’s, murderers a wretched remnant of the royal property he has been robbed of? Why, wench, if I must beg, think’st thou I will sue to those who have made me a mendicant? No. I will never show my gray beard, worn in sorrow for my sovereign’s death, to move the compassion of some proud sequesterator, who perhaps was one of the parricides. No; if Henry Lee must sue for food, it shall be of some sound loyalist like himself, who having but half a loaf remaining, will not nevertheless refuse to share it with him. For his daughter, she may wander her own way, which leads her to a refuge with her wealthy Roundhead kinsfolk; but let her no more call him father whose honest indigence she has refused to share.”

“You do me injustice, sir,” answered the young lady, with a voice animated, yet faltering—“cruel injustice. God knows, your way is my way, though it lead to ruin and beggary; and while you tread it, my arm shall support you while you will accept an aid so feeble.”

"Thou word'st me, girl," answered the old Cavalier—"thou word'st me, as Will Shakspeare says : thou speakest of lending me thy arm ; but thy secret thought is thyself to hang upon Markham Everard's."

"My father—my father," answered Alice, in a tone of deep grief, "what can thus have altered your clear judgment and kindly heart ? Accursed be these civil commotions ! not only do they destroy men's bodies, but they pervert their souls ; and the brave, the noble, the generous become suspicious, harsh, and mean. Why upbraid me with Markham Everard ? Have I seen or spoke to him since you forbid him my company, with terms less kind—I will speak it truly—than was due even to the relationship betwixt you ? Why think I would sacrifice to that young man my duty to you ? Know that, were I capable of such criminal weakness, Markham Everard were the first to despise me for it."

She put her handkerchief to her eyes, but she could not hide her sobs, nor conceal the distress they intimated.

The old man was moved. "I cannot tell," he said, "what to think of it. Thou seem'st sincere, and wert ever a good and kindly daughter—how thou hast let that rebel youth creep into thy heart I wot not ; perhaps it is a punishment on me, who thought the loyalty of my house was like undefiled ermine. Yet here is a damned spot, and on the fairest gem of all—my own dear Alice. But do not weep—we have enough to vex us. Where is it that Shakspeare hath it—

Gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs ;
Put you not on the temper of the times,
Nor be, like them, to Percy troublesome ?"

"I am glad," answered the young lady, "to hear you quote your favorite again, sir. Our little jars are ever well-nigh ended when Shakspeare comes in play."

"His book was the closet-companion of my blessed master," said Sir Henry Lee ; "after the Bible—with reverence for naming them together !—he felt more comfort in it than in any other ; and as I have shared his disease, why, it is natural I should take his medicine. Albeit, I pretend not to my master's art in explaining the dark passages ; for I am but a rude man, and rustically brought up to arms and hunting."

"You have seen Shakspeare yourself, sir ?" said the young lady.

"Silly wench," replied the knight, "he died when I was a mere child—thou hast heard me say so twenty times; but thou wouldst lead the old man away from the tender subject. Well, though I am not blind, I can shut my eyes and follow. Ben Jonson I knew, and could tell thee many a tale of our meetings at the Mermaid, where, if there was much wine, there was much wit also. We did not sit blowing tobacco in each other's faces, and turning up the whites of our eyes as we turned up the bottom of the wine-pot. Old Ben adopted me as one of his sons in the muses. I have shown you, have I not, the verses, 'To my much beloved son, the worshipful Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, Knight and Baronet'?"

"I do not remember them at present, sir," replied Alice.

"I fear ye lie, wench," said her father; but no matter—thou canst not get any more fooling out of me just now. The Evil Spirit hath left Saul for the present. We are now to think what is to be done about leaving Woodstock—or defending it?"

"My dearest father," said Alice, "can you still nourish a moment's hope of making good the place?"

"I know not, wench," replied Sir Henry; "I would fain have a parting blow with them, 'tis certain, and who knows where a blessing may alight? But then, my poor knaves that must take part with me in so hopeless a quarrel—that thought hampers me, I confess."

"Oh, let it do so, sir," replied Alice, "there are soldiers in the town, and there are three regiments at Oxford."

"Ah, poor Oxford!" exclaimed Sir Henry, whose vacillating state of mind was turned by a word to any new subject that was suggested. "Seat of learning and loyalty! these rude soldiers are unfit inmates for thy learned halls and poetical bowers; but thy pure and brilliant lamp shall defy the foul breath of a thousand churls, were they to blow at it like Boreas. The burning bush shall not be consumed, even by the heat of this persecution."

"True, sir," said Alice, "and it may not be useless to recollect, that any stirring of the Royalists at this unpropitious moment will make them deal yet more harshly with the university, which they consider as being at the bottom of everything which moves for the King in these parts."

"It is true, wench," replied the knight; and small cause would make the villains sequester the poor remains which the civil wars have left to the colleges. That, and the risk

of my poor fellows—— Well, thou hast disarmed me, girl. I will be as patient and calm as a martyr.”

“Pray God you keep your word, sir!” replied his daughter; “but you are ever so much moved at the sight of any of these men, that——”

“Would you make a child of me, Alice?” said Sir Henry. “Why, know you not that I can look upon a viper, or a toad, or a bunch of engendering adders, without any worse feeling than a little disgust? and though a Roundhead, and especially a redecoat, are in my opinion more poisonous than vipers, more loathsome than toads, more hateful than knotted adders, yet can I overcome my nature so far, that, should one of them appear at this moment, thyself should see how civilly I would treat him.”

As he spoke, the military preacher abandoned his leafy screen, and stalking forward, stood unexpectedly before the old Cavalier, who stared at him, as if he had thought his expressions had actually raised the devil.

“Who art thou?” at length said Sir Henry, in a raised and angry voice, while his daughter clung to his arm in terror, little confident that her father’s pacific resolutions would abide the shock of this unwelcome apparition.

“I am one,” replied the soldier, “who neither fear nor shame to call myself a poor day-laborer in the great work of England—umph! Ay, a simple and sincere upholder of the good old cause.”

“And what the devil do you seek here?” said the old knight, fiercely.

“The welcome due to the steward of the Lords Commissioners,” answered the soldier.

“Welcome art thou as salt would be to sore eyes,” said the Cavalier. “But who be your Commissioners, man?”

The soldier with little courtesy held out a scroll, which Sir Henry took from him betwixt his finger and thumb, as if it were a letter from a pest-house; and held it at as much distance from his eyes as his purpose of reading it would permit. He then read aloud, and as he named the parties one by one, he added a short commentary on each name, addressed, indeed, to Alice, but in such a tone that showed he cared not for its being heard by the soldier.

“*Desborough*—the plowman *Desborough*—as groveling a clown as is in England—a fellow that would be best at home, like an ancient Scythian, under the tilt of a wagon; d—n him. *Harrison*, bloody-minded, a ranting enthusiast, who read the Bible to such purpose, that he

never lacked a text to justify a murder; d—n him too. *Bletson*—a true-blue Commonwealth's man, one of Harrison's [Harrington's] Rota Club, with his noddle full of new-fangled notions about government, the clearest object of which is to establish the tail upon the head; a fellow who leaves you the statutes and law of old England, to prate of Rome and Greece—sees the Areopagus in Westminster Hall, and takes Old Noll for a Roman consul. Adad, he is like to prove a dictator amongst them instead. Never mind; d—n Bletson too."

"Friend," said the soldier, "I would willingly be civil, but it consists not with my duty to hear these godly men, in whose service I am, spoken of after this irreverent and unbecoming fashion. And albeit I know that you Malignants think you have a right to make free with that damnation which you seem to use as your own portion, yet it is superfluous to invoke it against others, who have better hopes in their thoughts and better words in their mouths."

"Thou art but a canting varlet," replied the knight; "and yet thou art right in some sense; for it is superfluous to curse men who already are damned as black as the smoke of hell itself."

"I prithee forbear," continued the soldier, "for manners' sake, if not for conscience: grisly oaths suit ill with gray beards."

"Nay, that is truth, if the devil spoke it," said the knight; "and I thank Heaven I can follow good counsel, though Old Nick gives it. And so, friend, touching these same Commissioners, bear them this message; that Sir Henry Lee is keeper of Woodstock Park, with right of waif and stray, vert and venison, as complete as any of them have to their estate—that is, if they possess any estate but what they have gained by plundering honest men—nevertheless, he will give place to those who have made their might their right, and will not expose the lives of good and true men, where the odds are so much against them. And he protests that he makes this surrender, neither as acknowledging of these so termed Commissioners, nor as for his own individual part fearing their force, but purely to avoid the loss of English blood, of which so much hath been spilt in these late times."

"It is well spoken," said the steward of the Commissioners; "and therefore, I pray you, let us walk together into the house, that thou mayest deliver up unto me the vessels, and gold and silver ornaments, belonging unto

the Egyptian Pharaoh who committed them to thy keeping."

"What vessels?" exclaimed the fiery old knight; "and belonging to whom? Unbaptized dog, speak civil of the Martyr in my presence, or I will do a deed misbecoming of me on that caitiff corpse of thine!" And shaking his daughter from his right arm, the old man laid his hand on his rapier.

His antagonist, on the contrary, kept his temper completely, and waving his hand to add impression to his speech, he said, with a calmness which aggravated Sir Henry's wrath, "Nay, good friend, I prithee be still, and brawl not: it becomes not gray hairs and feeble arms to rail and rant like drunkards. Put me not to use the carnal weapon in mine own defense, but listen to the voice of reason. Seest thou not that the Lord had decided this great controversy in favor of us and ours, against thee and thine? Wherefore render up thy stewardship peacefully, and deliver up to me the chattels of the Man, Charles Stuart."

"Patience is a good nag, but she will bolt," said the knight, unable longer to rein in his wrath. He plucked his sheathed rapier from his side, struck the soldier a severe blow with it, and instantly drawing it, and throwing the scabbard over the trees, placed himself in a posture of defense, with his sword's point within half a yard of the steward's body. The latter stepped back with activity, threw his long cloak from his shoulders, and drawing his long tuck, stood upon his guard. The swords clashed smartly together, while Alice, in her terror, screamed wildly for assistance. But the combat was of short duration. The old Cavalier had attacked a man as cunning of fence as he himself, or a little more so, and possessing all the strength and activity of which time had deprived Sir Henry, and the calmness which the other had lost in his passion. They had scarce exchanged three passes ere the sword of the knight flew up in the air, as if it had gone in search of the scabbard; and burning with shame and anger, Sir Henry stood disarmed, at the mercy of his antagonist. The republican showed no purpose of abusing his victory; nor did he, either during the combat or after the victory was won, in any respect alter the sour and grave composure which reigned upon his countenance: a combat of life and death seemed to him a thing as familiar, and as little to be feared, as an ordinary bout with foils.

“Thou art delivered into my hands,” he said, “and by the law of arms I might smite thee under the fifth rib, even as Asahel was streuck dead by Abner, the son of Ner, as he followed the chase on the hill of Ammah, that lieth before Giah, in the way of the wilderness of Gibeon ; but far be it from me to spill thy remaining drops of blood. True it is, thou art the captive of my sword and of my spear ; nevertheless, seeing that there may be a turning from thine evil ways, and a returning to those which are good, if the Lord enlarge thy date for repentance and amendment, wherefore should it be shortened by a poor sinful mortal, who is, speaking truly, but thy fellow-worm ?”

Sir Henry Lee remained still confused and unable to answer, when there arrived a fourth person, whom the crier of Alice had summoned to the spot. This was Joceline Joliffe, one of the under-keepers of the walk, who, seeing how matters stood, brandished his quarterstaff, a weapon from which he never parted, and having made it describe the figure of eight in a flourish through the air, would have brought it down with a vengeance upon the head of the steward, had not Sir Henry interposed.

“We must trail bats now, Joceline, our time of shouldering them is past. It skills not striving against the stream : the devil rules the roast, and makes our slaves our tutors.”

At this moment another auxiliary rushed out of the thicket to the knight's assistance. It was a large wolf-dog, in strength a mastiff, in form and almost in fleetness a greyhound. Bevis was the noblest of the kind which ever pulled down a stag, tawny-colored like a lion, with a black muzzle and black feet, just edged with a line of white round the toes. He was as tractable as he was strong and bold. Just as he was about to rush upon the soldier, the words, “Peace, Bevis !” from Sir Henry converted the lion into a lamb, and, instead of pulling the soldier down, he walked round and round, and snuffed, as if using all his sagacity to discover who the stranger could be towards whom, though of so questionable an appearance, he was enjoined forbearance. Apparently he was satisfied, for he laid aside his doubtful and threatening demonstrations, lowered his ears, smoothed down his bristles, and wagged his tail.

Sir Henry, who had great respect for the sagacity of his favorite, said in a low voice to Alice, “Bevis is of thy opinion, and counsels submission. There is the finger of Heaven in this to punish the pride ever the fault of our

house. Friend," he continued, addressing the soldier, "thou hast given the finishing touch to a lesson which ten years of constant misfortune have been unable fully to teach me. Thou hast distinctly shown me the folly of thinking that a good cause can strengthen a weak arm. God forgive me for the thought, but I could almost turn infidel, and believe that Heaven's blessing goes ever with the longest sword. But it will not be always thus. God knows His time. Reach me my Toledo, Joceline, yonder it lies; and the scabbard, see where it hangs on the tree. Do not pull at my cloak, Alice, and look so miserably frightened: I shall be in no hurry to betake me to bright steel again, I promise thee. For thee, good fellow, I thank thee, and will make way for thy masters without farther dispute or ceremony. Joceline Joliffe is nearer thy degree than I am, and will make surrender to thee of the lodge and household stuff. Withhold nothing, Joliffe: let them have all. For me, I will never cross the threshold again. But where to rest for a night? I would trouble no one in Woodstock; hum—ay—it shall be so. Alice and I, Joceline, will go down to thy hut by Rosamond's Well: we will borrow the shelter of thy roof for one night at least: thou wilt give us welcome, wilt thou not? How now—a clouded brow?"

Joceline certainly looked embarrassed, directed first a glance to Alice, then looked to heaven, then to earth, and last to the four quarters of the horizon, and then murmured out, "Certainly—without question—might he but run down to put the house in order."

"Order enough—order enough, for those that may soon be glad of clean straw in a barn," said the knight. "But if thou hast an ill-will to harbor any obnoxious or malignant persons, as the phrase goes, never shame to speak it out, man. 'Tis true, I took thee up when thou wert but a ragged Robin,* made a keeper of thee, and so forth. What of that? Sailors think no longer of the wind than when it forwards them on the voyage: thy betters turn with the tide, why should not such a poor knave as thou?"

"God pardon your honor for your harsh judgment," said Joliffe. "The hut is yours, such as it is, and should be were it a king's palace, as I wish it were, even for your honor's sake and Mistress Alice's: only I could wish your honor would condescend to let me step down before, in case any neighbor be there—or— or—just to put matters some-

* The keeper's followers in the New Forest are called in popular language "ragged Robins."

thing into order for Mistress Alice and your honor—just to make things something seemly and shapely.”

“Not a whit necessary,” said the knight, while Alice had much trouble in concealing her agitation. “If thy matters are unseemly, they are fitter for a defeated knight; if they are unshapely, why, the liker to the rest of a world which is all unshaped. Go thou with that man. What is thy name, friend?”

“Joseph Tomkins is my name in the flesh,” said the steward. “Men call me Honest Joe and Trusty Tomkins.”

“If thou hast deserved such names, considering what trade thou hast driven, thou art a jewel indeed,” said the knight; “yet if thou hast not, never blush for the matter, Joseph, for if thou art not in truth honest, thou hast all the better chance to keep the fame of it: the title and the thing itself have long walked separate ways. Farewell to thee—and farewell to fair Woodstock!”

So saying, the old knight turned round, and pulling his daughter's arm through his own, they walked onward into the forest, in the same manner in which they were introduced to the reader.

CHAPTER III

Now, ye wild blades, that make loose inns your stage,
To vapor forth the acts of this sad age,
Stout Edgehill fight, the Newberries and the West,
And northern clashes, where you still fought best,
Your strange escapes, your dangers void of fear,
When bullets flew between the head and ear,
Whether you fought by damme or the spirit,
Of you I speak.

Legend of Captain Jones.

JOSEPH TOMKINS and Joliffe the keeper remained for some time in silence, as they stood together looking along the path in which the figures of the knight of Ditchley and pretty Mistress Alice had disappeared behind the trees. They then gazed on each other in doubt, as men who scarce knew whether they stood on hostile or on friendly terms together, and were at a loss how to open a conversation. They heard the knight's whistle summon Bevis; but though the good hound turned his head and pricked his ears at the sound, yet he did not obey the call, but continued to snuff around Joseph Tomkins's cloak.

"Thou art a rare one, I fear me," said the keeper, looking to his new acquaintance. "I have heard of men who have charms to steal both dogs and deer."

"Trouble not thyself about my qualities, friend," said Joseph Tomkins, "but bethink thee of doing thy master's bidding."

Joceline did not immediately answer, but at length, as if in sign of truce, stuck the end of his quarterstaff upright in the ground, and leant upon it, as he said gruffly, "So, my tough old knight and you were at drawn bilbo, by way of afternoon service, sir preacher. Well for you I came not up till the blades were done jingling, or I had rung even-song upon your pate."

The Independent smiled grimly as he replied, "Nay, friend, it is well for thyself, for never should sexton have have been better paid for the knell he tolled. Nevertheless, why should there be war betwixt us, or my hand be against thine? Thou art but a poor knave, doing thy master's

order, nor have I any desire that my own blood or thine should be shed touching this matter. Thou art, I understand, to give me peaceful possession of the Palace of Woodstock, so called ; though there is now no palace in England, no, nor shall be in the days that come after, until we shall enter the palace of the New Jerusalem, and the reign of the saints shall commence on earth."

" Pretty well begun already, friend Tomkins," said the keeper : " you are little short of being kings already upon the matter as it now stands ; and for your Jerusalem I wot not, but Woodstock is a pretty nest-egg to begin with. Well, will you shog—will you on—will you take sasine and livery ? You heard my orders."

" Umph—I know not," said Tomkins. " I must beware of ambuscades, and I am alone here. Moreover, it is the High Thanksgiving appointed by Parliament, and owned to by the army ; also the old man and the young woman may want to recover some of their clothes and personal property, and I would not that they were balked on my account. Wherefore, if thou wilt deliver me possession to-morrow morning, it shall be done in personal presence of my own followers, and of the Presbyterian man the Mayor, so that the transfer may be made before witnesses ; whereas, were there none with us but thou to deliver and I to take possession, the men of Belial might say, ' Go to, Trusty Tomkins hath been an Edomite—Honest Joe hath been as an Ishmaelite, rising up early and dividing the spoil with them that served the Man—yea, they that wore beards and green jerkins, as in remembrance of the Man and of his government.' "

Joceline fixed his keen dark eyes upon the soldier as he spoke, as if in design to discover whether there was fair play in his mind or not. He then applied his five fingers to scratch a large shock head of hair, as if that operation was necessary to enable him to come to a conclusion. " This is all fair sounding, brother," said he ; " but I tell you plainly, there are some silver mugs, and platters, and flagons, and so forth, in yonder house, which have survived the general sweep that sent all our plate to the smelting-pot, to put our knight's troop on horseback. Now, if thou takest not these off my hand, I may come to trouble, since it may be thought I have minished their numbers. Whereas, I being as honest a fellow——"

" As ever stole venison," said Tomkins ; " nay, I do owe thee an interruption."

"Go to, then," replied the keeper; "if a stag may have come to mischance in my walk, it was no way in the course of dishonesty, but merely to keep my old dame's pan from rusting; but for silver porringers, tankards, and such-like, I would as soon have drunk the melted silver as stolen the vessel made out of it. So that I would not wish blame or suspicion fell on me in this matter. And therefore, if you will have the things rendered even now—why so; and if not, hold me blameless."

"Ay, truly?" said Tomkins; "and who is to hold me blameless, if they should see cause to think anything minished? Not the right worshipful Commissioners, to whom the property of the estate is as their own; therefore, as thou say'st, we must walk warily in the matter. To lock up the house and leave it were but the work of simple ones. What say'st thou to spend the night there, and then nothing can be touched without the knowledge of us both?"

"Why, concerning that," answered the keeper, "I should be at my hut to make matters somewhat conformable for the old knight and Mistress Alice, for my old dame Joan is something dunny, and will scarce know how to manage; and yet, to speak the truth, by the mass, I would rather not see Sir Henry to-night, since what has happened to-day hath roused his spleen, and it is peradventure he may have met something at the hut which will scarce tend to cool it."

"It is a pity," said Tomkins, "that, being a gentleman of such grave and goodly presence, he should be such a malignant Cavalier, and that he should, like the rest of that generation of vipers, have clothed himself with curses as with a garment."

"Which is as much as to say, the tough old knight hath a habit of swearing," said the keeper, grinning at a pun which has been repeated since his time; "but who can help it? it comes of use and wont. Were you now, in your bodily self, to light suddenly on a Maypole, with all the blythe morris-dancers prancing around it to the merry pipe and tabor, with bells jingling, ribbons fluttering, lads frisking and laughing, lasses leaping till you might see where the scarlet garter fastened the light-blue hose, I think some feeling, resembling either natural sociality, or old use and wont, would get the better, friend, even of thy gravity, and thou wouldst fling thy cuckoldy steeple-hat one way and that bloodthirsty long sword another, and trip like the noodles of Hogs-Norton when the pigs play on the organ."

The Independent turned fiercely round on the keeper, and replied, "How now, Mr. Green Jerkin, what language is this to one whose hand is at the plow? I advise thee to put curb on thy tongue, lest thy ribs pay the forfeit."

"Nay, do not take the high tone with me, brother," answered Joceline; "remember thou hast not the old knight of sixty-five to deal with, but a fellow as bitter and prompt as thyself—it may be a little more so—younger, at all events; and prithee, why shouldst thou take such umbrage at a Maypole? I would thou hadst known one Phil Hazeldine of these parts. He was the best morris-dancer betwixt Oxford and Burford."

"The more shame to him," answered the Independent; "and I trust he has seen the error of his ways, and made himself, as, if a man of action, he easily might, fit for better company than wood-hunters, deer-stealers, Maid Marions, swashbucklers, deboshed revelers, bloody brawlers, maskers and mummers, lewd men and light women, fools and fiddlers, and carnal self-pleasers of every description."

"Well," replied the keeper, "you are out of breath in time; for here we stand before the famous Maypole of Woodstock."

They paused in an open space of meadow-land, beautifully skirted by large oaks and sycamores, one of which, as king of the forest, stood a little detached from the rest, as if scorning the vicinity of any rival. It was scathed and gnarled in the branches, but the immense trunk still showed to what gigantic size the monarch of the forest can attain in the groves of Merry England.

"That is called the King's Oak," said Joceline; "the oldest men of Woodstock know not how old it is: they say Henry used to sit under it with fair Rosamond, and see the lasses dance, and the lads of the village run races, and wrestle for belts or bonnets."

"I nothing doubt it, friend," said Tomkins; "a tyrant and a harlot were fitting patron and patroness for such vanities."

"Thou mayst say thy say, friend," replied the keeper, "so thou lettest me say mine. There stands the Maypole, as thou seest, half a flight-shot from the King's Oak, in the midst of the meadow. The King gave ten shillings from the customs of Woodstock to make a new one yearly, besides a tree fitted for the purpose out of the forest. Now it is warped, and withered, and twisted, like a wasted brier-rod. The green, too, used to be close-shaved, and rolled

till it was smooth as a velvet mantle ; now it is rough and overgrown."

"Well—well, friend Joceline," said the Independent, "but where was the edification of all this? What use of doctrine could be derived from a pipe and tabor; or was there ever aught like wisdom in a bagpipe?"

"You may ask better scholars that," said Joceline; "but methinks men cannot be always grave, and with the hat over their brow. A young maiden will laugh as a tender flower will blow—ay, and a lad will like her the better for it: just as the same blythe spring that makes the young birds whistle bids the blythe fawn skip. There have come worse days since the jolly old times have gone by. I tell thee, that in the holydays which you, Mr. Long-sword, have put down, I have seen this greensward alive with merry maidens and manly fellows. The good old rector himself thought it was no sin to come for a while and look on, and his goodly cassock and scarf kept us all in good order, and taught us to limit our mirth within the bounds of discretion. We might, it may be, crack a broad jest, or pledge a friendly cup a turn too often, but it was in mirth and good neighborhood. Ay, and if there was a bout at single-stick, or a bellyful of boxing, it was all for love and kindness; and better a few dry blows in drink than the bloody doings we have had in sober earnest, since the presbyter's cap got above the bishop's mitre, and we exchanged our goodly rectors and learned doctors, whose sermons were all bolstered up with as much Greek and Latin as might have confounded the devil himself, for weavers and cobblers, and such other pulpit volunteers as—as we heard this morning. It will out."

"Well, friend," said the Independent, with patience scarcely to have been expected, "I quarrel not with thee for nauseating my doctrine. If thine ear is so much tickled with tabor tunes and morris-tripping, truly it is not likely thou shouldst find pleasant savor in more wholesome and sober food. But let us to the lodge, that we may go about our business there before the sun sets."

"Troth, and that may be advisable for more reasons than one," said the keeper; "for there have been tales about the lodge which have made men afraid to harbor there after nightfall."

"Were not yon old knight and yonder damsel, his daughter, wont to dwell there?" said the Independent. "My information said so."

"Ay, truly did they," said Joceline; "and while they kept a jolly household, all went well enough; for nothing banishes fear like good ale. But after the best of our men went to the wars, and were slain at Naseby fight, they who were left found the lodge more lonesome, and the old knight has been much deserted of his servants: marry, it might be, that he has lacked silver of late to pay groom and lackey."

"A potential reason for the diminution of the household," said the soldier.

"Right, sir, even so," replied the keeper. "They spoke of steps in the great gallery, heard by dead of the night, and voices that whispered at noon in the matted chambers; and the servants pretended that these things scared them away; but, in my poor judgment, when Martinmas and Whitsuntide came round without a penny-fee, the old blue-bottles of serving-men began to think of creeping elsewhere before the frost chilled them. No devil so frightful as that which dances in the pocket where there is no cross to keep him out."

"You were reduced, then, to a petty household?" said the Independent.

"Ay, marry, were we," said Joceline; "but we kept some half-score together, what with blue-bottles in the lodge, what with green caterpillars of the chase, like him who is yours to command: we stuck together till we found a call to take a morning's ride somewhere or other."

"To the town of Worcester," said the soldier, "where you were crushed like vermin and palmer-worms, as you are?"

"You may say your pleasure," replied the keeper: "I'll never contradict a man who has got my head under his belt. Our backs are at the wall, or you would not be here."

"Nay, friend," said the Independent, "thou riskest nothing by thy freedom and trust in me. I can be *bon camarado* to a good soldier, although I have striven with him even to the going down of the sun. But here we are in front of the lodge."

They stood accordingly in front of the old Gothic building, irregularly constructed, and at different times, as the humor of the English monarchs led them to taste the pleasures of Woodstock Chase, and to make such improvements for their own accommodation as the increasing luxury of each age required. The oldest part of the structure had been named by tradition Fair Rosamond's Tower; it was

a small turret of great height, with narrow windows, and walls of massive thickness. The tower had no opening to the ground, or means of descending, a great part of the lower portion being solid mason-work. It was traditionally said to have been accessible only by a sort of small draw-bridge, which might be dropped at pleasure from a little portal near the summit of the turret to the battlements of another tower of the same construction, but twenty feet lower, and containing only a winding staircase, called in Woodstock, *Love's Ladder*; because it is said that, by ascending this staircase to the top of the tower, and then making use of the drawbridge, Henry obtained access to the chamber of his paramour.

This tradition had been keenly impugned by Dr. Rochecliffe, the former rector of Woodstock, who insisted that what was called Rosamond's Tower was merely an interior keep, or citadel, to which the lord or warden of the castle might retreat when other points of safety failed him, and either protract his defense or, at the worst, stipulate for reasonable terms of surrender. The people of Woodstock, jealous of their ancient traditions, did not relish this new mode of explaining them away; and it is even said that the Mayor, whom we have already introduced, became Presbyterian in revenge of the doubts cast by the rector upon this important subject, rather choosing to give up the liturgy than his fixed belief in Rosamond's Tower and *Love's Ladder*.

The rest of the lodge was of considerable extent, and of different ages, comprehending a nest of little courts, surrounded by buildings which corresponded with each other, sometimes within doors, sometimes by crossing the courts, and frequently in both ways. The different heights of the buildings announced that they could only be connected by the usual variety of staircases, which exercised the limbs of our ancestors in the 16th and earlier centuries, and seem sometimes to have been contrived for no other purpose.

The varied and multiplied fronts of this irregular building were, as Dr. Rochecliffe was wont to say, an absolute banquet to the architectural antiquary, as they certainly contained specimens of every style which existed, from the pure Norman of Henry of Anjou down to the composite, half-Gothic, half-classical architecture of Elizabeth and her successor. Accordingly, the rector was himself as much enamored of Woodstock as ever was Henry of Fair Rosamond; and as his intimacy with Sir Henry Lee permitted

him entrance at all times to the royal lodge, he used to spend whole days in wandering about the antique apartments, examining, measuring, studying, and finding out excellent reasons for architectural peculiarities, which probably only owed their existence to the freakish fancy of a Gothic artist. But the old antiquarian had been expelled from his living by the intolerance and troubles of the times, and his successor, Nehemiah Holdenough, would have considered an elaborate investigation of the profane sculpture and architecture of blinded and bloodthirsty Papists, together with the history of the dissolute amours of old Norman monarchs, as little better than a bowing down before the calves of Bethel, and a drinking of the cup of abominations.

We return to the course of our story.

"There is," said the Independent Tomkins, after he had carefully perused the front of the building, "many a rare monument of olden wickedness about this miscalled royal lodge; verily, I shall rejoice much to see the same destroyed, yea, burned to ashes, and the ashes thrown into the brook Kedron, or any other brook, that the land may be cleansed from the memory thereof, neither remember the iniquity with which their fathers have sinned."

The keeper heard him with secret indignation, and began to consider with himself whether, as they stood but one to one, and without chance of speedy interference, he was not called upon, by his official duty, to castigate the rebel who used language so defamatory. But he fortunately recollected that the strife must be a doubtful one, that the advantage of arms was against him, and that, in especial, even if he should succeed in the combat, it would be at the risk of severe retaliation. It must be owned, too, that there was something about the Independent so dark and mysterious, so grim and grave, that the more open spirit of the keeper felt oppressed, and, if not overawed, at least kept in doubt concerning him; and he thought it wisest, as well as safest, for his master and himself, to avoid all subjects of dispute, and know better with whom he was dealing before he made either friend or enemy of him.

The great gate of the lodge was strongly bolted, but the wicket opened on Joceline's raising the latch. There was a short passage of ten feet, which had been formerly closed by a portcullis at the inner end, while three loopholes opened on either side, through which any daring intruder might be annoyed, who, having surprised the first gate,

must be thus exposed to a severe fire before he could force the second. But the machinery of the portcullis was damaged, and it now remained a fixture, brandishing its jaw, well furnished with iron fangs, but incapable of dropping it across the path of invasion.

The way, therefore, lay open to the great hall or outer vestibule of the lodge. One end of this long and dusky apartment was entirely occupied by a gallery, which had in ancient times served to accommodate the musicians and minstrels. There was a clumsy staircase at either side of it, composed of entire logs of a foot square; and in each angle of the ascent was placed, by way of sentinel, the figure of a Norman foot-soldier, having an open casque on his head, which displayed features as stern as the painter's genius could devise. Their arms were buff-jackets or shirts of mail, round bucklers, with spikes in the center, and buskins which adorned and defended the feet and ankles, but left the knees bare. These wooden warders held great swords, or maces, in their hands, like military guards on duty. Many an empty hook and brace, along the walls of the gloomy apartment, marked the spots from which arms, long preserved as trophies, had been, in the pressure of the war, once more taken down to do service in the field, like veterans whom extremity of danger recalls to battle. On other rusty fastenings were still displayed the hunting trophies of the monarchs to whom the lodge belonged, and of the silvan knights to whose care it had been from time to time confided.

At the nether end of the hall, a huge, heavy, stone-wrought chimney-piece projected itself ten feet from the wall, adorned with many a cipher and many a scutcheon of the royal house of England. In its present state, it yawned like the arched mouth of a funeral vault, or perhaps might be compared to the crater of an extinguished volcano. But the sable complexion of the massive stonework, and all around it, showed that the time had been when it sent its huge fires blazing up the huge chimney, besides puffing many a volume of smoke over the heads of the jovial guests, whose royalty or nobility did not render them sensitive enough to quarrel with such slight inconvenience. On these occasions, it was the tradition of the house, that two cart-loads of wood was the regular allowance for the fire between noon and curfew, and the andirons, or dogs, as they were termed, constructed for retaining the blazing firewood on the hearth, were wrought in the shape of lions of such

gigantic size as might well warrant the legend. There were long seats of stone within the chimney, where, in despite of the tremendous heat, monarchs were sometimes said to have taken their station, and amused themselves with broiling the umbles, or dowsets, of the deer upon the glowing embers, with their own royal hands, when happy the courtier who was invited to taste the royal cookery. Tradition was here also ready with her record, to show what merry gibes, such as might be exchanged between prince and peer, had flown about at the jolly banquet which followed the Michaelmas hunt. She could tell, too, exactly, where King Stephen sat when he darned his own princely hose, and knew most of the old tricks he had put upon little Winkin, the tailor of Woodstock.

Most of this rude revelry belonged to the Plantagenet times. When the house of Tudor acceded to the throne, they were more chary of their royal presence, and feasted in halls and chambers far within, abandoning the outmost hall to the yeomen of the guard, who mounted their watch there, and passed away the night with wassail and mirth, exchanged sometimes for frightful tales of apparitions and sorceries, which made some of those grow pale in whose ears the trumpet of a French foeman would have sounded as jollily as a summons to the woodland chase.

Joceline pointed out the peculiarities of the place to his gloomy companion more briefly than we have detailed them to the reader.

The Independent seemed to listen with some interest at first, but, flinging it suddenly aside, he said, in a solemn tone, "Perish, Babylon, as thy master Nebuchadnezzar hath perished! He is a wanderer, and thou shalt be a waste place—yea, and a wilderness—yea, a desert of salt, in which there shall be thirst and famine."

"There is like to be enough of both to-night," said Joceline, "unless the good knight's larder be somewhat fuller than it is wont."

"We must care for the creature-comforts," said the Independent, "but in due season, when our duties are done. Whither lead these entrances?"

"That to the right," replied the keeper, "leads to what are called the state-apartments, not used since the year 1639, when his blessed Majesty——"

"How, sir!" interrupted the Independent, in a voice of thunder, "dost thou speak of Charles Stuart as blessing, or blessed? Beware the proclamation to that effect."

"I meant no harm," answered the keeper, suppressing his disposition to make a harsher reply. "My business is with bolts and bucks, not with titles and state affairs. But yet, whatever may have happed since, that poor king was followed with blessings enough from Woodstock; for he left a glove full of broad pieces for the poor of the place——"

"Peace, friend," said the Independent; "I will think thee else one of those besotted and blinded Papists who hold that bestowing of alms is an atonement and washing away of the wrongs and oppressions which have been wrought by the alms-giver. Thou sayest, then, these were the apartments of Charles Stuart?"

"And of his father, James, before him, and Elizabeth, before *him*, and bluff King Henry, who builded that wing, before them all."

"And there, I suppose, the knight and his daughter dwelt?"

"No," replied Joceline; "Sir Henry Lee had too much reverence for—for things which are now thought worth no reverence at all. Besides, the state-rooms are unaired and in indifferent order since of late years. The knight ranger's apartment lies by that passage to the left."

"And whither goes yonder stair, which seems both to lead upwards and downwards?"

"Upwards," replied the keeper, "it leads to many apartments, used for various purposes, of sleeping and other accommodation. Downwards, to the kitchen, offices, and vaults of the castle, which, at this time of the evening, you cannot see without lights."

"We will to the apartments of your knight, then," said the Independent. "Is there fitting accommodation there?"

"Such as has served a person of condition, whose lodging is now worse appointed," answered the honest keeper, his bile rising so fast that he added, in a muttering and inaudible tone, "So it may well serve a crop-eared knave like thee."

He acted as the usher, however, and led on towards the ranger's apartments.

This suite opened by a short passage from the hall, secured at time of need by two oaken doors, which could be fastened by large bars of the same, that were drawn out of the wall, and entered into square holes, contrived for their reception on the other side of the portal. At the end of this passage, a small anteroom received them, into which opened the sitting-apartment of the good knight, which, in

the style of the times, might have been termed a fair summer parlor, lighted by two oriel windows, so placed as to command each of them a separate avenue, leading distant and deep into the forest. The principal ornament of the apartment, besides two or three family portraits of less interest, was a tall full-length picture that hung above the chimney-piece, which, like that in the hall, was of heavy stonework, ornamented with carved scutcheons, emblazoned with various devices. The portrait was that of a man about fifty years of age, in complete plate armor, and painted in the harsh and dry manner of Holbein, probably, indeed, the work of that artist, as the dates corresponded. The formal and marked angles, points, and projections of the armor were a good subject for the harsh pencil of that early school. The face of the knight was, from the fading of the colors, pale and dim, like that of some being from the other world, yet the lines expressed forcibly pride and exultation.

He pointed with his leading-staff, or truncheon, to the back ground, where, in such perspective as the artist possessed, were depicted the remains of a burning church, or monastery, and four or five soldiers, in red cassocks, bearing away in triumph what seemed a brazen font or laver. Above their heads might be traced in scroll, "*Lee Victor sic voluit.*" Right opposite to the picture hung, in a niche in the wall, a complete set of tilting armor, the black and gold colors and ornaments of which exactly corresponded with those exhibited in the portrait.

The picture was one of those which, from something marked in the features and expression, attract the observation even of those who are ignorant of art. The Independent looked at it until a smile passed transiently over his clouded brow. Whether he smiled to see the grim old cavalier employed in desecrating a religious house (an occupation much conforming to the practise of his own sect), whether he smiled in contempt of the old painter's harsh and dry mode of working, or whether the sight of this remarkable portrait revived some other ideas, the under-keeper could not decide.

The smile passed away in an instant, as the soldier looked to the oriel windows. The recesses within them were raised a step or two from the wall. In one was placed a walnut-tree reading-desk, and a huge stuffed arm-chair, covered with Spanish leather. A little cabinet stood beside, with some of its shuttles and drawers open, displaying hawks'-

bells, dog-whistles, instruments for trimming falcons' feathers, bridlebits of various constructions, and other trifles connected with silvan sport.

The other little recess was differently furnished. There lay some articles of needlework on a small table, besides a lute, with a book having some airs written down in it, and a frame for working embroidery. Some tapestry was displayed around the recess, with more attention to ornament than was visible in the rest of the apartment; the arrangement of a few bow-pots, with such flowers as the fading season afforded, showed also the superintendence of female taste.

Tomkins cast an eye of careless regard upon these subjects of female occupation, then stepped into the farther window, and began to turn the leaves of a folio which lay open on the reading-desk, apparently with some interest. Joceline, who had determined to watch his motions without interfering with them, was standing at some distance in dejected silence, when a door behind the tapestry suddenly opened, and a pretty village maid tripped out with a napkin in her hand, as if she had been about some household duty.

"How now, sir impudence," she said to Joceline, in a smart tone; "what do you here prowling about the apartments when the master is not at home?"

But, instead of the answer which perhaps she expected, Joceline Joliffe cast a mournful glance towards the soldier in the oriel window, as if to make what he said fully intelligible, and replied, with a dejected appearance and voice, "Alack, my pretty Phœbe, there come those here that have more right or might than any of us, and will use little ceremony in coming when they will, and staying while they please."

He darted another glance at Tomkins, who still seemed busy with the book before him, then sidled close to the astonished girl, who had continued looking alternately at the keeper and at the stranger, as if she had been unable to understand the words of the first, or to comprehend the meaning of the second being present.

"Go," whispered Joliffe, approaching his mouth so near her cheek that his breath waved the curls of her hair—"go, my dearest Phœbe, trip it as fast as a fawn down to my lodge. I will soon be there, and——"

"Your lodge, indeed!" said Phœbe; "you are very bold, for a poor kill-buck that never frightened anything before save a dun deer. *Your* lodge, indeed! I am like to go there, I think."

“Hush—hush! Phœbe: here is no time for jesting. Down to my hut, I say, like a deer, for the knight and Mrs. Alice are both there, and I fear will not return hither again. All’s naught, girl, and our evil days are come at last with a vengeance: we are fairly at bay and fairly hunted down.”

“Can this be, Joceline?” said the poor girl, turning to the keeper with an expression of fright in her countenance, which she had hitherto averted in rural coquetry.

“As sure, my dearest Phœbe, as——”

The rest of the asseveration was lost in Phœbe’s ear, so closely did the keeper’s lips approach it; and if they approached so very near as to touch her cheek, grief, like impatience, hath its privileges, and poor Phœbe had enough of serious alarm to prevent her from demurring upon such a trifle.

BUT no trifle was the approach of Joceline’s lips to Phœbe’s pretty though sunburnt cheek in the estimation of the Independent, who, a little before the object of Joceline’s vigilance, had been more lately in his turn the observer of the keeper’s demeanor, so soon as the interview betwixt Phœbe and him had become so interesting. And when he remarked the closeness of Joceline’s argument, he raised his voice to a pitch of harshness that would have rivaled that of an ungreased and rusty saw, and which at once made Joceline and Phœbe spring six feet apart, each in contrary directions, and if Cupid was of the party, must have sent him out at the window like a wild duck flying from a culverin. Instantly throwing himself into the attitude of a preacher and a reprover of vice, “How now!” he exclaimed, “shameless and impudent as you are! What! chambering and wantoning in our very presence! How! would you play your pranks before the steward of the Commissioners of the High Court of Parliament, as ye would in a booth at the fulsome fair, or amidst the trappings and tracings of a profane dancing-school, where the scoundrel minstrels make their ungodly weapons to squeak, ‘Kiss and be kind, the fiddler’s blind?’ But here,” he said, dealing a perilous thump upon the volume—“here is the king and high priest of those vices and follies. Here is he, whom men of folly profanely call nature’s miracle. Here is he, whom princes choose for their cabinet-keeper, and whom maids of honor take for their bedfellow. Here is the prime teacher of fine words, foppery, and folly. Here! (dealing another thump upon the volume; and oh! revered of the Roxburghe, it

was the first folio—beloved of the Bannatyne, it was Hemminge and Condel—it was the *editio princeps*). On thee,” he continued—“on thee, William Shakspeare, I charge whate’er of such lawless idleness and immodest folly hath defiled the land since thy day.”

“By the mass, a heavy accusation,” said Joceline, the bold recklessness of whose temper could not be long overawed. “Odds pitlikins, is our master’s old favorite, Will of Stratford, to answer for every buss that has been snatched since James’s time? A perilous reckoning truly! but I wonder who is sponisible for what lads and lasses did before his day?”

“Scoff not,” said the soldier, “lest I, being called thereto by the voice within me, do deal with thee as a scorner. Verily I say, that since the devil fell from Heaven, he never lacked agents on earth; yet nowhere hath he met with a wizard having such infinite power over men’s souls as this pestilent fellow Shakspeare. Seeks a wife a foul example for adultery, here she shall find it. Would a man know how to train his fellow to be a murderer, here shall he find tutoring. Would a lady marry a heathen negro, she shall have chronicled example for it. Would any one scorn at his Maker, he shall be furnished with a jest in this book. Would he defy his brother in the flesh, he shall be accommodated with a challenge. Would you be drunk, Shakspeare will cheer you with a cup. Would you plunge in sensual pleasures, he will soothe you to indulgence, as with the lascivious sounds of a lute. This, I say—this book is the wellhead and source of all those evils which have overrun the land like a torrent, making men scoffers, doubters, deniers, murderers, makebates, and lovers of the wine-pot, haunting unclean places, and sitting long at the evening wine. Away with him—away with him, men of England! to Tophet with his wicked book, and to the vale of Hinnom with his accursed bones! Verily, but that our march was hasty when we passed Stratford, in the year 1643, with Sir William Waller—but that our march was hasty——”

“Because Prince Rupert was after you with his Cavaliers,” muttered the incorrigible Joceline.

“I say,” continued the zealous trooper, raising his voice and extending his arm, “but that our march was by command hasty, and that we turned not aside in our riding, closing our ranks each one upon the other as becomes men of war, I had torn on that day the bones of that preceptor of vice and debauchery from the grave, and given them to the

next dunghill. I would have made his memory a scoff and a hissing."

"That is the bitterest thing he has said yet," observed the keeper. "Poor Will would have liked the hissing worse than all the rest."

"Will the gentleman say any more?" inquired Phœbe in a whisper. "Lack-a-day, he talks brave words, if one knew but what they meant. But it is a mercy our good knight did not see him ruffle the book at that rate. Mercy on us, there would certainly have been bloodshed. But oh the father—see how he is twisting his face about! Is he ill of the colic, think'st thou, Joceline? Or may I offer him a glass of strong waters?"

"Hark thee hither, wench," said the keeper, "he is but loading his blunderbuss for another volley; and while he turns up his eyes, and twists about his face, and clinches his fist, and shuffles and tramples with his feet in that fashion, he is bound to take no notice of anything. I would be sworn to cut his purse, if he had one, from his side, without his feeling it."

"La! Joceline," said Phœbe, "and if he abides here in this turn of times, I daresay the gentleman will be easily served."

"Care not thou about that," said Joliffe; "but tell me softly and hastily, what is in the pantry?"

"Small housekeeping enough," said Phœbe; "a cold capon and some comfits, and the great standing venison pasty, with plenty of spice—a manchet or two besides, and that is all."

"Well, it will serve for a pinch. Wrap thy cloak round thy comely body; get a basket and a brace of trenchers and towels, they are heinously impoverished down yonder; carry down the capon and the manchets; the pasty must abide with this same soldier and me, and the pie-crust will serve us for bread."

"Rarely," said Phœbe, "I made the paste myself: it is as thick as the walls of Fair Rosamond's Tower."

"Which two pairs of jaws would be long in gnawing through, work hard as they might," said the keeper. "But what liquor is there?"

"Only a bottle of Alicant and one of sack, with the stone jug of strong waters," answered Phœbe.

"Put the wine-flasks into thy basket," said Joceline, "the knight must not lack his evening draught; and down with thee to the hut like a lapwing. There is enough for

supper, and to-morrow is a new day. Ha! by Heaven I thought yonder man's eye watched us. No, he only rolled it round him in a brown study. Deep enough doubtless, as they all are! But d—n him, he must be bottomless if I cannot sound him before the night's out. Hie thee away, Phœbe."

But Phœbe was a rural coquette, and, aware that Joceline's situation gave him no advantage of avenging the challenge in a fitting way, she whispered in his ear, "Do you think our knight's friend, Shakspeare, really found out all these naughty devices the gentleman spoke of?"

Off she darted while she spoke, while Joliffe menaced future vengeance with his finger, as he muttered, "Go thy way, Phœbe Mayflower, the lightest-footed and lightest-hearted wench that ever tripped the sod in Woodstock Park! After her, Bevis, and bring her safe to our master at the hut!"

The large greyhound arose like a human servitor who had received an order, and followed Phœbe through the hall, first licking her hand to make her sensible of his presence, and then putting himself to a slow trot, so as best to accommodate himself to the light pace of her whom he convoyed, whom Joceline had not extolled for her activity without due reason. While Phœbe and her guardian thread the forest glades, we return to the lodge.

The Independent now seemed to start as if from a reverie. "Is the young woman gone?" said he.

"Ay, marry is she," said the keeper; "and if your worship hath farther commands, you must rest contented with male attendance."

"Commands—umph—I think the damsel might have tarried for another exhortation," said the soldier; "truly, I profess my mind was much inclined toward her for her edification."

"Oh, sir," replied Joliffe, "she will be at church next Sunday, and if your military reverence is pleased again to hold forth amongst us, she will have use of the doctrine with the rest. But young maidens of these parts hear no private homilies. And what is now your pleasure? Will you look at the other rooms, and at the few plate articles which have been left?"

"Umph—no," said the Independent; "it wears late, and gets dark. Thou hast the means of giving us beds, friend?"

"Better you never slept in," replied the keeper.

“And wood for a fire, and a light, and some small pittance of creature-comforts for refreshment of the outward man?” continued the soldier.

“Without doubt,” replied the keeper, displaying a prudent anxiety to gratify this important personage.

In a few minutes a great standing candlestick was placed on an oaken table. The mighty venison pasty, adorned with parsley, was placed on the board on a clean napkin; the stone bottle of strong waters, with a black-jack full of ale, formed comfortable appendages; and to this meal sat down in social manner the soldier, occupying a great elbow-chair, and the keeper, at his invitation, using the more lowly accommodation of a stool, at the opposite side of the table. Thus agreeably employed, our history leaves them for the present.

CHAPTER IV

Yon path of greensward
 Winds round by sparry grot and gay pavilion ;
 There is no flint to gall thy tender foot,
 There's ready shelter from each breeze, or shower.
 But duty guides not that way : see her stand,
 With wand entwined with amaranth, near yon cliffs.
 Oft where she leads thy blood must mark thy footsteps,
 Oft where she leads thy head must bear the storm,
 And thy shrunk form endure heat, cold and hunger :
 But she will guide thee up to noble heights,
 Which he who gains seems native of the sky,
 While earthly things lie stretch'd beneath his feet,
 Diminish'd, shrunk, and valueless.

Anonymous.

THE reader cannot have forgotten that, after his scuffle with the Commonwealth soldier, Sir Henry Lee, with his daughter Alice, had departed to take refuge in the hut of the stout keeper, Joceline Joliffe. They walked slow, as before, for the old knight was at once oppressed by perceiving these last vestiges of royalty fall into the hands of republicans and by the recollection of his recent defeat. At times he paused, and, with his arms folded on his bosom, recalled all the circumstances attending his expulsion from a house so long his home. It seemed to him that, like the champions of romance of whom he had sometimes read, he himself was retiring from the post which it was his duty to guard, defeated by a paynim knight, for whom the adventure had been reserved by fate. Alice had her own painful subjects of recollection, nor had the tenor of her last conversation with her father been so pleasant as to make her anxious to renew it until his temper should be more composed ; for with an excellent disposition, and much love to his daughter, age and misfortunes, which of late came thicker and thicker, had given to the good knight's passions a wayward irritability unknown to his better days. His daughter, and one or two attached servants who still followed his decayed fortunes, soothed his frailty as much as possible, and pitied him even while they suffered under its effects.

It was a long time ere he spoke, and then he referred to an incident already noticed. "It is strange," he said,

“that Bevis should have followed Joceline and that fellow rather than me.”

“Assure yourself, sir,” replied Alice, “that his sagacity saw in this man a stranger, whom he thought himself obliged to watch circumspectly, and therefore he remained with Joceline.”

“Not so, Alice,” answered Sir Henry; “he leaves me because my fortunes have fled from me. There is a feeling in nature, affecting even the instinct, as it is called, of dumb animals, which teaches them to fly from misfortune. The very deer there will butt a sick or wounded buck from the herd; hurt a dog, and the whole kennel will fall on him and worry him; fishes devour their own kind when they are wounded with a spear; cut a crow’s wing, or break its leg, the others will buffet it to death.”

“That may be true of the more irrational kinds of animals among each other,” said Alice, “for their whole life is well-nigh a warfare; but the dog leaves his own race to attach himself to ours—forsakes, for his master, the company, food, and pleasure of his own kind; and surely the fidelity of such a devoted and voluntary servant as Bevis hath been in particular ought not to be lightly suspected.”

“I am not angry with the dog, Alice; I am only sorry,” replied her father. “I have read in faithful chronicles that, when Richard II. and Henry of Bolingbroke were at Berkeley Castle, a dog of the same kind deserted the king, whom he had always attended upon, and attached himself to Henry, whom he then saw for the first time. Richard foretold, from the desertion of his favorite, his approaching deposition.* The dog was afterwards kept at Woodstock, and Bevis is said to be of his breed, which was heedfully kept up. What I might foretell of mischief from his desertion, I cannot guess, but my mind assures me it bodes no good.”

There was a distant rustling among the withered leaves, a bouncing or galloping sound on the path, and the favorite dog instantly joined his master.

“Come into court, old knave,” said Alice, cheerfully, “and defend thy character, which is well-nigh endangered by this absence.” But the dog only paid her courtesy by gamboling around them, and instantly plunged back again, as fast as he could scamper.

“How now, knave,” said the knight; “thou art too well

* The story occurs, I think, in Froissart’s *Chronicles* [vol. iv. chap. 132 of Johnes’s trans.]

trained, surely, to take up the chase without orders?" A minute more showed them Phœbe Mayflower approaching, her light pace so little impeded by the burden which she bore, that she joined her master and young mistress just as they arrived at the keeper's hut, which was the boundary of their journey. Bevis, who had shot a-head to pay his compliments to Sir Henry his master, had returned again to his immediate duty, the escorting Phœbe and her cargo of provisions. The whole party stood presently assembled before the door of the keeper's hut.

In better times, a substantial stone habitation, fit for the yeoman-keeper of a royal walk, had adorned this place. A fair spring gushed out near the spot, and once traversed yards and courts, attached to well-built and convenient kennels and mews. But in some of the skirmishes which were common during the civil wars, this little silvan dwelling had been attacked and defended, stormed and burned. A neighboring squire, of the Parliament side of the question, took advantage of Sir Henry Lee's absence, who was then in Charles's camp, and of the decay of the royal cause, and had, without scruple, carried off the hewn stones, and such building-materials as the fire left unconsumed, and repaired his own manor-house with them. The yeoman keeper, therefore, our friend Joceline, had constructed, for his own accommodation and that of the old woman he called his dame, a wattled hut, such as his own labor, with that of a neighbor or two, had erected in the course of a few days. The walls were plastered with clay, whitewashed, and covered with vines and other creeping plants; the roof was neatly thatched; and the whole, though merely a hut, had, by the neat-handed Joliffe, been so arranged as not to disgrace the condition of the dweller.

The knight advanced to the entrance; but the ingenuity of the architect, for want of a better lock to the door, which itself was but of wattles curiously twisted, had contrived a mode of securing the latch on the inside with a pin, which prevented it from rising; and in this manner it was at present fastened. Conceiving that this was some precaution of Joliffe's old housekeeper, of whose deafness they were all aware, Sir Henry raised his voice to demand admittance, but in vain. Irritated at this delay, he pressed the door at once with foot and hand, in a way which the frail barrier was unable to resist; it gave way accordingly, and the knight thus forcibly entered the kitchen, or outward apartment, of his servant. In the midst of the floor and

with a posture which indicated embarrassment, stood a youthful stranger, in a riding-suit.

"This may be my last act of authority here," said the knight, seizing the stranger by the collar, "but I am still ranger of Woodstock for this night at least. Who or what art thou?"

The stranger dropped the riding-mantle in which his face was muffled, and at the same time fell on one knee.

"Your poor kinsman, Markham Everard," he said, "who came hither for your sake, although he fears you will scarce make him welcome for his own."

Sir Henry started back, but recovered himself in an instant, as one who recollected that he had a part of dignity to perform. He stood erect, therefore, and replied, with considerable assumption of stately ceremony:

"Fair kinsman, it pleases me that you are come to Woodstock upon the very first night that, for many years which have past, is likely to promise you a worthy or a welcome reception."

"Now God grant it be so, that I rightly hear and duly understand you," said the young man; while Alice, though she was silent, kept her looks fixed on her father's face, as if desirous to know whether his meaning was kind towards his nephew, which her knowledge of his character inclined her greatly to doubt.

The night meanwhile darted a sardonic look, first on his nephew, then on his daughter, and proceeded—"I need not, I presume, inform Mr. Markham Everard that it cannot be our purpose to entertain him, or even to offer him a seat, in this poor hut."

"I will attend you most willingly to the lodge," said the young gentleman. "I had, indeed, judged you were already there for the evening, and feared to intrude upon you. But if you would permit me, my dearest uncle, to escort my kinswoman and you back to the lodge, believe me, amongst all which you have so often done of good and kind, you never conferred benefit that will be so dearly prized."

"You mistake me greatly, Mr. Markham Everard," replied the knight. "It is not our purpose to return to the lodge to-night, nor, by Our Lady, to-morrow neither. I meant but to intimate to you in all courtesy, that at Woodstock Lodge you will find those for whom you are fitting society, and who, doubtless, will afford you a willing welcome, which I, sir, in this my present retreat, do not presume to offer to a person of your consequence."

"For heaven's sake," said the young man, turning to Alice, "tell me how I am to understand language so mysterious!"

Alice, to prevent his increasing the restrained anger of her father, compelled herself to answer, though it was with difficulty, "We are expelled from the lodge by soldiers."

"Expelled—by soldiers!" exclaimed Everard, in surprise; "there is no legal warrant for this."

"None at all," answered the knight, in the same tone of cutting irony which he had all along used, "and yet as lawful a warrant as for aught that has been wrought in England this twelvemonth and more. You are, I think, or were, an Inns-of-Court-man—marry, sir, your enjoyment of your profession is like that lease which a prodigal wishes to have of a wealthy widow. You have already survived the law which you studied, and its expiry doubtless has not been without a legacy—some decent pickings, some merciful increases, as the phrase goes. You have deserved it two ways: you wore buff and bandoleer, as well as wielded pen and ink—I have not heard if you held forth too?"

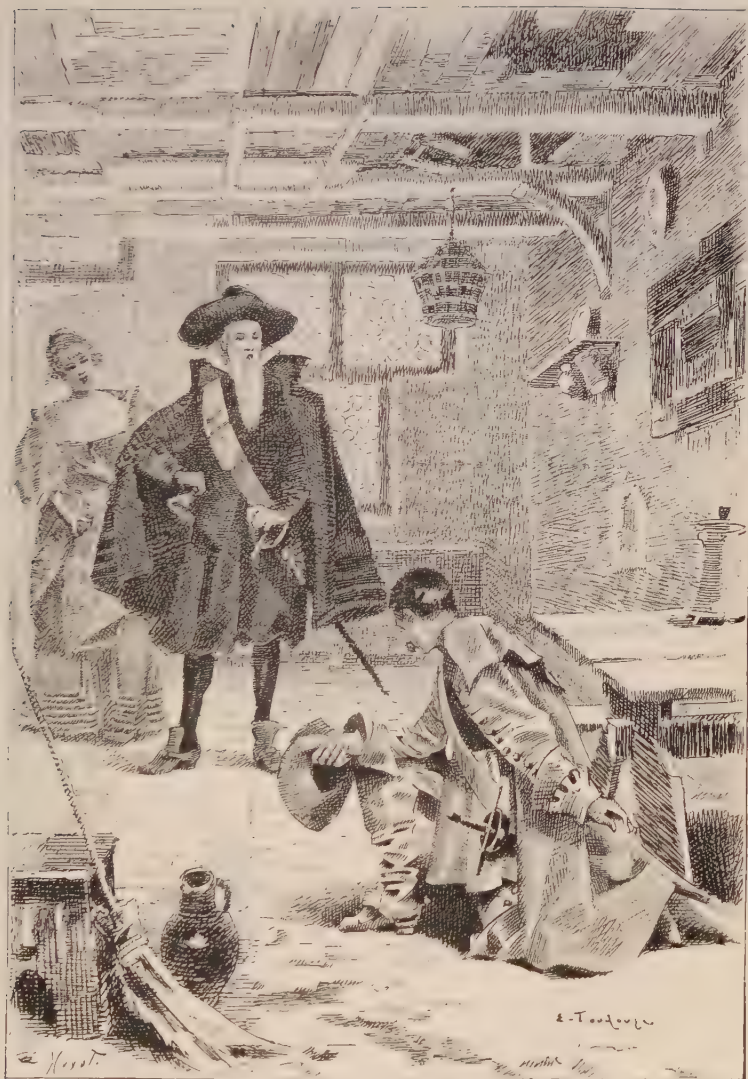
"Think of me and speak of me as harshly as you will, sir," said Everard, submissively. "I have but, in this evil time, guided myself by my conscience and my father's commands."

"O, an you talk of conscience," said the old knight, "I must have mine eye upon you, as Hamlet says. Never yet did Puritan cheat so grossly as when he was appealing to his conscience; and as for thy *father*——"

He was about to proceed in a tone of the same invective, when the young man interrupted him, by saying, in a firm tone, "Sir Henry Lee, you have ever been thought noble. Say of me what you will, but speak not of my father what the ear of a son should not endure, and which yet his arm cannot resent. To do me such wrong is to insult an unarmed man or to beat a captive."

Sir Henry paused, as if struck by the remark. "Thou hast spoken truth in that, Mark, wert thou the blackest Puritan whom hell ever vomited, to distract an unhappy country."

"Be that as you will to think it," replied Everard; "but let me not leave you to the shelter of this wretched hovel. The night is drawing to storm; let me but conduct you to the lodge, and expel those intruders, who can, as yet at least, have no warrant for what they do. I will not linger a moment behind them, save just to deliver my father's



Markham Everard kneeling to Sir Henry Lee.

message. Grant me but this much, for the love you once bore me."

"Yes, Mark," answered his uncle, firmly, but sorrowfully, "thou speakest truth—I did love thee once. The bright-haired boy whom I taught to ride, to shoot, to hunt, whose hours of happiness were spent with me, wherever those of graver labors were employed—I did love that boy—ah, and I am weak enough to love even the memory of what he was. But he is gone, Mark—he is gone; and in his room I only behold an avowed and determined rebel to his religion and to his king—a rebel more detestable on account of his success, the more infamous through the plundered wealth with which he hopes to guild his villainy. But I am poor, thou think'st, and should hold my peace, lest men say, 'Speak, sirrah, when you should.' Know, however, that, indigent and plundered as I am, I feel myself dishonored in holding even but this much talk with the tool of usurping rebels. Go to the lodge if thou wilt, yonder lies the way; but think not that, to regain my dwelling there, or all the wealth I ever possessed in my wealthiest days, I would willingly accompany thee three steps on the greensward. If I must be thy companion, it shall be only when thy redcoats have tied my hands behind me, and bound my legs beneath my horse's belly. Thou mayst be my fellow-traveler then, I grant thee, if thou wilt, but not sooner."

Alice, who suffered cruelly during this dialogue, and was well aware that further argument would only kindle the knight's resentment still more highly, ventured at last, in her anxiety, to make a sign to her cousin to break off the interview and to retire, since her father commanded his absence in a manner so peremptory. Unhappily she was observed by Sir Henry, who, concluding that what he saw was evidence of a private understanding betwixt the cousins—his wrath acquired new fuel, and it required the utmost exertion of self-command, and recollection of all that was due to his own dignity, to enable him to veil his real fury under the same ironical manner which he had adopted at the beginning of this angry interview.

"If thou art afraid," he said, "to trace our forest glades by night, respected stranger, to whom I am perhaps bound to do honor as my successor in the charge of these walks, here seems to be a modest damsel who will be most willing to wait on thee, and be thy bower-bearer. Only, for her mother's sake, let there pass some slight form of marriage between you. Ye need no license or priest in these happy

days, but may be buckled like beggars in a ditch, with a hedge for a church-roof and a tinker for a priest. I crave pardon of you for making such an officious and simple request: perhaps you are a Ranter, or one of the family of Love, or hold marriage rites as unnecessary as Knipperdoling or Jack of Leyden?"

"For mercy's sake, forbear such dreadful jesting, my father! and do you, Markham, begone, in God's name, and leave us to our fate. Your presence makes my father rave."

"Jesting!" said Sir Henry. "I was never more serious. Raving! I was never more composed. I could never brook that falsehood should approach me: I would no more bear by my side a dishonored daughter than a dishonored sword; and this unhappy day hath shown that both can fail."

"Sir Henry," said young Everard, "load not your soul with a heavy crime, which be assured you do, in treating your daughter thus unjustly. It is long now since you denied her to me, when we were poor and you were powerful. I acquiesced in your prohibition of all suit and intercourse. God knoweth what I suffered—but I acquiesced. Neither is it to renew my suit that I now come hither, and have, I do acknowledge, sought speech of her, not for her own sake only, but for yours also. Destruction hovers over you, ready to close her pinions to stoop and her talons to clutch. Yes, sir, look contemptuous as you will, such is the case; and it is to protect both you and her that I am here."

"You refuse then my free gift," said Sir Henry Lee; "or perhaps you think it loaded with too hard conditions?"

"Shame—shame on you, Sir Henry!" said Everard, waxing warm in his turn; "have your political prejudices so utterly warped every feeling of a father, that you can speak with bitter mockery and scorn of what concerns your own daughter's honor? Hold up your head, fair Alice, and tell your father he has forgotten nature in his fantastic spirit of loyalty. Know, Sir Henry, that, though I would prefer your daughter's hand to every blessing which Heaven could bestow on me, I would not accept it—my conscience would not permit me to do so—when I knew it must withdraw her from her duty to you."

"Your conscience is over-scrupulous, young man; carry it to some dissenting rabbi, and he who takes all that comes to net will teach thee it is sinning against our mercies to refuse any good thing that is freely offered to us."

“When it is freely offered, and kindly offered—not when the offer is made in irony and insult. Fare thee well, Alice; if aught could make me desire to profit by thy father’s wild wish to cast thee from him in a moment of unworthy suspicion, it would be that, while indulging in such sentiments, Sir Henry Lee is tyrannically oppressing the creature who of all others is most dependent on his kindness, who of all others will most feel his severity, and whom of all others he is most bound to cherish and support.”

“Do not fear for me, Mr. Everard,” exclaimed Alice, aroused from her timidity by a dread of the consequences not unlikely to ensue, where civil war sets relations, as well as fellow-citizens, in opposition to each other. “Oh, begone, I conjure you—begone! Nothing stands betwixt me and my father’s kindness but these unhappy family divisions—but your ill-timed presence here. For Heaven’s sake, leave us!”

“Soh, mistress!” answered the hot old Cavalier, “you play lady paramount already, and who but you! You would dictate to our train, I warrant, like Goneril and Regan! But I tell thee, no man shall leave my house—and, humble as it is, *this* is now my house—while he has aught to say to me that is to be spoken, as this young man now speaks, with a bent brow and a lofty tone. Speak out, sir, and say your worst.”

“Fear not my temper, Mrs. Alice,” said Everard, with equal firmness and placidity of manner; “and you, Sir Henry, do not think that, if I speak firmly, I mean therefore to speak in anger, or officiously. You have taxed me with much, and, were I guided by the wild spirit of romantic chivalry, much which, even from so near a relative, I ought not, as being by birth and in the world’s estimation a gentleman, to pass over without reply. Is it your pleasure to give me patient hearing?”

“If you stand on your defense,” answered the stout old knight, “God forbid that you should not challenge a patient hearing—ay, though your pleading were two part disloyalty and one blasphemy. Only be brief; this has already lasted but too long.”

“I will, Sir Henry,” replied the young man; “yet it is hard to crowd into a few sentences the defense of a life which, though short, has been a busy one—too busy, your indignant gesture would assert. But I deny it: I have drawn my sword neither hastily nor without due consideration for a people whose rights have been trampled on and

whose consciences have been oppressed. Frown not, sir—such is not your view of the contest, but such is mine. For my religious principles, at which you have scoffed, believe me that, though they depend not on set forms, they are no less sincere than your own, and thus far purer—excuse the word—that they are unmingled with the bloodthirsty dictates of a barbarous age, which you and others have called the code of chivalrous honor. Not my own natural disposition, but the better doctrine which my creed has taught, enables me to bear your harsh revilings without answering in a similar tone of wrath and reproach. You may carry insult to extremity against me at your pleasure, not on account of our relationship alone, but because I am bound in charity to endure it. This, Sir Henry, is much from one of our house. But, with forbearance far more than this requires, I can refuse at your hands the gift which, most of all things under Heaven, I should desire to obtain, because duty calls upon her to sustain and comfort you, and because it were sin to permit you, in your blindness, to spurn your comforter from your side. Farewell, Sir—not in anger, but in pity. We may meet in a better time, when your heart and your principles shall master the unhappy prejudices by which they are now overclouded. Farewell—farewell, Alice!”

The last words were repeated twice, and in a tone of feeling and passionate grief which differed utterly from the steady and almost severe tone in which he had addressed Sir Henry Lee. He turned and left the hut so soon as he had uttered these last words; and, as if ashamed of the tenderness which had mingled with his accents, the young Commonwealth's-man turned and walked sternly and resolutely forth into the moonlight, which now was spreading its broad light and autumnal shadows over the woodland.

So soon as he departed, Alice, who had been during the whole scene in the utmost terror that her father might have been hurried, by his natural heat of temper, from violence of language into violence of action, sunk down upon a settle twisted out of willow-boughs, like most of Joceline's few movables, and endeavored to conceal the tears which accompanied the thanks she rendered in broken accents to Heaven, that, notwithstanding the near alliance and relationship of the parties, some fatal deed had not closed an interview so perilous and so angry. Phoebe Mayflower blubbered heartily for company, though she understood but little of what had passed; just, indeed, enough to enable

her afterwards to report to some half-dozen particular friends that her old master, Sir Henry, had been perilous angry, and almost fought with young Master Everard, because he had well-nigh carried away her young mistress. "And what could he have done better," said Phoebe, "seeing the old man had nothing left either for Mrs. Alice or himself? and as for Mr. Mark Everard and our young lady, oh! they had spoken such loving things to each other as are not to be found in the history of Argalus and Parthenia,* who, as the story-book tells, were the truest pair of lovers in all Arcadia and Oxfordshire to boot."

Old Goody Jellicot had popped her scarlet hood into the kitchen more than once while the scene was proceeding; but, as the worthy dame was parcel blind and more than parcel deaf, knowledge was excluded by two principal entrances: and though she comprehended, by a sort of general instinct, that the gentlefolk were at high words, yet why they chose Joceline's hut for the scene of their dispute was as great a mystery as the subject of the quarrel.

But what was the state of the old Cavalier's mood, thus contradicted, as his most darling principles had been, by the last words of his departing nephew? The truth is, that he was less thoroughly moved than his daughter expected; and in all probability his nephew's bold defense of his religious and political opinions rather pacified than aggravated his displeasure. Although sufficiently impatient of contradiction, still evasion and subterfuge were more alien to the blunt old ranger's nature than manly vindication and direct opposition; and he was wont to say, that he ever loved the buck best who stood boldest at bay. He graced his nephew's departure, however, with a quotation from Shakspeare, whom, as many others do, he was wont to quote from a sort of habit and respect, as a favorite of his unfortunate master, without having either much real taste for his works or great skill in applying the passages which he retained on his memory.

"Mark," he said—"mark this, Alice: the devil can quote Scripture for his purpose. Why, this young fanatic cousin of thine, with no more beard than I have seen on a clown playing Maid Marian on May-day, when the village barber had shaved him in too great a hurry, shall match any bearded Presbyterian or Independent of them all in laying down his doctrines and his uses, and bethumping us with

* *The Most Pleasant and Delightful History of Argalus and Parthenia* was a chap-book very popular in the 17th century (*Laing*).

his texts and his homilies. I would worthy and learned Doctor Rochecliffe had been here, with his battery ready mounted from the Vulgate, and the Septuagint, and what not : he would have battered the Presbyterian spirit out of him with a wanion. However, I am glad the young man is no sneaker ; for, were a man of the devil's opinion in religion and of Old Noll's in politics, he were better open on it full cry than deceive you by hunting counter or running a false scent. Come, wipe thine eyes : the fray is over, and not like to be stirred again soon, I trust."

Encouraged by these words, Alice rose, and, bewildered as she was, endeavored to superintend the arrangements for their meal and their repose in their new habitation. But her tears fell so fast, they marred her counterfeited diligence ; and it was well for her that Phœbe, though too ignorant and too simple to comprehend the extent of her distress, could afford her material assistance, in lack of mere sympathy.

With great readiness and address, the damsel set about everything that was requisite for preparing the supper and the beds ; now screaming into Dame Jellicot's ear, now whispering into her mistress's, and artfully managing as if she was merely the agent under Alice's orders. When the cold viands were set forth, Sir Henry Lee kindly pressed his daughter to take refreshment, as if to make up, indirectly, for his previous harshness towards her : while he himself, like an experienced campaigner, showed that neither the mortifications nor brawls of the day, nor the thoughts of what was to come to-morrow, could diminish his appetite for supper, which was his favorite meal. He ate up two-thirds of the capon, and, devoting the first bumper to the happy restoration of Charles, second of the name, he finished a quart of wine ; for he belonged to a school accustomed to feed the flame of their loyalty with copious brimmers. He even sang a verse of "The King shall enjoy his own again," in which Phœbe, half-sobbing, and Dame Jellicot, screaming against time and tune, were contented to lend their aid, to cover Mistress Alice's silence.

At length the jovial knight betook himself to his rest on the keeper's straw pallet, in a recess adjoining to the kitchen, and, unaffected by his change of dwelling, slept fast and deep. Alice had less quiet rest in old Goody Jellicot's wicker couch, in the inner apartment ; while the dame and Phœbe slept on a mattress, stuffed with dry leaves, in the same chamber, soundly as those whose daily toil gains their daily bread, and whom morning calls up only to renew the toils of yesterday.

CHAPTER V

My tongue pads slowly under this new language,
And starts and stumbles at these uncouth phrases.
They may be great in worth and weight, but hang
Upon the native glibness of my speech
Like Saul's plate-armor on the shepherd boy,
Encumbering and not arming him.

J. B.

As Markham Everard pursued his way towards the lodge, through one of the long sweeping glades which traversed the forest, varying in breadth, till the trees were now so close that the boughs made darkness over his head, then receding farther to let in glimpses of the moon, and anon opening yet wider into little meadows or savannahs, on which the moonbeams lay in silvery silence—as he thus proceeded on his lonely course, the various effects produced by that delicious light on the oaks, whose dark leaves, gnarled branches, and massive trunks it gilded more or less partially, might have drawn the attention of a poet or a painter.

But if Everard thought of anything saving the painful scene in which he had just played his part, and of which the result seemed the destruction of all his hopes, it was of the necessary guard to be observed in his night-walk. The times were dangerous and unsettled, the roads full of disbanded soldiers, and especially of Royalists, who made their political opinions a pretext for disturbing the country with marauding parties and robberies. Deer-stealers also, who are ever a desperate banditti, had of late infested Woodstock Chase. In short, the dangers of the place and period were such that Markham Everard wore his loaded pistols at his belt, and carried his drawn sword under his arm, that he might be prepared for whatever peril should cross his path.

He heard the bells of Woodstock church ring curfew, just as he was crossing one of the little meadows we have described, and they ceased as he entered an overshadowed and twilight part of the path beyond. It was there that he heard some one whistling ; and, as the sound became clearer, it was plain the person was advancing towards him. This could hardly be a friend ; for the party to which he belonged

rejected, generally speaking, all music, unless psalmody. "If a man is merry, let him sing psalms," was a text which they were pleased to interpret as literally and to as little purpose as they did some others; yet it was too continued a sound to be a signal amongst night-walkers, and too light and cheerful to argue any purpose of concealment on the part of the traveler, who presently exchanged his whistling for singing, and trolled forth the following stanza to a jolly tune, with which the old Cavaliers were wont to wake the night owl—

"Hey for cavaliers! Ho for cavaliers!
Pray for cavaliers!
Rub a dub—rub a dub!
Have at old Beelzebub.
Oliver smokes for fear."

"I should know that voice," said Everard, uncocking the pistol which he had drawn from his belt, but continuing to hold it in his hand. Then came another fragment—

"Hash them, slash them,
All to pieces dash them."

"So ho!" cried Markham, "who goes there, and for whom?"

"For Church and King," answered a voice, which presently added, "No, d—n me, I mean *against* Church and King, and for the people that are uppermost, I forget which they are."

"Roger Wildrake, as I guess?" said Everard.

"The same gentleman, of Squattlesea Mere, in the moist county of Lincoln."

"Wildrake!" said Markham. "Wildgoose you should be called. You have been moistening your own throat to some purpose, and using it to gabble tunes very suitable to the times, to be sure."

"Faith, the tune's a pretty tune enough, Mark, only out of fashion a little, the more's the pity."

"What could I expect," said Everard, "but to meet some ranting, drunken Cavalier, as desperate and dangerous as night and sack usually make them? What if I had rewarded your melody by a ball in the gullet?"

"Why, there would have been a piper paid, that's all," said Wildrake. "But wherefore come you this way now? I was about to seek you at the hut."

“I have been obliged to leave it. I will tell you the cause hereafter,” replied Markham.

“What! the old play-hunting Cavalier was cross, or Chloe was unkind?”

“Jest not, Wildrake; it is all over with me,” said Everard.

“The devil it is,” exclaimed Wildrake, “and you take it thus quietly! Zounds! let us back together. I’ll plead your cause for you. I know how to tickle up an old knight and a pretty maiden. Let me alone for putting you *rectus in curia*, you canting rogue. “D—n me, Sir Henry Lee,” says I. “your nephew is a piece of a Puritan, it won’t deny; but I’ll uphold him a gentleman and a pretty fellow, for all that.” “Madam,” says I, “you may think your cousin looks like a psalm-singing weaver, in that bare felt, and with that rascally brown cloak, that band, which looks like a baby’s clout, and those loose boots, which have a whole calf skin in each of them; but let him wear on the one side of his head a castor, with a plume befitting his quality; give him a good Toledo by his side, with a broidered belt and an inlaid hilt, instead of the ton of iron contained in that basket-hilted black Andrew Ferrara; put a few smart words in his mouth, and, blood and wounds! madam,” says I——”

“Prithee, truce with this nonsense, Wildrake,” said Everard, “and tell me if you are sober enough to hear a few words of sober reason?”

“Pshaw! man, I did but crack a brace of quarts with yonder Puritanic Roundheaded soldiers up yonder at the town; and rat me but I passed myself for the best man of the party—twanged my nose and turned up my eyes as I took my can. Pah! the very wine tasted of hypocrisy. I think the rogue corporal smoked something at last; as for the common fellows, never stir, but *they* asked me to say grace over another quart!”

“This is just what I wished to speak with you about, Wildrake,” said Markham. “You hold me, I am sure, for your friend?”

“True as steel. Chums at college and at Lincoln’s Inn, we have been Nisus and Euryalus, Theseus and Pirithous, Orestes and Pylades, and, to sum up the whole with a Puritanic touch, David and Jonathan, all in one breath. Not even politics, the wedge that rends families and friendships asunder, as iron rives oak, have been able to split us.”

“True,” answered Markham; “and when you followed the King to Nottingham, and I enrolled under Essex, we

swore, at our parting, that whichever side was victorious, he of us who adhered to it should protect his less fortunate comrade."

"Surely, man—surely; and have you not protected me accordingly? Did you not save me from hanging? and am I not indebted to you for the bread I eat?"

"I have but done that which, had the times been otherwise, you, my dear Wildrake, would, I am sure, have done for me. But, as I said, that is just what I wished to speak to you about. Why render the task of protecting you more difficult than it must necessarily be at any rate? Why thrust thyself into the company of soldiers, or such-like, where thou art sure to be warmed into betraying thyself? Why come hallooing and whooping out Cavalier ditties, like a drunken trooper of Prince Rupert, or one of Wilmot's swaggering body-guards?"

"Because I may have been both one and t'other in my day, for aught that you know," replied Wildrake. "But, oddfish! is it necessary I should always be reminding you that our obligation of mutual protection, our league of offensive and defensive, as I may call it, was to be carried into effect without reference to the politics or religion of the party protected, or the least obligation on him to conform to those of his friend?"

"True," said Everard; "but with this most necessary qualification, that the party should submit to such outward conformity to the times as should make it more easy and safe for his friend to be of service to him. Now, you are perpetually breaking forth, to the hazard of your own safety and my credit."

"I tell you, Mark, and I would tell your namesake the apostle, that you are hard on me. You have practised sobriety and hypocrisy from your hanging sleeves till your Geneva cassock—from the cradle to this day—and it is a thing of nature to you; and you are surprised that a rough, rattling, honest fellow, accustomed to speak truth all his life, and especially when he found it at the bottom of a flask, cannot be so perfect a prig as thyself! Zooks! there is no equality betwixt us. A trained diver might as well, because he can retain his breath for ten minutes without inconvenience, upbraid a poor devil for being like to burst in twenty seconds, at the bottom of ten fathoms' water; and, after all, considering the guise so new to me, I think I bear myself indifferently well—try me!"

"Are there any more news from Worcester fight?" asked

Everard, in a tone so serious that it imposed on his companion, who replied in his genuine character—

“Worse! d—n me—worse an hundred times than reported—totally broken. Noll had certainly sold himself to the Devil, and his lease will have an end one day, that is all our present comfort.”

“What! and would this be your answer to the first red-coat who asked the question?” said Everard. “Methinks you would find a speedy passport to the next *corps de garde*.”

“Nay—nay,” answered Wildrake, “I thought you asked me in your own person. Lack-a-day! a great mercy—a glorifying mercy—a crowning mercy—a vouchsafing—an uplifting: I profess the Malignants are scattered from Dan to Beersheba, smitten, hip and thigh, even until the going down of the sun!”

“Hear you aught of Colonel Thornhaugh’s wounds?”

“He is dead,” answered Wildrake, “that’s one comfort—the Roundheaded rascal! Nay, hold! it was but a trip of the tongue—I meant, the sweet, godly youth.”

“And hear you aught of the young man, King of Scotland, as they call him?” said Everard.

“Nothing, but that he is hunted like a partridge on the mountains. May God deliver him and confound his enemies! Zoons, Mark Everard, I can fool it no longer. Do you not remember, that at the Lincoln’s Inn gambols—though you did not mingle much in them, I think—I used always to play as well as any of them when it came to the action, but they could never get me to rehearse conformably. It’s the same at this day. I hear your voice, and I answer to it in the true tone of my heart; but when I am in the company of your snuffling friends, you have seen me act my part indifferent well.”

“But indifferent, indeed,” replied Everard; “however, there is little call on you to do aught, save to be modest and silent. Speak little, and lay aside, if you can, your big oaths and swaggering looks—set your hat even on your brow.”

“Ay, that is the curse! I have been always noted for the jaunty manner in which I wear my castor. Hard when a man’s merits become his enemies!”

“You must remember you are my clerk.”

“Secretary,” answered Wildrake; “let it be secretary, if you love me.”

“It must be clerk, and nothing else—plain clerk; and remember to be civil and obedient,” replied Everard.

"But you should not lay on your commands with so much ostentatious superiority, Master Markham Everard. Remember I am your senior of three years' standing. Confound me, if I know how to take it!"

"Was ever such a fantastic wronghead! For my sake, if not for thine own, bend thy freakish folly to listen to reason. Think that I have incurred both risk and shame on thy account."

"Nay, thou art a right good fellow, Mark," replied the Cavalier, "and for thy sake I will do much; but remember to cough and cry hem! when thou seest me like to break bounds. And now tell me whither we are bound for the night?"

"To Woodstock Lodge, to look after my uncle's property," answered Markham Everard: "I am informed that soldiers have taken possession. Yet how could that be, if thou foundest the party drinking in Woodstock?"

"There was a kind of commissary or steward, or some such rogue, had gone down to the lodge," replied Wildrake; "I had a peep at him."

"Indeed!" replied Everard.

"Ay, verily," said Wildrake, "to speak your own language. Why, as I passed through the park in quest of you, scarce half an hour since, I saw a light in the lodge. Step this way, you will see it yourself."

"In the northwest angle?" returned Everard: "it is from a window in what they call Victor Lee's apartment."

"Well," resumed Wildrake, "I had been long one of Lunsford's lads, and well used to patrolling duty—so, 'Rat me,' says I, 'if I leave a light in my rear without knowing what it means.' Besides, Mark, thou hadst said so much to me of thy pretty cousin, I thought I might as well have a peep, if I could."

"Thoughtless, incorrigible man! to what dangers do you expose yourself and your friends, in mere wantonness! But go on."

"By this fair moonshine, I believe thou art jealous, Mark Everard," replied his gay companion. "There is no occasion; for, in any case, I, who was to see the lady, was steeled by honor against the charms of my friend's Chloe. Then the lady was not to see me, so could make no comparisons to thy disadvantage, thou knowest. Lastly, as it fell out, neither of us saw the other at all."

"Of that I am well aware. Mrs. Alice left the lodge

long before sunset, and never returned. What *didst* thou see to introduce with such preface?"

"Nay, no great matter," replied Wildrake! "only, getting upon a sort of buttress—for I can climb like any cat that ever mewed in any gutter—and holding on by the vines and creepers which grew around, I obtained a station where I could see into the inside of that same parlor thou speakest of just now."

"And what saw'st thou there?" once more demanded Everard.

"Nay, no great matter, as I said before," replied the Cavalier; "for in these times it is no new thing to see churls carousing in royal or noble chambers. I saw two rascallions engaged in emptying a solemn stoup of strong waters, and despatching a huge venison pasty, which greasy mess, for their convenience, they had placed upon a lady's work-table. One of them was trying an air on a lute."

"The profane villain!" exclaimed Everard, "it was Alice's."

"Well said, comrade—I am glad your phlegm can be moved. I did but throw in these incidents of the lute and the table to try if it were possible to get a spark of human spirit out of you, be-sanctified as you are."

"What like were the men" said young Everard.

"The one a slouch-hatted, long-cloaked, sour-faced fanatic, like the rest of you, whom I took to be the steward or commissary I heard spoken of in the town; the other was a short sturdy fellow, with a wood-knife at his girdle, and a long quarter-staff lying beside him—a black-haired knave, with white teeth and a merry countenance—one of the under-rangers or bow-bearers of these walks, I fancy."

"They must have been Desborough's favorite, Trusty Tomkins," said Everard, "and Joceline Joliffe, the keeper. Tomkins is Desborough's right hand—an Independent, and hath pourings forth, as he calls them. Some think that his gifts have the better of his grace. I have heard of his abusing opportunities."

"They were improving them when I saw them," replied Wildrake, "and made the bottle smoke for it, when, as the devil would have it, a stone, which had been dislodged from the crumbling buttress, gave way under my weight. A clumsy fellow like thee would have been so long thinking what was to be done, that he must needs have followed it before he could make up his mind; but I, Mark—I hopped like a squirrel to an ivy twig, and stood fast, was well-nigh

shot, though, for the noise alarmed them both. They looked to the oriel, and saw me on the outside ; the fanatic fellow took out a pistol—as they have always such texts in readiness hanging beside the little clasped Bible, thou know'st ; the keeper seized his hunting-pole. I treated them both to a roar and a grin—thou must know I can grimace like a baboon—I learned the trick from a French player, who could twist his jaws into a pair of nut-crackers—and therewithal I dropped myself sweetly on the grass, and ran off so trippingly, keeping the dark side of the wall as long as I could, that I am well-nigh persuaded they thought I was their kinsman, the devil, come among them uncalled. They were abominably startled.”

“Thou art most fearfully rash, Wildrake,” said his companion. “We are now bound for the house ; what if they should remember thee ?”

“Why, it is no treason, is it ? No one has paid for peeping since Tom of Coventry's days ; and if he came in for a reckoning, belike it was for a better treat than mine. But trust me, they will no more know me than a man who had only seen your friend Noll at a conventicle of saints would know the same Oliver on horseback ; and charging with his lobster-tailed squadron ; or the same Noll cracking a jest and a bottle with wicked Waller the poet.”

“Hush ! not a word of Oliver, as thou dost value thyself and me. It is ill jesting with the rock you may split on. But here is the gate ; we will disturb these honest gentlemen's recreations.”

As he spoke, he applied the large and ponderous knocker to the hall door—

“Rat-tat-tat-too !” said Wildrake ; “there is a fine alarm to you cuckolds and Roundheads !” He then half-mimicked, half-sung the march so called :

“Cuckolds, come dig, cuckolds come, dig ;
Round about cuckolds, come dance to my jig !”

“By Heaven ! this passes midsummer frenzy,” said Everard, turning angrily on him.

“Not a bit—not a bit,” replied Wildrake ; “it is but a slight expectoration, just like what one makes before beginning a long speech. I will be grave for an hour together, now I have got that point of war out of my head.”

As he spoke, steps were heard in the hall, and the wicket of the great door was partly opened, but secured with a

chain in case of accidents. The visage of Tomkins, and that of Joceline beneath it, appeared at the chink, illuminated by the lamp which the latter held in his hand, and Tomkins demanded the meaning of this alarm.

"I demand instant admittance," said Everard. "Joliffe, you know me well?"

"I do, sir," said Joceline, "and could admit you with all my heart; but, alas! sir, you see I am not key-keeper. Here is the gentleman whose warrant I must walk by. The Lord help me, seeing times are such as they be!"

"And when that gentleman, who I think may be Master Desborough's valet——"

"His Honor's unworthy secretary, an it please you," interposed Tomkins; while Wildrake whispered in Everard's ear, "I will be no longer secretary. Mark, thou wert quite right: the clerk must be the more gentlemanly calling."

"And if you are Master Desborough's secretary, I presume you know me and my condition well enough," said Everard, addressing the Independent, "not to hesitate to admit me and my attendant to a night's quarters in the lodge?"

"Surely not—surely not," said the Independent; "that is, if your worship thinks you would be better accommodated here than up at the house of entertainment in the town, which men unprofitably call St. George's Inn. There is but confined accommodation here, your honor, and we have been frayed out of our lives already by the visitation of Satan, albeit his fiery dart is now quenched."

"This may be all well in its place, sir secretary," said Everard, "and you may find a corner for it when you are next tempted to play the preacher. But I will take it for no apology for keeping me here in the cold harvest wind; and if not presently received, and suitably too, I will report you to your master for insolence in your office."

The secretary of Desborough did not dare offer farther opposition; for it is well known that Desborough himself only held his consequence as a kinsman of Cromwell, and the Lord General, who was well-nigh paramount already, was known to be strongly favorable both to the elder and younger Everard. It is true, they were Presbyterians and he an Independent; and that, though sharing those sentiments of correct morality and more devoted religious feeling by which, with a few exceptions, the Parliamentary party were distinguished, the Everards were not disposed to carry these attributes to the extreme of enthusiasm practised by

so many others at the time. Yet it was well known that, whatever might be Cromwell's own religious creed, he was not uniformly bounded by it in the choice of his favorites, but extended his countenance to those who could serve him, even although, according to the phrase of the time, they came out of the darkness of Egypt. The character of the elder Everard stood very high for wisdom and sagacity; besides, being of a good family and competent fortune, his adherence would lend a dignity to any side he might espouse. Then his son had been a distinguished and successful soldier, remarkable for the discipline he maintained among his men, the bravery which he showed in the time of action, and the humanity with which he was always ready to qualify the consequences of victory. Such men were not to be neglected, when many signs combined to show that the parties in the state who had successfully accomplished the deposition and death of the King were speedily to quarrel among themselves about the division of the spoils. The two Everards were therefore much courted by Cromwell, and their influence with him was supposed to be so great, that trusty Master Secretary Tomkins cared not to expose himself to risk, by contending with Colonel Everard for such a trifle as a night's lodging, or a greater thing.

Joceline was active on his side: more lights were obtained, more wood thrown on the fire, and the two newly-arrived strangers were introduced into Victor Lee's parlor, as it was called, from the picture over the chimney-piece, which we have already described. It was several minutes ere Colonel Everard could recover his general stoicism of deportment, so strongly was he impressed by finding himself in the apartment under whose roof he had passed so many of the happiest hours of his life. There was the cabinet which he had seen opened with such feelings of delight when Sir Henry Lee deigned to give him instructions in fishing, and to exhibit books and lines, together with all the materials for making the artificial fly, then little known. There hung the ancient family picture, which, from some old mysterious expressions of his uncle relating to it, had become to his boyhood, nay, his early youth, a subject of curiosity and of fear. He remembered how, when left alone in the apartment, the searching eye of the old warrior seemed always bent upon him, in whatever part of the room he placed himself, and how his childish imagination was perturbed at a phenomenon for which he could not account.

With these came a thousand dearer and warmer recollec-

tions of his early attachment to his pretty cousin Alice, when he assisted her at her lessons, brought water for her flowers, or accompanied her while she sung; and he remembered that, while her father looked at them with a good-humored and careless smile, he had once heard him mutter, "And if it should turn out so, why it might be best for both," and the theories of happiness he had reared on these words. All these visions had been dispelled by the trumpet of war, which called Sir Henry Lee and himself to opposite sides; and the transactions of this very day had shown that even Everard's success as a soldier and a statesman seemed absolutely to prohibit the chance of their being revived.

He was waked out of this unpleasing reverie by the approach of Joceline, who, being possibly a seasoned toper, had made the additional arrangements with more expedition and accuracy than could have been expected from a person engaged as he had been since nightfall.

He now wished to know the colonel's directions for the night.

"Would he eat anything?"

"No."

"Did his honor choose to accept Sir Henry Lee's bed, which was ready prepared?"

"Yes."

"That of Mistress Alice Lee should be prepared for the secretary."

"On pain of thine ears—no," replied Everard.

"Where then was the worthy secretary to be quartered?"

"In the dog-kennel, if you list," replied Colonel Everard; "but," added he, stepping to the sleeping-apartment of Alice, which opened from the parlor, locking it and taking out the key, "no one shall profane this chamber."

"Had his honor any other commands for the night?"

"None, save to clear the apartment of yonder man. My clerk will remain with me: I have orders which must be written out. Yet stay. Thou gavest my letter this morning to Mistress Alice?"

"I did."

"Tell me, good Joceline, what she said when she received it?"

"She seemed much concerned, sir; and indeed I think that she wept a little—but indeed she seemed very much distressed."

"And what message did she send to me?"

"None, may it please your honor. She began to say,

“Tell my cousin Everard that I will communicate my uncle’s kind purpose to my father, if I can get fitting opportunity ; but that I greatly fear——” and there checked herself, as it were, and said, “I will write to my cousin ; and as it may be late ere I have an opportunity of speaking with my father, do thou come for my answer after service.” So I went to church myself to while away the time ; but when I returned to the chase, I found this man had summoned my master to surrender, and, right or wrong, I must put him in possession of the lodge. I would fain have given your honor a hint that the old knight and my young mistress were like to take you on the form, but I could not mend the matter.”

“Thou hast done well, good fellow, and I will remember thee. And now, my masters,” he said, advancing to the brace of clerks or secretaries, who had in the meanwhile sat quietly down beside the stone bottle, and made up acquaintance over a glass of its contents, “let me remind you that the night wears late.”

“There is something cries tinkle, tinkle, in the bottle yet,” said Wildrake, in reply.

“Hem ! hem ! hem !” coughed the colonel of the Parliament service ; and if his lips did not curse his companion’s imprudence, I will not answer for what arose in his heart. “Well !” he said, observing that Wildrake had filled his own glass and Tomkins’s, “take that parting glass and be-gone.”

“Would you not be pleased to hear first,” said Wildrake, “how this honest gentleman saw the Devil to-night look through a pane of yonder window, and how he thinks he had a mighty strong resemblance to your worship’s humble slave and varlet scribbler ? Would you but hear this, sir, and just sip a glass of this very recommendable strong waters ?”

“I will drink none, sir,” said Colonel Everard, sternly ; “and I have to tell *you* that you have drunken a glass too much already. Mr. Tomkins, sir, I wish you good-night.”

“A word in season at parting,” said Tomkins, standing up behind the long leathern back of a chair, hemming and snuffling as if preparing for an exhortation.

“Excuse me, sir,” replied Markham Everard ; “you are not now sufficiently yourself to guide the devotion of others.”

“Woe be to them that reject—— !” said the secretary of the Commissioners, stalking out of the room ; the rest was lost in shutting the door, or suppressed for fear of offense.

"And now, fool Wildrake, begone to thy bed—yonder it lies," pointing to the knight's apartment.

"What, thou hast secured the lady's for thyself? I saw thee put the key in thy pocket."

"I would not, indeed I could not, sleep in that apartment. I can sleep nowhere; but I will watch in this arm-chair. I have made him place wood for repairing the fire. Good now, go to bed thyself, and sleep off thy liquor."

"Liquor! I laugh thee to scorn, Mark; thou art a milksop, and the son of a milksop, and know'st not what a good fellow can do in the way of crushing an honest cup."

"The whole vices of his faction are in this poor fellow individually," said the colonel to himself, eying his *protégé* askance, as the other retreated into the bedroom with no very steady pace. "He is reckless, intemperate, dissolute; and if I cannot get him safely shipped for France, he will certainly be both his own ruin and mine. Yet, withal, he is kind, brave, and generous, and would have kept the faith with me which he now expects from me; and in what consists the merit of our truth, if we observe not our plighted word when we have promised to our hurt? I will take the liberty, however, to secure myself against farther interruption on his part."

So saying, he locked the door of communication betwixt the sleeping-room, to which the Cavalier had retreated, and the parlor; and then, after pacing the floor thoughtfully, returned to his seat, trimmed the lamp, and drew out a number of letters. "I will read these over once more," he said, "that, if possible, the thought of public affairs may expel this keen sense of personal sorrow. Gracious Providence, where is this to end? We have sacrificed the peace of our families, the warmest wishes of our young hearts, to right the country in which we were born, and to free her from oppression; yet it appears that every step we have made towards liberty has but brought us in view of new and more terrific perils, as he who travels in a mountainous region is, by every step which elevates him higher, placed in a situation of more imminent hazard."

He read long and attentively various tedious and embarrassed letters, in which the writers, placing before him the glory of God, and the freedom and liberties of England, as their supreme ends, could not, by all the ambagitory expressions they made use of, prevent the shrewd eye of Markham Everard from seeing that self-interest and views of ambition were the principal moving-springs at the bottom of their plots.

CHAPTER VI

Sleep steals on us even like his brother Death.
We know not when it comes ; we know it must come.
We may affect to scorn and to condemn it.
For 'tis the highest pride of human misery
To say it knows not of an opiate ;
Yet the reft parent, the despairing lover,
Even the poor wretch who waits for execution,
Feels this oblivion, against which he thought
His woes had arm'd his senses, steal upon him,
And through the fenceless citadel, the body,
Surprise that haughty garrison, the mind.

HERBERT.

COLONEL EVERARD experienced the truth contained in the verses of the quaint old bard whom we have quoted above. Amid private grief, and anxiety for a country long a prey to civil war, and not likely to fall soon under any fixed or well established form of government, Everard and his father had, like many others, turned their eyes to General Cromwell, as the person whose valor had made him the darling of the army, whose strong sagacity had hitherto predominated over the high talents by which he had been assailed in Parliament, as well as over his enemies in the field, and who was alone in the situation to "settle the nation," as the phrase then went, or, in other words, to dictate the mode of government. The father and son were both reputed to stand high in the General's favor. But Markham Everard was conscious of some particulars which induced him to doubt whether Cromwell actually, and at heart, bore either to his father or to himself that good-will which was generally believed. He knew him for a profound politician, who could veil for any length of time his real sentiments of men and things, until they could be displayed without prejudice to his interest. And he, moreover, knew that the General was not likely to forget the opposition which the Presbyterian party had offered to what Oliver called the "great matter" the trial, namely, and execution of the King. In this opposition his father and he had anxiously concurred, nor had the arguments, nor even the half-expressed threats, of Cromwell induced them to flinch from that course, far

less to permit their names to be introduced into the commission nominated to sit in judgment on that memorable occasion.

This hesitation had occasioned some temporary coldness between the General and the Everards, father and son. But as the latter remained in the army, and bore arms under Cromwell both in Scotland and finally at Worcester, his services very frequently called forth the approbation of his commander. After the fight of Worcester, in particular, he was among the number of those officers on whom Oliver, rather considering the actual and practical extent of his own power than the name under which he exercised it, was with difficulty withheld from imposing the dignity of knights-bannerets at his own will and pleasure. It therefore seemed that all recollection of former disagreement was obliterated, and that the Everards had regained their former stronghold in the General's affections. There were, indeed, several who doubted this, and who endeavored to bring over this distinguished young officer to some other of the parties which divided the infant Commonwealth. But to these proposals he turned a deaf ear. Enough of blood, he said, had been spilled : it was time that the nation should have repose under a firmly established government, of strength sufficient to protect property, and of lenity enough to encourage the return of tranquillity. This, he thought, could only be accomplished by means of Cromwell ; and the greater part of England was of the same opinion. It is true that, in thus submitting to the domination of a successful soldier, those who did so forgot the principles upon which they had drawn the sword against the late king ; but in revolutions, stern and high principles are often obliged to give way to the current of existing circumstances ; and in many a case, where wars have been waged for points of metaphysical right, they have been at last gladly terminated upon the mere hope of obtaining general tranquillity, as, after many a long siege, a garrison is often glad to submit on mere security for life and limb.

Colonel Everard, therefore, felt that the support which he afforded Cromwell was only under the idea that, amid a choice of evils, the least was likely to ensue from a man of the General's wisdom and valor being placed at the head of the state ; and he was sensible that Oliver himself was likely to consider his attachment as lukewarm and imperfect, and measure his gratitude for it upon the same limited scale.

In the meanwhile, however, circumstances compelled him to make trial of the General's friendship. The sequestration of Woodstock, and the warrant to the Commissioners to dispose of it as national property, had been long granted, but the interest of the elder Everard had for weeks and months deferred its execution. The hour was now approaching when the blow could be no longer parried, especially as Sir Henry Lee, on his side, resisted every proposal of submitting himself to the existing government, and was therefore, now that his hour of grace was passed, enrolled in the list of stubborn and irreclaimable Malignants, with whom the Council of State was determined no longer to keep terms. The only mode of protecting the old knight and his daughter was to interest, if possible, the General himself in the matter: and revolving all the circumstances connected with their intercourse, Colonel Everard felt that a request which would so immediately interfere with the interests of Desborough, the brother-in-law of Cromwell, and one of the present Commissioners, was putting to a very severe trial the friendship of the latter. Yet no alternative remained.

With this view, and agreeably to a request from Cromwell, who at parting had been very urgent to have his written opinion upon public affairs, Colonel Everard passed the earlier part of the night in arranging his ideas upon the state of the Commonwealth, in a plan which he thought likely to be acceptable to Cromwell, as it exhorted him, under the aid of Providence, to become the saviour of the state, by convoking a free Parliament, and by their aid placing himself at the head of some form of liberal and established government, which might supersede the state of anarchy in which the nation was otherwise likely to be merged. Taking a general view of the totally broken condition of the Royalists, and of the various factions which now convulsed the state, he showed how this might be done without bloodshed or violence. From this topic he descended to the propriety of keeping up the becoming state of the executive government, in whose hands soever it should be lodged, and thus showed Cromwell, as the future Stadtholder, or Consul, or Lieutenant-General of Great Britain and Ireland, a prospect of demesne and residences becoming his dignity. Then he naturally passed to the disparking and destroying of the royal residences of England, made a woeful picture of the demolition which impended over Woodstock, and interceded for the preservation of that

beautiful seat, as a matter of personal favor, in which he found himself deeply interested.

Colonel Everard, when he had finished his letter, did not find himself greatly risen in his own opinion. In the course of his political conduct, he had till this hour avoided mixing up personal motives with his public grounds of action, and yet he now felt himself making such a composition. But he comforted himself, or at least silenced this unpleasant recollection, with the consideration, that the weal of Britain, studied under the aspect of the times, absolutely required that Cromwell should be at the head of the government: and that the interest of Sir Henry Lee, or rather his safety and his existence, no less emphatically demanded the preservation of Woodstock, and his residence there. Was it a fault of his, that the same road should lead to both these ends, or that his private interest and that of the country should happen to mix in the same letter? He hardened himself, therefore, to the act, made up and addressed his packet to the Lord General, and then sealed it with his seal of arms. This done, he lay back in his chair, and, in spite of his expectations to the contrary, fell asleep in the course of his reflections, anxious and harassing as they were, and did not awaken until the cold gray light of dawn was peeping through the eastern oriel.

He started at first, rousing himself with the sensation of one who awakes in a place unknown to him; but the localities instantly forced themselves on his recollection. The lamp burning dimly in the socket, the wood-fire almost extinguished in its own white embers, the gloomy picture over the chimney-piece, the sealed packet on the table—all reminded him of the events of yesterday, and his deliberations of the succeeding night.

“There is no help for it,” he said: “it must be Cromwell or anarchy. And probably the sense that his title, as head of the executive government, is derived merely from popular consent may check the too natural proneness of power to render itself arbitrary. If he govern by Parliaments, and with regard to the privileges of the subject, wherefore not Oliver as well as Charles? But I must take measures for having this conveyed safely to the hands of this future sovereign prince. It will be well to take the first word of influence with him, since there must be many who will not hesitate to recommend counsels more violent and precipitate.”

He determined to entrust the important packet to the

charge of Wildrake, whose rashness was never so distinguished as when by any chance he was left idle and unemployed ; besides, even if his faith had not been otherwise unimpeachable, the obligations which he owed to his friend Everard must have rendered it such.

These conclusions passed through Colonel Everard's mind, as, collecting the remains of wood in the chimney, he gathered them into a hearty blaze, to remove the uncomfortable feeling of chilliness which pervaded his limbs ; and by the time he was a little more warm, again sunk into a slumber, which was only dispelled by the beams of morning peeping into his apartment.

He arose, roused himself, walked up and down the room, and looked from the large oriel window on the nearest objects, which were the untrimmed hedges and neglected walks of a certain wilderness, as it is called in ancient treatises on gardening, which, kept of yore well ordered, and in all the pride of the topiary art, presented a succession of yew-trees cut into fantastic forms, of close alleys, and of open walks, filling about two or three acres of ground on that side of the lodge, and forming a boundary between its immediate precincts and the open park. Its inclosure was now broken down in many places, and the hinds with their fawns fed free and unstartled up to the very windows of the silvan palace.

This had been a favorite scene of Markham's sports when a boy. He could still distinguish, though now grown out of shape, the verdant battlements of a Gothic castle, all created by the gardener's shears, at which he was accustomed to shoot his arrows ; or, stalking before it like the knight-errants of whom he read, was wont to blow his horn and bid defiance to the supposed giant or paynim knight by whom it was garrisoned. He remembered how he used to train his cousin, though several years younger than himself, to bear a part in those revels of his boyish fancy, and to play the character of an elfin page, or a fairy, or an enchanted princess. He remembered, too, many particulars of their later acquaintance, from which he had been almost necessarily led to the conclusion, that from an early period their parents had entertained some idea that there might be a well-fitted match betwixt his fair cousin and himself. A thousand visions, formed in so bright a prospect, had vanished along with it, but now returned like shadows, to remind him of all he had lost—and for what ? “ For the sake of England,” his proud consciousness replied—“ of England, in danger of becoming

the prey at once of bigotry and tyranny." And he strengthened himself with the recollection, "If I have sacrificed my private happiness, it is that my country may enjoy liberty of conscience and personal freedom, which, under a weak prince and usurping statesman, she was but too likely to have lost."

But the busy fiend in his breast would not be repulsed by the bold answer. "Has thy resistance," it demanded, "availed thy country, Markham Everard? Lies not England, after so much bloodshed and so much misery, as low beneath the sword of a fortunate soldier as formerly under the scepter of an encroaching prince? Are Parliament, or what remains of them, fitted to contend with a leader, master of his soldiers' hearts, as bold and subtle as he is impenetrable in his designs? This General, who holds the army, and by that the fate of the nation, in his hand, will he lay down his power because philosophy would pronounce it his duty to become a subject?"

He dared not answer that his knowledge of Cromwell authorized him to expect any such act of self-denial. Yet still he considered that, in times of such infinite difficulty, that must be the best government, however little desirable in itself, which should most speedily restore peace to the land, and stop the wounds which the contending parties were daily inflicting on each other. He imagined that Cromwell was the only authority under which a steady government could be formed, and therefore had attached himself to his fortune, though not without considerable and recurring doubts, how far serving the views of this impenetrable and mysterious General was consistent with the principles under which he had assumed arms.

While these things passed in his mind, Everard looked upon the packet which lay on the table addressed to the Lord General, and which he had made up before sleep. He hesitated several times, when he remembered its purport, and in what degree he must stand committed with that personage, and bound to support his plans of aggrandizement, when once that communication was in Oliver Cromwell's possession.

"Yet it must be so," he said at last, with a deep sigh. "Among the contending parties, he is the strongest, the wisest and most moderate, and ambitious though he be, perhaps not the most dangerous. Some one must be trusted with power to preserve and enforce general order, and who can possess or wield such power like him that is head of the

victorious armies of England ? Come what will in future, peace and the restoration of law ought to be our first and most pressing object. This remnant of a parliament cannot keep their ground against the army, by mere appeal to the sanction of opinion. If they design to reduce the soldiery, it must be by actual warfare, and the land has been too long steeped in blood. But Cromwell may, and I trust will, make a moderate accommodation with them, on grounds by which peace may be preserved ; and it is this to which we must look and trust for a settlement of the kingdom, alas ! and for the chance of protecting my obstinate kinsman from the consequences of his honest though absurd pertinacity."

Silencing some internal feelings of doubt and reluctance by such reasoning as this, Markham Everard continued in his resolution to unite himself with Cromwell in the struggle which was evidently approaching betwixt the civil and military authorities, not as the course which, if at perfect liberty, he would have preferred adopting, but as the best choice between two dangerous extremities to which the times had reduced him. He could not help trembling, however, when he recollected that his father, though hitherto the admirer of Cromwell, as the implement by whom so many marvels had been wrought in England, might not be disposed to unite with his interest against that of the Long Parliament, of which he had been, till partly laid aside by continued indisposition, an active and leading member. This doubt also he was obliged to swallow, or strangle, as he might ; but consoled himself with the ready argument, that it was impossible his father could see matters in another light than that in which they occurred to himself.

CHAPTER VII

DETERMINED at length to despatch his packet to the General without delay, Colonel Everard approached the door of the apartment in which, as was evident from the heavy breathing within, the prisoner Wildrake enjoyed a deep slumber, under the influence of liquor at once and of fatigue. In turning the key, the bolt, which was rather rusty, made a resistance so noisy as partly to attract the sleeper's attention, though not to awake him. Everard stood by his bedside, as he heard him mutter, "Is it morning already, jailer? Why, you dog, an you had but a cast of humanity in you, you would qualify your vile news with a cup of sack; hanging is sorry work, my masters, and sorrow's dry."

"Up, Wildrake—up, thou ill-omened dreamer!" said his friend, shaking him by the collar.

"Hands off!" answered the sleeper. "I can climb a ladder without help, I trow." He then sat up in the bed, and opening his eyes, stared around him, and exclaimed, "Zounds! Mark, is it only thou? I thought it was all over with me—fetters were struck from my legs—rope drawn round my gullet—irons knocked off my hands—all ready for a dance in the open element upon slight footing."

"Truce with thy folly, Wildrake! Sure the devil of drink, to whom thou hast, I think, sold thyself——"

"For a hogshead of sack," interrupted Wildrake; "the bargain was made in a cellar in the Vintry."

"I am as mad as thou art, to trust anything to thee," said Markham: "I scarce believe thou hast thy senses yet."

"What should ail me?" said Wildrake; "I trust I have not tasted liquor in my sleep, saving that I dreamed of drinking small-beer with Old Noll, of his own brewing. But do not look so glum, man: I am the same Roger Wildrake that I ever was—as wild as a mallard, but as true as a game-cock. I am thine own chum, man, bound to thee by thy kind deeds—*deninctus beneficio*—there is Latin for it; and where is the thing thou wilt charge me with that I will not, or dare not, execute, were it to pick the Devil's teeth with my rapier, after he had breakfasted upon Round-heads?"

"You will drive me mad," said Everard. "When I am about to entrust all I have most valuable on earth to your management, your conduct and language are those of a mere Bedlamite. Last night I made allowance for thy drunken fury; but who can endure thy morning madness? It is unsafe for thyself and me, Wildrake—it is unkind—I might say ungrateful."

"Nay, do not say *that*, my friend," said the Cavalier, with some show of feeling; "and do not judge of me with a severity that cannot apply to such as I am. We who have lost our all in these sad jars, who are compelled to shift for our living, not from day to day, but from meal to meal—we whose only hiding-place is the jail, whose prospect of final repose is the gallows, what canst thou expect from us, but to bear such a lot with a light heart, since we should break down under it with a heavy one?"

This was spoken in a tone of feeling which found a responding string in Everard's bosom. He took his friend's hand and pressed it kindly.

"Nay, if I seemed harsh to thee, Wildrake, I profess it was for thine own sake more than mine. I know thou hast at the bottom of thy levity as deep a principle of honor and feeling as ever governed a human heart. But thou art thoughtless, thou art rash; and I protest to thee, that wert thou to betray thyself in this matter in which I trust thee, the evil consequences to myself do not afflict me more than the thought of putting thee into such danger."

"Nay, if you take it on that tone, Mark," said the Cavalier, making an effort to laugh, evidently that he might conceal a tendency to a different emotion, "thou wilt make children of us both—babes and sucklings, by the hilt of this bilbo. Come, trust me; I can be cautious when time requires it; no man ever saw me drink when an alert was expected; and not one poor pint of wine will I taste until I have managed this matter for thee. Well, I am thy secretary—clerk, I had forgot—and carry thy despatches to Cromwell, taking good heed not to be surprised or choused out of my lump of loyalty (striking his finger on the packet), and I am to deliver it to the most loyal hands to which it is most humbly addressed. Adzooks, Mark, think of it a moment longer. Surely thou wilt not carry thy perverseness so far as to strike in with this bloody-minded rebel? Bid me give him three inches of my dudgeon-dagger, and I will do it much more willingly than present him with thy packet."

“Go to,” replied Everard, “this is beyond our bargain. If you will help me, it is well; if not, let me lose no time in debating with thee, since I think every moment an age till the packet is in the General’s possession. It is the only way left me to obtain some protection and a place of refuge for my uncle and his daughter.”

“That being the case,” said the Cavalier, “I will not spare the spur. My nag up yonder at the town will be ready for the road in a trice, and thou mayst reckon on my being with Old Noll—thy General, I mean—in as short time as man and horse may consume betwixt Woodstock and Windsor, where I think I shall for the present find thy friend keeping possession where he has slain.”

“Hush, not a word of that. Since we parted last night, I have shaped thee a path which will suit thee better than to assume the decency of language and of outward manner of which thou hast so little. I have acquainted the General that thou hast been by bad example and bad education——”

“Which is to be interpreted by contraries, I hope,” said Wildrake; “for sure I have been as well born and bred up as any lad of Leicestershire [Lincolnshire] might desire.”

“Now, I prithee hush—thou hast, I say, by bad example, become at one time a Malignant, and mixed in the party of the late King. But seeing what things were wrought in the nation by the General, thou hast come to a clearness touching his calling to be a great implement in the settlement of these distracted kingdoms. This account of thee will not only lead him to pass over some of thy eccentricities, should they break out in spite of thee, but will also give thee an interest with him as being more especially attached to his own person.”

“Doubtless,” said Wildrake, “as every fisher loves best the trouts that are of his own tickling.”

“It is likely, I think, he will send thee hither with letters to me,” said the colonel, “enabling me to put a stop to the proceedings of these sequestrators, and to give poor old Sir Henry Lee permission to linger out his days among the oaks he loves to look upon. I have made this my request to General Cromwell, and I think my father’s friendship and my own may stretch so far on his regard without risk of cracking, especially standing matters as they now do—thou dost understand?”

“Entirely well,” said the cavalier. “Stretch, quotha! I would rather stretch a rope than hold commerce with the

old king-killing ruffian. But I have said I will be guided by thee, Markham, and rat me but I will."

"Be cautious then," said Everard: "mark well what he does and says—more especially what he does, for Oliver is one of those whose mind is better known by his actions than by his words; and stay—I warrant thee thou wert setting off without a cross in the purse?"

"Too true, Mark," said Wildrake, "the last noble melted last night among yonder blackguard troopers of yours."

"Well, Roger," replied the colonel, "that is easily mended." So saying, he slipped his purse into his friend's hand. "But art thou not an inconsiderate, weather-brained fellow, to set forth, as thou wert about to do, without anything to bear thy charges? What couldst thou have done?"

"Faith, I never thought of that. I must have cried 'Stand,' I suppose, to the first pursy townsman or greasy grazier that I met o' the heath; it is many a good fellow's shift in these bad times."

"Go to," said Everard; "be cautious—use none of your loose acquaintance—rule your tongue—beware of the wine-pot; for there is little danger if thou couldst only but keep thyself sober. Be moderate in speech, and forbear oaths or vaunting."

"In short metamorphose myself into such a prig as thou art, Mark? Well," said Wildrake, "so far as outside will go, I think I can make a Hope-on-High Bomby* as well as thou canst. Ah! those were merry days when we saw Mills present Bomby at the Fortune playhouse, Mark, ere I had lost my laced cloak and the jewel in my ear, or thou hadst gotten the wrinkle on thy brow and the Puritanic twist of thy mustachio."

"They were like most worldly pleasures, Wildrake," replied Everard, "sweet in the mouth and bitter in digestion. But away with thee; and when thou bring'st back my answer, thou wilt find me either here or at St. George's Inn, at the little borough. Good luck to thee. Be but cautious how thou bearest thyself."

The colonel remained in deep meditation. "I think," he said, "I have not pledged myself too far to the General. A breach between him and the Parliament seems inevitable, and would throw England back into civil war, of which all

*A Puritanic character in [*Women Pleased*] one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays.

men are wearied. He may dislike my messenger ; yet that I do not greatly fear. He knows I would choose such as I can myself depend on, and hath dealt enough with the stricter sort to be aware that there are among them, as well as elsewhere, men who can hide two faces under one hood."

CHAPTER VIII.

For there in lofty air was seen to stand
The stern Protector of the conquer'd land ;
Drawn in that look with which he wept and swore,
Turn'd out the members, and made fast the door,
Ridding the House of every knave and drone,
Forced, though it grieved his soul, to rule alone.

CRABBE, *The Frank Courtship*.

LEAVING Colonel Everard to his meditations, we follow the jolly Cavalier, his companion, who, before mounting at the George, did not fail to treat himself to his morning draught of eggs and muscadine, to enable him to face the harvest wind.

Although he had suffered himself to be sunk in the extravagant license which was practised by the Cavaliers, as if to oppose their conduct in every point of the preciseness of their enemies, yet Wildrake, well born and well educated, and endowed with good natural parts, and a heart which even debauchery, and the wild life of a roaring Cavalier, had not been able entirely to corrupt, moved on his present embassy with a strange mixture of feelings, such as perhaps he had never in his life before experienced.

His feelings as a loyalist led him to detest Cromwell, whom in other circumstances he would scarce have wished to see, except in a field of battle, where he could have had the pleasure to exchange pistol-shots with him. But with this hatred there was mixed a certain degree of fear. Always victorious wherever he fought, the remarkable person whom Wildrake was now approaching had acquired that influence over the minds of his enemies which constant success is so apt to inspire : they dreaded while they hated him ; and joined to these feelings was a restless, meddling curiosity, which made a particular feature in Wildrake's character, who, having long had little business of his own, and caring nothing about that which he had, was easily attracted by the desire of seeing whatever was curious or interesting around him.

"I should like to see the old rascal after all," he said.
"were it but to say that I *had* seen him."

He reached Windsor in the afternoon, and felt on his arrival the strongest inclination to take up his residence at some of his old haunts, when he had occasionally frequented that fair town in gayer days. But resisting all temptations of this kind, he went courageously to the principal inn, from which its ancient emblem, the Garter, had long disappeared. The master, too, when Wildrake, experienced in his knowledge of landlords and hostelryes, had remembered a dashing mine host of Queen Bess's school, had now sobered down to the temper of the times, shook his head when he spoke of the Parliament, wielded his spigot with the gravity of a priest conducting a sacrifice, wished England a happy issue out of all her afflictions, and greatly lauded his Excellency the Lord General. Wildrake also remarked that his wine was better than it was wont to be, the Puritans having an excellent gift of detecting every fallacy in that matter; and that his measures were less and his charges larger—circumstances which he was induced to attend to, by mine host talking a good deal about his conscience.

He was told by this important personage that the Lord General received frankly all sorts of persons; and that he might obtain access to him next morning, at eight o'clock, for the trouble of presenting himself at the castle gate, and announcing himself as the bearer of despatches to his Excellency.

To the castle the disguised Cavalier repaired at the hour appointed. Admittance was freely permitted to him by the red-coated soldier who, with austere looks, and his musket on his shoulder, mounted guard at the external gate of that noble building. Wildrake crossed through the under ward, or court, gazing as he passed upon the beautiful chapel which had but lately received, in darkness and silence, the unhonored remains of the slaughtered King of England. Rough as Wildrake was, the recollection of this circumstance affected him so strongly, that he had nearly turned back in a sort of horror, rather than face the dark and daring man to whom, amongst all the actors in that melancholy affair, its tragic conclusion was chiefly to be imputed. But he felt the necessity of subduing all sentiments of this nature, and compelled himself to proceed in a negotiation entrusted to his conduct by one to whom he was so much obliged as Colonel Everard. At the ascent which passed by the Round Tower, he looked to the ensign-staff, from which the banner of England was wont to float. It was gone, with all its rich emblazonry, its gorgeous quarterings, and

splendid embroidery ; and in its room waved that of the Commonwealth, the cross of St. George, in its colors of blue and red, not yet intersected by the diagonal cross of Scotland, which was soon after assumed, as if in evidence of England's conquest over her ancient enemy. This change of ensigns increased the train of his gloomy reflections, in which, although contrary to his wont, he became so deeply wrapped, that the first thing which recalled him to himself was the challenge from the sentinel, accompanied with a stroke of the butt of his musket on the pavement, with an emphasis which made Wildrake start.

"Whither away, and who are you?"

"The bearer of a packet," answered Wildrake, "to the worshipful the Lord General."

"Stand till I call the officer of the guard."

The corporal made his appearance, distinguished above those of his command by a double quantity of band round his neck, a double height of steeple-crowned hat, a larger allowance of cloak, and a treble proportion of sour gravity of aspect. It might be read on his countenance that he was one of those resolute enthusiasts to whom Oliver owed his conquests, whose religious zeal made them even more than a match for the high-spirited and high-born Cavaliers that exhausted their valor in vain defense of their sovereign's person and crown. He looked with grave solemnity at Wildrake, as if he was making in his own mind an inventory of his features and dress ; and having fully perused them, he required "to know his business."

"My business," said Wildrake, as firmly as he could, for the close investigation of this man had given him some unpleasant nervous sensations—"my business is with your General."

"With his Excellency the Lord General, thou wouldst say?" replied the corporal. "Thy speech, my friend, savors too little of the reverence due to his Excellency."

"D—n his Excellency!" was at the lips of the Cavalier ; but prudence kept guard, and permitted not the offensive words to escape the barrier. He only bowed, and was silent.

"Follow me," said the starched figure whom he addressed ; and Wildrake followed him accordingly into the guard-house, which exhibited an interior characteristic of the times, and very different from what such military stations present at the present day.

By the fire sat two or three musketeers, listening to one who was expounding some religious mystery to them. He

began half beneath his breath, but in tones of great volubility, which tones, as he approached the conclusion, became sharp and eager, as challenging either instant answer or silent acquiescence. The audience seemed to listen to the speaker with immovable features, only answering him with clouds of tobacco-smoke, which they rolled from under their thick mustachios. On a bench lay a soldier on his face; whether asleep or in a fit of contemplation it was impossible to decide. In the midst of the floor stood an officer, as he seemed by his embroidered shoulder-belt and scarf round his waist, otherwise very plainly attired, who was engaged in drilling a stout bumpkin, lately enlisted, to the manual, as it was then used. The motions and words of command were twenty at the very least; and until they were regularly brought to an end, the corporal did not permit Wildrake either to sit down or move forward beyond the threshold of the guard-house. So he had to listen in succession to—"Poise your musket—Rest your musket—Cock your musket—Handle your primers"—and many other forgotten words of discipline, until at length the words, "Order your musket," ended the drill for the time.

"Thy name, friend," said the officer to the recruit, when the lesson was over.

"Ephraim," answered the fellow, with an affected twang through the nose.

"And what besides Ephraim?"

"Ephraim Cobb, from the godly city of Glo'cester, where I have dwelt for seven years, serving apprentice to a praise-worthy cordwainer."

"It is a goodly craft," answered the officer; "but casting in thy lot with ours, doubt not that thou shalt be set beyond thine awl, and thy last to boot."

A grim smile of the speaker accompanied this poor attempt at a pun; and then turning round to the corporal, who stood two paces off, with the face of one who seemed desirous of speaking, said, "How now, corporal, what tidings?"

"Here is one with a packet, an [it] please your Excellency," said the corporal. "Surely my spirit doth not rejoice in him, seeing I esteem him as a wolf in sheep's clothing."

By these words, Wildrake learned that he was in the actual presence of the remarkable person to whom he was commissioned; and he paused to consider in what manner he ought to address him.

The figure of Oliver Cromwell was, as is generally known, in no way prepossessing. He was of middle stature, strong and coarsely made, with harsh and severe features, indicative, however, of much natural sagacity and depth of thought. His eyes were gray and piercing; his nose too large in proportion to his other features, and of a reddish hue.

His manner of speaking, when he had the purpose to make himself distinctly understood, was energetic and forcible, though neither graceful nor eloquent. No man could on such occasions put his meaning into fewer and more decisive words. But when, as it often happened, he had a mind to play the orator, for the benefit of people's ears, without enlightening their understanding, Cromwell was wont to invest his meaning, or that which seemed to be his meaning, in such a mist of words, surrounding it with so many exclusions and exemptions, and fortifying it with such a labyrinth of parentheses, that though one of the most shrewd men in England, he was, perhaps, the most unintelligible speaker that ever perplexed an audience. It has been long since said by the historian, that a collection of the Protector's speeches would make, with a few exceptions, the most nonsensical book in the world; but he ought to have added, that nothing could be more nervous, concise, and intelligible than what he really intended should be understood.

It was also remarked of Cromwell, that, though born of a good family, both by father and mother, and although he had the usual opportunities of education and breeding connected with such an advantage, the fanatic democratic ruler could never acquire, or else disdained to practise, the courtesies usually exercised among the higher classes in their intercourse with each other. His demeanor was so blunt as sometimes might be termed clownish, yet there was in his language and manner a force and energy corresponding to his character, which impressed awe, if it did not impose respect; and there were even times when that dark and subtle spirit expanded itself, so as almost to conciliate affection. The turn for humor, which displayed itself by fits, was broad, and of a low, and sometimes practical, character. Something there was in his disposition congenial to that of his countrymen—a contempt of folly, a hatred of affectation, and a dislike of ceremony, which, joined to the strong intrinsic qualities of sense and courage, made him in many respects not an unfit representative of the democracy of England.

His religion must always be a subject of much doubt, and probably of doubt which he himself could hardly have cleared up. Unquestionably there was a time in his life when he was sincerely enthusiastic, and when his natural temper, slightly subject to hypochondria, was strongly agitated by the same fanaticism which influenced so many persons of the time. On the other hand, there were periods during his political career when we certainly do him no injustice in charging him with a hypocritical affectation. We shall probably judge him, and others of the same age, most truly, if we suppose that their religious professions were partly influential in their own breast, partly assumed in compliance with their own interest. And so ingenious is the human heart in deceiving itself as well as others, that it is probable neither Cromwell himself nor those making similar pretensions to distinguished piety could exactly have fixed the points at which their enthusiasm terminated and their hypocrisy commenced; or rather, it was a point not fixed in itself, but fluctuating with the state of health, with good or bad fortune, of high or low spirits, affecting the individual at the period.

Such was the celebrated person who, turning round on Wildrake, and scanning his countenance closely, seemed so little satisfied with what he beheld, that he instinctively hitched forward his belt, so as to bring the handle of his tuck-sword within his reach. But yet, folding his arms in his cloak, as if upon second thoughts laying aside suspicion, or thinking precaution beneath him, he asked the Cavalier what he was and whence he came.

"A poor gentleman, sir—that is, my lord," answered Wildrake, "last from Woodstock."

"And what may your tidings be, sir *gentleman*?" said Cromwell, with an emphasis. "Truly I have seen those most willing to take upon them that title bear themselves somewhat short of wise men, and good men, and true men, with all their gentility. Yet gentleman was a good title in Old England, when men remembered what it was construed to mean."

"You say truly, sir," replied Wildrake, suppressing, with difficulty, some of his usual wild expletives; "formerly gentlemen were found in gentlemen's places, but now the world is so changed, that you shall find the broidered belt has changed place with the under spur-leather."

"Say'st thou me?" said the General. "I profess thou art a bold companion, that can bandy words so wantonly:

thou ring'st somewhat too loud to be good metal, methinks. And, once again, what are thy tidings with me ?”

“This packet,” said Wildrake, “commended to your hands by Colonel Markham Everard.”

“Alas, I must have mistaken thee,” answered Cromwell, mollified at the mention of a man's name whom he had great desire to make his own ; “forgive us, good friend, for such, we doubt not, thou art. Sit thee down, and commune with thyself as thou mayst, until we have examined the contents of thy packet. Let him be looked to, and have what he lacks.” So saying, the General left the guard-house, where Wildrake took his seat in the corner, and awaited with patience the issue of his mission.

The soldiers now thought themselves obliged to treat him with more consideration, and offered him a pipe of Trinidado, and a black-jack filled with October. But the look of Cromwell, and the dangerous situation in which he might be placed by the least chance of detection, induced Wildrake to decline these hospitable offers, and stretching back in his chair and affecting slumber, he escaped notice or conversation, until a sort of aide-de-camp, or military officer, in attendance came to summon him to Cromwell's presence.

By this person he was guided to a postern-gate, through which he entered the body of the castle, and penetrating through many private passages and staircases, he at length was introduced into a small cabinet or parlor, in which was much rich furniture, some bearing the royal cipher displayed, but all confused and disarranged, together with several paintings in massive frames, having their faces turned towards the wall, as if they had been taken down for the purpose of being removed.

In this scene of disorder, the victorious General of the Commonwealth was seated in a large easy-chair, covered with damask, and deeply embroidered, the splendor of which made a strong contrast with the plain, and even homely, character of his apparel ; although in look and action he seemed like one who felt that the seat which might have in former days held a prince was not too much distinguished for his own fortunes and ambition. Wildrake stood before him, nor did he ask him to sit down.

“Pearson,” said Cromwell, addressing himself to the officer in attendance, “wait in the gallery, but be within call.” Pearson bowed, and was retiring. “Who are in the gallery besides ?”

“Worthy Mr. Gordon, the chaplain, was holding forth

but now to Colonel Overton and four captains of your Excellency's regiment."

"We would have it so," said the General: "we would not there were any corner in our dwelling where the hungry soul might not meet with manna. Was the good man carried onward in his discourse?"

"Mightily borne through," said Pearson; "and he was touching the rightful claims which the army, and especially your Excellency, hath acquired by becoming the instruments in the great work—not instruments to be broken asunder and cast away when the day of their service is over, but to be preserved and held precious, and prized for their honorable and faithful labors, for which they have fought and marched, and fasted and prayed, and suffered cold and sorrow; while others, who would now gladly see them disbanded, and broken, and cashiered, eat of the fat and drink of the strong."

"Ah, good man!" said Cromwell, "and did he touch upon this so feelingly? I could say something—but not now. Begone, Pearson, to the gallery. Let not our friends lay aside their swords, but watch as well as pray."

Pearson retired; and the General, holding the letter of Everard in his hand, looked again for a long while fixedly at Wildrake, as if considering in what strain he should address him.

When he did speak, it was, at first, in one of those ambiguous discourses which we have already described, and by which it was very difficult for any one to understand his meaning, if, indeed, he knew it himself. We shall be as concise in our statement as our desire to give the very words of a man so extraordinary will permit.

"This letter," he said, "you have brought us from your master, or patron, Markham Everard; truly an excellent and honorable gentleman as ever bore a sword upon his thigh, and one who hath ever distinguished himself in the great work of delivering these three poor and unhappy nations. Answer me not—I know what thou wouldst say. And this letter he hath sent to me by thee, his clerk, or secretary, in whom he hath confidence, and in whom he prays me to have trust, that there may be a careful messenger between us. And lastly, he hath sent thee to me—do not answer—I know what thou wouldst say—to me, who, albeit I am of that small consideration, that it would be too much honor for me even to bear a halberd in this great and victorious army of England, am nevertheless exalted to the

rank of holding the guidance and the leading-staff thereof. Nay, do not answer, my friend—I know what thou wouldst say. Now, when communing thus together, our discourse taketh, in respect to what I have said, a threefold argument, or division: First, as it concerneth thy master; secondly, as it concerneth us and our office; thirdly and lastly, as it toucheth thyself. Now, as concerning this good and worthy gentleman, Colonel Markham Everard, truly he had played the man from the beginning of these unhappy buffetings, not turning to the right or to the left, but holding ever in his eye the mark at which he aimed. Ay, truly, a faithful, honorable gentleman, and one who may well call me friend: and truly I am pleased to think that he doth so. Nevertheless, in this vale of tears, we must be governed less by our private respects and partialities than by those higher principles and points of duty whereupon the good Colonel Markham Everard hath ever framed his purposes, as, truly, I have endeavored to form mine, that we may all act as becometh good Englishmen and worthy patriots. Then, as for Woodstock, it is a great thing which the good colonel asks, that it should be taken from the spoil of the godly, and left in keeping of the men of Moab, and especially of the Malignant, Henry Lee, whose hand hath been ever against us when he might find room to raise it—I say, he hath asked a great thing, both in respect of himself and me. For we of this poor but godly army of England are holden, by those of the Parliament, as men who should render in spoil for them, but be no sharer of it ourselves: even as the buck, which the hounds pull to earth, furnisheth no part of their own food, but they are lashed off from the carcass with whips, like those which require punishment for their forwardness, not reward for their services. Yet I speak not this so much in respect of this grant of Woodstock, in regard that, perhaps, their Lordships of the Council, and also the Committee-men of this Parliament, may graciously think they have given me a portion in the matter, in relation that my kinsman Desborough hath an interest allowed him therein; which interest, as he hath well deserved it for his true and faithful service to these unhappy and devoted countries, so it would ill become me to diminish the same to his prejudice, unless it were upon great and public respects. Thus thou seest how it stands with me, my honest friend, and in what mind I stand touching thy master's request to me; which yet I do not say that I can altogether, or unconditionally, grant

or refuse, but only tell my simple thoughts with regard thereto. Thou understandest me, I doubt not ? ”

Now, Roger Wildrake, with all the attention he had been able to pay to the Lord General's speech, had got so much confused among the various clauses of the harangue, that his brain was bewildered, like that of a country clown when he chanced to get himself involved among a crowd of carriages, and cannot stir a step to get out of the way of one of them, without being in danger of being ridden over by the others.

The General saw his look of perplexity, and began a new oration, to the same purpose as before : spoke of his love for his kind friend the colonel ; his regard for his pious and godly kinsman, Master Desborough ; the great importance of the palace and park of Woodstock ; the determination of the Parliament that it should be confiscated, and the produce brought into the coffers of the state ; his own deep veneration for the authority of Parliament, and his no less deep sense of the injustice done to the army ; how it was his wish and will that all matters should be settled in an amicable and friendly manner, without self-seeking, debate, or strife, betwixt those who had been the hands acting and such as had been the heads governing in that great national cause ; how he was willing, truly willing, to contribute to this work, by laying down, not his commission only, but his life also, if it were requested of him, or could be granted with safety to the poor soldiers, to whom, silly poor men, he was bound to be as a father, seeing that they had followed him with the duty and affection of children.

And here he arrived at another dead pause, leaving Wildrake as uncertain as before whether it was or was not his purpose to grant Colonel Everard the powers he had asked for the protection of Woodstock against the Parliamentary Commissioners. Internally he began to entertain hopes that the justice of Heaven, or the effects of remorse, had confounded the regicide's understanding. But no, he could see nothing but sagacity in that steady, stern eye, which, while the tongue poured forth its periphrastic language in such profusion, seemed to watch with severe accuracy the effect which his oratory produced on the listener.

“Egad,” thought the Cavalier to himself, becoming a little familiar with the situation in which he was placed, and rather impatient of a conversation which led to no visible conclusion or termination, “if Noll were the devil himself, as he is the devil's darling, I will not be thus nose-led by

him. I'll e'en brusque it a little, if he goes on at this rate, and try if I can bring him to a more intelligible mode of speaking."

Entertaining this bold purpose, but half afraid to execute it, Wildrake lay by for an opportunity of making the attempt, while Cromwell was apparently unable to express his own meaning. He was already beginning a third panegyric upon Colonel Everard, with sundry varied expressions of his own wish to oblige him, when Wildrake took the opportunity to strike in, on the General's making one of his oratorical pauses.

"So please you," he said, bluntly, "your worship has already spoken on two topics of your discourse, your own worthiness and that of my master, Colonel Everard. But, to enable me to do mine errand, it would be necessary to bestow a few words on the third head."

"The third!" said Cromwell.

"Ay," said Wildrake, "which, in your honor's subdivision of your discourse, touched on my unworthy self. What am I to do—what portion am I to have in this matter?"

Oliver started at once from the tone of voice he had hitherto used, and which somewhat resembled the purring of a domestic cat, into the growl of the tiger when about to spring. "*Thy* portion, jail-bird!" he exclaimed, "the gallows: thou shalt hang as high as Haman, if thou betray counsel! But," he added, softening his voice, "keep it like a true man, and my favor will be the making of thee. Come hither; thou art bold, I see, though somewhat saucy. Thou hast been a Malignant, so writes my worthy friend friend Colonel Everard; but thou hast now given up that falling cause. I tell thee, friend, not all that the Parliament or the army could do would have pulled down the Stuarts out of their high places, saving that Heaven had a controversy with them. Well, it is a sweet and comely thing to buckle on one's armor in behalf of Heaven's cause; otherwise truly, for mine own part, these men might have remained upon the throne even unto this day. Neither do I blame any for aiding them until these successive great judgments have overwhelmed them and their house. I am not a bloody man, having in me the feeling of human frailty; but, friend, whosoever putteth his hand to the plow, in the great actings which are now on foot in these nations, had best beware that he do not look back; for rely upon my simple word, that, if you fail me, I will

not spare on you one foot's length of the gallows of Haman. Let me therefore know, at a word, if the leaven of thy malignancy is altogether drubbed out of thee ? ”

“ Your honorable lordship,” said the Cavalier, shrugging up his shoulders, “ has done that for most of us, so far as cudgeling to some tune can perform it.”

“ Sayst thou ? ” said the General, with a grim smile on his lip, which seemed to intimate that he was not quite inaccessible to flattery ; “ yea, truly, thou dost not lie in that : we have been an instrument. Neither are we, as I have already hinted, so severely bent against those who have striven against us as Malignants as others may be. The Parliament-men best know their own interest and their own pleasure ; but, to my poor thinking, it is full time to close these jars, and to allow men of all kinds the means of doing service to their country ; and we think it will be thy fault if thou art not employed to good purpose for the state and thyself, on condition thou putttest away the old man entirely from thee, and givest thy earnest attention to what I have to tell thee.”

“ Your lordship need not doubt my attention,” said the Cavalier.

And the republican General, after another pause, as one who gave his confidence not without hesitation, proceeded to explain his views with a distinctness which he seldom used, yet not without his being a little blessed now and then by his long habits of circumlocution, which indeed he never laid entirely aside, save in the field of battle.

“ Thou seest,” he said, “ my friend, how things stand with me. The Parliament, I care not who knows it, love me not ; still less do the Council of State, by whom they manage the executive government of the kingdom. I cannot tell why they nourish suspicion against me, unless it is because I will not deliver this poor innocent army, which has followed me in so many military actions, to be now pulled asunder, broken piece-meal and reduced, so that they who have protected the state at the expense of their blood will not have, perchance, the means of feeding themselves by their labor ; which, methinks, were hard measure, since it is taking from Esau his birthright, even without giving him a poor mess of pottage.”

“ Esau is likely to help himself, I think,” replied Wil-drake.

“ Truly, thou sayst wisely,” replied the General : “ it is ill starving an armed man, if there is food to be had for

taking ; nevertheless, far be it from me to encourage rebellion, or want of due subordination to these our rulers. I would only petition in a due and becoming, a sweet and harmonious, manner that they would listen to our conditions and consider our necessities. But, sir, looking on me, and estimating me so little as they do, you must think that it would be a provocation in me towards the Council of State, as well as the Parliament, if, simply to gratify your worthy master, I were to act contrary to their purposes or deny currency to the commission under their authority, which is as yet the highest in the state—and long may it be so for me—to carry on the sequestration which they intend. And would it not also be said that I was lending myself to the Malignant interest, affording this den of the blood-thirsty and lascivious tyrants of yore to be in this our day a place of refuge to that old and inveterate Amalekite, Sir Henry Lee, to keep possession of the place in which he hath so long glorified himself ? Truly it would be a perilous matter.”

“Am I then to report,” said Wildrake ; “an it please you, that you cannot stead Colonel Everard in this matter ? ”

“Unconditionally, ay ; but, taken conditionally, the answer may be otherwise,” answered Cromwell. “I see thou art not able to fathom my purpose, and therefore I will partly unfold it to thee. But take notice that, should thy tongue betray my counsel, save in so far as carrying it to thy master, by all the blood which has been shed in these wild times, thou shalt die a thousand deaths in one ! ”

“Do not fear me, sir,” said Wildrake, whose natural boldness and carelessness of character was for the present time borne down and quelled, like that of falcons in the presence of the eagle.

“Hear me, then,” said Cromwell, “and let no syllable escape thee. Knowest thou not the young Lee whom they call Albert, a Malignant like his father, and one who went up with the Young Man to that last ruffle which we had with him at Worcester—may we be grateful for the victory ! ”

“I know there is such a young gentleman as Albert Lee,” said Wildrake.

“And knowest thou not—I speak not by way of prying into the good colonel’s secrets, but only as it behooves me to know something of the matter, that I may best judge how I am to serve him—knowest thou not that thy master, Markham Everard, is a suitor after the sister of this same

Malignant, a daughter of the old keeper, called Sir Henry Lee ?”

“All this I have heard,” said Wildrake, “nor can I deny that I believe in it.”

“Well, then, go to. When the young man Charles Stuart fled from the field of Worcester, and was by sharp chase and pursuit compelled to separate himself from his followers, I know by sure intelligence that this Albert Lee was one of the last who remained with him, if not indeed the very last.”

“It was devilish like him,” said the Cavalier, without sufficiently weighing his expressions, considering in what presence they were to be uttered. “And I’ll uphold him with my rapier to be a true chip of the old block.”

“Ha, swarest thou ?” said the General. “Is this thy reformation ?”

“I never swear, so please you,” replied Wildrake, recollecting himself, “except there is some mention of Malignants and Cavaliers in my hearing ; and then the old habit returns, and I swear like one of Goring’s troopers.”

“Out upon thee,” said the General ; “what can it avail thee to practise a profanity so horrible to the ears of others, and which brings no emolument to him who uses it ?”

“There are, doubtless, more profitable sins in the world than the barren and unprofitable vice of swearing,” was the answer which rose to the lips of the Cavalier ; but that was exchanged for a profession of regret for having given offense. The truth was, the discourse began to take a turn which rendered it more interesting than ever to Wildrake, who therefore determined not to lose the opportunity for obtaining possession of the secret that seemed to be suspended on Cromwell’s lips ; and that could only be through means of keeping guard upon his own.

“What sort of a house is Woodstock ?” said the General, abruptly.

“An old mansion,” said Wildrake, in reply ; “and, so far as I could judge by a single night’s lodgings, having abundance of back stairs, also subterranean passages, and all the communications under ground which are common in old raven-nests of the sort.”

“And places for concealing priests, unquestionably,” said Cromwell. “It is seldom that such ancient houses lack secret stalls wherein to mew up these calves of Bethel.”

“Your Honor’s Excellency,” said Wildrake, “may swear to that.”

"I swear not at all," replied the General, dryly. "But what think'st thou, good fellow? I will ask thee a blunt question—Where will those two Worcester fugitives that thou wottest of be more likely to take shelter—and that they must be sheltered somewhere I well know—than in this same old palace, with all the corners and concealments whereof young Albert hath been acquainted ever since his earliest infancy."

"Truly," said Wildrake, making an effort to answer the question with seeming indifference, while the possibility of such an event, and its consequences, flashed fearfully upon his mind—"truly, I should be of your honor's opinion, but that I think the company who, by the commission of Parliament, have occupied Woodstock are likely to fright them thence, as a cat scares doves from a pigeon-house. The neighborhood, with reverence, of Generals Desborough and Harrison will suit ill with fugitives from Worcester field."

"I thought as much, and so, indeed, would I have it," answered the General. "Long may it be ere our names shall be aught but a terror to our enemies! But in this matter, if thou art an active plotter for thy master's interest, thou mightst, I should think, work out something favorable to his present object."

"My brain is too poor to reach the depth of your honorable purpose," said Wildrake.

"Listen, then, and let it be to profit," said Cromwell. "Assuredly the conquest at Worcester was a great and crowning mercy; yet might we seem to be but small in our thankfulness for the same, did we not do what in us lies towards the ultimate improvement and final conclusion of the great work which has been thus prosperous in our hands, professing, in pure humility and singleness of heart, that we do not, in any way, deserve our instrumentality to be remembered, nay, would rather pray and entreat that our name and fortunes were forgotten than that the great work were in itself incomplete. Nevertheless, truly, placed as we now are, it concerns us more nearly than others—that is if so poor creatures should at all speak of themselves as concerned, whether more or less, with these changes which have been wrought around, not, I say, by ourselves, or our own power, but by the destiny to which we were called, fulfilling the same with all meekness and humility—I say, it concerns us nearly that all things should be done in conformity with the great work which hath been wrought, and is yet working, in these lands. Such is my plain and simple

meaning. Nevertheless, it is much to be desired that this young man—this King of Scots, as he called himself—this Charles Stuart—should not escape forth from the nation, where his arrival has wrought so much disturbance and bloodshed.”

“I have no doubt,” said the Cavalier, looking down, “that your lordship’s wisdom hath directed all things as they may best lead towards such a consummation; and I pray your pains may be paid as they deserve.”

“I thank thee, friend,” said Cromwell, with much humility; “doubtless we shall meet our reward, being in the hands of a good paymaster, who never passeth Saturday night. But understand me, friend—I desire no more than my own share in the good work. I would heartily do what poor kindness I can to your worthy master, and even to you in your degree—for such as I do not converse with ordinary men that our presence may be forgotten like an everyday’s occurrence. We speak to men like thee for their reward or their punishment; and I trust it will be the former which thou in thine office wilt merit at my hand.”

“Your honor,” said Wildrake, “speaks like one accustomed to command.”

“True; men’s minds are linked to those of my degree by fear and reverence,” said the General; “but enough of that, desiring, as I do, no other dependency on my special person than is alike to us all upon that which is above us. But I would desire to cast this golden ball into your master’s lap. He hath served against this Charles Stuart and his father; but he is a kinsman near to the old knight, Lee, and stands well affected towards his daughter. *Thou* also wilt keep a watch, my friend—that ruffling look of thine will procure thee the confidence of every Malignant, and the prey cannot approach this cover, as though to shelter, like a cony in the rocks, but thou wilt be sensible of his presence.”

“I make a shift to comprehend your Excellency,” said the Cavalier; “and I thank you heartily for the good opinion you have put upon me, and which I pray I may have some handsome opportunity of deserving, that I may show my gratitude by the event. But still, with reverence, your Excellency’s scheme seems unlikely while Woodstock remains in possession of the sequestrators. Both the old knight and his son, and far more such a fugitive as your honor hinted at, will take special care not to approach it till they are removed.”

“It is for that I have been dealing with thee thus long,”

said the General. "I told thee that I was something unwilling, upon slight occasion, to dispossess the sequestrators by my own proper warrant, although having, perhaps, sufficient authority in the state both to do so and to despise the murdurs of those who blame me. In brief, I would be loth to tamper with my privileges, and make experiments between their strength and the powers of the commission granted by others, without pressing need, or at least great prospect of advantage. So, if thy colonel will undertake, for his love of the republic, to find the means of preventing its worst and nearest danger, which must needs occur from the escape of this Young Man, and will do his endeavor to stay him, in case his flight should lead him to Woodstock, which I hold very likely, I will give thee an order to these sequestrators to evacuate the palace instantly, and to the next troop of my regiment, which lies at Oxford, to turn them out by the shoulders, if they make any scruples,—ay, even, for example's sake, if they drag Desborough out foremost, though he be wedded to my sister."

"So please you, sir," said Wildrake, "and with your most powerful warrant, I trust I might expel the Commissioners, even without the aid of your most warlike and devout troopers."

"That is what I am least anxious about," replied the General: "I should like to see the best of them sit after I had nodded to them to begone—always excepting the worshipful House, in whose name our commissions run, but who, as some think, will be done with politics ere it be time to renew them. Therefore, what chiefly concerns me to know is, whether thy master will embrace a traffic which hath such a fair promise of profit with it. I am well convinced that, with a scout like thee, who hast been in the Cavaliers' quarters, and canst, I should guess, resume thy drinking, ruffianly, health-quaffing manners whenever thou hast a mind, he must discover where this Stuart hath ensconced himself. Either the young Lee will visit the old one in person, or he will write to him, or hold communication with him by letter. At all events, Markham Everard and thou must have an eye in every hair of your head." While he spoke, a flush passed over his brow, he rose from his chair, and paced the apartment in agitation. "Woe to you if you suffer the young adventurer to escape me! You had better be in the deepest dungeon in Europe than breathe the air of England, should you but dream of playing me false. I have spoken freely to thee, fellow—more freely

than is my wont ; the time required it. But, to share my confidence is like keeping a watch over a powder-magazine : the least and most insignificant spark blows thee to ashes. Tell your master what I have said, but not how I said it. Fie, that I should have been betrayed into this distemperature of passion ! Begone, sirrah. Pearson shall bring thee sealed orders. Yet, stay—thou hast something to ask.”

“ I would know,” said Wildrake, to whom the visible anxiety of the General gave some confidence, “ what is the figure of this young gallant, in case I should find him ? ”

“ A tall, rawboned, swarthy lad, they say he has shot up into. Here is his picture by a good hand, some time since.” He turned round one of the portraits which stood with its face against the wall ; but it proved not to be that of Charles the Second, but of his unhappy father.

The first motion of Cromwell indicated a purpose of hastily replacing the picture, and it seemed as if an effort was necessary to repress his disinclination to look upon it. But he did repress it, and, placing the picture against the wall, withdrew slowly and sternly, as if, in defiance of his own feelings, he was determined to gain a place from which to see it to advantage. It was well for Wildrake that his dangerous companion had not turned an eye on him, for *his* blood also kindled when he saw the portrait of his master in the hands of the chief author of his death. Being a fierce and desperate man, he commanded his passion with great difficulty ; and if, on its first violence, he had been provided with a suitable weapon, it is possible Cromwell would never have mounted higher in his bold ascent towards supreme power.

But this natural and sudden flash of indignation, which rushed through the veins of an ordinary man like Wildrake, was presently subdued when confronted with the strong yet stilled emotion displayed by so powerful a character as Cromwell. As the Cavalier looked on his dark and bold countenance, agitated by inward and indescribable feelings, he found his own violence of spirit die away and lose itself in fear and wonder. So true it is that, as greater lights swallow up and extinguish the display of those which are less, so men of great, capacious, and overruling minds bear aside and subdue, in their climax of passion, the more feeble wills and passions of others : as, when a river joins a brook, the fiercer torrent shoulders aside the smaller stream.

Wildrake stood a silent, inactive, and almost a terrified spectator, while Cromwell, assuming a firm sternness of eye

and manner, as one who compels himself to look on what some strong internal feeling renders painful and disgusting to him, proceeded, in brief and interrupted expressions, but yet with a firm voice, to comment on the portrait of the late king. His words seemed less addressed to Wildrake than to be the spontaneous unburdening of his own bosom, swelling under recollection of the past and anticipation of the future.

"That Flemish painter," he said—"that Antonio Vandyck, what a power he has! Steel may mutilate, warriors may waste and destroy, still the King stands uninjured by time; and our grandchildren, while they read his history, may look on his image, and compare the melancholy features with the woful tale. It was a stern necessity—it was an awful deed! The calm pride of that eye might have ruled worlds of crouching Frenchmen, or supple Italians, or formal Spaniards; but its glances only roused the native courage of the stern Englishman. Lay not on poor sinful man, whose breath is in his nostrils, the blame that he falls, when Heaven never gave him strength of nerves to stand. The weak rider is thrown by his unruly horse and trampled to death; the strongest man, the best cavalier, springs to the empty saddle, and uses bit and spur till the fiery steed knows its master. Who blames him who, mounted aloft, rides triumphantly amongst the people, for having succeeded where the unskilful and feeble fell and died? Verily he hath his reward. Then, what is that piece of painted canvas to me more than others? No; let him show to others the reproaches of that cold, calm face, that proud yet complaining eye. Those who have acted on higher respects have no cause to start at painted shadows. Not wealth nor power brought me from my obscurity; the oppressed consciences, the injured liberties of England, were the banner that I followed."

He raised his voice so high, as if pleading in his own defense before some tribunal, that Pearson, the officer in attendance, looked into the apartment; and observing his master, with his eyes kindling, his arm extended, his foot advanced, and his voice raised, like a general in the act of commanding the advance of his army, he instantly withdrew.

"It was other than selfish regards that drew me forth to action," continued Cromwell, "and I dare the world—ay, living or dead I challenge—to assert that I armed for a private cause, or as a means of enlarging my fortunes. Neither was there a trooper in the regiment who came there with less of personal evil will to yonder unhappy——"

At this moment the door of the apartment opened, and a gentlewoman entered, who, from her resemblance to the General, although her features were soft and feminine, might be immediately recognized as his daughter. She walked up to Cromwell, gently but firmly passed her arm through his, and said to him in a persuasive tone, "Father, this is not well : you have promised me this should not happen."

The General hung down his head, like one who was either ashamed of the passion to which he had given way or of the influence which was exercised over him. He yielded, however, to the affectionate impulse, and left the apartment, without again turning his head towards the portrait which had so much affected him, or looking towards Wildrake, who remained fixed in astonishment.

CHAPTER IX.

Doctor. Go to, go to. You have known what you should not.
Macbeth.

WILDRAKE was left in the cabinet, as we have said, astonished and alone. It was often noised about that Cromwell, the deep and sagacious statesman, the calm and intrepid commander, he who had overcome such difficulties, and ascended to such heights, that he seemed already to bestride the land which he had conquered, had, like many other men of great genius, a constitutional taint of melancholy, which sometimes displayed itself both in words and actions, and had been first observed in that sudden and striking change, when, abandoning entirely the dissolute freaks of his youth, he embraced a very strict course of religious observances, which upon some occasions he seemed to consider as bringing him into more near and close contact with the spiritual world. This extraordinary man is said sometimes during that period of his life to have given way to spiritual delusions, or, as he himself conceived them, prophetic inspirations of approaching grandeur, and of strange, deep, and mysterious agencies, in which he was in future to be engaged, in the same manner as his younger years had been marked by fits of exuberant and excessive frolic and debaucheries. Something of this kind seemed to explain the ebullition of passion which he had now manifested.

With wonder at what he had witnessed, Wildrake felt some anxiety on his own account. Though not the most reflecting of mortals, he had sense enough to know that it is dangerous to be a witness of the infirmities of men high in power; and he was left so long by himself, as induced him to entertain some secret doubts whether the General might not be tempted to take means of confining or removing a witness who had seen him lowered, as it seemed, by the suggestions of his own conscience, beneath that lofty flight which, in general, he affected to sustain above the rest of the sublunary world.

In this, however, he wronged Cromwell, who was free either from an extreme degree of jealous suspicion or from anything which approached towards bloodthirstiness. Pear-

son appeared, after a lapse of about an hour, and, intimating to Wildrake that he was to follow, conducted him into a distant apartment, in which he found the General seated on a low couch. His daughter was in the apartment, but remained at some distance, apparently busied with some female needlework, and scarce turned her head as Pearson and Wildrake entered.

At a sign from the Lord General, Wildrake approached him as before. "Comrade," he said, "your old friends the Cavaliers look on me as their enemy, and conduct themselves towards me as if they desired to make me such. I profess they are laboring to their own prejudice; for I regard, and have ever regarded, them as honest and honorable fools, who were silly enough to run their necks into nooses, and their heads against stone walls, that a man called Stuart, and no other, should be king over them! Fools! are there no words made of letters that would sound as well as Charles Stuart with that magic title beside them? Why, the word king is like a lighted lamp, that throws the same bright gilding upon any combination of the alphabet, and yet you must shed your blood for a name! But thou, for thy part, shalt have no wrong from me. Here is an order, well warranted, to clear the lodge at Woodstock, and abandon it to thy master's keeping, or those whom he shall appoint. He will have his uncle and pretty cousin with him, doubtless. Fare thee well; think on what I told thee. They say beauty is a lodestone to yonder long lad thou dost wot of; but I reckon he has other stars at present to direct his course than bright eyes and fair hair. Be it as it may, thou knowest my purpose; peer out—peer out: keep a constant and careful lookout on every ragged patch that wanders by hedgerow or lane: these are days when a beggar's cloak may cover a king's ransom. There are some broad Portugal pieces for thee—something strange to thy pouch, I ween. Once more, think on what thou hast heard, and," he added, in a lower and more impressive tone of voice, "forget what thou hast seen. My service to thy master; and, yet once again, *remember—and forget.*"

Wildrake made his obeisance, and, returning to his inn, left Windsor with all possible speed.

It was afternoon in the same day when the Cavalier rejoined his Roundhead friend, who was anxiously expecting him at the inn in Woodstock appointed for their rendezvous.

"Where hast thou been?—what hast thou seen?—what

strange uncertainty is in thy looks?—and why dost thou not answer me?”

“Because,” said Wildrake, laying aside his riding-cloak and rapier, “you ask so many questions at once. A man has but one tongue to answer with, and mine is well-nigh glued to the roof of my mouth.”

“Will drink unloosen it?” said the colonel; “though I daresay thou hast tried that spell at every alehouse on the road. Call for what thou wouldst have, man, only be quick.”

“Colonel Everard,” answered Wildrake, “I have not tasted so much as a cup of cold water this day.”

“Then thou art out of humor for that reason,” said the colonel; “salve thy sore with brandy, if thou wilt, but leave being so fantastic and unlike to thyself as thou showest in this silent mood.”

“Colonel Everard,” replied the Cavalier, very gravely, “I am an altered man.”

“I think thou dost alter,” said Everard, “every day in the year, and every hour of the day. Come, good now, tell me, hast thou seen the General, and got his warrant for clearing out the sequestrators from Woodstock?”

“I have seen the Devil,” said Wildrake, “and have, as thou sayst, got a warrant from him.”

“Give it me,” said Everard, hastily catching at the packet.

“Forgive me, Mark,” said Wildrake; “if thou knewest the purpose with which this deed is granted—if thou knewest—what it is not my purpose to tell thee—what manner of hopes are founded on thy accepting it, I have that opinion of thee, Mark Everard, that thou would’st as soon take a red-hot horseshoe from the anvil with thy bare hand as receive into it this slip of paper.”

“Come—come,” said Everard, “this comes of some of your exalted ideas of loyalty, which, excellent within certain bounds, drive us mad when encouraged up to some heights. Do not think, since I must needs speak plainly with thee, that I see without sorrow the downfall of our ancient monarchy, and the substitution of another form of government in its stead, but ought my regret for the past to prevent my acquiescing and aiding in such measures as are likely to settle the future? The royal cause is ruined, hadst thou and every Cavalier in England sworn the contrary—ruined, not to rise again, for many a day at least. The Parliament, so often draughted and drained of those who were coura-

geous enough to maintain their own freedom of opinion, is now reduced to a handful of statesmen, who have lost the respect of the people, from the length of time during which they have held the supreme management of affairs. They cannot stand long unless they were to reduce the army; and the army, late servants, are now masters, and will refuse to be reduced. They know their strength, and that they may be an army subsisting on pay and free quarters throughout England as long as they will. I tell thee, Wildrake, unless we look to the only man who can rule and manage them, we may expect military law throughout the land; and I, for mine own part, look for any preservation of our privileges that may be vouchsafed to us only through the wisdom and forbearance of Cromwell. Now you have my secret. You are aware that I am not doing the best I would, but the best I can. I wish—not so ardently as thou, perhaps—yet I *do* wish that the King could have been restored on good terms of composition, safe for us and for himself. And now, good Wildrake, rebel as thou thinkest me, make me no worse a rebel than an unwilling one. God knows, I never laid aside love and reverence to the King, even in drawing my sword against his ill advisers.”

“Ah, plague on you,” said Wildrake, “that is the very cant of it—that’s what you all say. All of you fought against the King in pure love and loyalty, and not otherwise. However, I see your drift, and I own that I like it better than I expected. The army is your bear now, and Old Noll is your bear-ward; and you are like a country constable, who makes interest with the bear-ward that he may prevent him from letting bruin loose. Well, there may come a day when the sun will shine on our side of the fence, and thereon shall you, and all the good fair-weather folks who love the stronger party, come and make common cause with us.”

Without much attending to what his friend said, Colonel Everard carefully studied the warrant of Cromwell. “It is bolder and more peremptory than I expected,” he said. “The General must feel himself strong, when he opposes his own authority so directly to that of the Council of State and the Parliament.”

“You will not hesitate to act upon it?” said Wildrake.

“That I certainly will not,” answered Everard; “but I must wait till I have the assistance of the Mayor, who, I think, will gladly see these fellows ejected from the lodge. I must not go altogether upon military authority, if pos-

sible." Then stepping to the door of the apartment, he despatched a servant of the house in quest of the chief magistrate, desiring he should be made acquainted that Colonel Everard desired to see him with as little loss of time as possible.

"You are sure he will come, like a dog at a whistle," said Wildrake. "The word captain or colonel makes the fat citizen trot in these days, when one sword is worth fifty corporation charters. But there are dragoons yonder, as well as the grim-faced knave whom I frightened the other evening when I showed my face in at the window. Think'st thou the knaves will show no rough play?"

"The General's warrant will weigh more with them than a dozen acts of Parliament," said Everard. "But it is time thou eatest, if thou hast in truth ridden from Windsor hither without baiting."

"I care not about it," said Wildrake: "I tell thee, your General gave me a breakfast which, I think, will serve me one while, if I am ever able to digest it. By the mass, it lay so heavy on my conscience, that I carried it to church to see if I could digest it there with my other sins. But not a whit."

"To church! To the door of the church, thou meanest," said Everard. "I know thy way: thou art ever wont to pull thy hat off reverently at the threshold, but for crossing it, that day seldom comes."

"Well," replied Wildrake, "and if I do pull off my castor and kneel, is it not seemly to show the same respects in a church which we offer in a palace? It is a dainty matter, is it not, to see your Anabaptists, and Brownists, and the rest of you, gather to a sermon with as little ceremony as hogs to a trough? But here comes food, and now for a grace, if I can remember one."

Everard was too much interested about the fate of his uncle and his fair cousin, and the prospect of restoring them to their quiet home, under the protection of that formidable truncheon which was already regarded as the leading-staff of England, to remark, that certainly a great alteration had taken place in the manners and outward behavior at least of his companion. His demeanor frequently evinced a sort of struggle betwixt old habits of indulgence and some newly-formed resolutions of abstinence: and it was almost ludicrous to see how often the hand of the neophyte directed itself naturally to a large black leathern jack, which contained two double flagons of strong ale, and

how often, diverted from its purpose by the better reflections of the reformed toper, it seized, instead, upon a large ewer of salubrious and pure water.

It was not difficult to see that the task of sobriety was not yet become easy, and that, if it had the recommendation of the intellectual portion of the party who had resolved upon it, the outward man yielded a reluctant and restive compliance. But honest Wildrake had been dreadfully frightened at the course proposed to him by Cromwell, and, with a feeling not peculiar to the Catholic religion, had formed a solemn resolution within his own mind that, if he came off safe and with honor from this dangerous interview, he would show his sense of Heaven's favor by renouncing some of the sins which most easily beset him, and especially that of intemperance, to which, like many of his wild companions, he was too much addicted.

This resolution, or vow, was partly prudential as well as religious; for it occurred to him as very possible that some matters of a difficult and delicate nature might be thrown into his hands at the present emergency, during the conduct of which it would be fitting for him to act by some better oracle than that of the Bottle, celebrated by Rabelais. In full compliance with this prudent determination, he touched neither the ale nor the brandy which were placed before him, and declined peremptorily the sack with which his friend would have garnished the board. Nevertheless, just as the boy removed the trenchers and napkins, together with the large black-jack which we have already mentioned and was one or two steps on his way to the door, the sinewy arm of the Cavalier, which seemed to elongate itself on purpose, as it extended far beyond the folds of the threadbare jacket, arrested the progress of the retiring Ganymede, and, seizing on the black-jack, conveyed it to the lips, which were gently breathing forth the aspiration, "D—n—I mean. Heaven forgive me! we are poor creatures of clay—one modest sip must be permitted to our frailty."

So murmuring, he glued the huge flagon to his lips, and as the head was slowly and gradually inclined backwards in proportion as the right hand elevated the bottom of the pitcher, Everard had great doubts whether the drinker and the cup were likely to part until the whole contents of the latter had been transferred to the person of the former. Roger Wildrake stinted, however, when, by a moderate computation, he had swallowed at one draught about a quart and a half.

He then replaced it on the salver, fetched a long breath to refresh his lungs, bade the boy get him gone with the rest of the liquors, in a tone which inferred some dread of his constancy, and then, turning to his friend Everard, he expatiated in praise of moderation, observing, that the mouthful which he had just taken had been of more service to him than if he had remained quaffing healths at table for four hours together.

His friend made no reply, but could not help being privately of opinion that Wildrake's temperance had done as much execution on the tankard in his single draught as some more moderate toppers might have effected if they had sat sipping for an evening. But the subject was changed by the entrance of the landlord, who came to announce to his honor Colonel Everard that the worshipful Mayor of Woodstock, with the Rev. Master Holdenough, were come to wait upon him.

CHAPTER X

Here we have one head
Upon two bodies ; your two-headed bullock
Is but an ass to such a prodigy.
These two have but one meaning, thought, and counsel ;
And, when the single noddle has spoke out,
The four legs scraps assent to 't.

Old Play.

IN the goodly form of the honest Mayor there was a bustling mixture of importance and embarrassment, like the deportment of a man who was conscious that he had an important part to act, if he could but exactly discover what that part was. But both were mingled with much pleasure at seeing Everard, and he frequently repeated his welcomes and all-hails before he could be brought to attend to what that gentleman said in reply.

“ Good, worthy colonel, you are indeed a desirable sight to Woodstock at all times, being, as I may say, almost our townsman, as you have dwelt so much and so long at the palace. Truly, the matter begins almost to pass my wit, though I have transacted the affairs of this borough for many a long day ; and you are come to my assistance like—like——”

“ *Tanquam deus ex machina*, as the ethnic poet hath it,” said Master Holdenough, “ although I do not often quote from such books. Indeed, Master Markham Everard—or worthy colonel, as I ought rather to say—you are simply the most welcome man who has come to Woodstock since the days of old King Harry.”

“ I had some business with you, my good friend,” said the colonel, addressing the Mayor ; “ I shall be glad if it should so happen at the same time that I may find occasion to pleasure you or your worthy pastor.”

“ No question you can do so, good sir,” interposed Master Holdenough : “ you have the heart, sir, and you have the hand ; and we are much in want of good counsel, and that from a man of action. I am aware, worthy colonel, that you and your worthy father have ever borne yourselves in these turmoils like men of a truly Christian and moderate

spirit, striving to pour oil into the wounds of the land, which some would rub with vitriol and pepper; and we know you are faithful children of that church which we have reformed from its papistical and prelatical tenets."

"My good and reverend friend," said Everard, "I respect the piety and learning of many of your teachers; but I am also for liberty of conscience to all men. I neither side with sectaries nor do I desire to see them the object of suppression by violence."

"Sir—sir," said the Presbyterian, hastily, "all this hath a fair sound; but I would you should think what a fine country and church we are like to have of it, amidst the errors, blasphemies, and schisms which are daily introduced into the church and kingdom of England, so that worthy Master Edwards, in his *Gangrana*, declareth, that our native country is about to become the very sink and cesspool of all schisms, heresies, blasphemies, and confusions, as the army of Hannibal was said to be the refuse of all nations—*colli-vies omnium gentium*. Believe me, worthy colonel, that they of the Honorable House view all this over-lightly, and with the winking connivance of old Eli. These instructors, the schismatics, shoulder the orthodox ministers out of their pulpits, thrust themselves into families, and break up the peace thereof, stealing away men's hearts from the established faith."

"My good Master Holdenough," replied the colonel, interrupting the zealous preacher, "there is ground of sorrow for all these unhappy discords; and I hold with you, that the fiery spirits of the present time have raised men's minds at once above sober-minded and sincere religion and above decorum and common sense. But there is no help save patience. Enthusiasm is a stream that may foam off in its own time, whereas it is sure to bear down every barrier which is directly opposed to it. But what are these schismatical proceedings to our present purpose?"

"Why, partly this, sir," said Holdenough, "although perhaps you may make less of it than I should have thought before we met. I was myself—I, Nehemiah Holdenough," he added, consequentially, "was forcibly expelled from my own pulpit, even as a man should have been thrust out of his own house, by an alien and an intruder, a wolf, who was not at the trouble even to put on sheep's clothing, but came in his native wolfish attire of buff and bandoleer, and held forth in my stead to the people, who are to me as a flock to the lawful shepherd. It is too true, sir. Master Mayor saw

it, and strove to take such order to prevent it as a man might, though," turning to the Mayor, "I think still you might have striven a little more."

"Good now, good Master Holdenough, do not let us go back on that question," said the Mayor. "Guy of Warwick or Bevis of Hampton might do something with this generation; but truly, they are too many and too strong for the Mayor of Woodstock."

"I think Master Mayor speaks very good sense," said the colonel. "If the Independents are not allowed to preach, I fear me they will not fight; and then if you were to have another rising of Cavaliers?"

"There are worse folks may rise than Cavaliers," said Holdenough.

"How, sir!" replied Colonel Everard. "Let me remind you, Master Holdenough, that is no safe language in the present state of the nation."

"I say," said the Presbyterian, "there are worse folk may rise than Cavaliers; and I will prove what I say. The Devil is worse than the worst Cavalier that ever drank a health or swore an oath—and the Devil has arisen at Woodstock Lodge!"

"Ay, truly hath he," said the Mayor, "bodily and visibly, in figure and form. An awful time we live in!"

"Gentlemen, I really know not how I am to understand you," said Everard.

"Why, it was even about the Devil we came to speak with you," said the Mayor; "but the worthy minister is always so hot upon the sectaries——"

"Which are the Devil's brats, and nearly akin to him," said Master Holdenough. "But true it is, that the growth of these sects has brought up the Evil One even upon the face of the earth, to look after his own interest, where he finds it most thriving."

"Master Holdenough," said the colonel, "if you speak figuratively, I have already told you that I have neither the means nor the skill sufficient to temper these religious heats. But if you design to say that there has been an actual apparition of the Devil, I presume to think that you, with your doctrine and your learning, would be a fitter match for him than a soldier like me."

"True, sir; and I have that confidence in the commission which I hold, that I would take the field against the Foul Fiend without a moment's delay," said Holdenough; "but the place in which he hath of late appeared, being Wood-

stock, is filled with those dangerous and impious persons of whom I have been but now complaining; and though, confident in my own resources, I dare venture in disputation with their Great Master himself, yet without your protection, most worthy colonel, I see not that I may with prudence trust myself with the tossing and goring ox Desborough, or the bloody and devouring bear Harrison, or the cold and poisonous snake Bletson—all of whom are now at the lodge, doing license and taking spoil as they think meet; and, as all men say, the Devil has come to make a fourth with them.”

“In good truth, worthy and noble sir,” said the Mayor, “it is even as Master Holdenough says: our privileges are declared void, our cattle seized in the very pastures. They talk of cutting down and disparking the fair chase, which has been so long the pleasure of so many kings, and making Woodstock of as little note as any paltry village. I assure you we heard of your arrival with joy, and wondered at your keeping yourself so close in your lodgings. We know no one save your father or you that are like to stand the poor burgesses’ friend in this extremity, since almost all the gentry around are Malignants, and under sequestration. We trust, therefore, you will make strong intercession in our behalf.”

“Certainly, Master Mayor,” said the colonel, who saw himself with pleasure anticipated; “it was my very purpose to have interfered in this matter, and I did but keep myself alone until I should be furnished with some authority from the Lord General.”

“Powers from the Lord General!” said the Mayor, thrusting the clergyman with his elbow. “Dost thou hear that? What cock will fight that cock? We shall carry it now over their necks, and Woodstock shall be brave Woodstock still.”

“Keep thine elbow from my side, friend,” said Holdenough, annoyed by the action which the Mayor had suited to his words; “and may the Lord send that Cromwell prove not as sharp to the people of England as thy bones against my person! Yet I approve that we should use his authority to stop the course of these men’s proceedings.”

“Let us set out, then,” said Colonel Everard; “and I trust we shall find the gentlemen reasonable and obedient.”

The functionaries, lay and clerical, assented with much joy; and the colonel required and received Wildrake’s assistance in putting on his cloak and rapier, as if he had been

the dependant whose part he acted. The Cavalier contrived, however, while doing him these menial offices, to give his friend a shrewd pinch, in order to maintain the footing of secret equality betwixt them.

The colonel was saluted, as they passed through the streets, by many of the anxious inhabitants, who seemed to consider his intervention as affording the only chance of saving their fine park, and the rights of the corporation, as well as of individuals, from ruin and confiscation.

As they entered the park, the colonel asked his companions, "What is this you say of apparitions been seen amongst them?"

"Why, colonel," said the clergyman, "you know yourself that Woodstock was always haunted?"

"I have lived therein many a day," said the colonel, "and I know that I never saw the least sign of it, although idle people spoke of the house as they do of all old mansions, and gave the apartments ghosts and specters to fill up the places of as many of the deceased great as had ever dwelt there."

"Nay, but, good colonel," said the clergyman, "I trust you have not reached the prevailing sin of the times, and become indifferent to the testimony in favor of apparitions, which appears so conclusive to all but atheists and advocates for witches?"

"I would not absolutely disbelieve what is so generally affirmed," said the colonel; "but my reason leads me to doubt most of the stories which I have heard of this sort, and my own experience never went to confirm any of them."

"Ay, but trust me," said Holdenough, "there was always a demon of one or the other species about this Woodstock. Not a man or woman in the town but has heard stories of apparitions in the forest or about the old castle. Sometimes it is a pack of hounds that sweep along, and the whoops and halloos of the huntsmen, and the winding of horns and the galloping of horse, which is heard as if first more distant, and then close around you; and then anon it is a solitary huntsman, who asks if you can tell him which way the stag is gone. He is always dressed in green; but the fashion of his clothes is some five hundred years old. This what we call Demon Meridianum—the noonday specter."

"My worthy and reverend sir," said the colonel, "I have lived at Woodstock many seasons, and have traversed the chase at all hours. Trust me, what you hear from the villagers is the growth of their idle folly and superstition."

"Colonel," replied Holdenough, "a negative proves nothing. What signifies, craving your pardon, that you have not seen anything, be it earthly or be it of the other world, to detract from the evidence of a score of people who have? And, besides, there is the *Demon Nocturnum*—the being that walketh by night. He has been among these Independents and schismatics last night. Ay, colonel, you may stare, but it is even so; they may try whether he will mend their gifts, as they profanely call them, of exposition and prayer. No, sir, I trow, to master the foul fiend there goeth some competent knowledge of theology, and an acquaintance of the humane letters, ay, and a regular clerical education and clerical calling."

"I do not in the least doubt," said the colonel, "the efficacy of your qualifications to lay the Devil; but still I think some odd mistake has occasioned this confusion amongst them, if there has any such in reality existed. Desborough is a blockhead, to be sure; and Harrison is fanatic enough to believe anything. But there is Bletson, on the other hand, who believes nothing. What do you know of this matter, good Master Mayor?"

"In sooth, and it was Master Bletson who gave the first alarm," replied the magistrate, "or, at least, the first distinct one. You see, sir, I was in bed with my wife, and no one else; and I was as fast asleep as a man can desire to be at two hours after midnight, when, behold you, they came knocking at my bedroom door, to tell me there was an alarm in Woodstock, and that the bell of the lodge was ringing at that dead hour of the night as hard as ever it rung when it called the court to dinner."

"Well, but the cause of this alarm?" said the colonel.

"You shall hear, worthy colonel—you shall hear," answered the Mayor, waving his hand with dignity; for he was one of those persons who will not be hurried out of their own pace. "So Mrs. Mayor would have persuaded me, in her love and affection, poor wretch, that to rise at such an hour out of my own warm bed was like to bring on my old complaint the lumbago, and that I should send the people to Alderman Dutton. 'Alderman Devil, Mrs. Mayor,' said I—I beg your reverence's pardon for using such a phrase—Do you think I am going to lie a-bed when the town is on fire, and the Cavaliers up, and the devil to pay? I beg pardon again, parson. But here we are before the gate of the palace; will it not please you to enter?"

"I would first hear the end of your story," said the

colonel; "that is, Master Mayor, if it happens to have an end."

"Everything hath an end," said the Mayor, "and that which we call a pudding hath two. Your worship will forgive me for being facetious. Where was I? O, I jumped out of bed, and put on my red plush breeches, with the blue nether stocks, for I always make a point of being dressed suitably to my dignity, night and day, summer or winter, Colonel Everard; and I took the constable along with me, in case the alarm should be raised by night-walkers or thieves, and called up worthy Master Holdenough out of his bed, in case it should turn out to be the Devil. And so I thought I was provided for the worst, and so away we came; and, by and by, the soldiers, who came to the town with Master Tomkins, who had been called to arms, came marching down to Woodstock as fast as their feet would carry them; so I gave our people the sign to let them pass us, and outmarch us, as it were, and this for a twofold reason."

"I will be satisfied," interrupted the colonel, "with one good reason. You desired the redcoats should have the *first* of the fray?"

"True, sir—very true; and also that they should have the *last* of it, in respect that fighting is their especial business. However, we came on at a slow pace, as men who are determined to do their duty without fear or favor, when suddenly we saw something white haste away up the avenue towards the town, when six of our constables and assistants fled at once, as conceiving it to be an apparition called the White Woman of Woodstock."

"Look you there, colonel," said Master Holdenough, "I told you there were demons of more kinds than one, which haunt the ancient scenes of royal debauchery and cruelty."

"I hope you stood your own ground, Master Mayor?" said the colonel.

"I—yes—most assuredly—that is, I did not, strictly speaking, keep my ground; but the town clerk and I retreated—retreated, colonel, and without confusion or dishonor, and took post behind worthy Master Holdenough, who, with the spirit of a lion, threw himself in the way of the supposed specter, and attacked it with such a siserary of Latin as might have scared the Devil himself, and thereby plainly discovered that it was no devil at all, nor white woman, neither woman of any color, but worshipful Master Bletson, a member of the House of Commons, and

one of the commissioners sent hither upon this unhappy sequestration of the wood, chase, and lodge of Woodstock."

"And this was all you saw of the demon?" said the colonel.

"Truly, yes," answered the Mayor; "and I had no wish to see more. However, we conveyed Master Bletson, as in duty bound, back to the lodge, and he was ever maundering by the way how that he met a party of scarlet devils incarnate marching down to the lodge; but, to my poor thinking, it must have been the Independent dragoons who had just passed us."

"And more incarnate devils I would never wish to see," said Wildrake, who could remain silent no longer. His voice, so suddenly heard, showed how much the Mayor's nerves were still alarmed, for he started and jumped aside with an alacrity of which no one would at first sight suppose a man of his portly dignity to have been capable. Everard imposed silence on his intrusive attendant; and, desirous to hear the conclusion of this strange story, requested the Mayor to tell him how the matter ended, and whether they stopped the supposed specter.

"Truly, worthy sir," said the Mayor, "Master Hold-enough was quite venturous upon confronting, as it were, the Devil, and compelling him to appear under the real form of Master Joshua Bletson, member of Parliament for the borough of Littlefaith."

"In sooth, Master Mayor," said the divine, "I were strangely ignorant of my own commission and its immunities if I were to value opposing myself to Satan, or any Independent in his likeness, all of whom, in the name of Him I serve, I do defy, spit at, and trample under my feet; and because Master Mayor is something tedious, I will briefly inform your honor that we saw little of the Enemy that night, save what Master Bletson said in the first feeling of his terrors, and save what we might collect from the disordered appearance of the Honorable Colonel Desborough and Major-General Harrison."

"And what plight were they in, I pray you?" demanded the colonel,

"Why, worthy sir, every one might see with half an eye that they had been engaged in a fight wherein they had not been honored with perfect victory; seeing that General Harrison was stalking up and down the parlor, with his drawn sword in his hand, talking to himself, his doublet unbuttoned, his points untrussed, his garters loose, and like

to throw him down as he now and then trode on them, and gaping and grinning like a mad player. And yonder sat Desborough with a dry pottle of sack before him, which he had just emptied, and which, though the element in which he trusted, had not restored him sense enough to speak or courage enough to look over his shoulder. He had a Bible in his hand, forsooth, as if it would of itself make battle against the Evil One; but I peered over his shoulder, and, alas! the good gentleman held the bottom of the page uppermost. It was as if one of your musketeers, noble and valiant sir, were to present the butt of his piece at the enemy instead of the muzzle—ha, ha, ha! it was a sight to judge of schismatics by, both in point of head and in point of heart, in point of skill and in point of courage. Oh! colonel, then was the time to see the true character of an authorized pastor of souls over those unhappy men who leap into the fold without due and legal authority, and will, forsooth, preach, teach, and exhort, and blasphemously term the doctrine of the church saltless porridge and dry chips!”

“I have no doubt you were ready to meet the danger, reverend sir: but I would fain know of what nature it was, and from whence it was to be apprehended?”

“Was it for me to make such inquiry?” said the clergyman, triumphantly. “Is it for a brave soldier to number his enemies, or inquire from what quarter they are to come? No, sir, I was there with match lighted, bullet in my mouth, and my harquebuss shouldered, to encounter as many devils as Hell could pour in, were they countless as motes in the sunbeam, and although they came from all points of the compass. The Papists talk of the temptation of St. Anthony—pshaw! Let them double all the myriads which the brain of a crazy Dutch painter hath invented, and you will find a poor Presbyterian divine—I will answer for one at least—who, not in his own strength, but his Master’s, will receive the assault in such sort that, far from returning against him as against yonder poor hound, day after day and night after night, he will at once pack them off as with a vengeance to the uttermost parts of Assyria.”

“Still,” said the colonel, “I pray to know whether you saw anything upon which to exercise your pious learning?”

“Saw,” answered the divine; “no, truly, I saw nothing, nor did I look for anything. Thieves will not attack well-armed travelers, nor will devils or evil spirits come against one who bears in his bosom the Word of truth, in the very

language in which it was first dictated. No, sir, they shun a divine who can understand the holy text, as a crow is said to keep wide of a gun loaded with hail-shot."

They had walked a little way back upon their road to give time for this conversation; and the colonel, perceiving it was about to lead to no satisfactory explanation of the real cause of alarm on the preceding night, turned round, and observing, it was time they should go the lodge, began to move in that direction with his three companions.

It had now become dark, and the towers of Woodstock arose high above the umbrageous shroud which the forest spread around the ancient and venerable mansion. From one of the highest turrets, which could still be distinguished as it rose against the clear blue sky, there gleamed a light like that of a candle within the building.

The Mayor stopped short, and catching fast hold of the divine and then of Colonel Everard, exclaimed, in a trembling and hasty, but suppressed, tone—"Do you see yonder light?"

"Ay," marry do I," said Colonel Everard: "and what does that matter? A light in a garret-room of such an old mansion as Woodstock is no subject for wonder, I trow."

"But a light from Rosamond's Tower is surely so?" said the Mayor.

"True," said the colonel, something surprised when, after a careful examination, he satisfied himself that the worthy magistrate's conjecture was right. "That is indeed Rosamond's Tower; and as the drawbridge by which it was accessible has been destroyed for centuries, it is hard to say what chance could have lighted a lamp in such an inaccessible place."

"That light burns with no earthly fuel," said the Mayor: "neither from whale nor olive oil, nor bees-wax, nor mutton-suet either. I dealt in these commodities, colonel, before I went into my present line; and I can assure you I could distinguish the sort of light they give, one from another, at a greater distance than yonder turret. Look you, that is no earthly flame. See you not something blue and reddish upon the edges? that bodes full well where it comes from. Colonel, in my opinion we had better go back to sup at the town, and leave the Devil and the redcoats to settle their matters together for to-night; and then when we come back the next morning, we will have a pull with the party that chances to keep a-field."

"You will do as you please, Master Mayor," said Everard,

"but my duty requires me that I should see the Commissioners to-night."

"And mine requires me to see the Foul Fiend," said Master Holdenough, "if he dare make himself visible to me. I wonder not that, knowing who is approaching, he betakes himself to the very citadel, the inner and the last defenses, of this ancient and haunted mansion. He is dainty, I warrant you, and must dwell where is a relish of luxury and murder about the walls of his chamber. In yonder turret sinned Rosamond, and in yonder turret she suffered; and there she sits, or more likely, the Enemy in her shape, as I have heard true men of Woodstock tell. I wait on you, good colonel; Master Mayor will do as he pleases. The strong man hath fortified himself in his dwelling-house, but, lo, there cometh another stronger than he."

"For me," said the Mayor, "who am as unlearned as I am unwarlike, I will not engage either with the powers of the Earth or the Prince of the Powers of the Air, and I would we were again at Woodstock; and harkye, good fellow," slapping Wildrake on the shoulder, "I will bestow on thee a shilling wet and a shilling dry if thou wilt go back with me."

"Gadzookers, Master Mayor," said Wildrake, neither flattered by the magistrate's familiarity of address nor captivated by his munificence, "I wonder who the devil made you and me fellows? And, besides, do you think I would go back to Woodstock with your worshipful cod's-head, when, by good management, I may get a peep of Fair Rosamond, and see whether she was that choice and incomparable piece of ware which the world has been told of by rhymers and ballad-makers?"

"Speak less lightly and wantonly, friend," said the divine; "we are to resist the Devil that he may flee from us, and not to tamper with him, or enter into his counsels, or traffic with the merchandise of his great Vanity Fair."

"Mind what the good man says, Wildrake," said the colonel; "and take heed another time how thou dost suffer thy wit to outrun discretion."

"I am beholden to the reverend gentleman for his advice," answered Wildrake, upon whose tongue it was difficult to impose any curb whatever, even when his own safety rendered it most desirable. "But, gadzookers, let him have had what experience he will in fighting with the Devil, he never saw one so black as I had a tussle with—not a hundred years ago."

"How, friend," said the clergyman, who understood everything literally when apparitions were mentioned, "have you had so late a visitation of Satan? Believe me, then, that I wonder why thou dardest to entertain his name so often and so lightly as I see thou dost use it in thy ordinary discourse. But when and where didst thou see the Evil One?"

Everard hastily interposed, lest by something yet more strongly alluding to Cromwell his imprudent squire should, in mere wantonness, betray his interview with the General. "The young man raves," he said, "of a dream which he had the other night, when he and I slept together in Victor Lee's chamber, belonging to the ranger's apartments at the lodge."

"Thanks for help at a pinch, good patron," said Wildrake, whispering into Everard's ear, who in vain endeavored to shake him off, "a fib never failed a fanatic."

"You, also, spoke something too lightly of these matters, considering the work which we have in hand, worthy colonel," said the Presbyterian divine. "Believe me, the young man, thy servant, was more likely to see visions than to dream merely idle dreams in that apartment; for I have always heard that, next to Rosamond's Tower, in which, as I said, she played the wanton, and was afterwards poisoned by Queen Eleanor, Victor Lee's chamber was the place in the lodge of Woodstock more peculiarly the haunt of evil spirits. I pray you, young man, tell me this dream or vision of yours."

"With all my heart, sir," said Wildrake; then addressing his patron, who began to interfere, he said, "Tush, sir, you have had the discourse for an hour, and why should not I hold forth in my turn? By this darkness, if you keep me silent any longer, I will turn Independent preacher, and stand up in your despite for the freedom of private judgment. And so, reverend sir, I was dreaming of a carnal divertisement called a bull-baiting; and methought they were venturing dogs at head, as merrily as e'er I saw them at Tutbury bull-running; and methought I heard some one say, there was the Devil come to have a sight of the bull-ring. Well, I thought that, gadswoons, I would have a peep at his Infernal Majesty. So I looked, and there was a butcher in greasy woolen, with his steel by his side; but he was none of the Devil. And there was a drunken Cavalier, with his mouth full of oaths, and his stomach full of emptiness, and a gold-laced waistcoat in a very dilapidated condition, and a ragged hat, with a piece of a feather in it;

and he was none of the Devil neither. And there was a miller, his hands dusty with meal, and every atom of it stolen; and there was a vintner, his green apron stained with wine, and every drop of it sophisticated; but neither was the old gentleman I looked for to be detected among these artisans of iniquity. At length, sir, I saw a grave person with cropped hair, a pair of longish and projecting ears, a band as broad as a slobbering bib under his chin, a brown coat surmounted by a Geneva cloak, and I had Old Nicholas at once in his genuine paraphernalia, by ——!"

"Shame—shame!" said Colonel Everard. "What! behave thus to an old gentleman and a divine!"

"Nay, let him proceed," said the minister, with perfect equanimity; "if thy friend, or secretary, is gibing, I must have less patience than becomes my profession if I could not bear an idle jest, and forgive him who makes it. Or if, on the other hand, the Enemy has really presented himself to the young man in such a guise as he intimates, wherefore should we be surprised that he who can take upon him the form of an angel of light should be able to assume that of a frail and peccable mortal, whose spiritual calling and profession ought, indeed, to induce him to make his life an example to others, but whose conduct, nevertheless, such is the imperfection of our unassisted nature, sometimes rather presents us with a warning of what we should shun?"

"Now, by the mass, honest dominie—I mean, reverend sir—I crave you a thousand pardons," said Wildrake, penetrated by the quietness and patience of the Presbyterian's rebuke. "By St. George, if quiet patience will do it, thou art fit to play a game at foils with the Devil himself and I would be contented to hold stakes."

As he concluded an apology which was certainly not uncalled for, and seemed to be received in perfectly good part, they approached so close to the exterior door of the lodge that they were challenged with the emphatic "Stand," by a sentinel who mounted guard there. Colonel Everard replied, "A friend"; and the sentinel repeating his command, "Stand, friend," proceeded to call the corporal of the guard. The corporal came forth, and at the same time turned out his guard. Colonel Everard gave his name and designation, as well as those of his companions, on which the corporal said, "He doubted not there would be orders for his instant admission; but, in the first place, Master Tomkins must be consulted, that he might learn their honors' mind,"

“How, sir!” said the colonel, “do you, knowing who I am, presume to keep me on the outside of your post?”

“Not if your honor pleases to enter,” said the corporal, “and undertakes to be my warranty; but such are the orders of my post.”

“Nay, then, do your duty,” said the colonel; “but are the Cavaliers up, or what is the matter, that you keep so close and strict a watch?”

The fellow gave no distinct answer, but muttered between his mustachios something about the enemy, and the roaring lion who goeth about seeking whom he may devour. Presently afterwards, Tomkins appeared, followed by two servants, bearing lights in great standing brass candlesticks. They marched before Colonel Everard and his party, keeping as close to each other as two cloves of the same orange: and starting from time to time, and shuddering, as they passed through sundry intricate passages, they led up a large and ample wooden staircase, the banisters, rail, and lining of which were executed in black oak, and finally into a long saloon, or parlor, where there was a prodigious fire, and about twelve candles of the largest size distributed in sconces against the wall. There were seated the Commissioners, who now held in their power the ancient mansion and royal domain of Woodstock.

CHAPTER XI.

The bloody bear, an independent beast,
Unlick'd to forms, in groans his hate express'd.

Next him the buffoon ape, as atheists use,
Mimick'd all sects, and had his own to choose.

Hind and Panther.

THE strong light in the parlor which we have described served to enable Everard easily to recognize his acquaintances, Desborough, Harrison, and Bletson, who had assembled round an oak table of large dimensions, placed near the blazing chimney, on which were arranged wine, and ale, and materials for smoking, then the general indulgence of the time. There was a species of movable cupboard set betwixt the table and the door, calculated originally for a display of plate upon grand occasions, but at present only used as a screen; which purpose it served so effectually that, ere he had coasted around it, Everard heard the following fragment of what Desborough was saying, in his strong coarse voice: "Sent him to share with us, I'se warrant ye. It was always his Excellency my brother-in-law's way: if he made a treat for five friends, he would invite more than the table could hold. I have known him ask three men to eat two eggs."

"Hush—hush," said Bletson; and the servants making their appearance from behind the tall cupboard, announced Colonel Everard. It may not be uninteresting to the reader to have a description of the party into which he now entered.

Desborough was a stout, bull-necked man, of middle size, with heavy, vulgar features, grizzled, bushy eyebrows, and wall-eyes. The flourish of his powerful relative's fortunes had burst forth in the finery of his dress, which was much more ornamented than was usual among the Roundheads. There was embroidery on his cloak, and lace upon his band; his hat displayed a feather with a golden clasp; and all his habiliments were those of a Cavalier, or follower of the court, rather than the plain dress of a Parliamentary officer. But, Heaven knows, there was little of courtlike

grace or dignity in the person or demeanor of the individual, who became his fine suit as the hog on the sign-post does his gilded armor. It was not that he was positively deformed, or misshaped, for, taken in detail, the figure was well enough. But his limbs seemed to act upon different and contradictory principles. They were not, as the play says, in a concatenation accordingly: the right hand moved as if it were upon bad terms with the left, and the legs showed an inclination to foot it in different and opposite directions. In short, to use an extravagant comparison, the members of Colonel Desborough seemed rather to resemble the disputatious representatives of a federative congress than the well-ordered union of the orders of the state in a firm and well-compacted monarchy, where each holds his own place and all obey the dictates of a common head.

General Harrison, the second of the Commissioners, was a tall, thin, middle-aged man, who had risen into his high situation in the army, and his intimacy with Cromwell, by his dauntless courage in the field, and the popularity he had acquired by his exalted enthusiasm amongst the military saints, sectaries, and Independents who composed the strength of the existing army. Harrison was of mean extraction, and bred up to his father's employment of a butcher. Nevertheless, his appearance, though coarse, was not vulgar, like that of Desborough, who had so much the advantage of him in birth and education. He had a masculine height and strength of figure, was well made, and in his manner announced a rough military character, which might be feared, but could not easily become the object of contempt or ridicule. His aquiline nose and dark black eyes set off to some advantage a countenance otherwise irregular, and the wild enthusiasm that sometimes sparkled in them as he dilated on his opinions to others, and often seemed to slumber under his long dark eyelashes as he mused upon them himself, gave something strikingly wild, and even noble, to his aspect. He was one of the chief leaders of those who were called Fifth Monarchy men, who, going even beyond the general fanaticism of the age, presumptuously interpreted the Book of the Revelations after their own fancies, considered that the second advent of the Messiah, and the millennium, or reign of the saints upon earth, was close at hand, and that they themselves, illuminated, as they believed, with the power of foreseeing these approaching events, were the chosen instruments for the establishment of the New Reign, or

Fifth Monarchy, as it was called, and were fated also to win its honors, whether celestial or terrestrial.

When this spirit of enthusiasm, which operated like a partial insanity, was not immediately affecting Harrison's mind, he was a shrewd, worldly man and a good soldier, one who missed no opportunity of mending his fortune, and who, in expecting the exaltation of the Fifth Monarchy, was, in the meanwhile, a ready instrument for the establishment of the Lord General's supremacy. Whether it was owing to his early occupation, and habits of indifference to pain or bloodshed acquired in the shambles, to natural disposition and want of feeling, or, finally, to the awakened character of his enthusiasm, which made him look upon those who opposed him as opposing the Divine will, and therefore meriting no favor or mercy, is not easy to say; but all agreed that, after a victory or the successful storm a town, Harrison was one of the most cruel and pitiless men in Cromwell's army, always urging some misapplied text to authorize the continued execution of the fugitives, and sometimes even putting to death those who had surrendered themselves prisoners. It was said, that at times the recollection of some of those cruelties troubled his conscience, and disturbed the dreams of beatification in which his imagination indulged.

When Everard entered the apartment, this true representative of the fanatical soldiers of the day, who filled those ranks and regiments which Cromwell had politically kept on foot, while he procured the reduction of those in which the Presbyterian interest predominated, was seated a little apart from the others, his legs crossed and stretched out at length towards the fire, his head resting on his elbow, and turned upwards, as if studying, with the most profound gravity, the half-seen carving of the Gothic roof.

Bletson remains to be mentioned, who, in person and figure, was diametrically different from the other two. There was neither foppery nor slovenliness in his exterior, nor had he any marks of military service or rank about his person. A small walking rapier seemed merely worn as a badge of his rank as a gentleman, without his hand having the least purpose of becoming acquainted with the hilt, or his eye with the blade. His countenance was thin and acute, marked with lines which thought rather than age had traced upon it; and a habitual sneer on his countenance, even when he least wished to express contempt on his features, seemed to assure the individual addressed that in

Bletson he conversed with a person of intellect far superior to his own. This was a triumph of intellect only, however: for on all occasions of difference respecting speculative opinions, and indeed on all controversies whatsoever, Bletson avoided the ultimate *ratio* of blows and knocks.

Yet this peaceful gentleman had found himself obliged to serve personally in the Parliamentary army at the commencement of the Civil War, till, happening unluckily to come in contact with the fiery Prince Rupert, his retreat was judged so precipitate, that it required all the shelter his friends could afford to keep him free of an impeachment or a court-martial. But as Bletson spoke well, and with great effect, in the House of Commons, which was his natural sphere, and was on that account high in the estimation of his party, his behavior at Edgehill was passed over, and he continued to take an active share in all the political events of that bustling period, though he faced not again the actual front of war.

Bletson's theoretical politics had long inclined him to espouse the opinions of Harrington and others, who adopted the visionary idea of establishing a pure democratical republic in so extensive a country as Britain. This was a rash theory, where there is such an infinite difference betwixt ranks, habits, education, and morals; where there is such an immense disproportion betwixt the wealth of individuals; and where a large portion of the inhabitants consists of the inferior classes of the large towns and manufacturing districts—men unfitted to bear that share in the direction of a state which must be exercised by the members of a republic in the proper sense of the word. Accordingly, as soon as the experiment was made, it became obvious that no such form of government could be adopted with the smallest chance of stability; and the question came only to be, whether the remnant, or, as it was vulgarly called, the Rump, of the Long Parliament, now reduced by the seclusion of so many of the members to a few scores of persons, should continue, in spite of their unpopularity, to rule the affairs of Britain? Whether they should cast all loose by dissolving themselves, and issuing writs to convoke a new Parliament, the composition of which no one could answer for, any more than for the measures they might take when assembled? Or, lastly, whether Cromwell, as actually happened, was not to throw the sword into the balance, and boldly possess himself of that power which the remnant of the Parliament were unable to hold, and yet afraid to resign?

Such being the state of parties, the Council of State, in distributing the good things in their gift, endeavored to soothe and gratify the army, as a beggar flings crusts to a growling mastiff. In this view Desborough had been created a Commissioner in the Woodstock matter to gratify Cromwell, Harrison to soothe the fierce Fifth Monarchy men, and Bletson as a sincere republican, and one of their own heaven.

But if they supposed Bletson had the least intention of becoming a martyr to his republicanism, or submitting to any serious loss on account of it, they much mistook the man. He entertained their principles sincerely, and not the less that they were found impracticable; for the miscarriage of his experiment no more converts the political speculator than the explosion of a retort undeceives an alchemist. But Bletson was quite prepared to submit to Cromwell, or any one else who might be possessed of the actual authority. He was a ready subject in practise to the powers existing, and made little difference betwixt various kinds of government, holding in theory all to be nearly equal in imperfection, so soon as they diverged from the model of Harrington's *Oceanum*. Cromwell had already been tampering with him, like wax between his finger and thumb, and which he was ready shortly to seal with, smiling at the same time to himself when he beheld the Council of State giving rewards to Bletson as their faithful adherent, while he himself was secure of his allegiance, how soon soever the expected change of government should take place.

But Bletson was still more attached to his metaphysical than his political creed, and carried his doctrines of the perfectibility of mankind as far as he did those respecting the conceivable perfection of a model of government; and as in the one case he declared against all power which did not emanate from the people themselves, so, in his moral speculations, he was unwilling to refer any of the phenomena of nature to a final cause. When pushed, indeed, very hard, Bletson was compelled to mutter some inarticulate and unintelligible doctrines concerning *Animus Mundi*, or Creative Power, in the works of nature, by which she originally called into existence, and still continues to preserve, her works. To this power, he said, some of the purest metaphysicians rendered a certain degree of homage; nor was he himself inclined absolutely to censure those who, by the institution of holidays, choral dances, songs, and harmless feasts and libations, might be disposed to celebrate the great goddess

Nature ; at least, dancing, singing, feasting, and sporting being comfortable things to both young and old, they might as well sport, dance, and feast in honor of such appointed holidays as under any other pretext. But then this moderate show of religion was to be practised under such exceptions as are admitted by the Highgate oath ; and no one was to be compelled to dance, drink, sing, or feast whose taste did not happen to incline them to such divertissements, nor was any one to be obliged to worship the creative power, whether under the name of the *Animus Mundi* or any other whatsoever. The interference of the Deity in the affairs of mankind he entirely disowned, having proved to his own satisfaction that the idea originated entirely in priestcraft. In short, with the shadowy metaphysical exception aforesaid, Mr. Joshua Bletson of Darlington, member for Littlecreed [Littlefaith], came as near the predicament of an atheist as it is perhaps possible for a man to do. But we say this with the necessary salvo ; for we have known many like Bletson, whose curtains have been shrewdly shaken by superstition, though their fears were unsanctioned by any religious faith. The devils, we are assured, believe and tremble ; but on earth there are many who, in worse plight than even the natural children of perdition, tremble without believing, and fear even while they blaspheme.

It follows, of course, that nothing could be treated with more scorn by Mr. Bletson than the debates about Prelacy and Presbytery, about Presbytery and Independency, about Quakers and Anabaptists, Muggletonians and Brownists, and all the various sects with which the Civil War had commenced, and by which its dissensions were still continued. "It was," he said, "as if beasts of burden should quarrel amongst themselves about the fashion of their halters and pack-saddles, instead of embracing a favorable opportunity of throwing them aside." Other witty and pithy remarks he used to make when time and place suited ; for instance, at the club called the Rota, frequented by St. John, and established by Harrington, for the free discussion of political and religious subjects.

But when Bletson was out of this academy or stronghold of philosophy, he was very cautious how he carried his contempt of the general prejudice in favor of religion and Christianity further than an implied objection or a sneer. If he had an opportunity of talking in private with an ingenuous and intelligent youth, he sometimes attempted to make a proselyte, and showed much address in bribing the

vanity of inexperience, by suggesting that a mind like his ought to spurn the prejudices impressed upon it in childhood ; and when assuming the *latus clavus* of reason, assuring him that such as he, laying aside the *bullæ* of juvenile incapacity, as Bletson called it, should proceed to examine and decide for himself. It frequently happened that the youth was induced to adopt the doctrines in whole or in part of the sage who had seen his natural genius, and who had urged him to exert it in examining, detecting, and declaring for himself ; and thus flattery gave proselytes to infidelity which could not have been gained by all the powerful eloquence or artful sophistry of the infidel.

These attempts to extend the influence of what was called freethinking and philosophy were carried on, as we have hinted, with a caution dictated by the timidity of the philosopher's disposition. He was conscious his doctrines were suspected, and his proceedings watched, by the two principal sects of Prelatists and Presbyterians, who, however inimical to each other, were still more hostile to one who was an opponent not only to a church establishment of any kind, but to every denomination of Christianity. He found it more easy to shroud himself among the Independents, whose demands were for a general liberty of conscience, or an unlimited toleration, and whose faith, differing in all respects and particulars, was by some pushed into such wild errors as to get totally beyond the bounds of every species of Christianity, and approach very near to infidelity itself, as extremes of each kind are said to approach each other. Bletson mixed a good deal among these sectaries ; and such was his confidence in his own logic and address, that he is supposed to have entertained hopes of bringing to his opinions in time the enthusiastic Vane, as well as the no less enthusiastic Harrison, provided he could but get them to resign their visions of a Fifth Monarchy, and induce them to be contented with a reign of philosophers in England for the natural period of their lives, instead of the reign of the saints during the millennium.

Such was the singular group into which Everard was now introduced, showing, in their various opinions, upon how many devious coasts human nature may make shipwreck, when she has once let go her hold on the anchor which religion has given her to lean upon ; the acute self-conceit and worldly learning of Bletson, the rash and ignorant conclusions of the fierce and under-bred Harrison, leading them

into the opposite extremes of enthusiasm and infidelity, while Desborough, constitutionally stupid, thought nothing about religion at all ; and while the others were active in making sail on different but equally erroneous courses, he might be said to perish like a vessel which springs a leak and founders in the roadstead. It was wonderful to behold what a strange variety of mistakes and errors, on the part of the King and his ministers, on the part of the Parliament and their leaders, on the part of the allied kingdoms of Scotland and England towards each other, had combined to rear up men of such dangerous opinions and interested characters among the arbiters of the destiny of Britain.

Those who argue for party's sake will see all the faults on the one side, without deigning to look at those on the other : those who study history for instruction will perceive that nothing but the want of concession on either side, and the deadly height to which the animosity of the King's and Parliament's parties had arisen, could have so totally overthrown the well-poised balance of the English constitution. But we hasten to quit political reflections, the rather that ours, we believe, will please neither Whig nor Tory.

CHAPTER XII

Three form a college ; an you give us four,
Let him bring his share with him.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

MR. BLETSON arose and paid his respects to Colonel Everard with the ease and courtesy of a gentleman of the time, though on every account grieved at his intrusion, as a religious man who held his freethinking principles in detestation, and would effectually prevent his conversion of Harrison, and even of Desborough, if anything could be molded out of such a clod, to the worship of the *Animus Mundi*. Moreover, Bletson knew Everard to be a man of steady probity, and by no means disposed to close with a scheme on which he had successfully sounded the other two, and which was calculated to assure the Commissioners of some little private indemnification for the trouble they were to give themselves in the public business. The philosopher was yet less pleased when he saw the magistrate and the pastor who had met him in his flight of the preceding evening, when he had been seen, *parma non bene relicta*, with cloak and doublet left behind him.

The presence of Colonel Everard was as displeasing to Desborough as to Bletson ; but the former, having no philosophy in him, nor an idea that it was possible for any man to resist helping himself out of untold money, was chiefly embarrassed by the thought that the plunder which they might be able to achieve out of their trust might, by this unwelcome addition to their number, be divided into four parts instead of three ; and this reflection added to the natural awkwardness with which he grumbled forth a sort of welcome, addressed to Everard.

As for Harrison, he remained like one on higher thoughts intent, his posture unmoved, his eyes fixed on the ceiling as before, and in no way indicating the least consciousness that the company had been more than doubled around him.

Meantime, Everard took his place at the table, as a man who assumed his own right, and pointed to his companions to sit down nearer the foot of the board. Wildrake so far

misunderstood his signals as to sit down above the Mayor ; but rallying his recollection at a look from his patron, he rose and took his place lower, whistling, however, as he went—a sound at which the company stared, as at a freedom highly unbecoming. To complete his indecorum, he seized upon a pipe, and filling it from a large tobacco-box, was soon immersed in a cloud of his own raising, from which a hand shortly after emerged, seized on the black-jack of ale, withdrew it within the vapory sanctuary, and, after a potential draught, replaced it upon the table, its owner beginning to renew the cloud which his intermitted exercise of the tube had almost allowed to subside.

Nobody made any observation on his conduct, out of respect, probably, to Colonel Everard, who bit his lip, but continued silent, aware that censure might extract some escapade more unequivocally characteristic of a Cavalier from his refractory companion. As silence seemed awkward, and the others made no advances to break it, beyond the ordinary salutation, Colonel Everard at length said, “I presume, gentlemen, that you are somewhat surprised at my arrival here, and thus intruding myself into your meeting?”

“Why the dickens should we be surprised, colonel?” said Desborough: “we know his Excellency my brother-in-law Noll’s—I know my Lord Cromwell’s—way of over-quartering his men in the towns he marches through. Thou hast obtained a share in our commission?”

“And in that,” said Bletson, smiling and bowing, “the Lord General has given us the most acceptable colleague that could have been added to our number. No doubt your authority for joining with us must be under warrant of the Council of State?”

“Of that, gentlemen,” said the colonel, “I will presently advise you.” He took out his warrant accordingly, and was about to communicate the contents: but observing that there were three or four half-empty flasks upon the table, that Desborough looked more stupid than usual, and that the philosopher’s eyes were reeling in his head, notwithstanding the temperance of Bletson’s usual habits, he concluded that they had been fortifying themselves against the horrors of the haunted mansion, by laying in a store of what is called Dutch courage, and therefore prudently resolved to postpone his more important business with them till the cooler hour of morning. He, therefore, instead of presenting the General’s warrant superseding their commission, contented

himself with replying, "My business has, of course, some reference to your proceedings here. But here is—excuse my curiosity—a reverend gentleman," pointing to Holdenough, "who has told me that you are so strangely embarrassed here as to require both the civil and spiritual authority to enable you to keep possession of Woodstock."

"Before we go into that matter," said Bletson, blushing up to the eyes at the recollection of his own fears, so manifestly displayed, yet so inconsistent with his principles, "I should like to know who this other stranger is, who has come with the worthy magistrate and the no less worthy Presbyterian?"

"Meaning me?" said Wildrake, laying his pipe aside. "Gadzooks, the time hath been that I could have answered the question with a better title; but at present I am only his honor's poor clerk or secretary, whichever is the current phrase."

"Fore George, my lively blade, thou art a frank fellow of thy tattle," said Desborough. "There is my* secretary Tomkins, whom men sillily enough call Fibbet, and the honorable Lieutenant-General Harrison's secretary, Bibbet, who are now at supper below stairs, that durst not for their ears speak a phrase above their breath in the presence of their betters, unless to answer a question."

"Yes, Colonel Everard," said the philosopher, with his quiet smile, glad, apparently, to divert the conversation from the topic of last night's alarm, and recollections which humbled his self-love and self-satisfaction—"yes, and when Master Fibbet and Master Bibbet *do* speak, their affirmations are as much in a common mold of mutual attestation as their names would accord in the verses of a poet. If Master Fibbet happens to tell a fiction, Master Bibbet swears it is truth. If master Bibbet chances to have gotten drunk in the fear of the Lord, Master Fibbet swears he is sober. I have called my own secretary Gibbet, though his name chances to be only Gibeon, a worthy Israelite at your service, but as pure a youth as ever picked a lamb-bone at Paschal. But I call him Gibbet, merely to make up the holy trefoil with another rhyme. This squire of thine, looks as though he might be worthy to be coupled with the rest of the fraternity."

"Not I, truly," said the Cavalier; "I'll be coupled with no Jew that was ever whelped, and no Jewess neither."

"Scorn not for that, young man," said the philosopher;

* [See page 159.]

"the Jews are, in point of religion, the elder brethren, you know."

"The Jews older than the Christians?" said Desborough; "fore George, they will have thee before the General Assembly, Bletson, if thou ventur'est to say so."

Wildrake laughed without ceremony at the gross ignorance of Desborough, and was joined by a sniggling response from behind the cupboard, which, when inquired into, proved to be produced by the serving-men. These worthies, timorous as their betters, when they were supposed to have left the room, had only withdrawn to their present place of concealment.

"How now, ye rogues," said Bletson, angrily; "do you not know your duty better?"

"We beg your worthy honor's pardon," said one of the men, "but we dared not go downstairs without a light."

"A light, ye cowardly poltroons!" said the philosopher; "what—to show which of you looks palest when a rat squeaks? But take a candlestick and begone, you cowardly villains; the devils you are so much afraid of must be but paltry kites, if they hawk at such bats as you are."

The servants, without replying, took up one of the candlesticks and prepared to retreat. Trusty Tomkins at the head of the troop, when suddenly, as they arrived at the door of the parlor, which had been left half open, it was shut violently. The three terrified domestics tumbled back into the middle of the room, as if a shot had been discharged in their face, and all who were at the table started to their feet.

Colonel Everard was incapable of a moment's fear, even if anything frightful had been seen; but he remained stationary, to see what his companions would do, and to get at the bottom, if possible, of the cause of their alarm upon an occasion so trifling. The philosopher seemed to think that *he* was the person chiefly concerned to show manhood on the occasion.

He walked to the door accordingly, murmuring at the cowardice of the servants; but at such a snail's pace that it seemed he would most willingly have been anticipated by any one whom his reproaches had roused to exertion. "Cowardly blockheads!" he said at last, seizing hold of the handle of the door, but without turning it effectually round, "dare you not open a door? (still fumbling with the lock) - dare you not go down a staircase without a light? Here, bring me the candle, you cowardly villains! By Heaven, something sighs on the outside!"

As he spoke, he let go the handle of the parlor door, and stepped back a pace or two into the apartment, with cheeks as pale as the band he wore.

"*Deus adjutor meus.*" said the Presbyterian clergyman, rising from his seat. "Give place, sir," addressing Bletson; "it would seem I know more of this matter than thou, and I bless Heaven I am armed for the conflict."

Bold as a grenadier about to mount a breach, yet with the same belief in the existence of a great danger to be encountered, as well as the same reliance in the goodness of his cause, the worthy man stepped before the philosophical Bletson, and taking a light from a sconce in one hand, quietly opened the door with the other, and standing in the threshold, said, "Here is nothing."

"And who expected to see anything," said Bletson, "excepting those terrified oafs, who take fright at every puff of wind that whistles through the passages of this old dungeon?"

"Mark you, Master Tomkins," said one of the waiting-men in a whisper to the steward, "see how boldly the minister pressed forward before all of them. Ah! Master Tomkins, our parson is the real commissioned officer of the church; your lay-preachers are no better than a parcel of club-men and volunteers."

"Follow me those who list," said Master Holdenough, "or go before me those who choose, I will walk through the habitable places of this house before I leave it, and satisfy myself whether Satan hath really mingled himself among these dreary dens of ancient wickedness, or whether, like the wicked of whom holy David speaketh, we are afraid and flee when no one pursueth."

Harrison, who had heard these words, sprung from his seat, and drawing his sword, exclaimed, "Were there as many fiends in the house as there are hairs on my head, upon this cause I will charge them up to their very trenches."

So saying, he brandished his weapon, and pressed to the head of the column, where he moved side by side with the minister. The Mayor of Woodstock next joined the body, thinking himself safer perhaps in the company of his pastor; and the whole train moved forward in close order, accompanied by the servants bearing lights, to search the lodge for some cause of that panic with which they seemed to be suddenly seized.

"Nay, take me with you, my friends," said Colonel Everard, who had looked on in surprise, and was now about to

follow the party, when Bletson laid hold on his cloak and begged him to remain.

"You see, my good colonel," he said, affecting a courage which his shaking voice belied, "here are only you and I, and honest Desborough, left behind in garrison, while all the others are absent on a sally. We must not hazard the whole troops on one sortie, that were unmilitary. Ha, ha, ha!"

"In the name of Heaven, what means all this?" said Everard, "I heard a foolish tale about apparitions as I came this way, and now I find you all half-mad with fear, and cannot get a word of sense among so many of you. Fie, Colonel Desborough—fie, Master Bletson; try to compose yourselves, and let me know, in Heaven's name, the cause of all this disturbance. One would be apt to think your brains were turned."

"And so mine well may," said Desborough, "ay, and overturned too, since my bed last night was turned upside down, and I was placed for ten minutes heels uppermost and head downmost, like a bullock going to be shot."

"What means this nonsense, Master Bletson? Desborough must have had the nightmare."

"No, faith, colonel; the goblins, or whatever else they were, had been favorable to honest Desborough, for they reposed the whole of his person on that part of his body which—bark, did you not hear something?—is the central point of gravity, namely, his head."

"Did you see anything to alarm you?" said the colonel.

"Nothing," said Bletson; "but we heard hellish noises, as all our people did, and I, believing little of ghosts and apparitions, concluded the Cavaliers were taking us at advantage, so, remembering Rainsborough's fate, I e'en jumped the window and ran to Woodstock, to call the soldiers to the rescue of Harrison and Desborough."

"And did you not first go to see what the danger was?"

"Ah, my good friend, you forget that I laid down my commission at the time of the self-denying ordinance. It would have been quite inconsistent with my duty as a Parliament-man to be brawling amidst a set of ruffians, without any military authority. No; when the Parliament commanded me to sheathe my sword, colonel, I have too much veneration for their authority to be found again with it drawn in my hand."

"But the Parliament," said Desborough, hastily, "did not command you to use your heels when your hands could

have saved a man from choking. Ods diekens ! you might have stopped when you saw my bed canted heels uppermost, and me half-stifled in the bedclothes—you might, I say, have stopped and lent a hand to put it to rights, instead of jumping out of the window, like a new-shorn sheep, so soon as you had run across my room.”

“Nay, worshipful Master Desborough,” said Bletson, winking on Everard, to show that he was playing on his thick-skulled colleague, “how could I tell your particular mode of reposing ? There are many tastes : I have known men who slept by choice on a slope or angle of forty-five.”

“Yes, but did ever a man sleep standing on his head, except by miracle ?” said Desborough.

“Now, as to miracles,” said the philosopher, confident in the presence of Everard, besides that an opportunity of scoffing at religion really in some degree diverted his fear, “I leave these out of the question, seeing that the evidence on such subjects seems as little qualified to carry conviction as a horsehair to land a leviathan.”

A loud clap of thunder, or a noise as formidable, rang through the lodge as the scoffer had ended, which struck him pale and motionless, and made Desborough throw himself on his knees and repeat exclamations and prayers in much admired confusion.

“There must be contrivance here,” exclaimed Everard ; and snatching one of the candles from a sconce, he rushed out of the apartment, little heeding the entreaties of the philosopher, who, in the extremity of his distress, conjured him by the *Animus Mundi* to remain to the assistance of a distressed philosopher endangered by witches, and a Parliament-man assaulted by ruffians. As for Desborough, he only gaped like a clown in a pantomime ; and, doubtful whether to follow or stop, his natural indolence prevailed, and he sat still.

When on the landing-place of the stairs, Everard paused a moment to consider which was the best course to take. He heard the voices of men talking fast and loud, like people who wish to drown their fears, in the lower story ; and aware that nothing could be discovered by those whose inquiries were conducted in a manner so noisy, he resolved to proceed in a different direction, and examine the second floor, which he had now gained.

He had known every corner, both of the inhabited and uninhabited part of the mansion, and availed himself of the candle to traverse two or three intricate passages, which he

was afraid he might not remember with sufficient accuracy. This movement conveyed him to a sort of *oil-de-bœuf*, an octagon vestibule, or small hall, from which various rooms opened. Amongst these doors, Everard selected that which led to a very long, narrow, and dilapidated gallery, built in the time of Henry VIII., and which, running along the whole south-west side of the building, communicated at different points with the rest of the mansion. This he thought was likely to be the post occupied by those who proposed to act the sprites upon the occasion; especially as its length and shape gave him some idea that it was a spot where the bold thunder might in many ways be imitated.

Determined to ascertain the truth, if possible, he placed his light on a table in the vestibule, and applied himself to open the door into the gallery. At this point he found himself strongly opposed, either by a bolt drawn, or, as he rather conceived, by somebody from within resisting his attempt. He was induced to believe the latter, because the resistance slackened and was renewed, like that of human strength, instead of presenting the permanent opposition of an inanimate obstacle. Though Everard was a strong and active young man, he exhausted his strength in the vain attempt to open the door; and having paused to take breath, was about to renew his efforts with foot and shoulder, and to call at the same time for assistance, when, to his surprise, on again attempting the door more gently, in order to ascertain if possible where the strength of the opposing obstacle was situated, he found it give way to a very slight impulse, some impediment fell broken to the ground, and the door flew wide open. The gust of wind occasioned by the sudden opening of the door blew out the candle, and Everard was left in darkness, save where the moonshine, which the long side-row of latticed windows dimmed, could imperfectly force its way into the gallery, which lay in ghostly length before him.

The melancholy and doubtful twilight was increased by a quantity of creeping plants on the outside, which, since all had been neglected in these ancient halls, now completely overgrown, had in some instances greatly diminished, and in others almost quite choked up, the space of the lattices, extending between the heavy stone shaft-work which divided the windows, both lengthways and across. On the other side there were no windows at all, and the gallery had been once hung round with paintings, chiefly portraits, by which that side of the apartment had been adorned. Most

of the pictures had been removed, yet the empty frames of some, and the tattered remnants of others, were still visible along the extent of the waste gallery; the look of which was so desolate, and it appeared so well adapted for mischief, supposing there were enemies near him, that Everard could not help pausing at the entrance, and recommending himself to God, ere, drawing his sword, he advanced into the apartment, treading as lightly as possible, and keeping in the shadow as much as he could.

Markham Everard was by no means superstitious, but he had the usual credulity of the times; and though he did not yield easily to tales of supernatural visitations, yet he could not help thinking he was in the very situation where, if such things were ever permitted, they might be expected to take place, while his own stealthy and ill-assured pace, his drawn weapon and extended arms, being the very attitude and action of doubt and suspicion, tended to increase in his mind the gloomy feelings of which they are the usual indications, and with which they are constantly associated. Under such unpleasant impressions, and conscious of the neighborhood of something unfriendly, Colonel Everard had already advanced about half along the gallery, when he heard some one sigh very near him, and a low soft voice pronounce his name.

"Here I am," he replied, while his heart beat thick and short. "Who calls on Markham Everard?"

Another sigh was the only answer.

"Speak," said the colonel, "whoever or whatsoever you are, and tell me with what intent and purpose you are lurking in these apartments?"

"With a better intent than yours," returned the soft voice.

"Than mine!" answered Everard, in great surprise.

"Who are you that dare judge of my intents?"

"What or who are you, Markham Everard, who wander by moonlight through these deserted halls of royalty, where none should be but those who mourn their downfall, or are sworn to avenge it?"

"It is—and yet it cannot be," said Everard; "yet it is, and must be. Alice Lee, the Devil or you speaks. Answer me, I conjure you. Speak openly—on what dangerous scheme are you engaged? where is your father? why are you here? wherefore do you run so deadly a venture? Speak, I conjure you, Alice Lee!"

"She whom you call on is at the distance of miles from

this spot. What if her genius speaks when she is absent? what if the soul of an ancestress of hers and yours were now addressing you? what if——”

“Nay, answered Everard, “but what if the dearest of human beings has caught a touch of her father’s enthusiasm? what if she is exposing her person to danger, her reputation to scandal, by traversing in disguise and darkness a house filled with armed men? Speak to me, my fair cousin, in your own person. I am furnished with powers to protect my uncle, Sir Henry—to protect you too, dearest Alice, even against the consequences of this visionary and wild attempt. Speak—I see where you are, and, with all my respect, I cannot submit to be thus practised upon. Trust me—trust your cousin Markham with your hand, and believe that he will die or place you in honorable safety.”

As he spoke, he exercised his eyes as keenly as possible to detect where the speaker stood; and it seemed to him that about three yards from him there was a shadowy form, of which he could not discern even the outline, placed as it was within the deep and prolonged shadow thrown by a space of wall intervening betwixt two windows upon that side of the room from which the light was admitted. He endeavored to calculate, as well as he could, the distance betwixt himself and the object which he watched, under the impression that, if, by even using a slight degree of compulsion, he could detach his beloved Alice from the confederacy into which he supposed her father’s zeal for the cause of royalty had engaged her, he would be rendering them both the most essential favor. He could not indeed but conclude that, however successfully the plot which he conceived to be in agitation had preceeded against the timid Bletson, the stupid Desborough, and the crazy Harrison, there was little doubt that at length their artifices must necessarily bring shame and danger on those engaged in it.

It must also be remembered, that Everard’s affection to his cousin, although of the most respectful and devoted character, partook less of the distant veneration which a lover of those days entertained for the lady whom he worshiped with humble diffidence, than of the fond and familiar feelings which a brother entertains towards a younger sister, whom he thinks himself entitled to guide, advise, and even in some degree to control. So kindly and intimate had been their intercourse, that he had little more hesitation in endeavoring to arrest her progress in the dangerous course in which she seemed to be engaged, even

at the risk of giving her momentary offense, than he would have had in snatching her from a torrent of conflagration, at the chance of hurting her by the violence of his grasp. All this passed through his mind in the course of a single minute ; and he resolved at all events to detain her on the spot, and compel, if possible, an explanation from her.

With this purpose, Everard again conjured his cousin, in the name of Heaven, to give up this idle and dangerous mummery ; and lending an accurate ear to her answer, endeavored from the sound to calculate as nearly as possible the distance between them.

"I am not she for whom you take me," said the voice ; "and dearer regards than aught connected with her life or death bid me warn you to keep aloof and leave this place."

"Not till I have convinced you of your childish folly," said the colonel, springing forward, and endeavoring to catch hold of her who spoke to him. But no female form was within his grasp. On the contrary, he was met by a shock which could come from no woman's arm, and which was rude enough to stretch him on his back on the floor. At the same time he felt the point of a sword at his throat, and his hands so completely mastered, that not the slightest defense remained to him.

"A cry for assistance," said a voice near him, but not that which he had hitherto heard, "will be stifled in your blood. No harm is meant you—be wise, and be silent."

The fear of death, which Everard had often braved in the field of battle, became more intense as he felt himself in the hands of unknown assassins, and totally devoid of all means of defense. The sharp point of the sword pricked his bare throat, and the foot of him who held it was upon his breast. He felt as if a single thrust would put an end to life, and all the feverish joys and sorrows which agitate us so strangely, and from which we are yet so reluctant to part. Large drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead : his heart throbbed, as if it would burst from its confinement in the bosom ; he experienced the agony which fear imposes on the brave man, acute in proportion to that which pain inflicts when it subdues the robust and healthy.

"Cousin Alice," he attempted to speak, and the sword's point pressed his throat yet more closely—"cousin, let me not be murdered in a manner so fearful."

"I tell you," replied the voice, "that you speak to one who is not here ; but your life is not aimed at, provided you swear on your faith as a Christian and your honor as a

gentleman that you will conceal what has happened, whether from the people below or from any other person. On this condition you may rise ; and if you seek her, you will find Alice Lee at Joceline's cottage in the forest."

"Since I may not help myself otherwise," said Everard, "I swear, as I have a sense of religion and honor, I will say nothing of this violence, nor make any search after those who are concerned in it."

"For that we care nothing," said the voice. "Thou hast an example how well thou mayst catch mischief on thy own part ; but we are in case to defy thee. Rise and begone."

The foot, the sword's-point, were withdrawn, and Everard was about to start up hastily, when the voice, in the same softness of tone which distinguished it at first, said, "No haste—cold and bare steel is yet around thee. Now—now—now (the words dying away as at a distance)—thou art free. Be secret and be safe."

Markham Everard arose, and, in rising, embarrassed his feet with his own sword, which he dropped when springing forward, as he supposed, to lay hold of his fair cousin. He snatched it up in haste, and, as his hand clasped the hilt, his courage, which had given way under the apprehension of instant death, began to return : he considered, with almost his usual composure, what was to be done next. Deeply affronted at the disgrace which he had sustained, he questioned for an instant whether he ought to keep his extorted promise, or should not rather summon assistance, and make haste to discover and seize those who had been recently engaged in such violence on his person. But these persons, be they who they would, had had his life in their power ; he had pledged his word in ransom of it ; and what was more, he could not divest himself of the idea that his beloved Alice was a confidante, at least, if not an actor, in the confederacy which had thus baffled him. This prepossession determined his conduct ; for, though angry at supposing she must have been an accessory to his personal ill-treatment, he could not in any event think of an instant search through the mansion, which might have compromised her safety, or that of his uncle. "But I will to the hut," he said—"I will instantly to the hut, ascertain her share in this wild and dangerous confederacy, and snatch her from ruin, if it be possible."

As, under the influence of the resolution which he had formed, Everard groped his way through the gallery, and

regained the vestibule, he heard his name called by the well-known voice of Wildrake. "What—ho!—halloo!—Colonel Everard—Mark Everard—it is dark as the Devil's mouth—speak—where are you? The witches are keeping their hellish sabbath here, as I think. Where are you?"

"Here—here!" answered Everard. "Cease your bawling. Turn to the left, and you will meet me."

Guided by his voice, Wildrake soon appeared, with a light in one hand and his drawn sword in the other. "Where have you been?" he said—"what has detained you? Here are Blotson and the brute Desborough terrified out of their lives, and Harrison raving mad, because the Devil will not be civil enough to rise to fight him in single *duello*."

"Saw or heard you nothing as you came along?" said Everard.

"Nothing," said his friend, "excepting that, when I first entered this cursed ruinous labyrinth the light was struck out of my hand, as if by a switch, which obliged me to return for another."

"I must come by a horse instantly, Wildrake, and another for thyself, if it be possible."

"We can take two of those belonging to the troopers," answered Wildrake. "But for what purpose should we run away, like rats, at this time in the evening? Is the house falling?"

"I cannot answer you," said the colonel, pushing forward into a room where there were some remains of furniture.

Here the Cavalier took a more strict view of his person, and exclaimed in wonder, "What the devil have you been fighting with, Markham, that has bedizened you after this sorry fashion?"

"Fighting!" exclaimed Everard.

"Yes," replied his trusty attendant, "I say fighting. Look at yourself in the mirror."

He did, and saw he was covered with dust and blood. The latter proceeded from a scratch which he received in the throat, as he struggled to extricate himself. With unaffected alarm, Wildrake undid his friend's collar, and with eager haste proceeded to examine the wound, his hands trembling, and his eyes glistening with apprehension for his benefactor's life. When, in spite of Everard's opposition, he had examined the hurt, and found it trifling, he resumed the natural wildness of his character, perhaps the

more readily that he had felt shame in departing from it into one which expressed more of feeling than he would be thought to possess.

"If that be the Devil's work, Mark," said he, "the Foul Fiend's claws are not nigh so formidable as they are represented; but no one shall say that your blood has been shed unrevenged, while Rodger Wildrake was by your side. Where left you this same imp? I will back to the field of fight, confront him with my rapier, and were his nails tenpenny nails, and his teeth as long as those of a harrow, he shall render me reason for the injury he has done you."

"Madness—madness!" exclaimed Everard; "I had this trifling hurt by a fall; a basin and towel will wipe it away. Meanwhile, if you will ever do me kindness, get the troop-horses: command them for the service of the public, in the name of his Excellency the General. I will but wash, and join you in an instant before the gate."

"Well, I will serve you, Everard, as a mute serves the Grand Signior, without knowing why or wherefore. But will you go without seeing these people below?"

"Without seeing any one," said Everard; "lose no time, for God's sake."

He found out the non-commissioned officer, and demanded the horses in a tone of authority, to which the corporal yielded undisputed obedience, as one well aware of Colonel Everard's military rank and consequence. So all was in a minute or two ready for the expedition.

CHAPTER XIII

She kneeled, and saintlike
Cast her eyes to heaven, and prayed devoutly.
King Henry VIII.

COLONEL EVERARD'S departure at the late hour, for so it was then thought, of seven in the evening excited much speculation. There was a gathering of menials and dependants in the outer chamber, or hall, for no one doubted that his sudden departure was owing to his having, as they expressed it, "seen something," and all desired to know how a man of such acknowledged courage as Everard looked under the awe of a recent apparition. But he gave them no time to make comments; for, striding through the hall wrapped in his riding suit, he threw himself on horseback, and rode furiously through the chase, towards the hut of the keeper Joliffe.

It was the disposition of Markham Everard to be hot, keen, earnest, impatient, and decisive to a degree of precipitation. The acquired habits which education had taught, and which the strong moral and religious discipline of his sect had greatly strengthened, were such as to enable him to conceal, as well as to check, this constitutional violence, and to place him upon his guard against indulging it. But when in the high tide of violent excitation, the natural impetuosity of the young soldier's temper was sometimes apt to overcome these artificial obstacles, and then, like a torrent foaming over a wear, it became more furious as if in revenge for the constrained calm which it had been for some time obliged to assume. In these instances he was accustomed to see only that point to which his thoughts were bent, and to move straight towards it, whether a moral object or the storming or a breach, without either calculating or even appearing to see the difficulties which were before him.

At present, his ruling and impelling motive was to detach his beloved cousin, if possible from the dangerous and discreditable machinations in which he suspected her to have engaged, or, on the other hand, to discover that she really

had no concern with these stratagems. He should know how to judge of that in some measure, he thought, by finding her present or absent at the hut, towards which he was now galloping. He had read, indeed, in some ballad or minstrel's tale, of a singular deception practised on a jealous old man by means of a subterranean communication between his house and that of a neighbor, which the lady in question made use of to present herself in the two places alternately with such speed and so much address that, after repeated experiments, the dotard was deceived into the opinion that his wife and the lady who was so very like her, and to whom his neighbor paid so much attention, were two different persons. But in the present case there was no room for such a deception : the distance was too great, and as he took by much the nearest way from the castle, and rode full speed, it would be impossible, he knew, for his cousin, who was a timorous horsewoman even by daylight, to have got home before him.

Her father might indeed be displeased at his interference ; but what title had he to be so ? Was not Alice Lee the near relation of his blood, the dearest object of his heart, and would he now abstain from an effort to save her from the consequences of a silly and wild conspiracy, because the old knight's spleen might be awakened by Everard's making his appearance at their present dwelling contrary to his commands ? No. He would endure the old man's harsh language, as he endured the blast of the autumn wind, which was howling around him, and swinging the crashing branches of the trees under which he passed, but could not oppose, or even retard, his journey.

If he found not Alice, as he had reason to believe she would be absent, to Sir Henry Lee himself he would explain what he had witnessed. However she might have become accessory to the juggling tricks performed at Woodstock, he could not but think it was without her father's knowledge, so severe a judge was the old knight of female propriety, and so strict an assessor of female decorum. He would take the same opportunity, he thought, of stating to him the well-grounded hopes he entertained that his dwelling at the lodge might be prolonged, and the sequestrators removed from the royal mansion and domains, by other means than those of the absurd species of intimidation which seemed to be resorted to, to scare them from thence.

All this seemed to be so much within the line of his duty



Everard surprises Sir Henry and his daughter at their evening prayers.

as a relative, that it was not until he halted at the door of of the ranger's hut, and threw his bridle into Wildrake's hand, that Everard recollected the fiery, high, and unbending character of Sir Henry Lee, and felt, even when his fingers were on the latch, a reluctance to intrude himself upon the presence of the irritable old knight.

But there was no time for hesitation. Bevis, who had already bayed more than once from within the lodge [hut], was growing impatient, and Everard had but just time to bid Wildrake hold the horses until he should send Joceline to his assistance, when old Joan unpinned the door, to demand who was without at that time of the night. To have attempted anything like an explanation with poor Dame Joan would have been quite hopeless: the colonel therefore put her gently aside, and shaking himself loose from the hold she had laid on his cloak, entered the kitchen of Joceline's dwelling. Bevis, who had advanced to support Joan in her opposition, humbled his lion port, with that wonderful instinct which makes his race remember so long those with whom they have been familiar, and acknowledged his master's relative by doing homage in his fashion with his head and tail.

Colonel Everard, more uncertain in his purpose every moment as the necessity of its execution drew near, stole over the floor like one who treads in a sick-chamber, and opening the door of the interior apartment with a slow and trembling hand, as he would have withdrawn the curtains of a dying friend, he saw within the scene which we are about to describe.

Sir Henry Lee sat in a wicker arm-chair by the fire. He was wrapped in a cloak, and his limbs extended on a stool, as if he were suffering from gout or indisposition. His long white beard, flowing over the dark-colored garment, gave him more the appearance of a hermit than of an aged soldier or man of quality; and that character was increased by the deep and devout attention with which he listened to by a respectable old man, whose dilapidated dress showed still something of the clerical habit, and who, with a low, but full and deep, voice, was reading the Evening Service according to the Church of England. Alice Lee knelt at the feet of her father, and made the responses with a voice that might have suited the choir of angels, and a modest and serious devotion which suited the melody of her tone. The face of the officiating clergyman would have been good-looking had it not been disfigured with a black

patch which covered the left eye and a part of his face, and had not the features which were visible been marked with traces of care and suffering.

When Colonel Everard entered, the clergyman raised his finger, as cautioning him to forbear disturbing the divine service of the evening, and pointed to a seat ; to which, struck deeply with the scene he had witnessed, the intruder stole with as light a step as possible, and knelt devoutly down as one of the little congregation.

Everard had been bred by his father what was called a Puritan—a member of a sect who, in the primitive sense of the word, were persons that did not except against the doctrines of the Church of England, or even in all respects against its hierarchy, but chiefly dissented from it on the subject of certain ceremonies, habits, and forms of ritual, which were insisted upon by the celebrated and unfortunate Laud with ill-timed tenacity. But even if, from the habits of his father's house, Everard's opinions had been diametrically opposed to the doctrines of the English Church, he must have been reconciled to them by the regularity with which the service was performed in his uncle's family at Woodstock, who, during the blossom of his fortunes, generally had a chaplain residing in the lodge for that special purpose.

Yet, deep as was the habitual veneration with which he heard the impressive service of the church, Everard's eyes could not help straying toward's Alice and his thoughts wandering to the purpose of his presence there. She seemed to have recognized him at once, for there was a deeper glow than usual upon her cheek, her fingers trembled as they turned the leaves of her prayer-book, and her voice, lately as firm as it was melodious, faltered when she repeated the responses. It appeared to Everard, as far as he could collect by the stolen glances which he directed towards her, that the character of her beauty, as well as of her outward appearance, had changed with her fortunes.

The beautiful and high-born young lady had now approached as nearly as possible to the brown stuff dress of an ordinary village maiden ; but what she had lost in gaiety of appearance, she had gained as it seemed in dignity. Her beautiful light-brown tresses, now folded around her head, and only curled where nature had so arranged them, gave her an air of simplicity which did not exist when her head-dress showed the skill of a curious tirewoman. A light, joyous air, with something of a humorous expression, which

seemed to be looking for amusement, had vanished before the touch of affliction, and a calm melancholy supplied its place, which seemed on the watch to administer comfort to others. Perhaps the former arch, though innocent, expression of countenance was uppermost in her lover's recollection when he concluded that Alice had acted a part in the disturbances which had taken place at the lodge. It is certain that, when he now looked upon her, it was with shame for having nourished such a suspicion, and the resolution to believe rather that the Devil had imitated her voice than that a creature who seemed so much above the feelings of this world, and so nearly allied to the purity of the next, should have had the indelicacy to mingle in such maneuvers as he himself and others had been subjected to.

These thoughts shot through his mind, in spite of the impropriety of indulging them at such a moment. The service now approached the close; and, a good deal to Colonel Everard's surprise as well as confusion, the officiating priest, in firm and audible tone, and with every attribute of dignity, prayed to the Almighty to bless and preserve "Our Sovereign Lord, King Charles, the lawful and undoubted king of these realms." The petition (in those days most dangerous) was pronounced with a full, raised, and distinct articulation, as if the priest challenged all who heard him to dissent if they dared. If the republican officer did not assent to the petition, he thought at least it was no time to protest against it.

The service was concluded in the usual manner, and the little congregation arose. It now included Wildrake, who had entered during the latter prayer, and was the first of the party to speak, running up to the priest and shaking him by the hand most heartily, swearing at the same time that he truly rejoiced to see him. The good clergyman returned the pressure with a smile, observing, he should have believed his asseveration without an oath. In the meanwhile, Colonel Everard, approaching his uncle's seat, made a deep inclination of respect, first to Sir Henry Lee and then to Alice, whose color now spread from her cheek to her brow and bosom.

"I have to crave your excuse," said the colonel with hesitation, "for having chosen for my visit, which I dare not hope would be very agreeable at any time, a season most peculiarly unsuitable."

"So far from it, nephew," answered Sir Henry, with much more mildness of manner than Everard had dared to

expect, "that your visits at other times would be much more welcome had we the fortune to see you often at our hours of worship."

"I hope the time will soon come, sir, when Englishmen of all sects and denominations," replied Everard, "will be free in conscience to worship in common the great Father, whom they all after their manner call by that affectionate name."

"I hope so too, nephew," said the old man in the same unaltered tone; "and we will not at present dispute whether you would have the Church of England coalesce with the Conventicle or the Conventicle conform to the Church. It was, I ween, not to settle jarring creeds that you have honored our poor dwelling, where, to say the truth, we dared scarce have expected to see you again, so coarse was our last welcome."

"I should be happy to believe," said Colonel Everard, hesitating, "that—that—in short, my presence was not now so unwelcome here as on that occasion."

"Nephew," said Sir Henry, "I will be frank with you. When you were last here, I thought you had stolen from me a precious pearl, which at one time it would have been my pride and happiness to have bestowed on you; but which, being such as you have been of late, I would bury in the depths of the earth rather than give to your keeping. This somewhat chafed, as honest Will says, 'the rash humor which my mother gave me.' I thought I was robbed, and I thought I saw the robber before me. I am mistaken: I am not robbed; and the attempt without the deed I can pardon."

"I would not willingly seek offense in your words, sir," said Colonel Everard, "when their general purport sounds kind; but I can protest before Heaven that my views and wishes towards you and your family are as void of selfish hopes and selfish ends as they are fraught with love to you and to yours."

"Let us hear them, man; we are not much accustomed to good wishes nowadays, and their very rarity will make them welcome."

"I would willingly, Sir Henry, since you might not choose me to give you a more affectionate name, convert those wishes into something effectual for your comfort. Your fate, as the world now stands, is bad, and, I fear, like to be worse."

"Worse than I expect it cannot be. Nephew, I do not

shrink before my changes of fortune. I shall wear coarser clothes, I shall feed on more ordinary food; men will not doff their cap to me as they were wont, when I was the great and the wealthy. What of that? Old Harry Lee loved his honor better than his title, his faith better than his land and lordship. Have I not seen the Thirtieth of January? I am neither philomath nor astrologer; but old Will teaches me that when green leaves fall winter is at hand, and that darkness will come when the sun sets."

"Bethink you, sir," said Colonel Everard, "if, without any submission asked, any oath taken, any engagement imposed, express or tacit, excepting that you are not to excite disturbances in the public peace, you can be restored to your residence in the lodge, and your usual fortunes and perquisites there—I have great reason to hope this may be permitted, if not expressly, at least on sufferance."

"Yes, I understand you. I am to be treated like the royal coin, marked with the ensign of the Rump, to make it pass current, although I am too old to have the royal insignia grinded off from me. Kinsman, I will have none of this. I have lived at the lodge too long; and let me tell you, I have left it in scorn long since, but for the orders of one whom I may yet live to do service to. I will take nothing from the usurpers, be their name Rump or Cromwell—be they one devil or legion: I will not take from them an old cap to cover my gray hairs, a cast cloak to protect my frail limbs from the cold. They shall not say they have, by their unwilling bounty, made Abraham rich. I will live, as I will die, the Loyal Lee."

"May I hope you will think of it, sir; and that you will, perhaps, considering what slight submission is asked, give me a better answer?"

"Sir, if I retract my opinion, which is not my wont, you shall hear of it. And now, cousin, have you more to say? We keep that worthy clergyman in the outer room."

"Something I had to say—something touching my cousin Alice," said Everard, with embarrassment; "but I fear that the prejudices of both are so strong against me——"

"Sir, I dare turn my daughter loose to you. I will go join the good doctor in Dame Joan's apartment. I am not unwilling that you should know that the girl hath, in all reasonable sort, the exercise of her free will."

He withdrew, and left the cousins together.

Colonel Everard advanced to Alice, and was about to take her hand. She drew back, took the seat which her father

had occupied, and pointed out to him one at some distance.

"Are we then so much estranged, my dearest Alice?" he said.

"We will speak of that presently," she replied. "In the first place, let me ask the cause of your visit here at so late an hour."

"You heard," said Everard, "what I stated to your father?"

"I did; but that seems to have been only a part of your errand; something there seemed to be which applied particularly to me."

"It was a fancy—a strange mistake," answered Everard. "May I ask if you have been abroad this evening?"

"Certainly not," she replied. "I have small temptation to wander from my present home, poor as it is; and whilst here I have important duties to discharge. But why does Colonel Everard ask so strange a question?"

"Tell me in turn why your cousin Markham has lost the name of friendship and kindred, and even of some nearer feeling, and then I will answer you, Alice."

"It is soon answered," she said. "When you drew your sword against my father's cause, almost against his person, I studied, more than I should have done, to find excuse for you. I knew—that is, I thought I knew—your high feelings of public duty. I knew the opinions in which you had been bred up; and I said, 'I will not, even for this, cast him off: he opposes his King because he is loyal to his country.' You endeavored to avert the great and concluding tragedy of the Thirteenth of January, and it confirmed me in my opinion that Markham Everard might be misled, but could not be base or selfish."

"And what has changed your opinion, Alice? or who dare," said Everard, reddening, "attach such epithets to the name of Markham Everard?"

"I am no subject," she said, "for exercising your valor, Colonel Everard, nor do I mean to offend. But you will find enough of others who will avow that Colonel Everard is truckling to the usurper Cromwell, and that all his fair pretexts for forwarding his country's liberties are but a screen for driving a bargain with the successful encroacher, and obtaining the best terms he can for himself and his family."

"For myself—never!"

"But for your family you have. Yes, I am well assured that you have pointed out to the military tyrant the way in which he and his satraps may master the government. Do

you think my father or I would accept an asylum purchased at the price of England's liberty and your honor?"

"Gracious Heaven, Alice, what is this? You accuse me of pursuing the very course which so lately had your approbation."

"When you spoke with authority of your father, and recommended our submission to the existing government, such as it was, I own I thought—that my father's gray head might, without dishonor, have remained under the roof where it had so long been sheltered. But did your father sanction your becoming the adviser of yonder ambitious soldier to a new course of innovation, and his abettor in the establishment of a new species of tyranny? It is one thing to submit to oppression, another to be the agent of tyrants. And O, Markham—their bloodhound!"

"How! bloodhound? What mean you? I own it is true I could see with content the wounds of this bleeding country stanch'd, even at the expense of beholding Cromwell, after his matchless rise, take a yet further step to power—but to be his bloodhound! What is your meaning?"

"It is false, then? Ah, I thought I could swear it had been false!"

"What, in the name of God, is it you ask?"

"It is false that you are engaged to betray the young King of Scotland?"

"Betray him! I betray him, or any fugitive! Never! I would he were well out of England. I would lend him my aid to escape, were he in the house at this instant, and think in acting so I did his enemies good service, by preventing their soiling themselves with his blood; but betray him, never!"

"I knew it—I was sure it was impossible. Oh, be yet more honest; disengage yourself from yonder gloomy and ambitious soldier! Shun him and his schemes, which are formed in injustice, and can only be realized in yet more blood."

"Believe me," replied Everard, "that I choose the line of policy best fitting the times."

"Choose that," she said, "which best befits duty, Markham—which best befits truth and honor. Do your duty, and let Providence decide the rest. Farewell, we tempt my father's patience too far; you know his temper—farewell, Markham."

She extended her hand, which he pressed to his lips, and

left the apartment. A silent bow to his uncle, and a sign to Wildrake, whom he found in the kitchen of the cabin, were the only tokens of recognition exhibited, and leaving the hut, he was soon mounted, and, with his companion, advanced on his return to the lodge.

CHAPTER XIV.

Deeds are done on earth
Which have their punishment ere the earth closes
Upon the perpetrators. Be it the working
Of the remorse-stirred fancy, or the vision,
Distinct and real, of unearthly being,
All ages witness, that beside the couch
Of the fell homicide oft stalks the ghost
Of him he slew, and shows the shadowy wound.

Old Play.

EVERARD had come to Joceline's hut as fast as horse could bear him, and with the same impetuosity of purpose and of speed. He saw no choice in the course to be pursued, and felt in his own imagination the strongest right to direct, and even reprove, his cousin, beloved as she was, on account of the dangerous machinations with which she appeared to have connected herself. He returned slowly, and in a very different mood.

Not only had Alice, prudent as beautiful, appeared completely free from the weakness of conduct which seemed to give him some authority over her, but her views of policy, if less practicable, were so much more direct and noble than his own, as led him to question whether he had not compromised himself too rashly with Cromwell, even although the state of the country was so greatly divided and torn by faction, that the promotion of the General to the possession of the executive government seemed the only chance of escaping a renewal of the Civil War. The more exalted and purer sentiments of Alice lowered him in his own eyes; and though unshaken in his opinion, that it were better the vessel should be steered by a pilot having no good title to the office than that she should run upon the breakers, he felt that he was not espousing the most direct, manly, and disinterested side of the question.

As he rode on, immersed in these unpleasant contemplations, and considerably lessened in his own esteem by what had happened, Wildrake, who rode by his side, and was no friend to long silence, began to enter into conversation. "I have been thinking, Mark," said he, "that if you and I

had been called to the bar—as, by the by, has been in danger of happening to me in more senses than one—I say, had we become barristers, I would have had the better-oiled tongue of the two—the fairer art of persuasion.”

“Perhaps so,” replied Everard, “though I never heard thee use any, save to induce an usurer to lend thee money or a taverner to abate a reckoning.”

“And yet this day, or rather night, I could have, as I think, made a conquest which baffled you.”

“Indeed?” said the colonel, becoming attentive.

“Why, look you,” said Wildrake, “it was a main object with you to induce Mistress Alice Lee—by Heaven, she is an exquisite creature. I approve of your taste, Mark—I say, you desire to persuade her, and the stout old Trojan her father, to consent to return to the lodge, and live there quietly, and under connivance, like gentlefolk, instead of lodging in a hut hardly fit to harbor a Tom of Bedlam.”

“Thou art right: such, indeed, was a great part of my object in this visit,” answered Everard.

“But, perhaps, you also expected to visit there yourself, and so keep watch over pretty Mistress Lee—eh?”

“I never entertained so selfish a thought,” said Everard; “and if this nocturnal disturbance at the mansion were explained and ended, I would instantly take my departure.”

“Your friend Noll would expect something more from you,” said Wildrake: “he would expect, in case the knight’s reputation for loyalty should draw any of our poor exiles and wanderers about the lodge, that you should be on the watch and ready to snap them. In a word, as far as I can understand his long-winded speeches, he would have Woodstock a trap, your uncle and his pretty daughter the bait of toasted cheese—craving your Chloe’s pardon for the comparison—you the spring-fall which should bar their escape, his lordship himself being the great grimalkin to whom they are to be given over to be devoured.”

“Dared Cromwell mention this to thee in express terms?” said Everard, pulling up his horse and stopping in the midst of the road.

“Nay, not in express terms, which I do not believe he ever used in his life, you might as well expect a drunken man to go straight forward; but he insinuated as much to me, and indicated that you might deserve well of him—gadzo, the damnable proposal sticks in my throat—by betraying our noble and rightful King (here he pulled off his hat), whom God grant in health and wealth long to reign,

as the worthy clergyman says, though I fear just now his Majesty is both sick and sorry, and never a penny in his pouch to boot."

"This tallies with what Alice hinted," said Everard; "but how could she know it? Didst thou give her any hint of such a thing?"

"I!" replied the Cavalier—"I, who never saw Mistress Alice in my life till to-night, and then only for an instant—zooks, man, how is that possible?"

"True," replied Everard, and seemed lost in thought. At length he spoke—"I should call Cromwell to account for his bad opinion of me; for, even though not seriously expressed, but, as I am convinced, it was, with the sole view of proving you, and perhaps myself, it was, nevertheless, a misconstruction to be resented."

"I'll carry a cartel for you, with all my heart and soul," said Wildrake; "and turn out with his godliness's second with as good will as I ever drank a glass of sack."

"Pshaw!" replied Everard, "those in his high place fight no single combats. But tell me, Roger Wildrake, didst thou thyself think me capable of the falsehood and treachery implied in such a message?"

"I!" exclaimed Wildrake, "Markham Everard, you have been my early friend, my constant benefactor. When Colchester was reduced, you saved me from the gallows, and since that thou hast twenty times saved me from starving. But, by Heaven, if I thought you capable of such villainy as your General recommended, by yonder blue sky, and all the works of creation which it bends over, I would stab you with my own hand."

"Death," replied Everard, "I should indeed deserve, but not from you, perhaps; but fortunately I cannot, if I would, be guilty of the treachery you would punish. Know, that I had this day secret notice, and from Cromwell himself, that the Young Man has escaped by sea from Bristol."

"Now, God Almighty be blessed, who protected him through so many dangers!" exclaimed Wildrake. "Huzza! Up hearts, Cavaliers! Hey for Cavaliers! God bless King Charles! Moon and stars catch my hat!" and he threw it up as high as he could into the air. The celestial bodies which he invoked did not receive the present despatched to them; but, as in the case of Sir Henry Lee's scabbard, an old gnarled oak became a second time the receptacle of a waif and stray of loyal enthusiasm. Wildrake looked rather

foolish at the circumstance, and his friend took the opportunity of admonishing him.

"Art thou not ashamed to bear thee so like a school-boy?"

"Why," said Wildrake, "I have but sent a Puritan's hat upon a loyal errand. I laugh to think how many of the schoolboys thou talk'st of will be cheated into climbing the pollard next year, expecting to find the nest of some unknown bird in yonder unmeasured margin of felt."

"Hush, now, for God's sake, and let us speak calmly," said Everard. "Charles has escaped, and I am glad of it. I would willingly have seen him on his father's throne by composition, but not by the force of the Scottish army and the incensed and vengeful Royalists——"

"Master Markham Everard——" began the Cavalier, interrupting him.

"Nay, hush, dear Wildrake," said Everard; "let us not dispute a point on which we cannot agree, and give me leave to go on. I say, since the young man has escaped, Cromwell's offensive and injurious stipulation falls to the ground; and I see not why my uncle and his family should not again enter their own house, under the same terms of connivance as many other Royalists. What may be incumbent on me is different, nor can I determine my course, until I have an interview with the General, which, as I think, will end in his confessing that he threw in this offensive proposal to sound us both. It is much in his manner; for he is blunt, and never sees or feels the punctilious honor which the gallants of the day stretch to such delicacy."

"I'll acquit him of having any punctilio about him," said Wildrake, "either touching honor or honesty. Now, to come back to where we started. Supposing you were not to reside in person at the lodge, and to forbear even visiting there, unless on invitation, when such a thing can be brought about, I tell you frankly, I think your uncle and his daughter might be induced to come back to the lodge, and reside there as usual. At least the clergyman, that worthy old cock, gave me to hope as much."

"He had been hasty in bestowing his confidence," said Everard.

"True," replied Wildrake; "he confided in me at once, for he instantly saw my regard for the church. I thank Heaven I never passed a clergyman in his canonicals without pulling my hat off; and thou knowest, the most des-

perate duel I ever fought was with young Grayless of the Inner Temple, for taking the wall of the Rev. Dr. Bunce. Ah, I can gain a chaplain's ear instantly. Gadzooks, they know whom they have to trust to in such a one as I."

"Dost thou think, then," said Colonel Everard, "or rather does this clergyman think, that, if they were secure of intrusion from me, the family would return to the lodge, supposing the intruding Commissioners gone, and this nocturnal disturbance explained and ended?"

"The old knight," answered Wildrake, "may be wrought upon by the doctor to return, if he is secure against intrusion. As for disturbances, the stout old boy, so far as I can learn in two minutes' conversation, laughs at all this turmoil as the work of mere imagination, the consequence of the remorse of their own evil consciences, and says that goblin or devil was never heard of at Woodstock until it became the residence of such men as they who have now usurped the possession."

"There is more than imagination in it," said Everard. "I have personal reason to know there is some conspiracy carrying on, to render the house untenable by the Commissioners. I acquit my uncle of accession to such a silly trick; but I must see it ended ere I can agree to his and my cousin's residing where such a confederacy exists; for they are likely to be considered as the contrivers of such pranks, be the actual agent who he may."

"With reverence to your better acquaintance with the gentleman, Everard, I should rather suspect the old father of Puritans—I beg your pardon again—has something to do with the business: and if so, Lucifer will never look near the true old knight's beard, nor abide a glance of yonder maiden's innocent blue eyes. I will uphold them as safe as pure gold in a miser's chest."

"Sawest thou aught thyself, which makes thee think thus?"

"Not a quill of the Devil's pinion saw I," replied Wildrake. "He supposes himself too secure of an old Cavalier who must steal, hang, or drown in the long-run, so he gives himself no trouble to look after the assured booty. But I heard the serving-fellows prate of what they had seen and heard; and though their tales were confused enough, yet if there was any truth among them at all, I should say the Devil must have been in the dance. But, halloo! here comes some one upon us. Stand, friend, who art thou?"

"A poor day-laborer in the great work of England—

Joseph Tomkins by name—secretary to a godly and well-endowed leader in this poor Christian army of England, called General Harrison.”

“What news, Master Tomkins?” said Everard; “and why are you on the road at this late hour?”

“I speak to the worthy Colonel Everard, as I judge?” said Tomkins; “and truly I am glad of meeting your honor. Heaven knows, I need such assistance as yours. Oh, worthy Master Everard, here has been a sounding of trumpets, and a breaking of vials, and a pouring forth, and——!”

“Prithee, tell me, in brief, what is the matter—whree is thy master—and, in a word, what has happened?”

“My master is close by, parading it in the little meadow, beside the hugeous oak which is called by the name of the late Man; ride but two steps forward, and you may see him walking swiftly to and fro, advancing all the while the naked weapon.”

Upon proceeding as directed, but with as little noise as possible, they descried a man, whom of course they concluded must be Harrison, walking to and fro beneath the King’s Oak, as a sentinel under arms, but with more wildness of demeanor. The tramp of the horses did not escape his ear; and they heard him call out, as if at the head of the brigade—“Lower pikes against cavalry; here comes Prince Rupert. Stand fast, and you shall turn them aside, as a bull would toss a cur-dog. Lower your pikes still, my hearts, the end secured against your foot—down on your right knee, front rank—spare not for the spoiling of your blue aprons. Ha—Zerobabel—ay, that is the word!”

“In the name of Heaven, about whom or what is he talking?” said Everard; “wherefore does he go about with his weapon drawn?”

“Truly, sir, when aught disturbs my master, General Harrison,* he is something rapt in the spirit, and conceives that he is commanding a reserve of pikes at the great battle of Armageddon; and for his weapon, alack, worthy sir, wherefore should he keep Sheffield steel in calves’ leather, when there are fiends to be combated—incarnate fiends on earth, and raging infernal fiends under the earth?”

“This is intolerable,” said Everard. “Listen to me, Tomkins. Thou art not now in the pulpit, and I desire none of thy preaching language. I know thou canst speak intelligibly when thou art so minded. Remember, I may

* [Compare p. 133.]

serve or harm thee ; and as you hope or fear anything on my part, answer straightforward. What has happened to drive out thy master to the wild wood at this time of night ? ”

“ Forsooth, worthy and honored sir, I will speak with the precision I may. True it is, and of verity, that the breath of man, which is in his nostrils, goeth forth and returneth——”

“ Hark you, sir,” said Colonel Everard, “ take care where you ramble in your correspondence with me. You have heard how, at the great battle of Dunbar in Scotland, the General himself held a pistol to the head of Lieutenant Hewcreed, threatening to shoot him through the brain if he did not give up holding forth and put his squadron in line to the front. Take care, sir.”

“ Verily, the lieutenant then charged with an even and unbroken order,” said Tomkins, “ and bore a thousand plaids and bonnets over the beach before him into the sea. Neither shall I pretermit or postpone your honor’s commands, but speedily obey them, and that without delay.”

“ Go to, fellow ; thou knowest what I would have,” said Everard ; “ speak at once—I know thou canst if thou wilt. Trusty Tompkins is better known than he thinks for.”

“ Worthy sir,” said Tompkins, in a much less periphrastic style, “ I will obey your worship as far as the spirit will permit. Truly, it was not an hour since, when my worshipful master being at table with Master Bibbet and myself, not to mention the worshipful Master Bletson and Colonel Desborough, and behold there was a violent knocking at the gate, as of one in haste. Now, of a certainty, so much had our household been harrassed with witches and spirits, and other objects of sound and sight, that the sentinels could not be brought to abide upon their posts without doors, and it was only by provision of beef and strong liquors that we were able to maintain a guard of three men in the hall, who nevertheless ventured not to open the door, lest they should be surprised with some of the goblins wherewith their imaginations were overwhelmed. And they heard the knocking, which increased until it seemed that the door was well-nigh about to be beaten down. Worthy Master Bibbet was a little overcome with liquor, as is his fashion, good man, about this time of the evening, not that he is in the least given to ebriety, but simply, that since the Scottish campaign he hath had a perpetual ague, which obliges him so to nourish

his frame against the damps of the night ; wherefore, as it is well known to your honor that I discharge the office of a faithful servant, as well to Major-General Harrison and the other Commissioners, as to my just and lawful master, Colonel Desborough——”

“ I know all that. And now that thou art trusted by both, I pray to Heaven thou mayst merit the trust,” said Colonel Everard.

“ And devoutly do I pray,” said Tomkins, “ that your worshipful prayers may be answered with favor ; for certainly to be, and to be called and entitled, Honest Joe and Trusty Tomkins is to me more than ever would be an earl’s title, were such things to be granted anew in this regenerated government.”

“ Well, go on—go on ; or if thou dalliest much longer, I will make bold to dispute the article of your honesty. I like short tales, sir, and doubt what is told with a long unnecessary train of words.”

“ Well, good sir, be not hasty. As I said before, the doors rattled till you would have thought the knocking was reiterated in every room of the palace. The bell rung out for company, though we could not find that any one tolled the clapper, and the guards left off their firelocks merely because they knew not what better to do. So, Master Bibbet being, as I said, unsusceptible of his duty, I went down with my poor rapier to the door, and demanded who was there ; and I was answered in a voice which, I must say, was much like another voice, that it was one wanting Major-General Harrison. So, as it was then late, I answered mildly that General Harrison was betaking himself to his rest, and that any who wished to speak to him must return on the morrow morning, for that, after nightfall, the door of the palace, being in the room of a garrison, would be opened to no one. So the voice replied, and bid me open directly, without which he would blow the folding-leaves of the door into the middle of the hall. And therewithal the noise recommenced, that we thought the house would have fallen ; and I was in some measure constrained to open the door, even like a besieged garrison which can hold out no longer.”

“ By my honor, and it was stoutly done of you, I must say,” said Wildrake, who had been listening with much interest. “ I am a bold daredevil enough, yet when I had two inches of oak plank between the actual fiend and me, hang him that would demolish the barrier between us, say I. I would as soon, when aboard, bore a hole in the ship and let in the

waves : for you know we always compare the Devil to the deep sea."

"Prithee, peace, Wildrake," said Everard, "and let him go on with his history. Well, and what saw'st thou when the door was opened ? The great Devil with his horns and claws thou wilt say, no doubt ?"

"No, sir, I will say nothing but what is true. When I undid the door, one man stood there, and he, too, seeming a man of no extraordinary appearance. He was wrapped in a taffeta cloak, of a scarlet color, and with a red lining. He seemed as if he might have been in his time a very handsome man, but there was something of paleness and sorrow in his face : a long love-lock and long hair he wore, even after the abomination of the Cavaliers, and the unloveliness, as learned Master Prynne well termed it, of love-locks ; a jewel in his ear ; a blue scarf over his shoulder, like a military commander for the King ; and a hat with a white plume, bearing a peculiar hatband."

"Some unhappy officer of Cavaliers, of whom so many are in hiding, and seeking shelter through the country," briefly replied Everard.

"True, worthy sir—right as a judicious ex-position. But there was something about this man, if he was a man, whom I, for one could not look upon without trembling ; nor the musketeers who were in the hall, without betraying much alarm, and swallowing, as they themselves will aver, the very bullets which they had in their mouths for loading their carbines and muskets. Nay, the wolf and deer-dogs, that are the fiercest of their kind, fled from this visitor, and crept into holes and corners, moaning and wailing in a low and broken tone. He came into the middle of the hall, and still he seemed no more than an ordinary man, only somewhat fantastically dressed, in a doublet of black velvet pinked upon scarlet satin under his cloak, a jewel in his ear, with large roses in his shoes, and a kerchief in his hand, which he sometimes pressed against his left side."

"Gracious Heaven !" said Wildrake, coming close up to Everard, and whispering in his ear, with accents which terror rendered tremulous (a mood of mind most unusual to the daring man who seemed now overcome by it), "it must have been poor Dick Robison the player, in the very dress in which I have seen him play Philaster—ay, and drunk a jolly bottle with him after it at the Mermaid ! I remember how many frolics we had together, and all his little fantastic fashions. He served for his old master, Charles,

in Mohun's troop, and was murdered by this butcher's dog, as I have heard, after surrender, at the battle of Naseby field."

"Hush! I have heard of the deed!" said Everard; "for God's sake hear the man to an end. Did this visitor speak to thee, my friend?"

"Yes, sir, in a pleasing tone of voice, but somewhat fanciful in the articulation, and like one who is speaking to an audience as from a bar or a pulpit, more than in the voice of ordinary men or ordinary matters. He desired to see Major-General Harrison."

"He did! and you," said Everard, infected by the spirit of the time, which, as is well known, leaned to credulity upon all matters of supernatural agency—"what did you do?"

"I went up to the parlor and related that such a person inquired for him. He started when I told him, and eagerly desired to know the man's dress; but no sooner did I mention his dress, and the jewel in his ear, than he said, "Begone!" tell him I will not admit him to speech of me. Say that I defy him, and will make my defiance good at the great battle in the valley of Armageddon, when the voice of the angel shall call all fowls which fly under the face of heaven to feed on the flesh of the captain and the soldier, the war-horse and his rider. Say to the Evil One, I have power to appeal our conflict even till that day, and that in the front of that fearful day he will again meet with Harrison." I went back with this answer to the stranger, and his face was writhed into such a deadly frown as a mere human brow hath seldom worn. "Return to him," he said, "and say it is MY HOUR; and that if he come not instantly down to speak with me, I will mount the stairs to him. Say that I COMMAND him to descend, by the token, that on the field of Naseby, *he did not the work negligently.*"

"I have heard," whispered Wildrake, who felt more and more strongly the contagion of superstition, "that these words were blasphemously used by Harrison when he shot my poor friend Dick."

"What happened next?" said Everard. "See that thou speakest the truth!"

"As gospel unexpounded by a steeple-man," said the Independent; "yet truly it is but little I have to say. I saw my master come down, with a blank yet resolved air; and when he entered the hall and saw the stranger, he made a pause. The other waved on him as if to follow, and

walked out at the portal. My worthy patron seemed as if he were about to follow, yet again paused, when this visitant, be he man or fiend, re-entered and said, "Obey thy doom."

"By pathless march, by greenwood tree,
It is thy weird to follow me—
To follow me through the ghastly moonlight—
To follow me through the shadows of night—
To follow me, comrade, still art thou bound.
I conjure thee by the unstanch'd wound—
I conjure thee by the last words I spoke,
When the body slept and the spirit awoke,
In the very last pangs of the deadly stroke."

So saying, he stalked out, and my master followed him into the wood. I followed also at a distance. But when I came up, my master was alone, and bearing himself as you now behold him."

"Thou hast had a wonderful memory, friend," said the colonel, coldly, "to remember these rhymes in a single recitation: there seems something of practise in all this."

"A single recitation, my honored sir!" exclaimed the Independent. "Alack, the rhyme is seldom out of my poor master's mouth, when, as sometimes haps, he is less triumphant in his wrestles with Satan. But it was the first time I ever heard it uttered by another; and, to say the truth, he ever seems to repeat it unwillingly, as a child after his pedagogue, and as it was not indited by his own head, as the Psalmist saith."

"It is singular," said Everard. "I have heard and read that the spirits of the slaughtered have a strange power over the slayer; but I am astonished to have it insisted upon that there may be truth in such tales. Roger Wildrake—what art thou afraid of man? why dost thou shift thy place thus?"

"Fear! it is not fear—it is hate, deadly hate. I see the murderer of poor Dick before me, and—see, he throws himself into a posture of fence. Sa—sa—say'st thou, brood of a butcher's mastiff? thou shalt not want an antagonist."

Ere any one could stop him, Wildrake threw aside his cloak, drew his sword, and almost with a single bound cleared the distance betwixt him and Harrison, and crossed swords with the latter, as he stood brandishing his weapon, as if in immediate expectation of an assailant. Accordingly, the republican general was not for an instant taken at unawares, but the moment the swords clashed, he shouted, "Ha! I feel thee now, thou hast come in body at last."

Welcome—welcome! The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!”

“Part them—part them,” cried Everard, as he and Tomkins, at first astonished at the suddenness of the affray, hastened to interfere. Everard, seizing on the Cavalier, drew him forcibly backwards, and Tomkins contrived, with risk and difficulty, to master Harrison’s sword, while the general exclaimed, “Ha! two to one—two to one! thus fight demons.”

Wildrake, on his side, swore a dreadful oath, and added, “Markham, you have canceled every obligation I owed you: they are all out of sight—gone, d—n me!”

“You have indeed acquitted these obligations rarely,” said Everard. “Who knows how this affair shall be explained and answered?”

“I will answer it with my life,” said Wildrake.

“Good now, be silent,” said Tomkins, “and let me manage. It shall be so ordered that the good general shall never know that he hath encountered with a mortal man; only let that man of Moab put his sword into the scabbard’s rest and be still.”

“Wildrake, let me entreat thee to sheathe thy sword,” said Everard, “else, on my life, thou must turn it against me.”

“No, ’fore George, not so mad as that neither; but I’ll have another day with him.”

“Thou, another day!” exclaimed Harrison, whose eye had still remained fixed on the spot where he found such palpable resistance. “Yes, I know thee well; day by day, week by week, thou makest the same idle request, for thou knowest that my heart quivers at thy voice. But my hand trembles not when opposed to thine: the spirit is willing to the combat, if the flesh be weak when opposed to that which is not of the flesh.”

“Now, peace all, for Heaven’s sake,” said the steward Tomkins: then added, addressing his master, “There is no one here, if it please your Excellency, but Tomkins and the worthy Colonel Everard.”

General Harrison, as sometimes happens in cases of partial insanity (that is, supposing his to have been a case of mental delusion), though firmly and entirely persuaded of the truth of his own visions, yet was not willing to speak on the subject to those who, he knew, would regard them as imaginary. Upon this occasion, he assumed the appearance of perfect ease and composure, after the violent agita-

tation he had just manifested, in a manner which showed how anxious he was to disguise his real feelings from Everard, whom he considered as unlikely to participate them.

He saluted the colonel with profound ceremony, and talked of the fineness of the evening, which had summoned him forth of the lodge, to take a turn in the park and enjoy the favorable weather. He then took Everard by the arm, and walked back with him towards the lodge, Wildrake and Tomkins following close behind and leading the horses. Everard, desirous to gain some light on these mysterious incidents, endeavored to come on the subject more than once, by a mode of interrogation which Harrison (for madmen are very often unwilling to enter on the subject of their mental delusion) parried with some skill, or addressed himself for aid to his steward Tomkins, who was in the habit of being voucher for his master upon all occasions, which led to Desborough's ingenious nickname of Fibbet.

"And wherefore had you your sword drawn, my worthy general," said Everard, "when you were only on an evening walk of pleasure?"

"Truly, excellent colonel, these are times when men must watch with their loins girded, and their lights burning, and their weapons drawn. The day draweth nigh, believe me or not as you will, that men must watch least they be found naked and unarmed, when the seven trumpets shall sound, 'Boot and saddle'; and the pipes of Jezer shall strike up, 'Horse and away.'"

"True, good general; but methought I saw you making passes even now as if you were fighting?" said Everard.

"I am of a strange fantasy, friend Everard," answered Harrison; "and when I walk alone, and happen, as but now, to have my weapon drawn, I sometimes, for exercise' sake, will practise a thrust against such a tree as that. It is a silly pride men have in the use of weapons. I have been accounted a master of fence, and have fought prizes when I was unregenerated, and before I was called to do my part in the great work, entering as a trooper into our victorious general's first regiment of horse."

"But, methought," said Everard, "I heard a weapon clash with yours?"

"How! a weapon clash with my sword? How could that be, Tomkins?"

"Truly, sir," said Tomkins, "it must have been a bough of the tree; they have them of all kinds here, and your honor may have pushed against one of them which the

Brazilians call iron-wood, a block of which, being struck with a hammer, saith Purchas in his *Pilgrimage*, ringeth like an anvil."

"Truly, it may be so," said Harrison; "for those rulers who are gone assembled in this their abode of pleasure many strange trees and plants, though they gathered not of the fruit of that tree which beareth twelve manner of fruits, or of those leaves which are for the healing of the nations."

Everard pursued his investigation; for he was struck with the manner in which Harrison evaded his question, and the dexterity with which he threw his transcendental and fanatical notions, like a sort of veil, over the darker visions excited by remorse and conscious guilt.

"But," said he, "if I may trust my eyes and ears I cannot but still think that you had a real antagonist. Nay, I am sure I saw a fellow, in a dark-colored jerkin, retreat though the wood."

"Did you?" said Harrison, with a tone of surprise, while his voice faltered in spite of him. "Who could he be? Tomkins, did you see the fellow Colonel Everard talks of with the napkin in his hand—the bloody napkin which he always pressed to his side?"

This last expression, in which Harrison gave a mark different from that which Everard had assigned, but corresponding to Tomkins' original description of the supposed specter, had more effect on Everard in confirming the steward's story than anything he had witnessed or heard. The voucher answered the draft upon him as promptly as usual, that he had seen such a fellow glide past them into the thicket; that he dared to say he was some deer-stealer, for he had heard they were become very audacious.

"Look ye there now, Master Everard," said Harrison, hurrying from the subject. "Is it not time now that we should lay aside our controversies, and join hand in hand to repairing the breaches of our Zion? Happy and contented were I, my excellent friend, to be a treader of mortar, or a bearer of a hod, upon this occasion, under our great leader, with whom Providence has gone forth in this great national controversy; and truly, so devoutly do I hold by our excellent and victorious General Oliver—whom Heaven long preserve!—that were he to command me, I should not scruple to pluck forth of his high place the man whom they call Speaker, even as I lent a poor hand to pluck down the man whom they called King. Wherefore, as I know your judgment holdeth with mine on this matter, let me urge unto you lovingly, that we

may act as brethren, and build up the breaches and re-establish the bulwarks of our English Zion, whereby we shall be doubtless chosen as pillars and buttresses, under our excellent Lord General, for supporting and sustaining the same, and endowed with proper revenues and incomes, both "spiritual and temporal, to serve as a pedestal on which we may stand, seeing that otherwise our foundation will be on the loose sand. Nevertheless," continued he, his mind again diverging from his views of temporal ambition into his visions of the Fifth Monarchy, "these things are but vanity in respect of the opening of the book which is sealed ; for all things approach speedily towards lightning and thundering, and unloosing of the great dragon from the bottomless pit, wherein he is claimed."

With this mingled strain of earthly politics and fanatical prediction, Harrison so overpowered Colonel Everard as to leave him no time to urge him farther on the particular circumstances of his nocturnal skirmish, concerning which it is plain he had no desire to be interrogated. They now reached the lodge of Woodstock.

CHAPTER XV

Now the wasted brands do glow,
While the screech-owl, sounding loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets out its sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide.
Midsummer Night's Dream.

BEFORE the gate of the palace the guards were now doubled. Everard demanded the reason of this from the corporal, whom he found in the hall with his soldiers, sitting or sleeping around a great fire, maintained at the expense of the carved chairs and benches, with fragments of which it was furnished.

"Why, verily," answered the man, "the *corps de garde*, as your worship says, will be harassed to pieces by such duty; nevertheless, fear hath gone abroad among us, and no man will mount guard alone. We have drawn in, however, one or two of our outposts from Banbury and elsewhere, and we are to have a relief from Oxford to-morrow."

Everard continued minute inquiries concerning the sentinels that were posted within as well as without the lodge; and found that, as they had been stationed under the eye of Harrison himself, the rules of prudent discipline had been exactly observed in the distribution of the poste. There remained nothing, therefore, for Colonel Everard to do but, remembering his own adventure of the evening, to recommend that an additional sentinel should be placed, with a companion, if judged indispensable, in that vestibule, or ante-room, from which the long gallery where he had met with the rencontre and other suits of apartments diverge. The corporal respectfully promised all obedience to his orders. The serving-men, being called, appeared also in double force. Everard demanded to know whether the Commissioners had gone to bed, or whether he could get speech with them.

"They are in their bedroom, forsooth," replied one of the fellows; "but I think they be not yet undressed."

"What!" said Everard, "are Colonel Desborough and Master Bletson both in the same sleeping apartment?"

"Their honors have so chosen it," said the man; "and their honors' secretaries remain upon guard all night."

"It is the fashion to double guards all over the house," said Wildrake. "Had I a glimpse of a tolerably good-looking housemaid now, I should know how to fall into the fashion."

"Peace, fool!" said Everard. "And where are the Mayor and Master Holdenough?"

"The Mayor has returned to the borough on horseback, behind the trooper who goes to Oxford for the reinforcement; and the man at the steeple-house hath quartered himself in the chamber which Colonel Desborough had last night, being that in which he is most likely to meet the——your honor understands. The lord pity us, we are a harrassed family."

"And where be General Harrison's knaves," said Tomkins, "that they do not marshal him to his apartment?"

"Here—here—here, Master Tomkins," said three fellows, pressing forward, with the same consternation on their faces which seemed to pervade the whole inhabitants of Woodstock.

"Away with you, then," said Tomkins. "Speak not to his worship: you see he is not in the humor."

"Indeed," observed Colonel Everard, "he looks singularly wan: his features seem writhen as by a palsy stroke; and though he was talking so fast while we came along, he hath not opened his mouth since we came to the light."

"It is his manner after such visitations," said Tomkins. "Give his honor your arms, Zedekiah and Jonathan, to lead him off. I will follow instantly. You, Nicodemus, tarry to wait upon me: it is not well walking alone in this mansion."

"Master Tomkins," said Everard, "I have heard of you often as a sharp, intelligent man; tell me fairly, are you in earnest afraid of anything supernatural haunting this house?"

"I would be loth to run the chance, sir," said Tomkins, very gravely; "by looking on my worshipful master, you may form a guess how the living look after they have spoken with the dead." He bowed low, and took his leave.

Everard proceeded to the chamber which the two remaining Commissioners had, for comfort's sake, chosen to inhabit in company. They were preparing for bed as he went

into their apartment. Both started as the door opened ; both rejoiced when they saw it was only Everard who entered.

“Harkye hither,” said Bletson, pulling him aside, “sawest thou ever ass equal to Desborough ? The fellow is as big as an ox and as timorous as a sheep ; he has insisted on my sleeping here to protect him. Shall we have a merry night on’t, ha ? We will, if thou wilt take the third bed, which was prepared for Harrison ; but he is gone out, like a moon-calf, to look for the valley of Armageddon in the park of Woodstock.”

“General Harrison has returned with me but now,” said Everard.

“Nay but, as I shall live, he comes not into our apartment,” said Desborough, overhearing his answer. “No man that has been supping, for aught I know, with the Devil has a right to sleep among Christian folk.”

“He does not propose to,” said Everard ; “he sleeps, as I understand, apart—and alone.”

“Not quite alone, I daresay,” said Desborough, “for Harrison hath a sort of attraction for goblins : they fly round him like moths about a candle. But, I prithee, good Everard, do thou stay with us. I know not how it is, but although thou hast not thy religion always in thy mouth, nor speakest many hard words about it, like Harrison, nor makest long preachments, like a certain most honorable relation of mine who shall be nameless, yet somehow I feel myself safer in thy company than with any of them. As for this Bletson, he is such a mere blasphemer, that I fear the Devil will carry him away ere morning.”

“Did you ever hear such a paltry coward ?” said Bletson apart to Everard. “Do tarry, however, mine honored colonel. I know your zeal to assist the distressed, and you see Desborough is in that predicament, that he will require near him more than one good example to prevent him thinking of ghosts and fiends.”

“I am sorry I cannot oblige you, gentlemen,” said Everard ; “but I have settled my mind to sleep in Victor Lee’s apartment, so I wish you good-night ; and if you would repose without disturbance, I would advise that you commend yourselves, during the watches of the night, to Him unto whom night is even as mid-day. I had intended to have spoken with you this evening on the subject of my being here ; but I will defer the conference till to-morrow, when, I think, I will be able to show you excellent reasons for leaving Woodstock.”

"We have seen plenty such already," said Desborough. "For one, I came here to serve the estate, with some moderate advantage doubtless to myself for my trouble; but if I am set upon my head again to-night, as I was the night before, I would not stay longer to gain a king's crown, for I am sure my neck would be unfitted to bear the weight of it."

"Good-night," exclaimed Everard, and was about to go, when Bletson again pressed close, and whispered to him, "Hark thee, colonel, you know my friendship for thee—I do implore thee to leave the door of thy apartment open, that, if thou meetest with any disturbance, I may hear thee call, and be with thee upon the very instant. Do this, dear Everard—my fears for thee will keep me awake else; for I know that, notwithstanding your excellent sense, you entertain some of those superstitious ideas which we suck in with our mother's milk, and which constitute the ground of our fears in situations like the present; therefore, leave thy door open, if you love me, that you may have ready assistance from me in case of need."

"My master," said Wildrake, "trusts, first, in his Bible, sir, and then in his good sword. He has no idea that the Devil can be baffled by the charm of two men lying in one room, still less that the Foul Fiend can be argued out of existence by the nullifidians of the Rota."

Everard seized his imprudent friend by the collar and dragged him off as he was speaking, keeping fast hold of him till they were both in the chamber of Victor Lee, where they had slept on a former occasion. Even then he continued to hold Wildrake, until the servant had arranged the lights and was dismissed from the room; then letting him go, addressed him with the upbraiding question, "Art thou not a prudent and sagacious person, who in times like these seek'st every opportunity to argue yourself into a broil, or embroil yourself in an argument? Out on you!"

"Ay, out on me, indeed," said the Cavalier—"out on me for a poor tame-spirited creature, that submits to be bandied about in this manner by a man who is neither better born nor better bred than myself. I tell thee, Mark, you make an unfair use of your advantages over me. Why will you not let me go from you and live and die after my own fashion?"

"Because, before we had been a week separate, I should hear of your dying after the fashion of a dog. Come, my good friend, what madness was it in thee to fall foul on

Harrison, and then to enter into useless argument with Bletson ? ”

“ Why, we are in the Devil’s house, I think, and I would willingly give the landlord his due wherever I travel. To have sent him Harrison, or Bletson now, just as a lunch to stop his appetite, till Crom—— ”

“ Hush ! stone walls have ears,” said Everard, looking around him. “ Here stands thy night-drink. Look to thy arms, for we must be as careful as if the Avenger of Blood were behind us. Yonder is thy bed ; and I, as thou seest, have one prepared in the parlor. The door only divides us.”

“ Which I will leave open, in case thou shouldst halloo for assistance, as yonder nullifidian bath it. But how hast thou got all this so well put in order, good patron ? ”

“ I gave the steward Tomkins notice of my purpose to sleep here.”

“ A strange fellow that,” said Wildrake, “ and, as I judge, has taken measure of every one’s foot : all seems to pass through his hands.”

“ He is, I have understood,” replied Everard, “ one of the men formed by the times — has a ready gift of preaching and expounding, which keeps him in high terms with the Independents, and recommends himself to the more moderate people by his intelligence and activity.”

“ Has his sincerity ever been doubted ? ” said Wildrake.

“ Never that I heard of,” said the colonel ; “ on the contrary, he has been familiarly called Honest Joe and Trusty Tomkins. For my part, I believe his sincerity has always kept pace with his interest. But come, finish thy cup, and to bed. What, all emptied at one draught ? ”

“ Adzookers, yes—my vow forbids me to make two on’t ; but, never fear, the nightcap will only warm my brain, not clog it. So, man or devil, give me notice if you are disturbed, and rely on me in a twinkling.” So saying, the Cavalier retreated into his separate apartment ; and Colonel Everard, taking off the most cumbrous part of his dress, lay down in his hose and doublet, and composed himself to rest.

He was awakened from sleep by a slow and solemn strain of music, which died away as at a distance. He started up and felt for his arms, which he found close beside him. His temporary bed being without curtains, he could look around him without difficulty ; but as there remained in the chimney only a few red embers of the fire, which he had arranged before he went asleep, it was impossible he could

discern anything. He felt, therefore, in spite of his natural courage, that undefined and thrilling species of tremor which attends a sense that danger is near, and an uncertainty concerning its cause and character. Reluctant as he was to yield belief to supernatural occurrences, we have already said he was not absolutely incredulous; as perhaps, even in this more sceptical age, there are many fewer complete and absolute infidels on this particular than give themselves out for such. Uncertain whether he had not dreamed of these sounds which seemed yet in his ears, he was unwilling to risk the raillery of his friend by summoning him to his assistance. He sat up, therefore, in his bed, not without experiencing that nervous agitation to which brave men as well as cowards are subject; with this difference, that the one sinks under it like the vine under the hailstorm, and the other collects his energies to shake it off, as the cedar of Lebanon is said to elevate its boughs to disperse the snow which accumulates upon them.

The story of Harrison, in his own absolute despite, and notwithstanding a secret suspicion which he had of trick or connivance, returned on his mind at this dead and solitary hour. Harrison, he remembered, had described the vision by a circumstance of its appearance different from that which his own remark had been calculated to suggest to the mind of the visionary: that bloody napkin, always pressed to the side, was then a circumstance present either to his bodily eye or to that of his agitated imagination. Did, then, the murdered revisit the living haunts of those who had forced them from the stage with all their sins unaccounted for? And if they did, might not the same permission authorize other visitations of a similar nature—to warn, to instruct, to punish? “Rash are they,” was his conclusion, “and credulous, who receive as truth every tale of the kind; but no less rash may it be to limit the power of the Creator over the works which He has made, and to suppose that, by the permission of the Author of nature, the laws of nature may not, in peculiar cases and for high purposes, be temporarily suspended.”

While these thoughts passed through Everard's mind, feelings unknown to him, even when he stood first on the rough and perilous edge of battle, gained ground upon him. He feared he knew not what; and where an open and discernible peril would have drawn out his courage, the absolute uncertainty of his situation increased his sense of the danger. He felt an almost irresistible desire to spring from his bed and heap fuel on the dying embers, expecting by the blaze

to see some strange sight in his chamber. He was also strongly tempted to awaken Wildrake; but shame, stronger than fear itself, checked these impulses. What! should it be thought that Markham Everard, held one of the best soldiers who had drawn a sword in this sad war—Markham Everard, who had obtained such distinguished rank in the army of the Parliament, though so young in years, was afraid of remaining by himself in a twilight-room at midnight? It never should be said.

This was, however, no charm for his unpleasant current of thought. There rushed on his mind the various traditions of Victor Lee's chamber, which, though he had often despised them as vague, unauthenticated, and inconsistent rumors, engendered by ancient superstition and transmitted from generation to generation by loquacious credulity, had yet something in them which did not tend to allay the present unpleasant state of his nerves. Then, when he recollected the events of that very afternoon—the weapon pressed against his throat, and the strong arm which threw him backward on the floor—if the remembrance served to contradict the idea of flitting phantoms and unreal daggers, it certainly induced him to believe that there was in some part of this extensive mansion a party of Cavaliers, or Malignants, harbored, who might arise in the night, overpower the guards, and execute upon them all, but on Harrison in particular, as one of the regicide judges, that vengeance which was so eagerly thirsted for by the attached followers of the slaughtered monarch.

He endeavored to console himself on this subject by the number and position of the guards, yet still was dissatisfied with himself for not having taken yet more exact precautions, and for keeping an extorted promise of silence which might consign so many of his party to the danger of assassination. These thoughts, connected with his military duties, awakened another train of reflections. He bethought himself, that all he could now do was to visit the sentries and ascertain that they were awake, alert, on the watch, and so situated that in time of need they might be ready to support each other. "This better befits me," he thought, "than to lie here like a child, frightening myself with the old woman's legend which I have laughed at when a boy. What although old Victor Lee was a sacrilegious man, as common report goes, and brewed ale in the font which he brought from the ancient palace of Holyrood, while church and building were in flames? And what although his eldest son was when a

child scalded to death in the same vessel? How many churches have been demolished since his time? How many fonts desecrated? So many, indeed, that, were the vengeance of Heaven to visit such aggressions in a supernatural manner, no corner in England, no, not the most petty parish church, but would have its apparition. Tush, these are idle fancies, unworthy, especially, to be entertained by those educated to believe that sancity resides in the intention and the act, not in the buildings or fonts, or the form of worship,"

As thus he called together the articles of his Calvinistic creed, the bell of the great clock (a token seldom silent in such narratives) tolled three, and was immediately followed by the hoarse call of the sentinels through vault and gallery, upstairs and beneath, challenging and answering each other with the usual watchword, "All's well." Their voices mingled with the deep boom of the bell, yet ceased before that was silent, and when they had died away, the tingling echo of the prolonged knell was scarcely audible. Ere yet that last distant tingling had finally subsided into silence, it seemed as if it again was awakened; and Everard could hardly judge at first whether a new echo had taken up the falling cadence, or whether some other and separate sound was disturbing anew the silence to which the deep knell had, as its voice ceased, consigned the ancient mansion and the woods around it.

But the doubt was soon cleared up. The musical tones, which had mingled with the dying echoes of the knell, seemed at first to prolong, and afterwards to survive, them. A wild strain of melody, beginning at a distance, and growing louder as it advanced, seemed to pass from room to room, from cabinet to gallery, from hall to bower, through the deserted and dishonored ruins of the ancient residence of so many sovereigns: and, as it approached, no soldier gave alarm, nor did any of the numerous guests of various degrees who spent an unpleasant and terrified night in that ancient mansion seem to dare to announce to each other the inexplicable cause of apprehension.

Everard's excited state of mind did not permit him to be so passive. The sounds approached so nigh, that it seemed they were performing in the very next apartment a solemn service for the dead, when he gave the alarm, by calling loudly to his trusty attendant and friend Wildrake, who slumbered in the next chamber with only a door betwixt them, and even that ajar.

"Wildrake—Wildrake! Up—up! Dost thou not hear the alarm?"

There was no answer from Wildrake, though the musical sounds, which now rung through the apartment as if the performers had actually been within its precincts, would have been sufficient to awaken a sleeping person, even without the shout of his comrade and patron.

"Alarm, Roger Wildrake—alarm!" again called Everard, getting out of bed and grasping his weapons. "Get a light, and cry alarm!"

There was no answer. His voice died away as the sound of the music seemed also to die; and the same soft sweet voice, which still to his thinking resembled that of Alice Lee, was heard in his apartment, and, as he thought, at no distance from him.

"Your comrade will not answer," said the low soft voice. "Those only hear the alarm whose consciences feel the call."

"Again this mummery!" said Everard. "I am better armed than I was of late; and but for the sound of that voice, the speaker had bought his trifling dear."

It was singular, we may observe in passing, that the instant the distinct sounds of the human voice were heard by Everard, all idea of supernatural interference was at an end, and the charm by which he had been formerly fettered appeared to be broken; so much is the influence of imaginary or superstitious terror dependent, so far as respects strong judgments at least, upon what is vague or ambiguous; and so readily do distinct tones and express ideas bring such judgments back to the current of ordinary life.

The voice returned answer, as addressing his thoughts as well as his words. "We laugh at the weapons thou thinkest should terrify us. Over the guardians of Woodstock they have no power. Fire, if thou wilt, and try the effect of thy weapons. But know, it is not our purpose to harm thee: thou art of a falcon breed, and noble in thy disposition, though, unreclaimed and ill nurtured, thou hauntest with kites and carrion crows. Wing thy flight from hence on the morrow, for, if thou tarriest with the bats, owls, vultures and ravens which have thought to nestle here, thou wilt inevitably share their fate. Away, then, that these halls may be swept and garnished for the reception of those who have a better right to inhabit them."

Everard answered in a raised voice. "Once more I

warn you, think not to defy me in vain. I am no child to be frightened by goblins' tales, and no coward, armed as I am, to be alarmed at the threats of banditti. If I give you a moment's indulgence, it is for the sake of dear and misguided friends, who may be concerned with this dangerous gambol. Know, I can bring a troop of soldiers round the castle, who will search its most inward recesses for the author of this audacious frolic ; and if that search should fail, it will cost but a few barrels of gunpowder to make the mansion a heap of ruins, and bury under them the authors of such an ill-judged pastime."

"You speak proudly, sir colonel," said another voice, similar to that harsher and stronger tone by which he had been addressed in the gallery ; "try your courage in this direction."

"You should not dare me twice," said Colonel Everard, "had I a glimpse of light to take aim by."

As he spoke, a sudden gleam of light was thrown with a brilliancy which almost dazzled the speaker, showing distinctly a form somewhat resembling that of Victor Lee, as represented in his picture, holding in one hand a lady completely veiled, and in the other his leading staff or truncheon. Both figures were animated, and, as it appeared, standing within six feet of him.

"Were it not for the woman," said Everard, "I would not be thus mortally dared."

"Spare not for the female form, but do your worst," replied the same voice. "I defy you."

"Repeat your defiance when I have counted thrice," said Everard, "and take the punishment of your insolence. Once—I have cocked my pistol. Twice—I never missed my aim. By all that is sacred, I fire if you do not withdraw. When I pronounce the next number, I will shoot you dead where you stand. I am yet unwilling to shed blood : I give you another chance of flight, once—twice—THRICE !"

Everard aimed at the bosom, and discharged his pistol. The figure waved its arm in an attitude of scorn ; and a loud laugh arose, during which the light, as gradually growing weaker, glanced and glimmered upon the apparition of the aged knight, and then disappeared. Everard's life-blood ran cold to his heart. "Had he been of human mold," he thought, "the bullet must have pierced him, but I have neither will nor power to fight with supernatural beings."

The feeling of oppression was now so strong as to be actually sickening. He groped his way, however, to the fire-

side, and flung on the embers, which were yet gleaming, a handful of dry fuel. It presently blazed, and afforded him light to see the room in every direction. He looked cautiously, almost timidly, around, and half expected some horrible phantom to become visible. But he saw nothing save the old furniture, the reading desk, and other articles, which had been left in the same state as when Sir Henry Lee departed. He felt an uncontrollable desire, mingled with much repugnance, to look at the portrait of the ancient knight, which the form he had seen so strongly resembled. He hesitated betwixt the opposing feelings, but at length snatched, with desperate resolution, the taper which he had extinguished, and relighted it, ere the blaze of the fuel had again died away. He held it up to the ancient portrait of Victor Lee, and gazed on it with eager curiosity, not unmingled with fear. Almost the childish terror of his early days returned, and he thought the severe pale eye of the ancient warrior followed his, and menaced him with its displeasure. And although he quickly argued himself out of such an absurd belief, yet the mixed feelings of his mind were expressed in words that seemed half addressed to the ancient portrait.

"Soul of my mother's ancestor," he said, "be it for weal or for woe, by designing men or by supernatural beings, that these ancient halls are disturbed, I am resolved to leave them on the morrow."

"I rejoice to hear it, with all my soul," said a voice behind him.

He turned, saw a tall figure in white, with a sort of turban upon its head, and dropping the candle in the exertion, instantly grappled with it.

"*Thou* at least are palpable," he said.

"Palpable!" answered he whom he grasped so strongly.

"'Sdeath, methinks you might know that without the risk of choking me; and if you loose me not, I'll show you that two can play at the game of wrestling."

"Roger Wildrake!" said Everard, letting the Cavalier loose, and stepping back.

"Roger Wildrake? ay, truly. Did you take me for Roger Bacon, come to help you to raise the Devil, for the place smells of sulphur consumedly?"

"It is the pistol I fired. Did you not hear it?"

"Why, yes, it was the first thing waked me, for that night-cap which I pulled on made me sleep like a dormouse. Pshaw, I feel my brains giddy with it yet."

“And wherefore came you not on the instant? I never needed help more.”

“I come as fast as I could,” answered Wildrake; “but it was some time ere I got my senses collected, for I was dreaming of that cursed field at Naseby; and then the door of my room was shut, and hard to open, till I played the locksmith with my foot.”

“How! it was open when I went to bed,” said Everard.

“It was locked when I came out of bed, though,” said Wildrake, “and I marvel you heard me not when I forced it open.”

“My mind was occupied otherwise,” said Everard.

“Well,” said Wildrake, “but what has happened? Here am I bolt upright, and ready to fight, if this yawning fit will give me leave. Mother Redcap’s mightiest is weaker than I drank last night, by a bushel to a barleycorn. I have quaffed the very elixir of malt. Ha—yaw.”

“And some opiate besides, I should think,” said Everard.

“Very like—very like; less than the pistol-shot would not wake me—even me, who with but an ordinary grace-cup sleep as lightly as a maiden on the first of May, when she watches for the earliest beam to go to gather dew. But what are you about to do next?”

“Nothing,” answered Everard.

“Nothing?” said Wildrake, in surprise.

“I speak it,” said Colonel Everard, “less for your information than for that of others who may hear me, that I will leave the lodge this morning, and, if it is possible, remove the Commissioners.”

“Hark,” said Wildrake, “do you not hear some noise, like the distant sound of the applause of a theater? The goblins of the place rejoice in your departure.”

“I shall leave Woodstock,” said Everard, “to the occupation of my uncle Sir Henry Lee, and his family, if they choose to resume it: not that I am frightened into this as a concession to the series of artifices which have been played off on this occasion, but solely because such was my intention from the beginning. But let me warn,” he added, raising his voice—“let me warn the parties concerned in this combination that, though it may pass off successfully on a fool like Desborough, a visionary like Harrison, a coward like Bletson——”

Here a voice distinctly spoke, as standing near them—
“Or a wise, moderate, and resolute person like Colonel Everard.”

“By Heaven, the voice came from the picture,” said Wildrake, drawing his sword; “I will pink his plated armor for him.”

“Offer no violence,” said Everard, startled at the interruption, but resuming with firmness what he was saying. “Let those engaged be aware that, however this string of artifices may be immediately successful, it must, when closely looked into, be attended with the punishment of all concerned, the total demolition of Woodstock, and the irredeemable downfall of the family of Lee. Let all concerned think of this, and desist in time.”

He paused, and almost expected a reply, but none such came.

“It is a very odd thing,” said Wildrake; “but—yaw—ha—my brain cannot compass it just now: it whirls round like a toast in a bowl of muscadine. I must sit down—ha—yaw—and discuss it at leisure. Grammercy, good elbow-chair.”

So saying, he threw himself, or rather sank gradually, down on a large easy-chair, which had been often pressed by the weight of stout Sir Henry Lee, and in an instant was sound asleep. Everard was far from feeling the same inclination for slumber, yet his mind was relieved of the apprehension of any farther visitation that night; for he considered his treaty to evacuate Woodstock as made known to, and accepted in all probability by, those whom the intrusion of the Commissioners had induced to take such singular measures for expelling them. His opinion, which had for a time bent towards a belief in something supernatural in the disturbances, had now returned to the more rational mode of accounting for them by dexterous combination, for which such a mansion as Woodstock afforded as many facilities.

He heaped the hearth with fuel, lighted the candle, and examining poor Wildrake's situation, adjusted him as easily in the chair as he could, the Cavalier stirring his limbs no more than an infant. His situation went far, in his patron's opinion, to infer trick and confederacy, for ghosts have no occasion to drug men's possets. He threw himself on the bed, and while he thought these strange circumstances over, a sweet and low strain of music stole through the chamber, the words “Good-night—good-night—good-night,” thrice repeated, each time in a softer and more distant tone, seeming to assure him that the goblins and he were at truce, if not at peace, and that he had no more disturbance to expect that night. He had scarcely the courage to call out a

“good-night”: for, after all his conviction of the existence of a trick, it was so well performed as to bring with it a feeling of fear, just like what an audience experience during the performance of a tragic scene, which they knew to be unreal, and which yet effects their passions by its near approach to nature. Sleep overtook him at last, and left him not till broad daylight on the ensuing morning.

CHAPTER XVI

And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger

**At whose approach ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyard.**

Midsummer Night's Dream.

WITH the fresh air, and the rising of morning, every feeling of the preceding night had passed away from Colonel Everard's mind, excepting wonder how the effects which he had witnessed could be produced. He examined the whole room, sounding both floor and wainscot with his knuckles and cane, but was unable to discern any secret passages; while the door, secured by a strong cross-bolt, and the lock besides, remained as firm as when he had fastened it on the preceding evening. The apparition resembling Victor Lee next called his attention. Ridiculous stories had been often circulated of this figure, or one exactly resembling it, having been met with by night among the waste apartments and corridors of the old palace; and Markham Everard had often heard such in his childhood. He was angry to recollect his own deficiency of courage, and the thrill which he felt on the preceding night when, by confederacy doubtless, such an object was placed before her eyes.

"Surely," he said, "this fit of childish folly could not make me miss my aim: more likely that the bullet had been withdrawn clandestinely from my pistol."

He examined that which was undischarged; he found the bullet in it. He investigated the apartment opposite to the point at which he had fired, and at five feet from the floor, in a direct line between the bedside and the place where the appearances had been seen, a pistol-ball had recently buried itself in the wainscot. He had little doubt, therefore, that he had fired in a just direction; and indeed, to have arrived at the place where it was lodged, the bullet must have passed through the appearance at which he aimed, and proceeded point-blank to the wall beyond. This was mysterious, and induced him to doubt whether the art of witchcraft or conjuration had not been called in to assist the

machinations of those daring conspirators, who being themselves mortal, might nevertheless, according to the universal creed of the times, have invoked and obtained assistance from the inhabitants of another world.

His next investigation respected the picture of Victor Lee itself. He examined it minutely as he stood on the floor before it, and compared its pale, shadowy, faintly-traced outlines, its faded colors, the stern repose of the eye, and deathlike pallidness of the countenance with its different aspect on the preceding night, when illuminated by the artificial light which fell upon it, while it left every other part of the room in comparative darkness. The features seemed then to have an unnatural glow, while the rising and falling of the flame in the chimney gave the head and limbs something which resembled the appearance of actual motion. Now, seen by day, it was a mere picture of the hard and ancient school of Holbein: last night, it seemed for the moment something more. Determined to get to the bottom of this contrivance if possible, Everard, by the assistance of a table and chair, examined the portrait still more closely, and endeavored to ascertain the existence of any private spring by which it might be slipped aside—a contrivance not unfrequent in ancient buildings, which usually abounded with means of access and escape, communicated to none but the lords of the castle, or their immediate confidants. But the panel on which Victor Lee was painted was firmly fixed in the wainscoting of the apartment, of which it made a part, and the colonel satisfied himself that it could not have been used for the purpose which he had suspected.

He next aroused his faithful squire Wildrake, who, notwithstanding his deep share of the "blessedness of sleep," had scarce even yet got rid of the effects of the grace-cup of the preceding evening. "It was the reward," according to his own view of the matter, "of his temperance, one single draught having made him sleep more late and more sound than a matter of half a dozen, or from thence to a dozen, pulls would have done, when he was guilty of the enormity of re-re-suppers,* and of drinking deep after them."

"Had your temperate draught," said Everard, "been but a thought more strongly seasoned, Wildrake, thou hadst slept so sound that the last trump only could have waked thee."

"And then," answered Wildrake, "I should have waked

* See Note 3.

with a headache, Mark ; for I see my modest sip has not exempted me from that epilogue. But let us go forth, and see how the night, which we have passed so strangely, has been spent by the rest of them. I suspect they are all right willing to evacuate Woodstock, unless they have either rested better than we or at least been more lucky in lodgings."

"In that case, I will despatch thee down to Joceline's hut, to negotiate the re-entrance of Sir Henry Lee and his family into their old apartments, where, my interest with the General being joined with the indifferent repute of the place itself, I think they have little chance of being disturbed either by the present or by any new Commissioners."

"But how are they to defend themselves against the fiends, my gallant colonel?" said Wildrake. "Methinks, had I an interest in yonder pretty girl such as thou dost boast, I should be loth to expose her to the terrors of a residence at Woodstock, where these devils—I beg their pardon, for I suppose they hear every word we say—these merry goblins make such gay work from twilight till morning."

"My dear Wildrake," said the colonel, "I, as well as you, believe it possible that our speech may be overheard ; but I care not, and will speak my mind plainly. I trust Sir Henry and Alice are not engaged in this silly plot : I cannot reconcile it with the pride of the one, the modesty of the other, or the good sense of both, that any motive could engage them in so strange a conjunction. But the fiends are all of your own political persuasion, Wildrake, all true-blue Cavaliers ; and I am convinced that Sir Henry and Alice Lee, though they be unconnected with them, have not the slightest cause to be apprehensive of their goblin machinations. Besides, Sir Henry and Joceline must know every corner about the place : it will be far more difficult to play off any ghostly machinery upon him than upon strangers. But let us to our toilet, and when water and brush have done their work, we will inquire what is next to be done."

"Nay, that wretched Puritan's garb of mine is hardly worth brushing," said Wildrake ; "and but for this hundred-weight of rusty iron, with which thou hast bedizened me, I look more like a bankrupt Quaker than anything else. But I'll make *you* as spruce as ever was a canting rogue of your party."

So saying, and humming at the same time the Cavalier tune—

“Though for a time we see Whitehall
With cobwebs hung around the wall,
Yet Heaven shall make amends for all,
When the King shall enjoy his own again.”

“Thou forgettest who are without,” said Colonel Everard.

“No, I remember who are within,” replied his friend. “I only sing to my merry goblins, who will like me all the better for it. Tush, man, the devils are my *bonos socios*, and when I see them, I will warrant they prove such roaring boys as I knew when I served under Lunsford and Goring—fellows with long nails that nothing escaped, bottomless stomachs that nothing filled, mad for pillaging, ranting, drinking, and fighting, sleeping rough on the trenches, and dying stubbornly in their boots. Ah! those merry days are gone! Well, it is the fashion to make a grave face on’t among Cavaliers, and specially the parsons that have lost their tithe-pigs; but I was fitted for the element of the time, and never did or can desire merrier days than I had during that same barbarous, bloody, and unnatural rebellion.”

“Thou wert ever a wild sea-bird, Roger, even according to your name, liking the gale better than the calm, the boisterous ocean better than the smooth lake, and your rough, wild struggle against the wind than daily food, ease, and quiet.”

“Pshaw! a fig for your smooth lake, and your old woman to feed me with brewer’s grains, and the poor drake obliged to come swattering whenever she whistles! Everard, I like to feel the wind rustle against my pinions—now diving, now on the crest of the wave, now in ocean, now in sky; that is the wildrake’s joy, my grave one. And in the Civil War so it went with us—down in one county, up in another, beaten to-day, victorious to-morrow, now starving in some barren leaguer, now reveling in a Presbyterian’s pantry—his cellars, his plate-chest, his old judicial thumb-ring, his pretty serving-wench, all at command!”

“Hush, friend,” said Everard; “remember I hold that persuasion.”

“More the pity, Mark—more the pity,” said Wildrake; “but, as you say, it is needless talking of it. Let us e’en go and see how your Presbyterian pastor, Mr. Holdenough, has fared, and whether he has proved more able to foil the Foul Fiend than have you his disciple and auditor.”

They left the apartment accordingly, and were overwhelmed with the various incoherent accounts of sentinels

and others, all of whom had seen or heard something extraordinary in the course of the night. It is needless to describe particularly the various rumors which each contributed to the common stock, with the greater alacrity that in such cases there seems always to be a sort of disgrace in not having seen or suffered as much as others.

The most moderate of the narrators only talked of sounds like the mewling of a cat, or the growling of a dog, especially the squeaking of a pig. They heard also as if it had been nails driven and saws used, and the clashing of fetters, and the rustling of silk gowns, and the notes of music, and in short all sorts of sounds which have nothing to do with each other. Others swore they had smelt savors of various kinds, chiefly bituminous, indicating a Satanic derivation; others did not indeed swear, but protested, to visions of men in armor, horses without heads, asses with horns, and cows with six legs, not to mention black figures, whose cloven hoofs gave plain information what realm they belonged to.

But these strongly-attested cases of nocturnal disturbances among the sentinels had been so general as to prevent alarm and succor on any particular point, so that those who were on duty called in vain on the *corps de garde*, who were trembling on their own post; and an alert enemy might have done complete execution on the whole garrison. But amid this general *alerté*, no violence appeared to be meant and annoyance, not injury, seemed to have been the goblins' object, excepting in the case of one poor fellow, a trooper, who had followed Harrison in half his battles, and now was sentinel in that very vestibule upon which Everard had recommended them to mount a guard. He had presented his carabine at something which came suddenly upon him, when it was wrested out of his hands, and he himself knocked down with the butt end of it. His broken head and the drenched bedding of Desborough, upon whom a tub of ditch-water had been emptied during his sleep, were the only pieces of real evidence to attest the disturbances of the night.

The reports from Harrison's apartment were, as delivered by the grave Master Tomkins, that truly the general had passed the night undisturbed, though there was still upon him a deep sleep, and a folding of the hands to slumber; from which Everard argued that the machinators had esteemed Harrison's part of the reckoning sufficiently paid off on the preceding evening.

He then proceeded to the apartment doubly garrisoned by the worshipful Desborough and the philosophical Bletson.

They were both up and dressing themselves, the former open-mouthed in his feeling of fear and suffering. Indeed, no sooner had Everard entered than the ducked and dismayed colonel made a dismal complaint of the way he had spent the night, and murmured not a little against his worshipful kinsman for imposing a task upon him which inferred so much annoyance.

"Could not his Excellency my kinsman Noll," he said, "have given his poor relative and brother-in-law a sop somewhere else than out of this Woodstock, which seems to be the Devil's own porridge-pot? I cannot sup broth with the Devil: I have no long spoon—not I. Could he not have quartered me in some quiet corner, and given this haunted place to some of his preachers and prayers, who know the Bible as well as the muster-roll? whereas I know the four hoofs of a clean-going nag, or the points of a team of oxen, better than all the books of Moses. But I will give it over, at once and forever: hopes of earthly gain shall never make me run the risk of being carried away bodily by the Devil, besides being set upon my head one whole night, and soused with ditch-water the next. No—no; I am too wise for that."

Master Bletson had a different part to act. He complained of no personal annoyances; on the contrary, he declared "he should have slept as well as ever he did in his life, but for the abominable disturbances around him, of men calling to arms every half hour, when so much as a cat trotted by one of their posts. He would rather," he said, "have slept among a whole sabaoth of witches, if such creatures could be found."

"Then you think there is no such thing as apparitions, Master Bletson?" said Everard. "I used to be sceptical on the subject; but, on my life, to-night has been a strange one."

"Dreams—dreams—dreams, my simple colonel," said Bletson, though his pale face and shaking limbs belied the assumed courage with which he spoke. "Old Chaucer, sir, hath told us the real moral on't. He was an old frequenter of the forest of Woodstock, here——"

"Chaser!" said Desborough; "some huntsman belike, by his name. Does he walk, like Hearne at Windsor?"

"Chaucer," said Bletson, "my dear Desborough, is one of those wonderful fellows, as Colonel Everard knows, who live many a hundred years after they are buried, and whose words haunt our ears after their bones are long moldered in the dust."

"Ay—ay! well," answered Desborough, to whom this description of the old poet was unintelligible, "I for one desire his room rather than his company—one of your conjures, I warrant him. But what says he to the matter?"

"Only a slight spell, which I will take the freedom to repeat to Colonel Everard," said Bletson; "but which would be as bad as Greek to thee, Desborough. Old Geoffrey lays the whole blame of our nocturnal disturbance on superfluity of humors,

Which causen folke to dread in their dreams
Of arrowes, and of fire with red gleams,
Right as the humor of melancholy
Causeth many a man in sleep to cry
For fear of great bulls and bears black,
And others that black devils will them take."

While he was thus declaiming, Everard observed a book sticking out from beneath the pillow of the bed lately occupied by the honorable member.

"Is that Chaucer?" he said, making to the volume. "I would like to look at the passage——"

"Chaucer!" said Bletson, hastening to interfere; "no, that is Lucretius—my darling Lucretius. I cannot let you see it: I have some private marks."

But by this time Everard had the book in his hand. "Lucretius!" he said. "No, Master Bletson, this is not Lucretius, but a fitter comforter in dread or in danger. Why should you be ashamed of it? Only, Bletson, instead of resting your head, if you can but anchor your heart upon this volume, it may serve you in better stead than Lucretius or Chaucer either."

"Why, what book is it?" said Bletson, his pale cheek coloring with the shame of detection. "Oh, the Bible!" throwing it down contemptuously; "some book of my fellow Gibbon's: these Jews have been always superstitious, ever since Juvenal's time, thou knowest—

Qualiacunque voles Judæi somnia vendunt.

He left me the old book for a spell, I warrant you, for 'tis a well-meaning fool."

"He would scarce have left the New Testament as well as the Old," said Everard. "Come, my dear Bletson, do not be ashamed of the worst thing you ever did in your life, supposing you took your Bible in a hour of apprehension, with a view to profit by the contents."

Bletson's vanity was so much galled that it overcame his constitutional cowardice. His little thin fingers quivered for eagerness, his neck and cheeks were as red as scarlet, and his articulation was as thick and vehement as—in short, as if he had been no philosopher.

“Master Everard,” he said, “you are a man of the sword, sir; and, sir, you seem to suppose yourself entitled to say whatever comes into your mind with respect to civilians, sir. But I would have you remember, sir, that there are bounds beyond which human patience may be urged sir, and jests which no man of honor will endure, sir; and, therefore, I expect an apology for your present language, Colonel Everard, and this unmannerly jesting, sir, or you may chance to hear from me in a way that will not please you.”

Everard could not help smiling at this explosion of valor, engendered by irritated self-love.

“Look you, Master Bletson,” he said, “I have been a soldier, that is true, but I was never a bloody-minded one; and as a Christian, I am unwilling to enlarge the kingdom of darkness by sending a new vassel thither before his time. If Heaven gives you time to repent, I see no reason why my hand should deprive you of it, which, were we to have a rencontre, would be your fate in the thrust of a sword or the pulling of a trigger. I therefore prefer to apologize; and I call Desborough, if he has recovered his wits, to bear evidence that I *do* apologize for having suspected you, who are completely the slave of your own vanity, of any tendency, however slight, towards grace or good sense. And I farther apologize for the time that I have wasted in endeavoring to wash an Ethiopian white, or in recommending rational inquiry to a self-willed atheist.”

Bletson, overjoyed at the turn the matter had taken—for the defiance was scarce out of his mouth ere he began to tremble for the consequences—answered with great eagerness and servility of manner—“Nay, dearest colonel, say no more of it, an apology is all that is necessary among men of honor; it neither leaves dishonor with him who asks it nor infers degradation on him who makes it.”

“Not such an apology as I have made, I trust,” said the colonel.

“No, no—not in the least,” answered Bletson; “one apology serves me just as well as another, and Desborough will bear witness you have made one, and that is all there can be said on the subject.”

“Master Desborough and you,” rejoined the colonel,

"will take care how the matter is reported. I daresay, and I only recommend to both that, if mentioned at all, it may be told correctly."

"Nay—nay, we will not mention it at all," said Bletson: "we will forget it from this moment. Only, never suppose me capable of superstitious weakness. Had I been afraid of an apparent and real danger—why, such fear is natural to man, and I will not deny that the mood of mind may have happened to me as well as to others. But to be thought capable of resorting to spells, and sleeping with books under my pillow to secure myself against ghosts—on my word, it was enough to provoke one to quarrel, for the moment, with his very best friend. And now, colonel, what is to be done, and how is our duty to be executed at this accursed place? If I should get such a wetting as Desborough's, why I should die of catarrh, though you see it hurts him no more than a bucket of water thrown over a post-horse. You are, I presume, a brother in our commission: how are you of opinion we should proceed?"

"Why, in good time here comes Harrison," said Everard, "and I will lay my commission from the Lord General before you all, which, as you see, Colonel Desborough, commands you to desist from acting on your present authority, and intimates his pleasure accordingly, that you withdraw from this place."

Desborough took the paper and examined the signature. "It is Noll's signature sure enough," said he, dropping his under jaw; "only, every time of late he has made the "Oliver" as large as a giant, while the "Cromwell" creeps after like a dwarf, as if the surname were like to disappear one of these days altogether. But is his Excellency our kinsman, Noll Cromwell, since he has the surname yet, so unreasonable as to think his relations and friends are to be set upon their heads till they have the crick in their neck, drenched as if they had been plunged in a horse-pond, frightened, day and night, by all sorts of devils, witches, and fairies, and get not a penny of smart money? Adzooks—forgive me for swearing—if that's the case, I had better home to my farm, and mind team and herd, than dangle after such a thankless person, though I *have* wived his sister. She was poor enough when I took her, for as high as Noll holds his head now."

"It is not my purpose," said Bletson, "to stir debate in this honorable meeting: and no one will doubt the veneration and attachment which I bear to our noble General,

whom the current of events, and his own matchless qualities of courage and constancy, have raised so high in these deplorable days. If I were to term him a direct and immediate emanation of the *Animus Mundi* itself—something which nature had produced in her proudest hour, while exerting herself, as is her law, for the preservation of the creatures to whom she has given existence—I should scarce exhaust the ideas which I entertain of him; always protesting, that I am by no means to be held as admitting, but merely as granting for the sake of argument, the possible existence of that species of emanation or exhalation from the *Animus Mundi* of which I have made mention. I appeal to you, Colonel Desborough, who are his Excellency's relation—to you, Colonel Everard, who hold the dearer title of his friend, whether I have overrated my zeal in his behalf?"

Everard bowed at this pause, but Desborough gave a more complete authentication. "Nay, I can bear witness to that. I have seen when you were willing to tie his points or brush his cloak, or the like; and to be treated thus ungratefully, and gudgeoned of the opportunities which had been given you——"

"It is not for that," said Bletson, waving his hand gracefully. "You do me wrong, Master Desborough—you do, indeed, kind sir, although I know you meant it not. No, sir—no partial consideration of private interest prevailed on me to undertake this charge. It was conferred on me by the Parliament of England, in whose name this war commenced, and by the Council of State, who are the conservators of England's liberty. And the chance and serene hope of serving the country, the confidence that I—and you, Master Desborough, and you, worthy General Harrison—superior, as I am, to all selfish considerations—to which I am sure you also, good Colonel Everard, would be superior, had you been named in this commission, as I would to Heaven you had—I say the hope of serving the country, with the aid of such respectable associates, one and all of them—as well as you, Colonel Everard, supposing you to have been of the number—induced me to accept of this opportunity, whereby I might, gratuitously, with your assistance, render so much advantage to our dear mother the Commonwealth of England. Such was my hope, my trust, my confidence. And now comes my Lord General's warrant to dissolve the authority by which we are entitled to act. Gentlemen, I ask this honorable meeting—with all

respect to his Excellency—whether his commission be paramount to that from which he himself directly holds *his* commission? No one will say so. I ask whether he has climbed into the seat from which the late Man descended, or hath a great seal, or means to proceed by prerogative in such a case? I cannot see reason to believe it, and therefore I must resist such doctrine. I am in your judgment, my brave and honorable colleagues; but, touching my own poor opinion, I feel myself under the unhappy necessity of proceeding in our commission, as if the interruption had not taken place; with this addition, that the Board of Sequestrators should sit by day at this same lodge of Woodstock, but that, to reconcile the minds of weak brethren, who may be afflicted by superstitious rumors, as well as to avoid any practise on our persons by the Malignants, who, I am convinced, are busy in this neighborhood, we should remove our sittings after sunset to the George Inn, in the neighboring borough.

“Good Master Bletson,” replied Colonel Everard, “it is not for me to reply to you; but you may know in what characters this army of England and their General write their authority. I fear me the annotation on this precept of the General will be expressed by the march of a troop of horse from Oxford to see it executed. I believe there are orders out for that effect; and you know by late experience that the soldier will obey his General equally against King and Parliament.”

“That obedience is conditional,” said Harrison, starting fiercely up. “Know’st thou not, Markham Everard, that I have followed the man Cromwell as close as the bull-dog follows his master? and so I will yet; but I am no spaniel, either to be beaten or to have the food I have earned snatched from me, as if I were a vile cur, whose wages are a whipping and free leave to wear my own skin. I looked, amongst the three of us, that we might honestly and piously, and with advantage to the Commonwealth, have gained out of this commission three, or it may be five, thousand pounds. And does Cromwell imagine I will part with it for a rough word? No man goeth a warfare on his own charges. He that serves the altar must live by the altar, and the saints must have means to provide them with good harness and fresh horses against the unsealing and the pouring forth. Does Cromwell think I am so much of a tame tiger as to permit him to rend from me at pleasure the miserable dole he hath thrown me? Of a surety I will re-

sist : and the men who are here, being chiefly of my own regiment—men who wait, and who expect, with lamps burning and loins girded, and each one his weapon bound upon his thigh—will aid me to make this house good against every assault—ay, even against Cromwell himself, until the latter coming. Selah—Selah !”

“ And I,” said Desborough, “ will levy troops and protect your out-quarters, not choosing at present to close myself up in garrison—”

“ And I,” said Bletson, “ will do my part, and hie me to town and lay the matter before Parliament, arising in my place for that effect.”

Everard was little moved by all these little threats. The only formidable one, indeed, was that of Harrison, whose enthusiasm, joined with his courage, and obstinacy, and character among the fanatics of his own principles, made him a dangerous enemy. Before trying any arguments with the refractory major-general, Everard endeavored to moderate his feelings, and threw something in about the late disturbances.

“ Talk not to me of supernatural disturbances, young man—talk not to me of enemies in the body or out of the body. Am I not the champion chosen and commissioned to encounter and to conquer the great Dragon, and the Beast which cometh out of the sea ? Am I not to command the left wing and two regiments of the center, when the saints shall encounter with the countless legions of Gog and Magog ? I tell thee that my name is written on the sea of glass mingled with fire, and that I will keep this place of Woodstock against all mortal men, and against all devils, whether in field or chamber, in the forest or in the meadow, even till the saints reign in the fulness of their glory !”

Everard saw it was then time to produce two or three lines under Cromwell's hand, which he had received from the General subsequently to the communication through Wildrake. The information they contained was calculated to allay the disappointment of the Commissioners. This document assigned as the reason of superseding the Woodstock Commission, that he should probably propose to the Parliament to require the assistance of General Harrison, Colonel Desborough, and Master Bletson, the honorable member for Littlefaith, in a much greater matter, namely, the disposing of the royal property, and disparking of the king's forest, at Windsor. So soon as this idea was started, all parties pricked up their ears ; and their drooping, and

gloomy and vindictive, looks began to give place to courteous smiles, and to a cheerfulness which laughed in their eyes and turned their mustachios upward.

Colonel Desborough acquitted his right honorable and excellent cousin and kinsman of all species of unkindness; Master Bletson discovered that the interest of the state was trebly concerned in the good administration of Windsor more than in that of Woodstock; as for Harrison, he exclaimed, without disguise or hesitation, that the gleanings of the grapes of Windsor was better than the vintage of Woodstock. Thus speaking, the glance of his dark eye expressed as much triumph in the proposed earthly advantage as if it had not been, according to his vain persuasion, to be shortly exchanged for his share in the general reign of the millennium. His delight, in short, resembled the joy of an eagle, who preys upon a lamb in the evening with not the less relish because she descries in the distant landscape an hundred thousand men about to join battle with daybreak, and to give her an endless feast on the hearts and life-blood of the valiant.

Yet, though all agreed that they would be obedient to the General's pleasure in this matter, Bletson proposed, as a precautionary measure, in which all agreed, that they should take up their abode for some time in the town of Woodstock, to wait for their new commissions respecting Windsor; and this upon the prudential consideration, that it was best not to slip one knot until another was first tied.

Each commissioner, therefore, wrote to Oliver individually, stating, in his own way, the depth and height, length and breadth, of his attachment to him. Each expressed himself resolved to obey the General's injunctions to the uttermost; but with the same scrupulous devotion to the Parliament, each found himself at a loss how to lay down the commission entrusted to them by that body, and therefore felt bound in conscience to take up his residence at the borough of Woodstock, that he might not seem to abandon the charge committed to them until they should be called to administrate the weightier matter of Windsor, to which they expressed their willingness instantly to devote themselves, according to his Excellency's pleasure.

This was the general style of their letters, varied by the characteristic flourishes of the writers. Desborough, for example, said something about the religious duty of providing for one's own household only he blundered the text; Bletson wrote long and big words about the political obligation

incumbent on every member of the community, on every person, to sacrifice his time and talents to the service of his country ; while Harrison talked of the littleness of present affairs, in comparison of the approaching tremendous change of all things beneath the sun. But although the garnishing of the various epistles was different, the result came to the same, that they were determined at least to keep sight of Woodstock until they were well assured of some better and more profitable commission.

Everard also wrote a letter in the most grateful terms to Cromwell, which would probably have been less warm had he known more distinctly than his follower chose to tell him the expectation under which the wily General had granted his request. He acquainted his Excellency with his purpose of continuing at Woodstock, partly to assure himself of the motions of the three Commissioners, and to watch whether they did not again enter upon the execution of the trust which they had for the present renounced ; and partly to see that some extraordinary circumstances which had taken place in the lodge, and which would doubtless transpire, were not followed by any explosion to the disturbance of the public peace. He knew, as he expressed himself, that his Excellency was so much the friend of order, that he would rather disturbances or insurrections were prevented than punished ; and he conjured the General to repose confidence in his exertions for the public service by every mode within his power, not aware, it will be observed, in what peculiar sense his general pledge might be interpreted.

These letters, being made up into a packet, were forwarded to Windsor by a trooper, detached on that errand.

CHAPTER XVII

We do that in our zeal
Our calmer moments are afraid to answer.

Anonymous.

WHILE the Commissioners were preparing to remove themselves from the lodge to the inn at the borough of Woodstock, with all that state and bustle which attend the movements of great persons, and especially of such to whom greatness is not entirely familiar, Everard held some colloquy with the Presbyterian clergyman, Master Holdenough, who had issued from the apartment which he had occupied, as it were in defiance of the spirits by whom the mansion was supposed to be disturbed, and whose pale cheek and pensive brow gave token that he had not passed the night more comfortably than the other inmates of the lodge of Woodstock. Colonel Everard having offered to procure the reverend gentleman some refreshment, received this reply: "This day shall I not taste food, saving that which we are assured of as sufficient for our sustenance, where it is promised that our bread shall be given us and our water shall be sure. Not that I fast in the Papistical opinion that it adds to those merits which are but an accumulation of filthy rags; but because I hold it needful that no grosser sustenance should this day cloud my understanding, or render less pure and vivid the thanks I owe to Heaven for a most wonderful preservation."

"Master Holdenough," said Everard, "you are, I know, both a good man and a bold one, and I saw you last night courageously go upon your sacred duty, when soldiers, and tried ones, seemed considerably alarmed."

"Too courageous—too venturesome," was Master Holdenough's reply, the boldness of whose aspect seemed completely to have died away. "We are frail creatures, Master Everard, and frailest when we think ourselves strongest. Oh, Colonel Everard," he added, after a pause, and as if the confidence was partly involuntary, "I have seen that which I shall never survive!"

"You surprise me, reverend sir," said Everard; "may I request you will speak more plainly? I have heard some stories of this wild night, nay, have witnessed strange things

myself; but, methinks, I would be much interested in knowing the nature of your disturbance."

"Sir," said the clergyman, "you are a discreet gentleman; and though I would not willingly that these heretics, schismatics, Brownists, Muggletonians, Anabaptists, and so forth, had such an opportunity of triumph as my defeat in this matter would have afforded them, yet with you, who have been ever a faithful follower of our church, and are pledged to the good cause by the great National League and Covenant, surely I would be more open. Sit we down, therefore, and let me call for a glass of pure water, for as yet I feel some bodily faltering; though, I thank Heaven, I am in mind resolute and composed as a merely mortal man may after such a vision. They say, worthy colonel, that looking on such things foretells, or causes, speedy death. I know not if it be true; but if so, I only depart like the tired sentinel when his officer releases him from his post; and glad shall I be to close these wearied eyes against the sight, and shut these harassed ears against the croaking, as of frogs, of Antinomians, and Pelagians, and Socinians, and Arminians, and Arians, and Nullifidians, which have come up into our England like those filthy reptiles into the house of Pharaoh."

Here one of the servants who had been summoned entered with a cup of water, gazing at the same time in the face of the clergyman, as if his stupid gray eyes were endeavoring to read what tragic tale was written on his brow; and shaking his empty skull as he left the room, with the air of one who was proud of having discovered that all was not exactly right, though he could not so well guess what was wrong.

Colonel Everard invited the good man to take some refreshment more genial than the pure element, but he declined. "I am in some sort a champion," he said; "and though I have been foiled in the late controversy with the enemy, still I have my trumpet to give the alarm, and my sharp sword to smite withal; therefore, like the Nazarites of old, I will eat nothing that cometh of the vine, neither drink wine nor strong drink, until these my days of combat shall have passed away."

Kindly and respectfully the colonel anew pressed Master Holdenough to communicate the events that had befallen him on the preceding night; and the good clergyman proceeded as follows, with that little characteristical touch of vanity in his narrative which naturally arose out of the part he had played in the world, and the influence which he had exercised over the minds of others. "I was a young man

at the University of Cambridge," he said, "when I was particularly bound in friendship to a fellow-student, perhaps because we were esteemed, though it is vain to mention it, the most hopeful scholars at our college, and so equally advanced, that it was difficult, perhaps, to say which was the greater proficient in his studies. Only our tutor, Master Purefoy, used to say that, if my comrade had the advantage of me in gifts, I had the better of him in grace; for he was attached to the profane learning of the classics, always unprofitable, often impious and impure, and I had light enough to turn my studies into the sacred tongues. Also we differed in our opinions touching the Church of England, for he held Arminian opinions, with Laud, and those who would connect our ecclesiastical establishment with the civil, and make the church dependent on the breath of an earthly man. In fine, he favored Prelacy both in essentials and ceremonial; and although we parted with tears and embraces, it was to follow very different courses. He obtained a living, and became a great controversial writer in behalf of the bishops and of the court. I also, as is well known to you, to the best of my poor abilities, sharpened my pen in the cause of the poor oppressed people, whose tender consciences rejected the rites and ceremonies more befitting a Papistical than a Reformed church, and which, according to the blinded policy of the court, were enforced by pains and penalties. Then came the Civil War, and I—called thereunto by my conscience, and nothing fearing or suspecting what miserable consequences have chanced, through the rise of these Independents—consented to lend my countenance and labor to the great work, by becoming chaplain to Colonel Harrison's regiment. Not that I mingled with carnal weapons in the field—which Heaven forbid that a minister of the altar should—but I preached, exhorted, and, in time of need, was a surgeon, as well to the wounds of the body as of the soul. Now, it fell, towards the end of the war, that a party of Malignants had seized on a strong house in the shire of Shrewsbury, situated on a small island, advanced into a lake, and accessible only by a small and narrow causeway. From thence they made excursions, and vexed the country; and high time it was to suppress them, so that a part of our regiment went to reduce them; and I was requested to go, for they were few in number to take in so strong a place, and the colonel judged that my exhortations would make them do valiantly. And so, contrary to my wont, I went forth

with them, even to the field, where there was valiant fighting on both sides. Nevertheless, the Malignants, shooting their wall-pieces at us, had so much the advantage, that, after bursting their gates with a salvo of our cannon, Colonel Harrison ordered his men to advance on the causeway, and try to carry the place by storm. Natheless, although our men did valiantly, advancing in good order, yet being galled on every side by the fire, they at length fell into disorder, and were retreating with much loss, Harrison himself valiantly bringing up the rear, and defending them as he could against the enemy, who sallied forth in pursuit of them, to smite them hip and thigh. Now, Colonel Everard, I am a man of a quick and vehement temper by nature, though better teaching than the old law hath made me mild and patient as you now see me. I could not bear to see our Israelites flying before the Philistines, so I rushed upon the causeway, with the Bible in one hand and a halberd, which I had caught up, in the other, and turned back the foremost fugitives by threatening to strike them down, pointing out to them at the same time a priest in his cassock, as they call it, who was among the Malignants, and asking them whether they would not do as much for a true servant of Heaven as the uncircumcised would for a priest of Baal. My words and strokes prevailed : they turned at once, and shouting out, 'Down with Baal and his worshipers !' they charged the Malignants so unexpectedly home, that they not only drove them back into their house of garrison, but entered it with them, as the phrase is, pell-mell. I also was there, partly hurried on by the crowd, partly to prevail on our enraged soldiers to give quarter ; for it grieved my heart to see Christians and Englishmen hashed down with swords and gunstocks, like curs in the street when there is an alarm of mad dogs. In this way, the soldiers fighting and slaughtering, and I calling to them to stay their hand, we gained the very roof of the building, which was in part leaded, and to which, as a last tower of refuge, those of the Cavaliers who yet escaped had retired. I was myself, I may say, forced up the narrow winding staircase by our soldiers, who rushed on like dogs of chase upon their prey ; and when extricated from the passage, I found myself in the midst of a horrid scene. The scattered defenders were, some resisting with the fury of despair, some on their knees, imploring for compassion in words and tones to break a man's heart when he thinks on them ; some were calling on God for mercy—and it was time, for

man had none. They were stricken down, thrust through, flung from the battlements into the lake ; and the wild cries of the victors, mingled with the groans, shrieks, and clamors of the vanquished, made a sound so horrible, that only death can erase it from my memory. And the men who butchered their fellow-creatures thus were neither pagans from distant savage lands, nor ruffians, the refuse and offscourings of our own people. They were in calm blood reasonable, nay, religious, men, maintaining a fair repute both heavenward and earthward. Oh, Master Everard, your trade of war should be feared and avoided, since it converts such men into wolves towards their fellow-creatures !”

“It is a stern necessity,” said Everard, looking down, “and as such alone is justifiable. But proceed, reverend sir ; I see not how this storm, an incident but e’en too frequent on both sides during the late war, connects with the affair of last night.”

“You shall hear anon,” said Mr. Holdenough ; then paused, as one who makes an effort to compose himself before continuing a relation the tenor of which agitated him with much violence. “In this infernal tumult,” he resumed—“for surely nothing on earth could so much resemble Hell as when men go thus loose in mortal malice on their fellow-creatures—I saw the same priest whom I had distinguished on the causeway, with one or two other Malignants, pressed into a corner by the assailants, and defending themselves to the last, as those who had no hope. I saw him—I knew him—oh, Colonel Everard !”

He grasped Everard’s hand with his own left hand, and pressed the palm of his right to his face and forehead, sobbing aloud.

“It was your college companion ?” said Everard, anticipating the catastrophe.

“Mine ancient—mine only friend, with whom I had spent the happy days of youth ! I rushed forward—I struggled—I entreated. But my eagerness left me neither voice nor language : all was drowned in the wretched cry which I had myself raised. ‘Down with the priest of Baal. Slay Mattan—slay him were he between the altars !’ Forced over the battlements, but struggling for life, I could see him cling to one of those projections which were formed to carry the water from the leads ; but they hacked at his arms and hands. I heard the heavy fall into the bottomless abyss below. Excuse me ; I cannot go on !”

“He may have escaped?”

“Oh! no—no—no, the tower was four stories in height. Even those who threw themselves into the lake from the lower windows, to escape by swimming, had no safety; for mounted troopers on the shore caught the same bloodthirsty humor which had seized the storming party, galloped around the margin of the lake, and shot those who were struggling for life in the water, or cut them down as they strove to get to land. They were all cut off and destroyed. Oh! may the blood shed on that day remain silent! Oh! that the earth may receive it in her recesses! Oh! that it may be mingled forever with the dark waters of that lake, so that it may never cry for vengeance against those whose anger was fierce, and who slaughtered in their wrath! And, oh! may the erring man be forgiven who came into their assembly, and lent his voice to encourage their cruelty! Oh! Albany, my brother—my brother, I have lamented for thee even as David for Jonathan!”*

The good man sobbed aloud, and so much did Colonel Everard sympathize with his emotions, that he forbore to press him upon the subject of his own curiosity until the full tide of remorseful passion had for the time abated. It was, however, fierce and agitating, the more so, perhaps, that indulgence in strong mental feeling of any kind was foreign to the severe and ascetic character of the man, and was therefore the more overpowering when it had at once surmounted all restraints. Large tears flowed down the trembling features of his thin, and usually stern, or at least austere, countenance; he eagerly returned the compression of Everard's hand, as if thankful for the sympathy which the caress implied.

Presently after, Master Holdenough wiped his eyes, withdrew his hand gently from that of Everard, shaking it kindly as they parted, and proceeded with more composure: “Forgive me this burst of passionate feeling, worthy colonel. I am conscious it little becomes a man of my cloth, who should be the bearer of consolation to others, to give way in mine own person to an extremity of grief, weak at least, if indeed it is not sinful; for what are we, that we should weep and murmur touching that which is permitted? But Albany was to me as a brother. The happiest days of my life, ere my call to mingle myself in the strife of the land had awakened me to my duties, were spent in his company. I—but I will make the rest of my story short.” Here he

* See Dr. Michael Hudson. Note 4.

drew his chair close to that of Everard, and spoke in a solemn and mysterious tone of voice, almost lowered to a whisper—"I saw him last night."

"Saw *him*—saw whom?" said Everard. "Can you mean the person whom——"

"Whom I saw so ruthlessly slaughtered," said the clergyman—"my ancient college friend, Joseph Albany."

"Master Holdenough, your cloth and your character alike must prevent your jesting on such a subject as this."

"Jesting!" answered Holdenough; "I would as soon jest on my death-bed—as soon jest upon the Bible."

"But you must have been deceived," answered Everard, hastily; "this tragical story necessarily often returns to your mind, and in moments when the imagination overcomes the evidence of the outward senses, your fancy must have presented to you an unreal appearance. Nothing more likely, when the mind is on the stretch after something supernatural, than that the imagination should supply the place with a chimera, while the over-excited feelings render it difficult to dispel the delusion."

"Colonel Everard," replied Holdenough, with austerity, "in discharge of my duty I must not fear the face of man; and, therefore, I tell you plainly, as I have done before with more observance, that when you bring your carnal learning and judgment, as it is but too much your nature to do, to investigate the hidden things of another world, you might as well measure with the palm of your hand the waters of the Isis. Indeed, good sir, you err in this, and give men too much pretense to confound your honorable name with witch advocates, freethinkers, and atheists, even with such as this man Bletson, who, if the discipline of the church had its hands strengthened, as it was in the beginning of the great conflict, would have been long ere now cast out of the pale, and delivered over to the punishment of the flesh, that his spirit might, if possible, be yet saved."

"You mistake, Master Holdenough," said Colonel Everard: "I do not deny the existence of such preternatural visitations, because I cannot, and dare not, raise the voice of my own opinion against the testimony of ages, supported by such learned men as yourself. Nevertheless, though I grant the possibility of such things, I have scarce yet heard of an instance in my days so well fortified by evidence that I could at once and distinctly say, 'This must have happened by supernatural agency, and not otherwise.'"

"Hear, then, what I have to tell," said the divine, "on

the faith of a man, a Christian, and, what is more, a servant of our Holy Church; and therefore, though unworthy, an elder and a teacher among Christians. I had taken my post vester evening in the half-furnished apartment wherein hangs a huge mirror, which might have served Goliath of Gath to have admired himself in, when clothed from head to foot in his brazen armor. I the rather chose this place, because they informed me it was the nearest habitable room to the gallery in which they say you had been yourself assailed that evening by the Evil One. Was it so, I pray you?"

"By some one with no good intentions I was assailed in that apartment. So far," said Colonel Everard, "you were correctly informed."

"Well, I chose my post as well as I might, even as a resolved general approaches his camp, and casts up his mound as nearly as he can to the besieged city. And, of a truth, Colonel Everard, if I felt some sensation of bodily fear—for even Elias and the prophets, who commanded the elements, had a portion in our frail nature, much more such a poor sinful being as myself—yet was my hope and my courage high; and I thought of the texts which I might use, not in the wicked sense of periapts, or spells, as the blinded Papists employ them, together with the sign of the cross and other fruitless forms, but as nourishing and supporting that true trust and confidence in the blessed promises, being the true shield of faith wherewith the fiery darts of Satan may be withstood and quenched. And thus armed and prepared, I sat me down to read, at the same time to write, that I might compel my mind to attend to those subjects which became the situation in which I was placed, as preventing any unlicensed excursions of the fancy, and leaving no room for my imagination to brood over idle fears. So I methodized, and wrote down what I thought meet for the time, and peradventure some hungry souls may yet profit by the food which I then prepared."

"It was wisely and worthily done, good and reverend sir," replied Colonel Everard; "I pray you to proceed."

"While I was thus employed, sir, and had been upon the matter for about three hours, not yielding to weariness, a strange thrilling came over my senses, and the large and old-fashioned apartment seemed to wax larger, more gloomy, and more cavernous, while the air of the night grew more cold and chill: I know not if it was that the fire began to decay, or whether there cometh before such things as were then about to happen a breath and atmosphere, as it were,

of terror, as Job saith in a well-known passage, "Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made my bones to shake ;" and there was a tingling noise in my ears, and a dizziness in my brain, so that I felt like those who call for aid when there is no danger, and was even prompted to flee, when I saw no one to pursue. It was then that something seemed to pass behind me, casting a reflection on the great mirror before which I had placed my writing-table, and which I saw by assistance of the large standing light which was then in front of the glass. And I looked up, and I saw in the glass distinctly the appearance of a man ; as sure as these words issue from my mouth, it was no other than the same Joseph Albany—the companion of my youth—he whom I had seen precipitated down the battlements of Clidestrough Castle into the deep lake below !"

"What did you do ?"

"It suddenly rushed on my mind," said the divine, "that the stoical philosopher Athenodorus had eluded the horrors of such a vision by patiently pursuing his studies ; and it shot at the same time across my mind that I, a Christian divine, and a steward of the mysteries, had less reason to fear evil, and better matter on which to employ my thoughts, than was possessed by a heathen, who was blinded even by his own wisdom. So, instead of betraying any alarm, or even turning my head around, I pursued my writing, but with a beating heart, I admit, and with a throbbing hand."

"If you could write at all," said the colonel, "with such an impression on your mind, you may take the head of the English army for dauntless resolution."

"Our courage is not our own, colonel," said the divine, "and not as ours should it be vaunted of. And again, when you speak of this strange vision as an impression on my fancy and not a reality obvious to my senses, let me tell you once more, your worldly wisdom is but foolishness touching the things that are not worldly."

"Did you not look again upon the mirror ?" said the colonel.

"I did, when I had copied out the comfortable text, 'Thou shalt tread down Satan under thy feet.'"

"And what did you then see ?"

"The reflection of the same Joseph Albany," said Holdenough, "passing slowly as from behind my chair, the same in member and lineament that I had known him in his youth, excepting that his cheek had the marks of the more advanced age at which he died, and was very pale."

“What did you then?”

“I turned from the glass, and plainly saw the figure which had made the reflection in the mirror retreating towards the door, not fast nor slow, but with a gliding, steady pace. It turned again when near the door, and again showed me its pale, ghastly countenance, before it disappeared. But how it left the room, whether by the door or otherwise, my spirits were too much hurried to remark exactly; nor have I been able, by any effort of recollection, distinctly to remember.”

“This is a strange, and as coming from you, a most excellently well-attested apparition,” answered Everard. “And yet, Master Holdenough, if the other world has been actually displayed, as you apprehend, and I will not dispute the possibility, assure yourself there are also wicked men concerned in these machinations. I myself have undergone some recontres with visitants who possessed bodily strength, and wore, I am sure, earthly weapons.”

“Oh! doubtless—doubtless,” replied Master Holdenough: “Beelzebub loves to charge with horse and foot mingled, as was the fashion of the old Scottish general, Davie Leslie. He has his devils in the body as well as his devils disembodied, and uses the one to support and back the other.”

“It may be as you say, reverend sir,” answered the colonel. “But what do you advise in this case?”

“For that I must consult with my brethren,” said the divine; “and if there be but left in our borders five ministers of the true kirk, we will charge Satan in full body, and you shall see whether we have not power over him to resist till he shall flee from us. But failing that ghostly armament against these strange and unearthly enemies, truly I would recommend that, as a house of witchcraft and abomination, this polluted den of ancient tyranny and prostitution should be totally consumed by fire, lest Satan, establishing his headquarters so much to his mind, should find a garrison and a fastness from which he might sally forth to infest the whole neighborhood. Certain it is, that I would recommend to no Christian soul to inhabit the mansion; and, if deserted, it would become a place for wizards to play their pranks, and witches to establish their Sabbath, and those who, like Demas, go about after the wealth of this world, seeking for gold and silver, to practise spells and charms to the prejudice of the souls of the covetous. Trust me, therefore, it were better that it were spoiled and broken down, not leaving one stone upon another.”

"I say nay to that, my good friend," said the colonel; "for the Lord General hath permitted, by his license, my mother's brother, Sir Henry Lee, and his family, to return into the house of his fathers, being indeed the only roof under which he hath any chance of obtaining shelter for his gray hairs."

"And was this done by your advice, Markham Everard?" said the divine, austere.

"Certainly it was," returned the colonel. "And wherefore should I not exert mine influence to obtain a place of refuge for the brother of my mother?"

"Now as sure as thy soul liveth," answered the Presbyterian, "I had believed this from no tongue but thine own. Tell me, was it not this very Sir Henry Lee, who by the force of his buff-coats and his green jerkins, enforced the Papist Laud's order to remove the altar to the eastern end of the church at Woodstock? and did not he swear by his beard, that he would hang in the very street of Woodstock whoever should deny to drink the King's health? and is not his hand red with the blood of the saints? and hath there been a ruffler in the field for Prelacy and high prerogative more unmitigable or fiercer?"

"All this may have been as you say, good Master Holdenough," answered the colonel; "but my uncle is now old and feeble, and hath scarce a single follower remaining, and his daughter is a being whom to look upon would make the sternest weep for pity—a being who——"

"Who is dearer to Everard," said Holdenough, "than his good name, his faith to his friends, his duty to his religion. This is no time to speak with sugared lips. The paths in which you tread are dangerous. You are striving to raise the Papistical candlestick which Heaven in its justice removed out of its place—to bring back to this hall of sorceries those very sinners who are bewitched with them. I will not permit the land to be abused by their witchcrafts. They shall not come hither."

He spoke this with vehemence, and striking his stick against the ground; and the colonel, very much dissatisfied, began to express himself haughtily in return. "You had better consider your power to accomplish your threats, Master Holdenough," he said, "before you urge them so peremptorily."

"And have I not the power to bind and to loose?" said the clergyman.

"It is a power little available, save over those of your own

church," said Everard, with a tone something contemptuous.

"Take heed—take heed," said the divine, who, though an excellent, was, as we have elsewhere seen, an irritable, man. "Do not insult me ; but think honorably of the messenger, for the sake of Him whose commission he carries. Do not, I say, defy me ; I am bound to discharge my duty, were it to the displeasing of my twin brother."

"I can see nought your office has to do in the matter," said Colonel Everard : "and I, on my side, give you warning not to attempt to meddle beyond your commission."

"Right—you hold me already to be as submissive as one of your grenadiers," replied the clergyman, his acute features trembling with a sense of indignity, so as even to agitate his gray hair ; "but beware, sir, I am not so powerless as you suppose. I will invoke every true Christian in Woodstock to gird up his loins, and resist the restoration of Prelacy, oppression, and Malignancy within our borders. I will stir up the wrath of the righteous against the oppressor—the Ishmaelite—the Edomite—and against his race, and against those who support him and encourage him to rear up his horn. I will call aloud, and spare not, and arouse the many whose love hath waxed cold, and the multitude who care for none of these things. There shall be a remnant to listen to me ; and I will take the stick of Joseph, which was in the hand of Ephraim, and go down to cleanse this place of witches and sorcerers, and of enchantments, and will cry and exhort, saying, 'Will you plead for Baal ? will you serve him ? Nay, take the prophets of Baal ; let not a man escape.'"

"Master Holdenough—Master Holdenough," said Colonel Everard, with much impatience, "by the tale yourself told me, you have exhorted upon that text once too often already."

The old man struck his palm forcibly against his forehead and fell back into a chair as these words were uttered, as suddenly, and as much without power of resistance, as if the colonel had fired a pistol through his head. Instantly regretting the reproach which he had suffered to escape him in his impatience, Everard hastened to apologize, and to offer every conciliatory excuse, however inconsistent, which occurred to him on the moment. But the old man was too deeply affected ; he rejected his hand, lent no ear to what he said, and finally started up, saying sternly, "You have abused my confidence, sir—abused it vilely, to turn it into my own reproach ; had I been a man of the sword, you dared

not. But enjoy your triumph, sir, over an old man, and your father's friend; strike at the wound his imprudent confidence showed you."

"Nay, my worthy and excellent friend——" said the colonel.

"Friend!" answered the old man, vehemently. "We are foes, sir—foes now, and forever."

So saying, and starting from the seat into which he had rather fallen than thrown himself, he ran out of the room with a precipitation of step which he was apt to use upon occasions of irritable feeling, and which was certainly more eager than dignified, especially as he muttered while he ran, and seemed as if he were keeping up his own passion by recounting over and over the offence which he had received.

"Soh!" said Colonel Everard, "and there was not strife enough between mine uncle and the people of Woodstock already, but I must needs increase it, by chafing this irritable and quick-tempered old man, eager as I knew him to be in his ideas of church-government, and stiff in his prejudices respecting all who dissent from him! The mob of Woodstock will rise; for though he would not get a score of them to stand by him in any honest or intelligible purpose, yet let him cry 'havoc and destruction,' and I will warrant he has followers enow. And my uncle is equally wild and unpersuadable. For the value of all the estate he ever had, he would not allow a score of troopers to be quartered in the house for defense; and if he be alone, or has but Joceline to stand by him, he will be as sure to fire upon those who come to attack the lodge as if he had a hundred men in garrison; and then what can chance but danger and bloodshed."

This progress of melancholy anticipation was interrupted by the return of Master Holdenough, who, hurrying into the room with the same precipitate pace at which he had left it, ran straight up to the colonel, and said, "Take my hand, Markham—take my hand hastily; for the old Adam is whispering at my heart that it is a disgrace to hold it extended so long."

"Most heartily do I receive your hand, my venerable friend," said Everard, "and I trust in sign of renewed amity."

"Surely—surely," said the divine, shaking his hand kindly; "thou hast, it is true, spoken bitterly, but thou hast spoken truth in good time, and I think, though your words were severe, with a good and kindly purpose. Verily,

and of a truth, it were sinful in me again to be hasty in provoking violence, remembering that which you have upbraided me with——”

“Forgive me, good Master Holdenough,” said Colonel Everard, “it was a hasty word : I meant not in serious earnest to *upbraid*.”

“Peace, I pray you—peace,” said the divine ; “I say, the allusion to that which you have *most justly* upbraided me with—though the charge aroused the gall of the old man within me, the inward tempter being ever on the watch to bring us to his lure—ought, instead of being resented, to have been acknowledged by me as a favor, for so are the wounds of a friend termed faithful. And surely I, who have by one unhappy exhortation to battle and strife sent the living to the dead, and, I fear, brought back even the dead among the living, should now study peace and good-will, and reconciliation of difference, leaving punishment to the Great Being whose laws are broken, and vengeance to Him who hath said, ‘I will repay it.’”

The old man’s mortified features lighted up with a humble confidence as he made this acknowledgment ; and Colonel Everard, who knew the constitutional infirmities and the early prejudices of professional consequence and exclusive party opinion which he must have subdued ere arriving at such a tone of candor, hastened to express his admiration of his Christian charity, mingled with reproaches on himself for having so deeply injured his feelings.

“Think not of it—think not of it, excellent young man,” said Holdenough ; “we have both erred—I in suffering my zeal to outrun my charity ; you, perhaps, in pressing hard on an old and peevish man, who had so lately poured out his sufferings into your friendly bosom. Be it all forgotten. Let your friends, if they are not deterred by what has happened at this manor of Woodstock, resume their habitation as soon as they will. If they can protect themselves against the powers of the air, believe me that, if I can prevent it by aught in my power, they shall have no annoyance from earthly neighbors ; and assure yourself, good sir, that my voice is still worth something with the worthy mayor, and the good aldermen, and the better sort of housekeepers up yonder in the town, although the lower classes are blown about with every wind of doctrine. And yet farther, be assured, colonel, that, should your mother’s brother, or any of his family, learn that they have taken up a rash bargain in returning to this unhappy and unhalloved house, or should

they find any qualms in their own hearts and consciences which require a ghostly comforter, Nehemiah Holdenough will be as much at their command by night or day as if they had been bred up within the holy pale of the church in which he is an unworthy minister ; and neither the awe of what is fearful to be seen within these walls, nor his knowledge of their blinded and carnal state, as bred up under a prelatie dispensation, shall prevent him doing what lies in his poor abilities for their protection and edification."

"I feel all the force of your kindness, reverend sir," said Colonel Everard, "but I do not think it likely that my uncle will give you trouble on either score. He is a man much accustomed to be his own protector in temporal danger, and in spiritual doubts to trust to his own prayers and those of his church."

"I trust I have not been superfluous in offering mine assistance," said the old man, something jealous that his proffered spiritual aid had been held rather intrusive. "I ask pardon if that is the case—I humbly ask pardon ; I would not willingly be superfluous."

The colonel hastened to appease this new alarm of the watchful jealousy of his consequence, which, joined with a natural heat of temper which he could not always subdue, were the good man's only faults.

They had regained their former friendly footing, when Roger Wildrake returned from the hut of Joceline, and whispered his master that his embassy had been successful. The colonel then addressed the divine, and informed him that, as the Commissioners had already given up Woodstock, and as his uncle, Sir Henry Lee, proposed to return to the lodge about noon, he would, if his reverence pleased, attend him up to the borough.

"Will you not tarry," said the reverend man, with something like inquisitive apprehension in his voice, "to welcome your relatives upon their return to this their house ?"

"No, my good friend," said Colonel Everard ; "the part which I have taken in these unhappy broils, perhaps also the mode of worship in which I have been educated, have so prejudiced me in mine uncle's opinion, that I must be for some time a stranger to his house and family."

"Indeed ! I rejoice to hear it, with all my heart and soul," said the divine. "Excuse my frankness—I do indeed rejoice ; I had thought—no matter what I had thought, I would not again give offence. But truly, though the maiden hath a pleasant feature, and he, as all men say, is in human

things unexceptionable, yet—but I give you pain—in sooth, I will say no more unless you ask my sincere and unprejudiced advice, which you shall command, but which I will not press on you superfluously. Wend we to the borough together; the pleasant solitude of the forest may dispose us to open our hearts to each other.”

They did walk up to the little town in company, and, somewhat to Master Holdenough's surprise, the colonel, though they talked on various subjects, did not request of him any ghostly advice on the subject of his love to his fair cousin, while, greatly beyond the expectation of the soldier, the clergyman kept his word, and, in his own phrase, was not so superfluous as to offer upon so delicate a point his unasked counsel.

CHAPTER XVIII

Then are the harpies gone. Yet ere we perch
Where such foul birds have roosted, let us cleanse
The foul obscenity they've left behind them.

Agamemnon.

THE embassy of Wildrake had been successful, chiefly through the mediation of the Episcopal divine, whom we formerly found acting in the character of a chaplain to the family, and whose voice had great influence on many accounts with its master.

A little before high-noon, Sir Henry Lee, with his small household, were again in unchallenged possession of their old apartments at the lodge of Woodstock; and the combined exertions of Joceline Joliffe, of Phoebe, and of old Joan were employed in putting to rights what the late intruders had left in great disorder.

Sir Henry Lee had, like all persons of quality of that period, a love of order amounting to precision, and felt, like a fine lady whose dress has been disordered in a crowd, insulted and humiliated by the rude confusion into which his household goods had been thrown, and impatient till his mansion was purified from all marks of intrusion. In his anger he uttered more orders than the limited number of his domestics were likely to find time or hands to execute. "The villains have left such sulphurous steams behind them, too," said the old knight, "as if old Davie Leslie and the whole Scottish army had quartered among them."

"It may be near as bad," said Joceline, "for men may say, for certain, it was the Devil came down bodily among them and made them troop off."

"Then," said the knight, "is the Prince of Darkness a gentleman, as old Will Shakspeare says. He never interferes with those of his own coat, for the Lees have been in, as father and son, these five hundred years, without disquiet; and no sooner came these misbegotten churls than he plays his own part among them."

"Well, one thing he and they have left us," said Joliffe, "which we may thank them for; and that is, such a well-

filled larder and buttery as has been seldom seen in Woodstock Lodge this many a day—carcasses of mutton, large rounds of beef, barrels of confectioners' ware, pipes and runlets of sack, muscadine, ale, and what not. We shall have a royal time on't through half the winter; and Joan must get to salting and pickling presently."

"Out, villain!" said the knight; "are we to feed on the fragments of such scum of the earth as these? Cast them forth instantly. Nay," checking himself, "that were a sin; but give them to the poor, or see them sent to the owners. And, hark ye, I will none of their strong liquors. I would rather drink like a hermit all my life than seem to pledge such scoundrels as these in their leavings, like a miserable drawer, who drains off the ends of the bottles after the guests have paid their reckoning and gone off. And, hark-ye, I will taste no water from the cistern out of which these slaves have been serving themselves; fetch me down a pitcher from Rosamond's spring."

Alice heard this injunction, and well guessing there was enough for the other members of the family to do, she quietly took a small pitcher, and, flinging a cloak around her, walked out in person to procure Sir Henry the water which he desired. Meantime, Joceline said, with some hesitation, "that a man still remained, belonging to the party of these strangers, who was directing about the removal of some trunks and mails which belonged to the Commissioners, and who could receive his honor's commands about the provisions."

"Let him come hither." The dialogue was held in the hall. "Why do you hesitate and drumble in that manner?"

"Only, sir," said Joceline—"only perhaps your honor might not wish to see him, being the same who, not long since——" He paused.

"Sent my rapier a-hawking through the firmament, thou wouldst say? Why, when did I take spleen at a man for standing his ground against me? Roundhead as he is, man, I like him the better of that, not the worse. I hunger and thirst to have another turn with him. I have thought on his passado ever since, and I believe, were it to try again, I know a feat would control it. Fetch him directly."

Trusty Tomkins was presently ushered in, bearing himself with an iron gravity which neither the terrors of the preceding night nor the dignified demeanor of the high-

born personage before whom he stood were able for an instant to overcome.

"How now, good fellow?" said Sir Henry; "I would fain see something more of thy fence, which baffled me the other evening; but truly, I think the light was somewhat too faint for my old eyes. Take a foil, man—I walk here in the hall, as Hamlet says, and 'tis the breathing time of day with me—take a foil, then, in thy hand."

"Since it is your worship's desire," said the steward, letting fall his long cloak, and taking the foil in his hand.

"Now," said the knight, "if your fitness speaks, mine is ready. Methinks the very stepping on this same old pavement hath charmed away the gout which threatened me. Sa—sa—I tread as firm as a game-cock!"

They began the play with great spirit; and whether the old knight really fought more coolly with the blunt than with the sharp weapon, or whether the steward gave him some grains of advantage in this merely sportive encounter, it is certain Sir Henry had the better in the assault. His success put him into excellent humor.

"There," said he, "I found your trick—nay, you cheat me not twice the same way. There was a very palpable hit. Why, had I had but light enough the other night:— But it skills not speaking of it. Here we leave off. I must not fight, as we unwise Cavaliers did with you Roundhead rascals, beating you so often that we taught you to beat us at last. And good now, tell me why you are leaving your larder so full here? Do you think I or my family can use broken victuals? What, have you no better employment for your rounds of sequestrated beef than to leave them behind you when you shift your quarters?"

"So please your honor," said Tomkins, "it may be that you desire not the flesh of beeves, of rams, or of goats. Nevertheless, when you know that the provisions were provided and paid for out of your own rents and stock at Ditchley, sequestrated to the use of the state more than a year since, it may be you will have less scruple to use them for your own behoof."

"Rest assured that I shall," said Sir Henry; "and glad you have helped me to a share of mine own. Certainly I was an ass to suspect your masters of subsisting, save at honest men's expense.

"And as for the rumps of beeves," continued Tomkins, with the same solemnity, "there is a rump at Westminster

which will stand us of the army much hacking and hewing yet ere it is discussed to our mind."

Sir Henry paused, as if to consider what was the meaning of this innuendo; for he was not a person of very quick apprehension. But having at length caught the meaning of it, he burst into an explosion of louder laughter than Joceline had seen him indulge in for a good while.

"Right, knave," he said, "I taste thy jest. It is the very moral of the puppet-show. Faustus raised the Devil, as the Parliament raised the army; and then, as the Devil flies away with Faustus, so will the army fly away with the Parliament—or the rump, as I call'st it, or sitting part of the so-called Parliament. And then, look you, friend, the very Devil of all hath my willing consent to fly away with the army in its turn, from the highest general down to the lowest drum-boy. Nay, never look fierce for the matter; remember there is daylight enough now for a game at sharps."

Trusty Tomkins appeared to think it best to suppress his displeasure; and observing that the wains were ready to transport the Commissioners' property to the borough, took a grave leave of Sir Henry Lee.

Meantime the old man continued to pace his recovered hall, rubbing his hands, and evincing greater signs of glee than he had shown since the fatal Thirtieth of January.

"Here we are again in the old frank, Joliffe—well victualled too. How the knave solved my point of conscience! The dullest of them is a special casuist where the question concerns profit. Look out if there are not some of our own ragged regiment lurking about, to whom a bellyful would be a godsend, Joceline. Then his fence, Joceline! though the fellow foins well—very sufficient well. But thou saw'st how I dealt with him when I had fitting light, Joceline?"

"Ay, and so your honor did," said Joceline. "You taught him to know the Duke of Norfolk from Saunders Gardner. I'll warrant him he will not wish to come under your honor's thumb again."

"Why, I am waxing old," said Sir Henry; "but skill will not rust through age, though sinews must stiffen. But my age is like a lusty winter, as old Will says—frosty but kindly. And what if, old as we are, we live to see better days yet! I promise thee, Joceline, I love this jarring betwixt the rogues of the board and the rogues of the sword. When thieves quarrel, true men have a chance of coming by their own."

Thus triumphed the old Cavalier, in the treble glory of having recovered his dwelling, regained, as he thought, his character as a man of fence, and finally discovered some prospect of a change of times, in which he was not without hopes that something might turn up for the Royal interest.

Meanwhile, Alice, with a prouder and a lighter heart than had danced in her bosom for several days, went forth with a gaiety to which she of late had been a stranger, to contribute her assistance to the regulation and supply of the household, by bringing the fresh water wanted from Fair Rosamond's Well.

Perhaps she remembered that, when she was but a girl, her cousin Markham used, among others, to make her perform that duty, as presenting the character of some captive Trojan princess, condemned by her situation to draw the waters from some Grecian spring, for the use of the proud victor. At any rate, she certainly joyed to see her father reinstated in his ancient habitation; and the joy was not the less sincere, that she knew their return to Woodstock had been procured by means of her cousin, and that, even in her father's prejudiced eyes, Everard had been in some degree exculpated of the accusations the old knight had brought against him; and that, if a reconciliation had not yet taken place, the preliminaries had been established on which such a desirable conclusion might easily be founded. It was like the commencement of a bridge: when the foundation is securely laid, and the piers raised above the influence of the torrent, the throwing of the arches may be accomplished in a subsequent season.

The doubtful fate of her only brother might have clouded even this momentary gleam of sunshine; but Alice had been bred up during the close and frequent contests of civil war, and had acquired the habit of hoping in behalf of those dear to her until hope was lost. In the present case, all reports seemed to assure her of her brother's safety.

Besides these causes for gaiety, Alice Lee had the pleasing feeling that she was restored to the habitation and the haunts of her childhood, from which she had not departed without much pain, the more felt, perhaps, because suppressed, in order to avoid irritating her father's sense of his misfortune. Finally, she enjoyed for the instant the gleam of self-satisfaction by which we see the young and well-disposed so often animated, when they can be, in common phrase, helpful to those whom they love, and perform at

the moment of need some of those little domestic tasks which age receives with so much pleasure from the dutiful hands of youth. So that, altogether, as she hasted through the remains and vestiges of a wilderness already mentioned, and from thence about a bow-shot into the park, to bring a pitcher of water from Rosamond's spring, Alice Lee, her features enlivened and her complexion a little raised by the exercise, had, for the moment, regained the gay and brilliant vivacity of expression which had been the characteristic of her beauty in her earlier and happier days.

This fountain of old memory had been once adorned with architectural ornaments in the style of the 16th century, chiefly relating to ancient mythology. All these were now wasted and overthrown, and existed only as moss-covered ruins, while the living spring continued to furnish its daily treasures, unrivaled in purity, though the quantity was small, gushing out amid disjointed stones, and bubbling through fragments of ancient sculpture.

With a light step and laughing brow the young lady of Lee was approaching the fountain usually so solitary, when she paused on beholding some one seated beside it. She proceeded, however, with confidence, though with a step something less gay, when she observed that the person was a female : some menial, perhaps, from the town, whom a fanciful mistress occasionally despatched for the water of a spring supposed to be peculiarly pure, or some aged woman, who made a little trade by carrying it to the better sort of families, and selling it for a trifle. There was no cause, therefore, for apprehension.

Yet the terrors of the times were so great, that Alice did not see a stranger even of her own sex without some apprehension. Denaturalized women had as usual followed the camps of both armies during the Civil War, who, on the one side with open profligacy and profanity, on the other with the fraudulent tone of fanaticism or hypocrisy, exercised nearly in like degree their talents for murder or plunder. But it was broad daylight, the distance from the lodge was but trifling and though a little alarmed at seeing a stranger where she expected deep solitude, the daughter of the haughty old knight had too much of the lion about her to fear without some determined and decided cause.

Alice walked, therefore, gravely on towards the fount, and composed her looks as she took a hasty glance of the female who was seated there, and addressed herself to her task of filling her pitcher.

The woman whose presence had surprised and somewhat startled Alice Lee was a person of the lower rank, whose red cloak, russet kirtle, handkerchief trimmed with Coventry blue, and a coarse steeple hat, could not indicate at best anything higher than the wife of a small farmer, or, perhaps, the helpmate of a bailiff or hind. It was well if she proved nothing worse. Her clothes, indeed, were of good materials; but, what the female eye discerns with half a glance, they were indifferently adjusted and put on. This looked as if they did not belong to the person by whom they were worn, but were articles of which she had become the mistress by some accident, if not by some successful robbery. Her size, too, as did not escape Alice, even in the short perusal she afforded the stranger, was unusual, her features swarthy and singularly harsh, and her manner altogether unpropitious. The young lady almost wished, as she stooped to fill her pitcher, that she had rather turned back and sent Joceline on the errand; but repentance was too late now, and she had only to disguise as well as she could her unpleasant feelings.

"The blessings of this bright day to one as bright as it is!" said the stranger, with no unfriendly though a harsh, voice.

"I thank you," said Alice in reply; and continued to fill her pitcher busily, by assistance of an iron bowl which remained still chained to one of the stones beside the fountain.

"Perhaps, my pretty maiden, if you would accept my help, your work would be sooner done," said the stranger.

"I thank you," said Alice; "but had I needed assistance, I could have brought those with me who had rendered it."

"I do not doubt of that, my pretty maiden," answered the female; "there are too many lads in Woodstock with eyes in their heads. No doubt you could have brought with you any one of them who looked on you, if you had listed?"

Alice replied not a syllable, for she did not like the freedom used by the speaker, and was desirous to break off the conversation.

"Are you offended, my pretty mistress?" said the stranger. "That was far from my purpose. I will put my question otherwise. Are the good dames of Woodstock so careless of their pretty daughters as to let the flower of them all wander about the wild chase without a mother, or a somebody to prevent the fox from running away with

the lamb? That carelessness, methinks, shows small kindness."

"Content yourself, good woman, I am not far from protection and assistance," said Alice, who liked less and less the effrontery of her new acquaintance.

"Alas! my pretty maiden," said the stranger, patting with her large and hard hand the head which Alice had kept bended down towards the water which she was laving, "it would be difficult to hear such a pipe as yours at the town of Woodstock, scream as loud as you would."

Alice shook the woman's hand angrily off, took up her pitcher, though not above half full, and, as she saw the stranger rise at the same time, said, not without fear doubtless, but with a natural feeling of resentment and dignity, "I have no reason to make my cries heard as far as Woodstock; were there occasion for my crying for help at all, it is nearer at hand."

She spoke not without a warrant; for, at the moment, broke through the bushes and stood by her side the noble hound Bevis, fixing on the stranger his eyes that glanced fire, raising every hair on his gallant mane as upright as the bristles of a wild boar when hard pressed, grinning till a case of teeth, which would have matched those of any wolf in Russia, were displayed in full array, and, without either barking or springing, seeming by his low determined growl, to await but the signal for dashing at the female, whom he plainly considered as a suspicious person.

But the stranger was undaunted. "My pretty maiden," she said, "you have indeed a formidable guardian there, where cockneys or humpkins are concerned; but we who have been at the wars know spells for taming such furious dragons; and therefore let not your-footed protector go loose on me, for he is a noble animal, and nothing but self-defense would induce me to do him injury." So saying, she drew a pistol from her bosom and cocked it, pointing it towards the dog, as if apprehensive that he would spring upon her.

"Hold, woman—hold!" said Alice Lee; "the dog will not do you harm. Down, Bevis—couch down. And ere you attempt to hurt him, know he is the favorite hound of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, the keeper of Woodstock Park, who would severely revenge any injury offered to him."

"And you, pretty one, are the old knight's housekeeper, doubtless? I have often heard the Lees have good taste."

"I am his daughter, good woman."

"His daughter ! I was blind ; but yet it is true, nothing less perfect could answer the description which all the world has given of Mistress Alice Lee. I trust that my folly has given my young mistress no offence, and that she will allow me, in token of reconciliation, to fill her pitcher and carry it as far as she will permit."

"As you will, good mother ; but I am about to return instantly to the lodge, to which, in these times, I cannot admit strangers. You can follow me no farther than the verge of the wilderness, and I am already too long from home : I will send some one to meet and relieve you of the pitcher." So saying, she turned her back, with a feeling of terror which she could hardly account for, and began to walk quickly towards the lodge, thinking thus to get rid of her troublesome acquaintance.

But she reckoned without her host, for in a moment her new companion was by her side, not running, indeed, but walking with prodigious, long, unwomanly strides, which soon brought her up with the hurried and timid steps of the frightened maiden. But her manner was more respectful than formerly, though her voice sounded remarkably harsh and disagreeable, and her whole appearance suggested an undefined yet irresistible feeling of apprehension.

"Pardon a stranger, lovely Mistress Alice," said her persecutor, "that was not capable of distinguishing between a lady of your high quality and a peasant wench, and who spoke to you with a degree of freedom ill befitting your rank, certainly, and condition, and which, I fear, has given you offence."

"No offence whatever," replied Alice ; "but, good woman, I am near home, and can excuse your farther company. You are unknown to me."

"But it follows not," said the stranger, "that *your* fortunes may not be known to *me*, fair Mistress Alice. Look on my swarthy brow ; England breeds none such, and in the lands from which I come the sun, which blackens our complexion, pours, to make amends, rays of knowledge into our brains which are denied to those of your lukewarm climate. Let me look upon your pretty hand (attempting to possess herself of it), and I promise you you shall hear what will please you."

"I hear what does *not* please me," said Alice, with dignity ; "you must carry your tricks of fortune-telling and palmistry to the women of the village. We of the gentry hold them to be either imposture or unlawful knowledge."

"Yet you would fain hear of a certain colonel, I warrant you, whom certain unhappy circumstances have separated from his family; you would give better than silver if I could assure you that you see him in a day or two—ay, perhaps sooner."

"I know nothing of what you speak, good woman; if you want alms, there ~~is~~ a piece of silver, it is all I have in my purse."

"It were pity that I should take it," said the female; "and yet give it me, for the princess in the fairy tale must ever deserve, by her generosity, the bounty of the benevolent fairy, before she is rewarded by her protection."

"Take it—take it; give me my pitcher," said Alice, "And begone; yonder comes one of my father's servants. What, ho! Joceline—Joceline!"

The old fortune-teller hastily dropped something into the pitcher as she restored it to Alice Lee, and, plying her long limbs, disappeared speedily under cover of the wood.

Bevis turned, and barked, and showed some inclination to harass the retreat of this suspicious person, yet, as if uncertain, ran towards Joliffe, and fawned on him, as to demand his advice and encouragement. Joceline pacified the animal, and coming up to his young lady, asked her, with surprise, what was the matter, and whether she had been frightened? Alice made light of her alarm, for which, indeed, she could not have assigned any very competent reason, for the manners of the woman, though bold and intrusive, were not menacing. She only said she had met a fortune-teller by Rosamond's Well, and had had some difficulty in shaking her off.

"Ah, the gipsy thief," said Joceline, "how well she scented there was food in the pantry! They have noses like ravens, these strollers. Look you, Mistress Alice, you shall not see a raven or a carrion-crow in all the blue sky for a mile around you; but let a sheep drop suddenly down on the greensward, and before the poor creature's dead you shall see a dozen of such guests croaking, as if inviting each other to the banquet. Just so it is with these sturdy beggars. You will see few enough of them when there's nothing to give, but when hough's in the pot, they will have share on't."

"You are so proud of your fresh supply of provender," said Alice, "that you suspect all of a design on't. I do not think this woman will venture near your kitchen, Joceline."

"It will be best for her health," said Joceline, "lest I

give her a ducking for digestion. But give me the pitcher. Mistress Alice, meeter I bear it than you. How now ! what jingles at the bottom ? Have you lifted the pebbles as well as the water ?

" I think the woman dropped something into the pitcher," said Alice.

" Nay, we must look to that, for it is like to be a charm. and we have enough of the Devil's ware about Woodstock already ; we will not spare for the water—I can run back and fill the pitcher". He poured out the water upon the grass, and at the bottom of the pitcher was found a gold ring, in which was set a ruby, apparently of some value.

" Nay, if this be not enchantment, I know not what is," said Joceline. " Truly, Mistress Alice, I think you had better throw away this grimerack. Such gifts from such hands are a kind of press-money which the Devil uses for enlisting his regiment of witches ; and if they take but so much as a bean from him, they become his bond slaves for life. Ay, you look at the gewgaw, but to-morrow you will find a lead ring and a common pebble in its stead."

" Nay, Joceline, I think it will be better to find out that dark-complexioned woman, and return to her what seems of some value. So, cause inquiry to be made, and be sure you return her ring. It seems too valuable to be destroyed."

" Umph ! that is always the way with women," murmured Joceline. " You will never get the best of them, but she is willing to save a bit of finery. Well, Mistress Alice, I trust that you are too young and too pretty to be enlisted in a regiment of witches."

" I shall not be afraid of it till you turn conjurer," said Alice ; " so hasten to the well, where you are like still to find the woman, and let her know that Alice Lee desires none of her gifts, any more than she did of her society."

So saying, the young lady pursued her way to the lodge, while Joceline went down to Rosamond's Well to execute her commission. But the fortune-teller, or whoever she might be, was nowhere to be found neither, finding that to be the case, did Joceline give himself much trouble in tracking her farther.

" If this ring, which I daresay the jade stole somewhere," said the under-keeper to himself, " be worth a few nobles, it is better in honest hands than in those of vagabonds. My master has a right to all waifs and strays, and certainly such a ring, in possession of a gypsy, must be a waif. So I

shall confiscate it without scruple, and apply the produce to the support of Sir Henry's household, which is like to be poor enough. Thank Heaven, my military experience has taught me how to carry hooks at my finger-ends—that is trooper's law. Yet, hang it, after all, I had best take it to Mark Everard and ask his advice. I hold him now to be your learned counsellor in law where Mistress Alice's affairs are concerned, and my learned doctor, who shall be nameless, for such as concern church and state and Sir Henry Lee. And I'll give them leave to give mine umbles to the kites and ravens if they find me conferring my confidence where it is not safe."

CHAPTER XIX

Being skillless in these parts, which, to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and inhospitable.

Twelfth Night.

THERE was a little attempt at preparation, now that the dinner-hour was arrived, which showed that, in the opinion of his few but faithful domestics, the good knight had returned in triumph to his home.

The great tankard, exhibiting in bas-relief the figure of Michael subduing the arch enemy, was placed on the table, and Joceline and Phœbe dutifully attended—the one behind the chair of Sir Henry, the other to wait upon her young mistress, and both to make out, by formal and regular observance, the want of a more numerous train.

“A health to King Charles !” said the old knight, handing the massive tankard to his daughter ; “ drink it, my love, though it be rebel ale which they have left us. I will pledge thee : for the toast will excuse the liquor, had Noll himself brewed it.”

The young lady touched the goblet with her lip, and returned it to her father, who took a copious draught.

“ I will not say blessing on their hearts,” said he ; “ though I must own they drank good ale.”

“ No wonder, sir ; they come lightly by the malt, and need not spare it,” said Joceline.

“ Say’st thou ? ” said the knight ; “ thou shalt finish the tankard thyself for that very jest’s sake.” Nor was his follower slow in doing reason to the Royal pledge. He bowed and replaced the tankard, saying, after a triumphant glance at the sculpture, “ I had a gibe with that same redcoat about the St. Michael just now.”

“ Redcoat—ha ! what redcoat ? ” said the hasty old man. “ Do any of these knaves still lurk about Woodstock ? Quoit him downstairs instantly, Joceline. Know we not Galloway nags ? ”

“ So please you, he is in some charge here, and will speedily be gone. It is he—he who had a rencontre with your honor in the wood.”

"Ay, but I paid him off for it in the hall, as you yourself saw. I was never in better fence in my life, Joceline. That same steward fellow is not so utterly black-hearted a rogue as the most of them, Joceline. He fences well—excellent well. I will have thee try a bout in the hall with him to-morrow, though I think he will be too hard for thee, I know thy strength to an inch."

He might say this with some truth ; for it was Joceline's fashion, when called on, as sometimes happened, to fence with his patron, just to put forth as much of his strength and skill as obliged the knight to contend hard for the victory, which, in the long run, he always contrived to yield up to him, like a discreet serving-man.

"And what said this Roundheaded steward of our great St. Michael's standing-cup?"

"Marry, he scoffed at our good saint, and said he was little better than one of the golden calves of Bethel. But I told him he should not talk so, until one of their own Roundheaded saints had given the Devil as complete a cross-buttock as St. Michael had given him, as 'tis carved upon the cup there. I trow that made him silent enough. And then he would know whether your honor and Mistress Alice, not to mention old Joan and myself, since it is your honor's pleasure I should take my bed here, were not afraid to sleep in a house that had been so much disturbed. But I told him we feared no fiends or goblins, having the prayers of the church read every evening."

"Joceline," said Alice, interrupting him, "wert thou mad? You know at what risk to ourselves and the good doctor the performance of that duty takes place."

"Oh, Mistress Alice," said Joceline, a little abashed, "you may be sure I spoke not a word of the Doctor. No—no, I did not let him into the secret that we had such a reverend chaplain. I think I know the length of this man's foot. We have had a jollification or so together. He is hand and glove with me, for as great a fanatic as he is."

"Trust him not too far," said the knight. "Nay, I fear thou hast been imprudent already, and that it will be unsafe for the good man to come here after nightfall, as is proposed. These Independents have noses like bloodhounds, and can smell out a loyalist under any disguise."

"If your honor thinks so," said Joceline, "I'll watch for the Doctor with good-will, and bring him into the lodge by the old condemned postern, and so up to this apartment; and sure this man Tomkins would never presume to come

hither; and the Doctor may have a bed in Woodstock Lodge, and he never the wiser; or, if your honor does not think that safe, I can cut his throat for you, and I would not mind it a pin."

"God forbid!" said the knight. "He is under our roof, and a guest, though not an invited one. Go, Joceline: it shall be thy penance, for having given thy tongue too much license, to watch for the good doctor, and to take care of his safety while he continues with us. An October night or two in the forest would finish the good man."

"He is more like to finish our October than our October is to finish him," said the keeper; and withdrew under the encouraging smile of his patron.

He whistled Bevis along with him to share in his watch; and having received exact information where the clergyman was most likely to be found, assured his master that he would give the most pointed attention to his safety.

When the attendants had withdrawn, having previously removed the remains of the meal, the old knight, leaning back in his chair, encouraged pleasanter visions than had of late passed through his imagination, until by degrees he was surprised by actual slumber; while his daughter, not venturing to move but on tiptoe, took some needlework, and, bringing it close by the old man's side, employed her fingers on this task, bending her eyes from time to time on her parent with the affectionate zeal, if not the effective power, of a guardian angel. At length, as the light faded away and night came on, she was about to order candles to be brought. But, remembering how indifferent a couch Joceline's cottage had afforded, she could not think of interrupting the first sound and refreshing sleep which her father had enjoyed, in all probability, for the last two nights and days.

She herself had no other amusement, as she sat facing one of the great oriel windows, the same by which Wildrake had on a former occasion looked in upon Tompkins and Joceline while at their computations, than watching the clouds which a lazy wind sometimes chased from the broad disk of the harvest-moon, sometimes permitted to accumulate and exclude her brightness. There is, I know not why, something peculiarly pleasing to the imagination in contemplating the Queen of Night when she is "wading," as the expression is, among the vapors which she has not power to dispel, and which on their side are unable entirely to quench her luster. It is the striking image of patient

virtue calmly pursuing her path through good report and bad report, having that excellence in herself which ought to command all admiration, but bedimmed in the eyes of the world by suffering, by misfortune, by calumny."

As some such reflections, perhaps, were passing through Alice's imagination, she became sensible, to her surprise and alarm, that some one had clambered up upon the window, and was looking into the room. The idea of supernatural fear did not in the slightest degree agitate Alice. She was too much accustomed to the place and situation; for folk do not see specters in the scenes with which they have been familiar from infancy. But danger from marauders in a disturbed country was a more formidable subject of apprehension, and the thought armed Alice, who was naturally high-spirited, with such desperate courage, that she snatched a pistol from the wall, on which some firearms hung, and while she screamed to her father to awake, had the presence of mind to present it at the intruder. She did so the more readily, because she imagined she recognized in the visage, which she partially saw, the features of the woman whom she had met with at Rosamond's Well, and which had appeared to her peculiarly harsh and suspicious. Her father at the same time seized his sword and came forward, while the person at the window, alarmed at these demonstrations, and endeavoring to descend, missed footing, as had Cavaliero Wildrake before, and went down to the earth with no small noise. Nor was the reception on the bosom of our common mother either soft or safe; for, by a most terrific bark and growl, they heard that Bevis had come up and seized on the party, ere he or she could gain their feet.

"Hold fast, but worry not," said the old knight. "Alice, thou art the queen of wenches! Stand fast here till I run down and secure the rascal."

"For God's sake, no, my dearest father!" Alice exclaimed. "Joceline will be up immediately. Hark! I hear him."

There was indeed a bustle below, and more than one light danced to and fro in confusion, while those who bore them called to each other, yet suppressing their voices as they spoke, as men who would only be heard by those they addressed. The individual who had fallen under the power of Bevis was most impatient in his situation, and called with least precaution—"Here, Lee—Forester—take the dog off, else I must shoot him!"

"If thou dost," said Sir Henry from the window, "I blow thy brains out on the spot. Thieves, Joceline—thieves! come up and secure this ruffian. Bevis, hold on!"

"Back, Bevis—down, sir," cried Joceline. "I am coming—I am coming, Sir Henry. St. Michael, I shall go distracted!"

A terrible thought suddenly occurred to Alice: could Joceline have become unfaithful, that he was calling Bevis off the villain, instead of encouraging the trusty dog to secure him? Her father, meantime, moved perhaps by some suspicion of the same kind, hastily stepped aside out of the moonlight, and pulled Alice close to him, so as to be invisible from without, yet so placed as to hear what should pass. The scuffle between Bevis and his prisoner seemed to be ended by Joceline's interference, and there was close whispering for an instant, as of people in consultation.

"All is quiet now," said one voice: I will up and prepare the way for you." And immediately a form presented itself on the outside of the window, pushed open the lattice, and sprung into the parlor. But almost ere his step was upon the floor, certainly before he had obtained any secure footing, the old knight, who stood ready with his rapier drawn, made a desperate pass, which bore the intruder to the ground. Joceline, who clambered up next with a dark lantern in his hand, uttered a dreadful exclamation when he saw what had happened, crying out, "Lord in Heaven, he has slain his own son!"

"No—no—I tell you no," said the fallen young man, who was indeed young Albert Lee, the only son of the old knight. "I am not hurt. No noise, on your lives; get lights instantly." At the same time, he started from the floor as quickly as he could, under the embarrassment of a cloak and doubtlet skewered as it were together by the rapier of the old knight, whose pass, most fortunately, had been diverted from the body of Albert by the interruption of his cloak, the blade passing right across his back, piercing the clothes, while the hilt coming against his side with the whole force of the lounge had borne him to the ground.

Joceline all the while enjoined silence to every one, under the strictest conjurations. "Silence, as you would long live on earth—silence, as you would have a place in Heaven—be but silent for a few minutes; all our lives depend on it."

Meanwhile he procured lights with inexpressible despatch, and they then beheld that Sir Henry, on hearing the fatal

words, had sunk back on one of the large chairs, without either motion, color, or sign of life.

"Oh, brother, how could you come in this manner?" said Alice.

"Ask no questions. Good God! for what am I reserved?" He gazed on his father as he spoke, who, with clay-cold features rigidly fixed, and his arms extended in the most absolute helplessness, looked rather the image of death upon a monument than a being in whom existence was only suspended. "Was my life spared," said Albert, raising his hands with a wild gesture to Heaven, "only to witness such a sight as this?"

"We suffer what Heaven permits, young man—we endure our lives while Heaven continues them. Let me approach." The same clergyman who had read the prayers at Joceline's hut now came forward. "Get water," he said, "instantly." And the helpful hand and light foot of Alice, with the ready-witted tenderness which never stagnates in vain lamentations while there is any room for hope, provided with incredible celerity all that the clergyman called for.

"It is but a swoon," he said, on feeling Sir Henry's palm—"a swoon produced from the instant and unexpected shock. Rouse thee up, Albert; I promise thee it will be nothing save a syncope. A cup, my dearest Alice, and a ribbon, or a bandage—I must take some blood—some aromatics, too, if they can be had, my good Alice."

But while Alice procured the cup and bandage, stripped her father's sleeve, and seemed by intuition even to anticipate every direction of the reverend doctor, her brother, hearing no word and seeing no sign of comfort, stood with both hands clasped and elevated into the air, a monument of speechless despair. Every feature in his face seemed to express the thought, "Here lies my father's corpse, and it is I whose rashness has slain him!"

"But when a few drops of blood began to follow the lancet; at first falling singly, and then trickling in a freer stream; when, in consequence of the application of cold water to the temples, and aromatics to the nostrils, the old man sighed feebly, and made an effort to move his limbs, Albert Lee changed his posture, at once to throw himself at the feet of the clergyman and kiss, if he would have permitted him, his shoes and the hem of his raiment.

"Rise, foolish youth," said the good man, with a reproving tone; "must it be always thus with you? Kneel to Heaven,

not to the feeblest of its agents. You have been saved once again from great danger; would you deserve Heaven's bounty, remember you have been preserved for other purposes than you now think on. Begone you and Joceline, you have a duty to discharge; and be assured it will go better with your father's recovery that he see you not for a few minutes. Down—down to the wilderness, and bring in your attendant."

"Thanks—thanks—a thousand thanks," answered Albert Lee; and springing through the lattice, he disappeared as unexpectedly as he had entered. At the same time Joceline followed him, and by the same road.

Alice, whose fears of her father were now something abated upon this new movement among the persons of the scene, could not resist appealing to her venerable assistant. "Good Doctor, answer me but one question; was my brother Albert here just now, or have I dreamed all that has happened for these ten minutes past? Methinks, but for your presence, I could suppose the whole had passed in my sleep—that horrible thrust, that death-like, corpse-like old man, that soldier in mute despair—I must indeed have dreamed."

"If you have dreamed, my sweet Alice," said the Doctor, "I wish every sick-nurse had your property, since you have been attending to our patient better during your sleep than most of these old dormice can do when they are most awake. But your dream came through the gate of horn, my pretty darling, which you must remind me to explain to you at leisure. Albert has really been here, and will be here again."

"Albert!" repeated Sir Henry, "who names my son?"

"It is I, my kind patron," said the Doctor; "permit me to bind up your arm."

"My wound! with all my heart, Doctor," said Sir Henry, raising himself, and gathering his recollection by degrees. "I knew of old thou wert body-curer as well as soul-curer, and served my regiment for surgeon as well as chaplain. But where is the rascal I killed? I never made a fairer *stramacon* in my life. The shell of my rapier struck against his ribs. So dead he must be, or my right hand has forgot its cunning."

"Nobody was slain," said the Doctor; "we must thank God for that, since there were none but friends to slay. Here is a good cloak and doublet, though, wounded in a fashion which will require some skill in tailor-craft to cure. But I was your last antagonist, and took a little blood from

you, merely to prepare you for the pleasure and surprise of seeing your son, who, though hunted pretty close, as you may believe, hath made his way from Worcester hither, where, with Joceline's assistance, we will care well enough for his safety. It was even for this reason that I pressed you to accept of your nephew's proposal to return to the old lodge, where a hundred men might be concealed, though a thousand were making search to discover them. Never such a place for hide-and-seek, as I shall make good when I can find means to publish my *Wonders of Woodstock*."

"But, my son—my dear son," said the knight, "shall I not then instantly see him? and wherefore did you not forewarn me of this joyful event?"

"Because I was uncertain of his motions," said the Doctor, "and rather thought he was bound for the sea-side, and that it would be best to tell you of his fate when he was safe on board and in full sail for France. We had appointed to let you know all when I came hither to-night to join you. But there is a redecoat in the house whom we care not to trust farther than we could not help. We dared not, therefore, venture in by the hall; and so, prowling round the building, Albert informed us that an old prank of his, when a boy, consisted of entering by this window. A lad who was with us would needs make the experiment, as there seemed to be no light in the chamber, and the moonlight without made us liable to be detected. His foot slipped, and our friend Bevis came upon us."

"In good truth, you acted simply," said Sir Henry, "to attack a garrison without a summons. But all this is nothing to my son Albert. Where is he? Let me see him."

"But, Sir Henry, wait," said the Doctor, "till your restored strength——"

"A plague of my restored strength, man!" answered the knight, as his old spirit began to awaken within him. "Dost not remember that I lay on Edgell field all night, bleeding like a bullock from five several wounds, and wore my armor within six weeks, and you talk to me of the few drops of blood that follow such a scratch as a cat's claw might have made?"

"Nay, if you feel so courageous," said the Doctor, "I will fetch your son; he is not far distant." So saying, he left the apartment, making a sign to Alice to remain, in case any symptoms of her father's weakness should return.

It was fortunate, perhaps, that Sir Henry never seemed to recollect the precise nature of the alarm which had at

once, and effectually as the shock of the thunderbolt, for the moment suspended his faculties. Something he said more than once of being certain he had done mischief with that *stramaçon*, as he called it ; but his mind not recur to that danger as having been incurred by his son. Alice, glad to see that her father appeared to have forgotten a circumstance so fearful, as men often forget the blow or other sudden cause which has thrown them into a swoon, readily excused herself from throwing much light on the matter, by pleading the general confusion. And in a few minutes, Albert cut off all farther inquiry by entering the room, followed by the Doctor, and throwing himself alternately into the arms of his father and of his sister.

CHAPTER XX

The boy is—hark ye, sirrah, what's your name !
Oh, Jacob—ay, I recollect—the same.

CRABBE.

THE affectionate relatives were united as those who, meeting under great adversity, feel still the happiness of sharing it in common. They embraced again and again, and gave way to those expansions of the heart which at once express and relieve the pressure of mental agitation. At length the tide of emotion began to subside ; and Sir Henry, still holding his recovered son by the hand, resumed the command of his feelings which he usually practised.

“ So you have seen the last of our battles, Albert,” he said, “ and the King's colors have fallen forever before the rebels ? ”

“ It is but even so,” said the young man : “ the last cast of the die was thrown, and, alas ! lost, at Worcester ; and Cromwell's fortune carried it there, as it has wherever he has shown himself.”

“ Well, it can but be for a time—it can but be for a time,” answered his father : “ the Devil is potent, they say, in raising and gratifying favorites, but he can grant but short leases. And the King—the King, Albert—the King—in my ear—close—close ! ”

“ Our last news were confident that he had escaped from Bristol.”

“ Thank God for that—thank God for that ! ” said the knight. “ Where didst thou leave him ? ”

“ Our men were almost all cut to pieces at the bridge,” Albert replied : “ but I followed his Majesty, with about five hundred other officers and gentlemen, who were resolved to die around him, until, as our numbers and appearance drew the whole pursuit after us, it pleased his Majesty to dismiss us, with many thanks and words of comfort to us in general, and some kind expressions to most of us in especial. He sent his royal greeting to you, sir, in particular and said more than becomes me to repeat.”

“ Nay, I will hear it every word, boy,” said Sir Henry ;

"is not the certainty that thou hast discharged thy duty, and that King Charles owns it, enough to console me for all we have lost and suffered, and wouldst thou stint me of it from a false shamefacedness? I will have it out of thee, were it drawn from thee with cords."

"It shall need no such compulsion," said the young man. "It was his Majesty's pleasure to bid me tell Sir Henry Lee, in his name, that if his son could not go before his father in the race of loyalty, he was at least following him closely, and would soon move side by side."

"Said he so?" answered the knight. "Old Victor Lee will look down with pride on thee, Albert! But I forget—you must be weary and hungry."

"Even so, sir," said Albert; "but these are things which of late I have been in the habit of enduring for safety's sake."

"Joceline!—what ho, Joceline!"

The under-keeper entered, and received orders to get supper prepared directly.

"My son and Dr. Rochecliffe are half starving," said the knight.

"And there is a lad, too, below," said Joceline, "a page, he says, of Colonel Albert's, whose belly rings cupboard too, and that to no common tune; for I think he could eat a horse, as the Yorkshireman says, behind the saddle. He had better eat at the sideboard; for he has devoured a whole loaf of bread and butter, as fast as Phœbe could cut it, and it has not staid his stomach for a minute; and truly I think you had better keep him under your own eyes, for the steward beneath might ask him troublesome questions if he went below. And then he is impatient, as all your gentlemen pages are, and is saucy among the women."

"Whom is it he talks of? What page hast thou got, Albert, that bears himself so ill?" said Sir Henry.

"The son of a dear friend, a noble lord of Scotland, who followed the great Montrose's banner, afterwards joined the King in Scotland, and came with him as far as Worcester. He was wounded the day before the battle, and conjured me to take this youth under my charge, which I did, something unwillingly; but I could not refuse a father, perhaps on his death-bed, pleading for the safety of an only son."

"Thou hadst preserved an halter, hadst thou hesitated," said Sir Henry; "the smallest tree can always give some shelter, and it pleases me to think the old stock of Lee is not so totally prostrate, but it may yet be a refuge for the

distressed. Fetch the youth in ; he is of noble blood, and these are no times of ceremony, he shall sit with us at the same table, page though he be ; and if you have not schooled him handsomely in his manners, he may not be the worse of some lessons from me."

"You will excuse his national drawling accent, sir ?" said Albert, "though I know you like it not."

"I have, small cause, Albert," answered the knight—"small cause. Who stirred up these disunions ? The Scots. Who strengthened the hands of Parliament, when their cause was well-nigh ruined ? The Scots again. Who delivered up the King, their countryman, who had flung himself upon their protection ? The Scots again. But this lad's father, you say, has fought on the part of the noble Montrose ; and such a man as the great Marquis may make amends for the degeneracy of a whole nation."

"Nay, father," said Albert, "and I must add that, though this lad is uncouth and wayward, and, as you will see, something wilful, yet the King has not a more zealous friend in England ; and, when occasion offered, he fought stoutly, too, in his defense. I marvel he comes not."

"He hath taken the bath," said Joceline, "and nothing less would serve than that he should have it immediately ; the supper, he said, might be got ready in the mean time ; and he commands all about him as if he were in his father's old castle, where he might have called long enough, I warrant, without any one to hear him."

"Indeed ?" said Sir Henry, "this must be a forward chick of the game to crow so early. What is his name ?"

"His name ! It escapes me every hour, it is so hard a one," said Albert. "Kerneguy is his name—Louis Kerneguy ; his father was Lord Killstewers, of Kincardineshire."

"Kerneguy and Killstewers, and Kin—what d'ye call it ? Truly," said the knight, "these Northern men's names and titles smack of their origin : they sound like a northwest wind, rumbling and roaring among heather and rocks."

"It is but the asperities of the Celtic and Saxon dialects," said Dr. Rochecliffe, "which, according to Verstegan, still linger in those northern parts of the island. But peace—here comes supper, and Master Louis Kerneguy."

Supper entered accordingly, borne in by Joceline and Phœbe, and after it, leaning on a huge knotty stick, and having his nose in the air like a questing hound, for his attention was apparently more fixed on the good provisions

that went before him than anything else, came Master Kerguy, and seated himself, without much ceremony, at the lower end of the table.

He was a tall, rawboned lad, with a shock head of hair, fiery red, like many of his country, while the harshness of his national features was increased by the contrast of his complexion, turned almost black by the exposure to all sorts of weather, which, in that skulking and rambling mode of life, the fugitive Royalists had been obliged to encounter. His address was by no means prepossessing, being a mixture of awkwardness and forwardness, and showing, in a remarkable degree, how a want of easy address may be consistent with an admirable stock of assurance. His face intimated having received some recent scratches, and the care of Dr. Rochecliffe had decorated it with a number of patches, which even enhanced its natural plainness. Yet the eyes were brilliant and expressive, and, amid his ugliness—for it amounted to that degree of irregularity—the face was not deficient in some lines which expressed both sagacity and resolution.

The dress of Albert himself was far beneath his quality as the son of Sir Henry Lee, and commander of a regiment in the Royal service; but that of his page was still more dilapidated. A disastrous green jerkin, which had been changed to a hundred hues by sun and rain, so that the original could scarce be discovered, huge cloutery shoes, leathern breeches—such as were worn by hedgers—coarse gray worsted stockings, were the attire of the honorable youth, whose limping gait, while it added to the ungainliness of his manner, showed, at the same time, the extent of his sufferings. His appearance bordered so much upon what is vulgarly called the queer, that even with Alice it would have excited some sense of ridicule, had not compassion been predominant.

The grace was said; and the young squire of Ditchley, as well as Dr. Rochecliffe, made an excellent figure at a meal the like of which, in quality and abundance, did not seem to have lately fallen to their share. But their feats were child's play to those of the Scottish youth. Far from betraying any symptoms of the bread and butter with which he had attempted to close the orifice of his stomach, his appetite appeared to have been sharpened by a nine days' fast; and the knight was disposed to think that the very genius of famine himself, come forth from his native regions of the North, was in the act of honoring him with a visit,

while, as if afraid of losing a moment's exertion, Master Kerneguy never looked either to right or left, or spoke a single word to any at table.

"I am glad to see that you have brought a good appetite for our country fare, young gentleman," said Sir Henry.

"Bread of Gude ! sir," said the page, "and ye'll find flesh. I'se find appetite conforming, ony day o' the year. But the truth is, sir, that the appeteezement has been coming on for three days or four, and the meat in this south-land of yours has been scarce, and hard to come by ; so, sir, I'm making up for lost time, as the piper of Sligo said, when he eat a hail side o' mutton."

"You have been country-bred, young man," said the knight, who, like others of his time, held the reins of discipline rather tight over the rising generation ; "at least, to judge from the youths of Scotland whom I have seen at his late Majesty's court in former days : they had less appetite, and more—more——" As he sought the qualifying phrase which might supply the place of "good manners," his guest closed the sentence in his own way—"And more meat, it may be—the better luck theirs."

Sir Henry stared and was silent. His son seemed to think it time to interpose. "My dear father," he said, "think how many years have run since the Thirty-eighth, when the Scottish troubles first began, and I am sure that you will not wonder that, while the barons of Scotland have been, for one cause or other, perpetually in the field, the education of their children at home must have been much neglected, and that young men of my friend's age know better how to use a broadsword or to toss a pike than the decent ceremonials of society."

"The reason is a sufficient one," said the knight, "and, since thou sayest thy follower Kernigo can fight, we'll not let him lack victuals, a God's name. See, he looks angrily still at yonder cold loin of mutton ; for God's sake put it all on his plate."

"I can bide the bit and the buffet," said the Honorable Master Kerneguy : "a hungry tike ne'er minds a blaud with a rough bane."

"Now, God ha'e mercy, Albert, but if this be the son of a Scots peer," said Sir Henry to his son, in a low tone of voice, "I would not be the English plowman who would change manners with him, for his ancient blood, and his nobility, and his estate to boot, an he has one. He has eaten, as I am a Christian, near four pounds of solid butch-

er's meat, and with the grace of a wolf tugging at the carcass of a dead horse. Oh, he is about to drink at last. Soh ! He wipes his mouth, though, and dips his fingers in the ewer, and dries them, I profess, with the napkin ! There is some grace in him, after all."

"Here is wussing all your vera gude healths !" said the youth of quality, and took a draught in proportion to the solids which he had sent before : he then flung his knife and fork awkwardly on the trencher, which he pushed back towards the center of the table, extended his feet beneath it till they rested on their heels, folded his arms on his well-replenished stomach, and, lolling back in his chair, looked much as if he was about to whistle himself asleep.

"Soh !" said the knight, "the Honorable Master Kernigo hath laid down his arms. Withdraw these things, and give us our glasses. Fill them around, Joceline ; and if the Devil or the whole Parliament were within hearing, let them hear Henry Lee of Ditchley drink a health to King Charles, and confusion to his enemies !"

"Amen !" said a voice from behind the door.

All the company looked at each other in astonishment, at a response so little expected. It was followed by a solemn and peculiar tap, such as a kind of freemasonry had introduced among Royalists, and by which they were accustomed to make themselves and their principles known to each other when they met by accident.

"There is no danger," said Albert, knowing the sign—"it is a friend ; yet I wish he had been at a greater distance just now."

"And why, my son, should you wish the absence of one true man, who may, perhaps, wish to share our abundance, on one of those rare occasions when we have superfluity at our disposal ? Go, Joceline, see who knocks ; and, if a safe man, admit him."

"And if otherwise," said Joceline, "methinks I shall be able to prevent his troubling the good company."

"No violence, Joceline, on your life," said Albert Lee ; and Alice echoed, "For God's sake, no violence !"

"No unnecessary violence at least," said the good knight ; "for, if the time demands it, I will have it seen that I am master of my own house."

Joceline Joliffe nodded assent to all parties, and went on tiptoe to exchange one or two other mysterious symbols and knocks ere he opened the door.

It may be here remarked that this species of secret asso-

ciation, with its signals of union, existed among the more dissolute and desperate class of Cavaliers—men habituated to the dissipated life which they had been accustomed to in an ill-disciplined army, where everything like order and regularity was too apt to be accounted a badge of Puritanism. These were the “roaring boys” who met in hedge alehouses, and, when they had by any chance obtained a little money or a little credit, determined to create a counter-revolution by declaring their sittings permanent, and proclaimed in the words of one of their choicest ditties—

“We'll drink till we bring
In triumph back the king.”

The leaders and gentry, of a higher description and more regular morals, did not indeed partake such excesses, but they still kept their eye upon a class of persons who, from courage and desperation, were capable of serving on an advantageous occasion the fallen cause of Royalty; and recorded the lodges and blind taverns at which they met, as wholesale merchants know the houses of call of the mechanics whom they may have occasion to employ, and can tell where they may find them when need requires. It is scarce necessary to add, that among the lower class, and sometimes even among the higher, there were men found capable of betraying the projects and conspiracies of their associates, whether well or indifferently combined, to the governors of the state. Cromwell, in particular, had gained some correspondents of this kind of the highest rank and of the most undoubted character among the Royalists, who, if they made scruple of impeaching or betraying individuals who confided in them, had no hesitation in giving the government such general information as served to enable him to disappoint the purposes of any plot or conspiracy.

To return to our story. In much shorter time than we have spent in reminding the reader of these historical particulars, Joliffe had made his mystic communication; and being duly answered as by one of the initiated, he undid the door, and there entered our old friend Roger Wildrake, Round-head in dress, as his safety and his dependence on Colonel Everard compelled him to be, but that dress worn in a most Cavalier like manner, and forming a stronger contrast than usual with the demeanor and language of the wearer, to which it was never very congenial.

His Puritanic hat, the emblem of that of Ralpho in the prints to *Hudibras*, or, as he called it, his felt umbrella,

was set most knowingly on one side of the head, as if it had been a Spanish hat and feather: his straight, square-caped, sad-colored cloak was flung gaily upon one shoulder, as if it had been of three-piled taffeta, lined with crimson silk; and he paraded his huge calf-skin boots, as if they had been silken hose and Spanish leather shoes, with roses on the instep. In short, the airs which he gave himself, of a most thorough-paced wild gallant and Cavalier, joined to a glistening of self-satisfaction in his eye and an inimitable swagger in his gait, which completely announced his thoughtless, conceited, and reckless character, formed a most ridiculous contrast to his gravity of attire.

It could not, on the other hand, be denied that, in spite of the touch of ridicule which attached to his character, and the loose morality which he had learned in the dissipation of town pleasures, and afterwards in the disorderly life of a soldier, Wildrake had points about him both to make him feared and respected. He was handsome, even in spite of his air of debauched effrontery: a man of the most decided courage, though his vaunting rendered it sometimes doubtful; and entertained a sincere sense of his political principles, such as they were, though he was often so imprudent in asserting and boasting of them as, joined with his dependence on Colonel Everard, induced prudent men to doubt his sincerity.

Such as he was, however, he entered the parlor of Victor Lee, where his presence was anything but desirable to the parties present, with a jaunty step, and a consciousness of deserving the best possible reception. This assurance was greatly aided by circumstances which rendered it obvious that, if the jocund Cavalier had limited himself to one draught of liquor that evening, in terms of his vow of temperance, it must have been a very deep and long one.

"Save ye, gentlemen—save ye. Save you, good Sir Henry Lee, though I have scarce the honor to be known to you. Save you, worthy Doctor, and a speedy resurrection to the fallen Church of England."

"You are welcome, sir," said Sir Henry Lee, whose feelings of hospitality, and of the fraternal reception due to a Royalist sufferer, induced him to tolerate this intrusion more than he might have done otherwise. "If you have fought or suffered for the King, sir, it is an excuse for joining us, and commanding our services in anything in our power, although at present we are a family-party. But I think I saw you in waiting upon Master Markham Everard,

who calls himself Colonel Everard. If your message is from him, you may wish to see me in private ? ”

“ Not at all, Sir Henry—not at all. It is true, as my ill hap will have it, that, being on the stormy side of the hedge, like all honest men—you understand me, Sir Henry—I am glad, as it were, to gain something from my old friend and comrade’s countenance, not by truckling or disowning my principles, sir—I defy such practises—but, in short, by doing him any kindness in my power when he is pleased to call on me. So I came down here with a message from him to the old Roundheaded son of a —— I beg the young lady’s pardon, from the crown of her head down to the very toes of her slipper. And so, sir, chancing as I was stumbling out in the dark, I heard you give a toast, sir, which warmed my heart, sir, and ever will, sir, till death chills it ; and so I made bold to let you know there was an honest man within hearing.”

Such was the self-introduction of Master Wildrake, to which the knight replied, by asking him to sit down and take a glass of sack to his Majesty’s glorious restoration. Wildrake, at this hint, squeezed in without ceremony beside the young Scotsman, and not only pledged his landlord’s toast, but seconded its import, by volunteering a verse or two of his favorite loyal ditty, “ The King shall enjoy his own again.” The heartiness which he threw into his song opened still farther the heart of the old knight, though Albert and Alice looked at each other with looks resentful of the intrusion, and desirous to put an end to it. The Honourable Master Kerneguy either possessed that happy indifference of temper which does not deign to notice such circumstances, or he was able to assume the appearance of it to perfection, as he sat sipping sack and cracking walnuts, without testifying the least sense that an addition had been made to the party. Wildrake, who liked the liquor and the company, showed no unwillingness to repay his landlord, by being at the expense of the conversation.

“ You talk of fighting and suffering, Sir Henry Lee—Lord help us, we have had all our share. All the world knows what Sir Henry Lee has done from Edge [hill] Field downwards, wherever a loyal sword was drawn or a loyal flag fluttered. Ah, God help us ! I have done something too. My name is Roger Wildrake of Squattlesea Mere, Lincoln ; not that you are ever like to have heard it before, but I was captain in Lunsford’s light horse, and afterwards with Goring. I was a child-eater, sir—a babe-bolter.”

"I have heard of your regiment's exploits, sir; and perhaps you may find I have seen some of them, if we should spend ten minutes together. And I think I have heard of your name too. I beg to drink your health, Captain Wildrake of Squattlesea Mere, Lincolnshire."

"Sir Henry, I drink yours in this pint bumper, and upon my knee; and I would do as much for that young gentleman (looking at Albert), and the squire of the green cassock too, holding it for green, as the colors are not to my eyes altogether clear and distinguishable."

It was a remarkable part of what is called by theatrical folk the by-play of this scene, that Albert was conversing apart with Doctor Rochecliffe in whispers, even more than the divine seemed desirous of encouraging, yet to whatever their private conversation referred, it did not deprive the young colonel of the power of listening to what was going forward in the party at large, and interfering from time to time, like a watch-dog who can distinguish the slightest alarm even when employed in the engrossing process of taking his food.

"Captain Wildrake," said Albert, "we have no objection—I mean my friend and I—to be communicative on proper occasions; but you, sir, who are so old a sufferer, must needs know, that at such casual meetings as this men do not mention their names unless they are specially wanted. It is a point of conscience, sir, to be able to say, if your principal, Captain Everard, or Colonel Everard, if he be a colonel, should examine you upon oath, 'I did not know who the persons were whom I heard drink such and such toasts.'"

"Faith, I have a better way of it, worthy sir," answered Wildrake: "I never can, for the life of me, remember that there were any such and such toasts drunk at all. It's a strange gift of forgetfulness I have."

"Well, sir," replied the younger Lee; "but we, who have unhappily more tenacious memories, would willingly abide by the more general rule."

"Oh, sir," answered Wildrake, "with all my heart. I intrude on no man's confidence, d—n me, and I only spoke for civility's sake, having the purpose of drinking your health in a good fashion." Then he broke forth into melody:

"Then let the health go round, a-round, a-round, a-round,
Then let the health go round.
For though your stocking be of silk,
Your knee shall kiss the ground, a-ground, a-ground, a-ground,
Your knee shall kiss the ground."

"Urge it no farther," said Sir Henry, addressing his son. "Master Wildrake is one of the old school—one of the tantivy boys; and we must bear a little, for if they drink hard, they fought well. I will never forget how a party came up and rescued us clerks of Oxford, as they called the regiment I belonged to, out of a cursed embroglio during the attack on Brentford. I tell you, we were inclosed with the cockneys' pikes both front and rear, and we should have come off but ill, had not Lunsford's light horse, the babe-eaters, as they called them, charged up to the pike's point and brought us off."

"I am glad you thought on that, Sir Henry," said Wildrake; "and do you remember what the officer of Lunsford's said?"

"I think I do," said Sir Henry, smiling.

"Well, then, did not he call out, when the women were coming down, howling like sirens as they were, 'Have none of you a plump child that you could give us, to break our fast upon?'"

"Truth itself!" said the knight; "and a great fat woman stepped forward with a baby, and offered it to the supposed cannibal."

All at the table, Master Kerneguy excepted, who seemed to think that good food of any kind required no apology, held up their hands in token of amazement.

"Ay," said Wildrake, "the—a-hem!—I crave the lady's pardon again, from tip of top-knot to hem of farthingale—but the cursed creature proved to be a parish nurse, who had been paid for the child half a year in advance. Gad, I took the baby out of the bitch-wolf's hand; and I have contrived, though God knows I have lived in a skel-dering sort of way myself, to breed up bold Breakfast, as I call him, ever since. It was paying dear for a jest though."

"Sir, I honor you for your humanity," said the old knight. "Sir, I thank you for your courage. Sir, I am glad to see you here," said the good knight, his eyes watering almost to overflowing. "So you were the wild officer who cut us out of the toils? Oh, sir, had you but stopped when I called on you, and allowed us to clear the streets of Brentford with our musketeers, we would have been at London Stone that day! But your good-will was the same."

"Ay, truly was it," said Wildrake, who now sat triumphant and glorious in his easy-chair. "And here is to all the brave hearts, sir, that fought and fell in that same storm of Brentford. We drove all before us like chaff, till the shops,

where they sold strong waters and other temptations, brought us up. Gad, sir, we, the babe-eaters, had too many acquaintances in Brentford, and our stout Prince Rupert was ever better at making way than drawing off. Gad, sir, for my own poor share, I did but go into the house of a poor widow lady, who maintained a charge of daughters, and whom I had known of old, to get my horse fed, a morsel of meat, and so forth, when these cockney pikes of the artillery ground, as you very well call them, rallied, and came in with their armed heads, as boldly as so many Cotswold rams. I sprang downstairs—got to my horse; but, egad, I fancy all my troop had widows and orphan maidens to comfort as well as I, for only five of us got together. We cut our way through successfully; and gad, gentlemen, I carried my little Breakfast on the pommel before me; and there was such a hallooming and screeching, as if the whole town thought I was to kill, roast, and eat the poor child so soon as I got to quarters. But devil a cockney charged up to my bonny bay, poor lass, to rescue little cake-bread; they only cried ‘Haro,’ and ‘Out upon me.’”

“Alas! alas!” said the knight, “we made ourselves seem worse than we were; and we were too bad to deserve God’s blessing even in a good cause. But it is needless to look back; we did not deserve victories when God gave them, for we never improved them like good soldiers, or like Christian men; and so we gave these canting scoundrels the advantage of us, for they assumed, out of mere hypocrisy, the discipline and orderly behavior which we, who drew our swords in a better cause, ought to have practised out of true principle. But here is my hand, captain. I have often wished to see the honest fellow who charged up so smartly in our behalf, and I reverence you for the care you took of the poor child. I am glad this dilapidated place has still some hospitality to offer you, although we cannot treat you to roasted babes or stewed sucklings—oh, captain?”

“Troth, Sir Henry, the scandal was sore against us on that score. I remember Lacy, who was an old play-actor, and a lieutenant in ours, made drollery on it in a play which was sometimes acted at Oxford when our hearts were something up, called, I think, *The Old Troop*.”*

So saying, and feeling more familiar as his merits were known, he hitched his chair up against that of the Scottish lad, who was seated next him, and who, in shifting his

* See Cannibalism imputed to the Cavaliers. Note 5.

place, was awkward enough to disturb, in his turn, Alice Lee, who sat opposite, and, a little offended, or at least embarrassed, drew her chair away from the table.

"I crave pardon," said the Honorable Master Kerneguy; "but, sir," to Master Wildrake, "ye hae e'en garr'd me hurt the young lady's shank."

"I crave your pardon, sir, and much more that of the fair lady, as is reasonable: though, rat me, sir, if it was I set your chair a-trundling in that way. Zooks, sir, I have brought with me no plague nor pestilence, nor other infectious disorder, that ye should have started away as if I had been a leper, and discomposed the lady, which I would have prevented with my life, sir. Sir, if ye be Northern-born, as your tongue bespeaks, egad, it was I ran the risk in drawing near you; so there was small reason for you to bolt."

"Master Wildrake," said Albert, interfering, "this young gentleman is a stranger as well as you, under protection of Sir Henry's hospitality, and it cannot be agreeable for my father to see disputes arise among his guests. You may mistake the young gentleman's quality from his present appearance: this is the Honorable Master Louis Kerneguy, sir, son of my Lord Killstewers of Kincardineshire, one who has fought for the King, young as he is."

"No dispute shall rise through me, sir—none through me," said Wildrake; "your exposition sufficeth, sir. Master Louis Girnigo, son of my Lord Kilsteer, in Gringardenshire, I am your humble slave, sir, and drink your health, in token that I honor you, and all true Scots who draw their Andrew Ferraras on the right side, sir."

"I'se beholden to you, and thank you, sir," said the young man, with some haughtiness of manner, which hardly corresponded with his rusticity; "and I wuss your health in a ceevil way."

Most judicious persons would have here dropped the conversation; but it was one of Wildrake's marked peculiarities that he could never let matters stand when they were well. He continued to plague the shy, proud, and awkward lad with his observations. "You speak your national dialect pretty strongly, Master Girnigo," said he, "but I think not quite the language of the gallants that I have known among the Scottish Cavaliers. I knew, for example, some of the Gordons, and others of good repute, who always put an *f* for the *wh*, as *faat* for *what*, *fan* for *when*, and the like."

Albert Lee here interposed, and said that the provinces

of Scotland, like those of England, had their different modes of pronunciation.

"You are very right, sir," said Wildrake. "I reckon myself, now, a pretty good speaker of their cursed jargon—no offense, young gentleman; and yet, when I took a turn with some of Montrose's folk, in the South Hiellands, as they call their beastly wildernesses—no offense again—I chanced to be by myself, and to lose my way, when I said to a shepherd fellow, making my mouth as wide and my voice as broad as I could, 'Whore am I ganging till?' confound me if the fellow could answer me, unless indeed he was sulky, as the bumpkins will be now and then to the gentlemen of the sword."

This was familiarly spoken, and though partly addressed to Albert, was still more directed to his immediate neighbor, the young Scotsman, who seemed, from bashfulness, or some other reason, rather shy of his intimacy. To one or two personal touches from Wildrake's elbow, administered during his last speech, by way of a practical appeal to him in particular, he only answered, "Misunderstandings were to be expected when men converse in national deealects."

Wildrake, now considerably drunker than he ought to have been in civil company, caught up the phrase and repeated it. "Misunderstanding, sir—misunderstanding, sir! I do not know how I am to construe that, sir; but, to judge from the information of these scratches on your honorable visnomy, I should augur that you had been of late at misunderstanding with the cat, sir."

"You are mistaken, then, friend, for it was with the dowg," answered the Scotsman, dryly, and cast a look towards Albert.

"We had some trouble with the watch-dogs in entering so late in the evening," said Albert, in explanation, "and this youth had a fall among some rubbish, by which he came by these scratches."

"And now, dear Sir Henry," said Dr. Rochecliffe, "allow us to remind you of your gout, and our long journey. I do it the rather that my good friend your son has been, during the whole time of supper, putting questions to me aside, which had much better be reserved till to-morrow. May we therefore ask permission to retire to our night's rest?"

"These private committees in a merry meeting," said Wildrake, "are a solecism in breeding. They always put me in mind of the cursed committees at Westminster. But shall we to roost before we rouse the night-owl with a catch?"

"Aha, canst thou quote Shakspeare?" said Sir Henry, pleased at discovering a new good quality in his acquaintance, whose military services were otherwise but just able to counterbalance the intrusive freedom of his conversation. "In the name of merry Will," he continued—"whom I never saw, though I have seen many of his comrades, as Alleyn, Hemminge, and so on, we will have a single catch, and one rouse about, and then to bed."

After the usual discussion about the choice of the song, and the parts which each was to bear, they united their voices in trolling a loyal glee, which was popular among the party at the time, and in fact believed to be composed by no less a person than Doctor Rochecliffe himself.

Glee for King Charles

Bring the bowl which you boast,
 Fill it up to the brim;
 'Tis to him we love most,
 And to all who love him.
 Brave gallants, stand up,
 And avaunt, ye base carles!
 Were there death in the cup,
 Here's a health to King Charles!

Though he wanders through dangers,
 Unaided, unknown,
 Dependent on strangers,
 Estranged from his own;
 Though 'tis under our breath,
 Amidst forfeits and perils,
 Here's to honor and faith,
 And a health to King Charles!

Let such honors abound
 As the time can afford,
 The knee on the ground
 And the hand on the sword;
 But the time shall come round,
 When, 'mid lords, dukes, and earls,
 The loud trumpets shall sound
 Here's a health to King Charles!

After this display of loyalty, and a final libation, the party took leave of each other for the night. Sir Henry offered his old acquaintance Wildrake a bed for the evening, who weighed the matter somewhat in this fashion: "Why, to speak truth, my patron will expect me at the borough; but then he is used to my staying out of doors a-nights. Then there's the Devil, that they say haunts

Woodstock : but with the blessing of this reverend doctor, I defy him and all his works. I saw him not when I slept here twice before, and I am sure if he was absent then, he has not come back with Sir Henry Lee and his family. So I accept your courtesy, Sir Henry, and I thank you, as a Cavalier of Lumsford should thank one of the fighting clerks of Oxon. God bless the King ! I care not who hears it, and confusion to Noll and his red nose !” Off he went accordingly with a bottle-swagger, guided by Joceline, to whom Albert, in the mean time, had whispered, to be sure to quarter him far enough from the rest of the family.

Young Lee then saluted his sister, and, with the formality of those times, asked and received his father’s blessing with an affectionate embrace. His page seemed desirous to imitate one part of his example, but was repelled by Alice, who only replied to his offered salute with a courtesy. He next bowed his head in an awkward fashion to her father, who wished him a good night. “ I am glad to see, young man,” he said, “ that you have at least learned the reverence due to age. It should always be paid, sir ; because in doing so you render that honor to others which you will expect yourself to receive when you approach the close of your life. More will I speak with you at leisure, on your duties as a page, which office in former days used to be the very school of chivalry : whereas of late, by the disorderly times, it has become little better than a school of wild and disordered license, which made rare Ben Jonson exclaim——”

“ Nay, father,” said Albert, interposing, “ you must consider this day’s fatigue, and the poor lad is almost asleep on his legs ; to-morrow, he will listen with more profit to your kind admonitions. And you, Louis, remember at least one part of your duty : take the candles and light us—here Joceline comes to show us the way. Once more, good-night, good Doctor Rochecliffe—good night, all.”

CHAPTER XXI.

Groom. Hail noble prince !

King Richard.

Thanks, noble peer !

The cheapest of us is a groat too dear.

Richard II.

ALBERT and his page were ushered by Joceline to what was called the Spanish Chamber, a huge old scrambling bedroom, rather in a dilapidated condition, but furnished with a large standing-bed for the master and a truckle-bed for the domestic, as was common at a much later period in old English houses, where the gentleman often required the assistance of a groom of the chambers to help him to bed, if the hospitality had been exuberant. The walls were covered with hangings of cordovan leather, stamped with gold, and representing fights between the Spaniards and Moriscoes, bull-feats, and other sports peculiar to the Peninsula, from which it took its name of the Spanish Chamber. These hangings were in some places entirely torn down, in others defaced and hanging in tatters. But Albert stopped not to make observations, anxious, it seemed, to get Joceline out of the room ; which he achieved by hastily answering his offers of fresh fuel, and more liquor, in the negative, and returning, with equal conciseness, the under-keeper's good wishes for the evening. He at length retired, somewhat unwillingly, and as if he thought that his young master might have bestowed a few more words upon a faithful old retainer after so long absence.

Jolliffe was no sooner gone than, before a single word was spoken between Albert Lee and his page, the former hastened to the door, examined lock, latch, and bolt, and made them fast, with the most scrupulous attention. He superadded to these precautions that of a long screw-bolt, which he brought out of his pocket, and which screwed on to the staple in such a manner as to render it impossible to withdraw it, or open the door, unless by breaking it down. The page held a light to him during the operation, which his master went through with much exactness and dexterity. But when Albert arose from his knee, on which he had rested during the accomplishment of this task, the manner of the

companions was on the sudden entirely changed towards each other. The Honorable Master Kerneguy, from a cubbish lout of a raw Scotsman, seemed to have acquired at once all the grace and ease of motion and manner which could be given by an acquaintance of the earliest and most familiar kind with the best company of the time.

He gave the light he held to Albert with the easy indifference of a superior, who rather graces than troubles his dependant by giving him some slight service to perform. Albert, with the greatest appearance of deference, assumed in his turn the character of torch-bearer, and lighted his page across the chamber, without turning his back upon him as he did so. He then set the light on a table by the bedside, and, approaching the young man with deep reverence, received from him the solid green jacket with the same profound respect as if he had been a first lord of the bed-chamber, or other officer of the household of the highest distinction, disrobing his sovereign of the Mantle of the Garter. The person to whom this ceremony was addressed endured it for a minute or two with profound gravity, and then bursting out a-laughing, exclaimed to Albert, "What a devil means all this formality? thou complimentest with these miserable rags as if they were silks and sables, and with poor Louis Kerneguy as if he were the King of Great Britain?"

"And if your Majesty's commands, and the circumstances of the time, have made me for a moment seem to forget that you are my sovereign, surely I may be permitted to render my homage as such while you are in your own royal palace of Woodstock?"

"Truly," replied the disguised monarch, "the sovereign and the palace are not ill matched: these tattered hangings and my ragged jerkin suit each other admirably. *This* Woodstock!—*this* the bower where the royal Norman revelled with the fair Rosamond Clifford! Why, it is a place of assignation for owls!" Then, suddenly recollecting himself, with his natural courtesy, he added, as if fearing he might have hurt Albert's feeling—"But the more obscure and retired, it is the fitter for our purpose, Lee; and if it does seem to be a roost for owls, as there is no denying, why, we know it has nevertheless brought up eagles."

He threw himself as he spoke upon a chair, and indolently, but gracefully, received the kind offices of Albert, who undid the coarse buttonings of the leathern gamashes which defended his legs, and spoke to him the whilst. "What a fine

specimen of the olden time is your father, Sir Henry. It is strange I should not have seen him before; but I heard my father often speak of him as being among the flower of our real old English gentry. By the mode in which he began to school me, I can guess you had a tight taskmaster of him, Albert. I warrant you never wore hat in his presence, eh?"

"I never cocked it at least in his presence, please your Majesty, as I have seen some youngsters do," answered Albert; "indeed, if I had, it must have been a stout beaver to have saved me from a broken head."

"Oh, I doubt it not," replied the King; "a fine old gentleman, but with that, methinks, in his countenance that assures you he would not hate the child in sparing the rod. Harkye, Albert. Suppose the same glorious Restoration come round, which, if drinking to its arrival can hasten it, should not be far distant, for in that particular our adherents never neglect their duty—suppose it come, therefore, and that thy father, as must be, of course, becomes an earl and one of the privy council, odds-fish, man, I shall be as much afraid of him as ever was my grandfather Henry Quatre of old Sully. Imagine there were such a trinket now about the court as the Fair Rosamond, or La Belle Gabrielle, what a work there would be of pages and grooms of the chamber to get the pretty rogue clandestinely shuffled out by the backstairs, like a prohibited commodity, when the step of the Earl of Woodstock was heard in the ante-chamber."

"I am glad to see your Majesty so merry after your fatiguing journey."

"The fatigue was nothing, man," said Charles; "a kind welcome and a good meal made amends for all that. But they must have suspected thee of bringing a wolf from the braes of Badenoch along with you, instead of a two-legged being, with no more than the usual allowance of mortal stowage for provisions. I was really ashamed of my appetite; but thou knowest I had eat nothing for twenty-four hours, save the raw egg you stole for me from the old woman's hen-roost. I tell thee, I blush to show myself so ravenous before that high-bred and respectable old gentleman your father, and the very pretty girl your sister—or cousin, is she?"

"She is my sister," said Albert Lee, dryly, and added, in the same breath, "Your Majesty's appetite suited well enough with the character of a raw Northern lad. Would your Majesty now please to retire to rest?"

"Not for a minute or two," said the King, retaining his

seat. "Why, man, I have scarce had my tongue unchained to-day ; and to talk with that Northern twang, and besides, the fatigue of being obliged to speak every word in character—gad, it's like walking as the galley-slaves do on the Continent, with a twenty-four pound shot chained to their legs : they may drag it along, but they cannot move with comfort. And, by the way, thou art slack in paying me my well-deserved tribute of compliments on my counterfeiting. Did I not play Louis Kernequy as round as a ring ?"

"If your Majesty asks my serious opinion, perhaps I may be forgiven if I say your dialect was somewhat too coarse for a Scottish youth of high birth, and your behavior perhaps a little too churlish. I thought too, though I pretend not to be skilful, that some of your Scottish sounded as if it were not genuine."

"Not genuine ! There is no pleasing thee, Albert. Why, who should speak genuine Scottish but myself ? Was I not their king for a matter of ten months ? and if I did not get knowledge of their language, I wonder what else I got by it. Did not east country, and south country, and west country, and Highlands caw, croak, and shriek about me, as the deep guttural, the broad drawl, and the high sharp yelp predominated by turns ? Odds-fish, man, have I not been speeched at by their orators, addressed by their senators, rebuked by their kirkmen ? Have I not set on the cutty-stool, mon (again assuming the Northern dialect), and thought it grace of worthy Mas John Gillespie, that I was permitted to do penance in mine own privy chamber, instead of the face of the congregation, and wilt thou tell me, after all, that I cannot speak Scottish enough to baffle an Oxon knight and his family ?"

"May it please your Majesty, I began by saying I was no judge of the Scottish language."

"Pshaw, it is mere envy ; just so you said at Norton's, that I was too courteous and civil for a young page—now you think me too rude."

"And there is a medium, if one could find it," said Albert, defending his opinion in the same tone in which the King attacked him ; "so this morning, when you were in the woman's dress, you raised your petticoats rather unbecomingly high, as you waded through the first little stream ; and when I told you of it, to mend the matter, you dragged through the next without raising them at all."

"O, the devil take the woman's dress !" said Charles ; "I hope I shall never be driven to that disguise again. Why,

my ugly face was enough to put gowns, caps, and kirtles out of fashion forever : the very dogs fled from me. Had I passed any hamlet that had but five huts in it, I could not have escaped the cucking-stool. I was a libel on womanhood. These leathern conveniences are none of the gayest, but they are *propria que maribus* ; and right glad am I to be repossessed of them. I can tell you too, my friend, I shall resume all my masculine privileges with my proper habiliments ; and as you say I have been too coarse to-night, I will behave myself like a courtier to Mistress Alice to-morrow. I made a sort of acquaintance with her already, when I seemed to be of the same sex with herself, and found out there are other colonels in the wind besides you, Colonel Albert Lee."

"May it please your Majesty," said Albert, and then stopped short, from the difficulty of finding words to express the unpleasant nature of his feelings.

They could not escape Charles ; but he proceeded without scruple, "I pique myself on seeing as far into the hearts of young ladies as most folk, though God knows they are sometimes too deep for the wisest of us. But I mentioned to your sister in my character of fortune-teller—thinking, poor simple man, that a country girl must have no one but her brother to dream about—that she was anxious about a certain colonel. I had hit the theme, but not the person : for I alluded to you, Albert, and I presume the blush was too deep ever to be given to a brother. So up she got, and away she flew from me like a lapwing. I can excuse her ; for, looking at myself in the well, I think if I had met such a creature as I seemed I should have called fire and fagot against it. Now, what think you, Albert—who can this colonel be, that more than rivals you in your sister's affection ?"

Albert, who well knew that the King's mode of thinking, where the fair sex was concerned, was far more gay than delicate, endeavored to put a stop to the present topic by a grave answer.

"His sister," he said, "had been in some measure educated with the son of her maternal uncle, Markham Everard ; but as his father and he himself had adopted the cause of the Roundheads, the families had in consequence been at variance ; and any projects which might have been formerly entertained were of course long since dismissed on all sides."

"You are wrong, Albert—you are wrong," said the King,

pitilessly pursuing his jest. "You colonels, whether you wear blue or orange sashes, are too pretty fellows to be dismissed so easily, when once you have acquired an interest. But Mistress Alice, so pretty, and who wishes the restoration of the King with such a look and accent, as if she were an angel whose prayers must needs bring it down, must not be allowed to retain any thoughts of a canting Roundhead. What say you—will you give me leave to take her to task about it? After all, I am the party most concerned in maintaining true allegiance among my subjects; and if I gain the pretty maiden's good-will, that of the sweetheart will soon follow. This was jolly King Edward's way—Edward the Fourth, you know. The king-making Earl of Warwick, the Cromwell of his day, dethroned him more than once; but he had the hearts of the merry dames of London, and the purses and veins of the cockneys bled freely, till they brought him home again. How say you? shall I shake off my Northern slough, and speak with Alice in my own character, showing what education and manners have done for me, to make the best amends they can for an ugly face?"

"May it please your Majesty," said Albert, in an altered and embarrassed tone, "I did not expect——"

Here he stopped, not able to find words adequate at the same time to express his sentiments and respectful enough to the King, while in his father's house and under his own protection.

"And what is it that Master Lee does not expect?" said Charles, with marked gravity on his part.

Again Albert attempted a reply, but advanced no farther than, "I would hope, if it please your Majesty——" when he again stopped short, his deep and hereditary respect for his sovereign, and his sense of the hospitality due to his misfortunes, preventing his giving utterance to his irritated feeling.

"And what does Colonel Albert Lee hope?" said Charles, in the same dry and cold manner in which he had before spoken. "No answer! Now *I hope* that Colonel Lee does not see in a silly jest anything offensive to the honor of his family, since methinks that were an indifferent compliment to his sister, his father, and himself, not to mention Charles Stuart, whom he calls his king; and *I expect* that I shall not be so hardly construed as to be supposed capable of forgetting that Mistress Alice Lee is the daughter of my faithful subject and host, and the sister of my guide and preserver. Come—come, Albert," he added, changing at once

to his naturally frank and unceremonious manner. "you forget how long I have been abroad, where men, women, and children talk gallantry morning, noon, and night, with no more serious thought than just to pass away the time, and I forget too, that you are of the old-fashioned English school, a son after Sir Henry's own heart, and don't understand raillery upon such subjects. But I ask your pardon, Albert, sincerely, if I have really hurt you."

So saying, he extended his hand to Colonel Lee, who, feeling he had been rather too hasty in construing the King's jest in an unpleasant sense, kissed it with reverence, and attempted an apology.

"Not a word—not a word," said the good-natured prince, raising his penitent adherent as he attempted to kneel; "we understand each other. You are somewhat afraid of the gay reputation which I acquired in Scotland; but I assure you, I will be as stupid as you or your cousin colonel could desire in presence of Mrs. Alice Lee, and only bestow my gallantry, should I have any to throw away, upon the pretty little waiting-maid who attended at supper—unless you should have monopolized her ear for your own benefit, Colonel Albert."

"It is monopolized, sure enough, though not by me, if it please your Majesty, but by Joceline Joliffe, the under-keeper, whom we must not disoblige, as we have trusted him so far already, and may have occasion to repose even entire confidence in him. I half think he suspects who Louis Kerneguy may in reality be."

"You are an engrossing set, you wooers of Woodstock," said the King, laughing. "Now, if I had a fancy, as a Frenchman would not fail to have in such a case, to make pretty speeches to the deaf old woman I saw in the kitchen, as a *pisaller*, I daresay I should be told that *her* ear was engrossed for Dr. Rochecliffe's sole use?"

"I marvel at your Majesty's good spirits," said Albert, "that, after a day of danger, fatigue, and accidents, you should feel the power of amusing yourself thus."

"That is to say, the groom of the chambers wishes his Majesty would go to sleep? Well, one word or two on more serious business, and I have done. I have been completely directed by you and Rochecliffe: I have changed my disguise from female to male upon the instant, and altered my destination from Hampshire to take shelter here. Do you still hold it the wiser course?"

"I have great confidence in Dr. Rochecliffe," replied

Albert, "whose acquaintance with the scattered Royalists enables him to gain the most accurate intelligence. His pride in the extent of his correspondence, and the complication of his plots and schemes for your Majesty's service, is indeed the very food he lives upon : but his sagacity is equal to his vanity. I repose, besides, the utmost faith in Jolliffe. Of my father and sister I would say nothing : yet I would not, without reason, extend the knowledge of your Majesty's person farther than it is indispensably necessary."

"Is it handsome in me," said Charles, pausing, "to withhold my full confidence from Sir Henry Lee?"

"Your Majesty heard of his almost death-swoon of last night : what would agitate him most deeply must not be hastily communicated."

"True ; but are we safe from a visit of the redcoats : they have them in Woodstock as well as in Oxford?" said Charles.

"Dr. Rochecliffe says, not unwisely," answered Lee, "that it is best sitting near the fire when the chimney smokes : and that Woodstock, so lately in possession of the sequestrators, and still in the vicinity of the soldiers, will be less suspected, and more carelessly searched, than more distant corners, which might seem to promise more safety. Besides," he added, "Rochecliffe is in possession of curious and important news concerning the state of matters at Woodstock, highly favorable to your Majesty's being concealed in the palace for two or three days, till shipping is provided. The Parliament, or usurping Council of State, had sent down sequestrators, whom their own evil consciences, assisted, perhaps, by the tricks of some daring Cavaliers, had frightened out of the lodge, without much desire to come back again. Then the more formidable usurper, Cromwell, had granted a warrant of possession to Colonel Everard, who had only used it for the purpose of repossessing his uncle in the lodge, and who kept watch in person at the little borough, to see that Sir Henry was not disturbed."

"What ! Mistress Alice's colonel?" said the King. "That sounds alarming ; for, grant that he keeps the other fellows at bay, think you not, Master Albert, he will have an hundred errands a-day to bring him here in person?"

"Dr. Rochecliffe says," answered Lee, "the treaty between Sir Henry and his nephew binds the latter not to approach the lodge unless invited ; indeed, it was not without great difficulty, and strongly arguing the good consequences it might produce to your Majesty's cause, that my father

could be prevailed on to occupy Woodstock at all ; but be assured he will be in no hurry to send an invitation to the colonel."

"And be you assured that the colonel will come without waiting for one," said Charles. "Folk cannot judge rightly where sisters are concerned : they are too familiar with the magnet to judge of its powers of attraction. Everard will be here, as if drawn by cart-ropes ; fetters, not to talk of promises, will not hold him ; and then, methinks, we are in some danger."

"I hope not," said Albert. "In the first place, I know Markham is a slave to his word ; besides, were any chance to bring him here, I think I could pass your Majesty upon him without difficulty as Louis Kerneguy. Then, although my cousin and I have not been on good terms for these some years, I believe him incapable of betraying your Majesty ; and lastly, if I saw the least danger of it, I would, were he ten times the son of my mother's sister [brother], run my sword through his body ere he had time to execute his purpose."

"There is but another question," said Charles, "and I will release you, Albert. You seem to think yourself secure from search. It may be so ; but, in any other country, this tale of goblins which is flying about would bring down priests and ministers of justice to examine the reality of the story, and mobs of idle people to satisfy their curiosity."

"Respecting the first, sir, we hope and understand that Colonel Everard's influence will prevent any immediate inquiry, for the sake of preserving undisturbed the peace of his uncle's family ; and as for any one coming without some sort of authority, the whole neighbors have so much love and fear of my father, and are, besides, so horribly alarmed about the goblins of Woodstock, that fear will silence curiosity."

"On the whole, then," said Charles, "the chances of safety seem to be in favor of the plan we have adopted, which is all I can hope for in a condition where absolute safety is out of the question. The bishop recommended Dr. Rochecliffe as one of the most ingenious, boldest, and most loyal sons of the Church of England ; you, Albert Lee, have marked your fidelity by a hundred proofs. To you and your local knowledge I submit myself. And now, prepare our arms ; alive I will not be taken, yet I will not believe that a son of the King of England, and heir of her throne, could be destined to danger in his own palace, and under the guard of the loyal Lees."

Albert Lee laid pistols and swords in readiness by the King's bed and his own ; and Charles, after some slight apology, took his place in the larger and better bed, with a sigh of pleasure, as from one who had not lately enjoyed such an indulgence. He bid good-night to his faithful attendant, who deposited himself on his truckle ; and both monarch and subject were soon fast asleep.

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CHAPTER XXII

Give Sir Nicholas Threlkeld praise ;
Here it, good man, old in days,
Thou tree of succor and of rest
To this young bird that was distress'd ;
Beneath thy branches he did stay ;
And he was free to sport and play,
When falcons were abroad for prey.

WORDSWORTH.

THE fugitive prince slept, in spite of danger, with the profound repose which youth and fatigue inspire. But the young Cavalier, his guide and guard, spent a more restless night, starting from time to time and listening ; anxious, not withstanding Doctor Rochecliffe's assurances, to procure yet more particular knowledge concerning the state of things around them than he had been yet able to collect.

He rose early after daybreak ; but although he moved with as little noise as was possible, the slumbers of the hunted prince were easily disturbed. He started up in his bed, and asked if there was any alarm.

"None, please your Majesty," replied Lee ; "only, thinking on the questions your Majesty was asking last night, and the various chances there are of your Majesty's safety being endangered from unforeseen accidents, I thought of going thus early, both to communicate with Doctor Rochecliffe and to keep such a lookout as befits the place where are lodged for the time the fortunes of England. I fear I must request of your Majesty, for your own gracious security, that you have the goodness to condescend to secure the door with your own hand after I go out."

"Oh, talk not to Majesty, for Heaven's sake, dear Albert !" answered the poor King, endeavoring in vain to put on a part of his clothes in order to traverse the room. "When a king's doublet and hose are so ragged that he can no more find his way into them than he could have traveled through the Forest of Dean without a guide, good faith, there should be an end of Majesty, until it chances to be better accommodated. Besides, there is the chance of these big words bolting out at unawares, when there are ears to hear them whom we might think dangerous."

"Your commands shall be obeyed," said Lee, who had now succeeded in opening the door, from which he took his departure, leaving the King, who had hustled along the floor for that purpose, with his dress wofully ill arranged, to make it fast again behind him, and begging him in no case to open to any one, unless he or Rochecliffe were of the party who summoned him.

Albert then set out in quest of Doctor Rochecliffe's apartment, which was only known to himself and the faithful Joliffe, and had at different times accommodated that sturdy churchman with a place of concealment when, from his bold and busy temper, which led him into the most extensive and hazardous machinations on the King's behalf, he had been strictly sought after by the opposite party. Of late, the inquest after him had died entirely away, as he had prudently withdrawn himself from the scene of his intrigues. Since the loss of the battle of Worcester, he had been aloof again, and more active than ever; and had, by friends and correspondents, and especially the Bishop of —, been the means of directing the King's flight towards Woodstock, although it was not until the very day of his arrival that he could promise him a safe reception at that ancient mansion.

Albert Lee, though he revered both the undaunted spirit and ready resources of the bustling and intriguing churchman, felt he had not been enabled by him to answer some of Charles's questions yesternight in a way so distinct as one trusted with the King's safety ought to have done; and it was now his object to make himself personally acquainted, if possible, with the various bearings of so weighty a matter, as became a man on whom so much of the responsibility was likely to descend.

Even his local knowledge was scarce adequate to find the Doctor's secret apartment, had he not traced his way after a genial flavor of roasted game through divers blind passages, and up and down through certain very useless stairs, through cupboards and hatchways, and so forth, to a species of *sanctum sanctorum*, where Joceline Joliffe was ministering to the good Doctor a solemn breakfast of wild-fowl, with a cup of small beer stirred with a sprig of rosemary, which Doctor Rochecliffe preferred to all strong potations. Beside him sat Bevis on his tail, slobbering and looking amiable, moved by the rare smell of the breakfast, which had quite overcome his native dignity of disposition.

The chamber in which the Doctor had established himself

was a little octangular room, with walls of great thickness, within which were fabricated various issues, leading in different directions, and communicating with different parts of the building. Around him were packages with arms, and near him one small barrel, as it seemed, of gunpowder; many papers in different parcels, and several keys for correspondence in cipher; two or three scrolls covered with hieroglyphics were also beside him, which Albert took for plans of nativity; and various models of machinery, in which Doctor Rochecliffe was an adept. There were also tools of various kinds, masks, cloaks, and a dark lantern, and a number of other indescribable trinkets belonging to the trade of a daring plotter in dangerous times. Last, there was a casket with gold and silver coin of different countries, which was left carelessly open, as if it were the least of Doctor Rochecliffe's concern, although his habits in general announced narrow circumstances, if not actual poverty. Close by the divine's plate lay a Bible and Prayer Book, with some proof-sheets, as they are technically called, seemingly fresh from the press. There were also within the reach of his hand a dirk, or Scottish poniard, a powder-horn, and a musketoon, or blunderbuss, with a pair of handsome pocket-pistols. In the midst of this miscellaneous collection, the Doctor sat eating his breakfast with great appetite, as little dismayed by the various implements of danger around him as a workman is when accustomed to the perils of a gunpowder manufactory.

"Soh, young gentleman," he said, getting up and extending his hand, "are you come to breakfast with me in good fellowship, or to spoil my meal this morning, as you did my supper last night, by asking untimely questions?"

"I will pick a bone with you with all my heart," said Albert; "and if you please, Doctor, I would ask some questions which seem not quite untimely."

So saying he sat down and assisted the Doctor in giving a very satisfactory account of a brace of wild ducks and a leash of teal. Bevis, who maintained his place with great patience and insinuation, had his share of a collop, which was also placed on the well-furnished board; for, like most high-bred dogs, he declined eating waterfowl.

"Come hither, then, Albert Lee," said the Doctor, laying down his knife and fork, and plucking the towel from his throat, so soon as Joceline was withdrawn; "thou art still the same lad thou wert when I was thy tutor—never satisfied with having got a grammar rule, but always perse-

cutting me with questions why the rule stood so, and not otherwise—over-curious after information which thou couldst not comprehend, as Bevis slobbered and whined for the duck-wing, which he could not eat.”

“I hope you will find me more reasonable, Doctor,” answered Albert; “and at the same time, that you will recollect I am not now *sub fœrula*, but am placed in circumstances where I am not at liberty to act upon the *ipse dixit* of any man, unless my own judgment be convinced. I shall deserve richly to be hanged, drawn and quartered should any misfortune happen by my misgovernment in this business.”

“And it is therefore, Albert, that I would have thee trust the whole to me, without interfering. Thou sayst, forsooth, thou art not *sub fœrula*; but recollect that, while you have been fighting in the field, I have been plotting in the study; that I know all the combinations of the King’s friends, ays and all the motions of his enemies, as well as a spider knows, every mesh of his web. Think of my experience, man. Not a Cavalier in the land but has heard of Rochecliffe the Plotter. I have been a main limb in everything that has been attempted since forty-two—penned declarations, conducted correspondence, communicated with chiefs, recruited followers, commissioned arms, levied money, appointed rendezvouses. I was in the Western Rising; and before that, in the City Petition, and in Sir John Owen’s stir in Wales; in short, almost in every plot for the King, since Tomkins and Challoner’s matter.”

“But were not all these plots unsuccessful?” said Albert; “and were not Tomkins and Challoner hanged, Doctor?”

“Yes, my young friend,” answered the Doctor, gravely, “as many others have been with whom I have acted; but only because they did not follow my advice implicitly. You never heard that I was hanged myself.”

“The time may come, Doctor,” said Albert. “The pitcher goes oft to the well——. The proverb, as my father would say, is somewhat musty. But I, too, have some confidence in my own judgment; and, much as I honor the church, I cannot altogether subscribe to passive obedience. I will tell you in one word what points I must have explanation on; and it will remain with you to give it, or to return a message to the King that you will not explain your plan; in which case, if he acts by my advice, he will leave Woodstock, and resume his purpose of getting to the coast without delay.”

"Well, then," said the Doctor, "thou suspicious monster, make thy demands, and if they be such as I can answer without betraying confidence, I will reply to them."

"In the first place, then, what is all this story about ghosts, and witchcrafts, and apparitions; and do you consider it as safe for his Majesty to stay in a house subject to such visitations, real or pretended?"

"You must be satisfied with my answer *in verbo sacerdotis*: the circumstances you allude to will not give the least annoyance to Woodstock during the King's residence. I cannot explain farther; but for this I will be bound, at the risk of my neck."

"Then," said Lee, "we must take Doctor Rochecliffe's bail that the Devil will keep the peace towards our Sovereign Lord the King—good. Now there lurked about this house the greater part of yesterday, and perhaps slept here, a fellow called Tomkins—a bitter Independent, and a secretary, or clerk, or something or other, to the regicide dog Desborough. The man is well known—a wild ranter in religious opinions, but in private affairs far-sighted, cunning, and interested even as any rogue of them all."

"Be assured we will avail ourselves of his crazy fanaticism to mislead his wicked cunning: a child may lead a hog if it has wit to fasten a cord to the ring in its nose," replied the Doctor.

"You may be deceived," said Albert; "the age has many such as this fellow, whose views of the spiritual and temporal world are so different, that they resemble the eyes of a squinting man—one of which, oblique and distorted, sees nothing but the end of his nose, while the other, instead of partaking the same defect, views strongly, sharply, and acutely whatever is subjected to its scrutiny."

"But we will put a patch on the better eye," said the Doctor, "and he shall only be allowed to speculate with the imperfect optic. You must know, this fellow has always seen the greatest number and the most hideous apparitions: he has not the courage of a cat in such matters, though stout enough when he hath temporal antagonists before him. I have placed him under the charge of Joceline Joliffe, who, betwixt plying him with sack and ghost-stories, would make him incapable of knowing what was done if you were to proclaim the King in his presence."

"But why keep such a fellow here at all?"

"Oh, sir, content you; he lies leaguer, as a sort of ambassador for his worthy masters, and we are secure from

any intrusion so long as they get all the news of Woodstock from Trusty Hawkins."

"I know Joceline's honesty well, said Albert; "and if he can assure me that he will keep a watch over this fellow, I will so far trust in him. He does not know the depth of the stake, 'tis true, but that my life is concerned will be quite enough to keep him vigilant. Well, then, I proceed. What if Markham Everard comes down on us?"

"We have his word to the contrary," answered Rochecliffe—"his word of honor transmitted by his friend. Do you think it likely he will break it?"

"I hold him incapable of doing so," answered Albert; "and, besides, I think Markham would make no bad use of anything which might come to his knowledge. Yet God forbid we should be under the necessity of trusting any who ever wore the Parliament's colors in a matter of such dear concernment!"

"Amen!" said the Doctor. "Are your doubts silenced now?"

"I still have an objection," said Albert, "to yonder impudent rakehell fellow, styling himself a Cavalier, who pushed himself on our company last night, and gained my father's heart by a story of the storm of Brentford, which I daresay the rogue never saw."

"You mistake him, dear Albert," replied Rochecliffe: "Roger Wildrake, although till of late I only knew him by name, is a gentleman, was bred at the Inns of Court, and spent his estate in the King's service."

"Or rather in the devil's service," said Albert. "It is such fellows as he, who, sunk from the license of their military habits into idle debauched ruffians, infest the land with riots and robberies, brawl in hedge alehouses and cellars where strong waters are sold at midnight, and, with their deep oaths, their hot loyalty, and their drunken valor, make decent men abominate the very name of Cavalier."

"Alas!" said the Doctor, "it is but too true; but what can you expect? When the higher and more qualified classes are broken down and mingled undistinguishably with the lower orders, they are apt to lose the most valuable marks of their quality in the general confusion of morals and manners, just as a handful of silver medals will become defaced and discolored if jumbled about among the vulgar copper coin. Even the prime medal of all, which we Royalists would so willingly wear next our very hearts, has not,

perhaps, entirely escaped some deterioration. But let other tongues than mine speak on that subject."

Albert Lee paused deeply after having heard these communications on the part of Rochecliffe. "Doctor," he said, "it is generally agreed, even by some who think you may occasionally have been a little over-busy in putting men upon dangerous actions——"

"May God forgive them who entertain so false an opinion of me!" said the Doctor.

—"That, nevertheless, you have done and suffered more in the King's behalf than any man of your function."

"They do me but justice there," said Doctor Rochecliffe—"absolute justice."

"I am therefore disposed to abide by your opinion, if, all things considered, you think it safe that we should remain at Woodstock."

"That is not the question," answered the divine.

"And what is the question, then?" replied the young soldier.

"Whether any safer course can be pointed out. I grieve to say that the question must be comparative as to the point of option. Absolute safety is—alas the while!—out of the question on all sides. Now, I say Woodstock is, fenced and guarded as at present, by far the most preferable place of concealment."

"Enough," replied Albert, "I give up to you the question, as to a person whose knowledge of such important affairs, not to mention your age and experience, is more intimate and extensive than mine can be."

"You do well," answered Rochecliffe; "and if others had acted with the like distrust of their own knowledge, and confidence in competent persons, it had been better for the age. This makes understanding bar himself up within his fortalice, and wit betake himself to his high tower. (Here he looked around his cell with an air of self-complacence.) The wise man foreseeth the tempest, and hideth himself."

"Doctor," said Albert, "let our foresight serve others far more precious than either of us. Let me ask you, if you, have well considered whether our precious charge should remain in society with the family, or betake himself to some of the more hidden corners of the house?"

"Hum!" said the Doctor, with an air of deep reflection, "I think he will be safest as Louis Kerneguy, keeping himself close beside you——"

"I fear it will be necessary," added Albert, "that I scout

abroad a little, and show myself in some distant part of the country, lest, coming here in quest of me, they should find higher game."

"Pray do not interrupt me. Keeping himself close beside you or your father, in or near to Victor Lee's apartment, from which, you are aware, he can make a ready escape, should danger approach. This occurs to me as best for the present; I hope to hear of the vessel to-day—to-morrow at farthest."

Albert Lee bid the active but opinionated man good-morrow; admiring how this species of intrigue had become a sort of element in which the Doctor seemed to enjoy himself, notwithstanding all that the poet has said concerning the horrors which intervene betwixt the conception and execution of a conspiracy.

In returning from Doctor Rochecliffe's sanctuary, he met with Joceline, who was anxiously seeking him. "The young Scotch gentleman," he said, in a mysterious manner, "has arisen from bed, and, hearing me pass, he called me into his apartment."

"Well," replied Albert, "I will see him presently."

"And he asked me for fresh linen and clothes. Now, sir, he is like a man who is quite accustomed to be obeyed, so I gave him a suit which happened to be in a wardrobe in the west tower, and some of your linen to conform; and when he was dressed, he commanded me to show him to the presence of Sir Henry Lee and my young lady. I would have said something, sir, about waiting till you come back, but he pulled me good-naturedly by the hair—as, indeed, he has a rare humor of his own—and told me, he was guest to Master Albert Lee, and not his prisoner; so, sir, though I thought you might be displeased with me for giving him the means of stirring abroad, and perhaps being seen by those who should not see him, what could I say?"

"You are a sensible fellow, Joceline, and comprehend always what is recommended to you. This youth will not be controlled, I fear, by either of us; but we must look the closer after his safety. You keep your watch over that drying fellow the steward?"

"Trust him to my care: on that side have no fear. But, ah, sir! I would we had the young Scot in his old clothes again, for the riding-suit of yours which he now wears hath set him off in other-guess fashion."

From the manner in which the faithful dependant expressed himself, Albert saw that he suspected who the Scot-

tish page in reality was: yet he did not think it proper to acknowledge to him a fact of such importance, secure as he was equally of his fidelity whether explicitly trusted to the full extent or left to his own conjectures. Full of anxious thought, he went to the apartment of Victor Lee, in which Joliffe told him he would find the party assembled. The sound of laughter, as he laid his hand on the lock of the door, almost made him start, so singularly did it jar with the doubtful and melancholy reflections which engaged his own mind. He entered, and found his father in high good-humor, laughing and conversing freely with his young charge, whose appearance was, indeed, so much changed to the better in externals, that it seemed scarce possible a night's rest, a toilet, and a suit of decent clothes could have done so much in his favor in so short a time. It could not, however, be imputed to the mere alteration of dress, although that, no doubt, had its effect. There was nothing splendid in that which Louis Kerneguy (we continue to call him by his assumed name) now wore. It was merely a riding-suit of gray cloth, with some silver lace, in the fashion of a country gentleman of the time. But it happened to fit him very well, and to become his very dark complexion, especially as he now held up his head, and used the manners, not only of a well-behaved, but of a highly accomplished, gentleman. When he moved, his clumsy and awkward limp was exchanged for a sort of shuffle, which, as it might be the consequence of a wound in those perilous times, had rather an interesting than an ungainly effect. A least it was as genteel an expression that the party had been over-hard traveled as the most polite pedestrian could propose to himself.

The features of the wanderer were harsh as ever, but his red shock peruke, for such it proved, was laid aside, his sable elf-locks were trained, by a little of Joceline's assistance, into curls, and his fine black eyes shone from among the shade of these curls, and corresponded with the animated, though not handsome, character of the whole head. In his conversation, he had laid aside all the coarseness of dialect which he had so strongly affected on the preceding evening; and although he continued to speak a little Scotch, for the support of his character as a young gentleman of that nation, yet it was not in a degree which rendered his speech either uncouth or unintelligible, but merely afforded a certain Doric tinge essential to the personage he represented. No person on earth could better understand the

society in which he moved ; exile had made him acquainted with life in all its shades and varieties ; his spirits, if not uniform, were elastic ; he had that species of epicurean philosophy which, even in the most extreme difficulties and dangers, can in an interval of ease, however brief, avail itself of the enjoyments of the moment : he was, in short, in youth and misfortune, as afterwards in his regal condition, a good-humored but hard-hearted voluptuary—wise, save where his passions intervened ; beneficent, save when prodigality had deprived him of the means, or prejudice of the wish, to confer benefits his faults such as might often have drawn down hatred, but that they were mingled with so much urbanity that the injured person felt it impossible to retain the full sense of his wrongs.

Albert Lee found the party, consisting of his father, sister, and the supposed page, seated by the breakfast-table, at which he also took his place. He was a pensive and an anxious beholder of what passed, while the page, who had already completely gained the heart of the good old Cavalier by mimicking the manner in which the Scottish divines preached in favor of “*Magude Lord Marquis of Argyle and the Solemn League and Covenant*,” was now endeavoring to interest the fair Alice by such anecdotes, partly of warlike and perilous adventure, as possessed the same degree of interest for the female ear which they have had ever since *Desdemona’s* days. But it was not only of dangers by land and sea that the disguised page spoke ; but much more, and much oftener, on foreign revels, banquets, balls, where the pride of France, of Spain, or of the Low Countries was exhibited in the eyes of their most eminent beauties. Alice being a very young girl, who, in consequence of the Civil War, had been almost entirely educated in the country, and often in great seclusion, it was certainly no wonder that she should listen with willing ears and a ready smile to what the young gentleman, their guest, and her brother’s *protégé*, told with so much gaiety, and mingled with such a shade of dangerous adventure, and occasionally of serious reflection, as prevented the discourse from being regarded as merely light and frivolous.

In a word, Sir Henry Lee laughed, Alice smiled from time to time, and all were satisfied but Albert, who would himself, however, have been scarce able to allege a sufficient reason for his depression of spirits.

The materials of breakfast were at last removed, under the active superintendence of the neat-handed Phœbe, who

looked over her shoulder, and lingered more than once, to listen to the fluent discourse of their new guest, whom, on the preceding evening, she had, while in attendance at supper, accounted one of the most stupid inmates to whom the gates of Woodstock had been opened since the times of Fair Rosamond.

Louis Kerneguy, then, when they were left only four in the chamber, without the interruption of domestics, and the successive bustle occasioned by the discussion and removal of the morning meal, became apparently sensible that his friend and ostensible patron Albert ought not altogether to be suffered to drop to leeward in the conversation, while he was himself successfully engaging the attention of those members of his family to whom he had become so recently known. He went behind his chair, therefore, and, leaning on the back, said with a good-humored tone, which made his purpose entirely intelligible :

"Either my good friend, guide, and patron has heard worse news this morning than he cares to tell us, or he must have stumbled over my tattered jerkin and leathern hose, and acquired, by contact, the whole mass of stupidity which I threw off last night with those most dolorous garments. Cheer up, my dear Colonel Albert, if your affectionate page may presume to say so: you are in company with those whose society, dear to strangers, must be doubly so to you. Odds-fish, man, cheer up! I have seen you gay on a biscuit and a mouthful of water-cresses; don't let your heart fail you on Rhenish wine and venison."

"Dear Louis," said Albert, rousing himself into exertion, and somewhat ashamed of his own silence, "I have slept worse, and been astir earlier than you."

"Be it so," said his father: "yet I hold it no good excuse for your sullen silence. Albert, you have met your sister and me, so long separated from you, so anxious on your behalf, almost like mere strangers, and yet you are returned safe to us, and you find us well."

"Returned indeed—but for safety, my dear father, that word must be a stranger to us Worcester folk for sometime. However, it is not my own safety about which I am anxious."

"About whose, then, should you be anxious? All accounts agree that the King is safe out of the dogs's jaws."

"Not without some danger, though," muttered Louis, thinking of his encounter with Bevis on the preceding evening.

“No, not without danger, indeed,” echoed the knight;
“but, as old Will says—

There’s such divinity doth hedge a king.
That treason dares not peep at what it would.

No—no, thank God, that’s cared for : our hope and fortune is escaped, so all news affirm—escaped from Bristol ; if I thought otherwise, Albert, I should be as sad as you are. For the rest of it, I have lurked a month in this house when discovery would have been death, and that is no longer since than after Lord Holland and the Duke of Buckingham’s rising at Kingston ; and hang me, if I thought once of twisting my brow into such a tragic fold as yours, but cocked my hat at misfortune as a Cavalier should.”

“If I might put in a word,” said Louis, “it would be to assure Colonel Albert Lee that I verily believe the king would think his own hap, wherever he may be, much the worse that his best subjects were seized with dejection on his account.”

“You answer boldly on the King’s part, young man,” said Sir Henry.

“Oh, my father was meikle about the King’s hand,” answered Louis, recollecting his present character.

“No wonder, then,” said Sir Henry, “that you have so soon recovered your good spirits and good breeding, when you heard of his Majesty’s escape. Why, you are no more like the lad we saw last night than the best hunter I ever had was like a drayhorse.”

“Oh, there is much in rest, and food, and grooming,” answered Louis. “You would hardly know the tired jade you dismounted from last night, when she is brought out prancing and neighing the next morning, rested, refreshed, and ready to start again, especially if the brute hath some good blood, for such pick up unco fast.”

“Well, then, but since thy father was a courtier, and thou hast learned, I think, something of the trade, tell us a little, Master Kerneguy, about him we love most to hear about—the King ; we are all safe and secret, you need not be afraid. He was a hopeful youth ; I trust his flourishing blossom now gives promise of fruit ?”

As the knight spoke, Louis bent his eyes on the ground, and seemed at first uncertain what to answer. But, admirable at extricating himself from such dilemmas, he replied, “That he really could not presume to speak on such

a subject in the presence of his patron, Colonel Albert Lee, who must be a much better judge of the character of King Charles than he could pretend to be."

Albert was accordingly next assailed by the Knight, seconded by Alice, for some account of his Majesty's character.

"I will speak but according to facts," said Albert; "and then I must be acquitted of partiality. If the King had not possessed enterprise and military skill, he never would have attempted the expedition to Worcester; had he not had personal courage, he had not so long disputed the battle that Cromwell almost judged it lost. That he possesses prudence and patience must be argued from the circumstances attending his flight; and that he has the love of his subjects is evident, since, necessarily known to many, he has been betrayed by none."

"For shame, Albert!" replied his sister; "is that the way a good Cavalier doles out the character of his prince, applying an instance at every concession, like a pedler measuring linen with his rod? Out upon you! no wonder you were beaten, if you fought as coldly for your King as you now talk for him."

"I did my best to trace a likeness from what I have seen and known of the original, sister Alice," replied her brother. "If you would have a fancy portrait, you must get an artist of more imagination than I have to draw it for you."

"I will be that artist myself," said Alice, "and, in *my* portrait our monarch shall show all that he ought to be, having such high pretensions; all that he must be, being so loftily descended; all that I am sure he is, and that every loyal heart in the kingdom ought to believe him."

"Well said, Alice," quoth the old knight. "Look thou upon this picture, and on this! Here is our young friend shall judge. I wager my best nag—that is, I would wager him had I one left—that Alice proves the better painter of the two. My son's brain is still misty, I think, since his defeat: he has not got the smoke of Worcester out of it. Plague on thee! a young man, and cast down for one beating! Had you been banged twenty times like me, it had been time to look grave. But come, Alice, forward; the colors are mixed on your palette—forward with something that shall show like one of Vandeyck's living portraits, placed beside the dull dry presentation there of our ancestor Victor Lee."

Alice, it must be observed, had been educated by her father in the notions of high, and even exaggerated, loyalty

which characterized the Cavaliers, and she was really an enthusiast in the Royal cause. But besides, she was in good spirits at her brother's happy return, and wished to prolong the gay humor in which her father had of late scarcely ever indulged.

"Well, then," she said, "though I am no Apelles, I will try to paint an Alexander, such as I hope, and am determined to believe, exists in the person of our exiled sovereign, soon I trust to be restored. And I will not go farther than his own family. He shall have all the chivalrous courage, all the warlike skill, of Henry of France, his grandfather, in order to place him on the throne; all his benevolence, love of his people, patience even of unpleasing advice, sacrifice of his own wishes and pleasures to the commonweal, that, seated there, he may be blest while living, and so long remembered when dead, that for ages after it shall be thought sacrilege to breathe an aspersion against the throne which he has occupied. Long after he is dead, while there remains an old man who has seen him, were the condition of that survivor no higher than a groom or a menial, his age shall be provided for at the public charge, and his gray hairs regarded with more distinction than an earl's coronet, because he remembers the second Charles, the monarch of every heart in England."

While Alice spoke, she was hardly conscious of the presence of any one save her father and brother: for the page withdrew himself somewhat from the circle, and there was nothing to remind her of him. She gave the reins, therefore, to her enthusiasm, and as the tears glittered in her eye, and her beautiful features became animated, she seemed like a descended cherub proclaiming the virtues of a patriot monarch. The person chiefly interested in her description held himself back, as we have said, and concealed his own features, yet so as to preserve a full view of the beautiful speaker.

Albert Lee, conscious in whose presence this eulogium was pronounced, was much embarrassed; but his father, all whose feelings were flattered by the panegyric, was in rapture.

"So much for the *king*, Alice," he said; "and now for the *man*."

"For the man," replied Alice, in the same tone, "need I wish him more than the paternal virtues of his unhappy father, of whom his worst enemies have recorded that, if moral virtues and religious faith were to be selected as the

qualities which merited a crown, no man could plead the possession of them in a higher or more indisputable degree. Temperate, wise, and frugal, yet munificent in rewarding merit—a friend to letters and the muses, but a severe discourager of the misuse of such gifts—a worthy gentleman—a kind master—the best friend, the best father, the best Christian——” Her voice began to falter, and her father’s handkerchief was already at his eyes.

“He was, girl—he was!” exclaimed Sir Henry; “but no more on’t, I charge ye—no more on’t—enough; let his son but possess his virtues, with better advisers, and better fortunes, and he will be all that England, in her warmest wishes, could desire.”

There was a pause after this; for Alice felt as if she had spoken too frankly and too zealously for her sex and youth; Sir Henry was occupied in melancholy recollections on the fate of his late sovereign: while Kerneguy and his supposed patron felt embarrassed, perhaps from a consciousness that the real Charles fell far short of his ideal character, as designed in such glowing colors. In some cases, exaggerated or unappropriate praise becomes the most severe satire.

But such reflections were not of a nature to be long willingly cherished by the person to whom they might have been of great advantage. He assumed a tone of raillery, which is, perhaps, the readiest mode of escaping from the feelings of self-reproof. “Every Cavalier,” he said, “should bend his knee to thank Mistress Alice Lee for having made such a flattering portrait of the King their master, by laying under contribution for his benefit the virtues of all his ancestors; only there was one point he would not have expected a female painter to have passed over in silence. When she made him, in right of his grandfather and father, a muster of royal and individual excellencies, why could she not have endowed him at the same time with his mother’s personal charms? Why should not the son of Henrietta Maria, the finest woman of her day, add the recommendations of a handsome face and figure to his internal qualities? He had the same hereditary title to good looks as to mental qualifications; and the picture, with such an addition, would be perfect in its way, and God send it might be a resemblance!”

“I understand you, Master Kerneguy,” said Alice, “but I am no fairy, to bestow, as those do in the nursery tales, gifts which Providence has denied. I am woman enough to have made inquiries on the subject, and I know the gen-

eral report is that the King, to have been the son of such handsome parents, is unusually hard-favored."

"Good God, sister!" said Albert, starting impatiently from his seat.

"Why, you yourself told me so," said Alice, surprised at the emotion he testified; "and you said——"

"This is intolerable," muttered Albert; "I must out to speak with Joceline without delay. Louis (with an imploring look to Kerneguy), you will surely come with me?"

"I would with all my heart," said Kerneguy, smiling maliciously; "but you see how I suffer still from lameness. Nay—nay, Albert," he whispered, resisting young Lee's attempts to prevail on him to leave the room, "can you suppose I am fool enough to be hurt by this? On the contrary, I have a desire of profiting by it."

"May God grant it!" said Lee to himself, as he left the room, "it will be the first lecture you ever profited by; and the Devil confound the plots and plotters who made me bring you to this place!" So saying, he carried his discontent forth into the park.

CHAPTER XXIII

For there, they say, he daily doth frequent
With unrestrained loose companions ;
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honor, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Richard II

THE conversation which Albert had in vain endeavored to interrupt flowed on in the same course after he had left the room. It entertained Louis Kerneguy ; for personal vanity, or an over-sensitiveness to deserved reproof, were not among the faults of his character, and were indeed incompatible with an understanding which, combined with more strength of principle, steadiness of exertion, and self-denial, might have placed Charles high on the list of English monarchs. On the other hand, Sir Henry listened with natural delight to the noble sentiments uttered by a being so beloved as his daughter. His own parts were rather steady than brilliant ; and he had that species of imagination which is not easily excited without the action of another, as the electrical globe only scintillates when rubbed against its cushion. He was well pleased, therefore, when Kerneguy pursued the conversation, by observing that Mistress Alice Lee had not explained how the same good fairy that conferred moral qualities could not also remove corporeal blemishes.

“ You mistake, sir,” said Alice, “ I confer nothing. I do but attempt to paint our King such as I *hope* he is, such as I am sure he *may* be, should he himself desire to be so. The same general report, which speaks of his countenance as unprepossessing, describes his talents as being of the first order. He has, therefore, the means of arriving at excellence, should he cultivate them sedulously and employ them usefully—should he rule his passions and be guided by his understanding. Every good man cannot be wise ; but it is in the power of every wise man, if he pleases, to be as eminent for virtue as for talent.”

Young Kerneguy rose briskly and took a turn through the room : and ere the knight could make any observation on the singular vivacity in which he had indulged, he threw

himself again into his chair, and said in rather an altered tone of voice—"It seems, then, Mistress Alice Lee, that the good friends who have described this poor king to you have been as unfavorable in their account of his morals as of his person?"

"The truth must be better known to you, sir," said Alice, "than it can be to me. Some rumors there have been which accuse him of a license which, whatever allowance flatterers make for it, does not, to say the least, become the son of the Martyr; I shall be happy to have these contradicted on good authority."

"I am surprised at your folly," said Sir Henry Lee, "in hinting at such things, Alice; a pack of scandal, invented by the rascals who have usurped the government—a thing devised by the enemy."

"Nay, sir," said Kerneguy, laughing, "we must not let our zeal charge the enemy with more scandal than they actually deserve. Mistress Alice has put the question to me. I can only answer, that no one can be more devotedly attached to the King than I myself; that I am very partial to his merits and blind to his defects; and that, in short, I would be the last man in the world to give up his cause where it was tenable. Nevertheless, I must confess that, if all his grandfather of Navarre's morals have not descended to him, this poor king has somehow inherited a share of the specks that were thought to dim the luster of that great prince—that Charles is a little soft-hearted or so, where beauty is concerned. Do not blame him too severely, pretty Mistress Alice; when a man's hard fate has driven him among thorns, it were surely hard to prevent him from trifling with the few roses he may find among them?"

Alice, who probably thought the conversation had gone far enough, rose while Master Kerneguy was speaking, and was leaving the room before he had finished, without apparently hearing the interrogation with which he concluded. Her father approved of her departure, not thinking the turn which Kerneguy had given to the discourse altogether fit for her presence; and, desirous civilly to break off the conversation—"I see," he said, "this is about the time when, as Will says, the household affairs call my daughter hence; I will therefore challenge you, young gentleman to stretch your limbs in a little exercise with me, either at single rapier, or rapier and poniard, backsword, spadroon, or your national weapons of broadsword and target; for all or any of which I think we shall find implements in the hall."

"It would be too high a distinction," Master Kerneguy said. "for a poor page to be permitted to try a passage of arms with a knight so renowned as Sir Henry Lee, and he hoped to enjoy so great an honor before he left Woodstock, but at the present moment his lameness continued to give him so much pain, that he should shame himself in the attempt."

Sir Henry then offered to read him a play of Shakspeare, and for this purpose turned up *King Richard II.* But hardly had he commenced with

"Old John of Grant, time-honored Lancaster,"

when the young gentleman was seized with such an incontrollable fit of the cramp as could only be relieved by immediate exercise. He therefore begged permission to be allowed to saunter abroad for a little while, if Sir Henry Lee considered he might venture without danger.

"I can answer for the two or three of our people that are still left about the place," said Sir Henry; "and I know my son has disposed them so as to be constantly on the watch. If you hear the bell toll at the lodge, I advise you to come straight home by the way of the King's Oak, which you see in yonder glade towering above the rest of the trees. We will have some one stationed there to introduce you secretly into the house."

The page listened to these cautions with the impatience of a schoolboy, who, desirous of enjoying his holiday, hears without marking the advice of tutor or parent about taking care not to catch cold and so forth.

The absence of Alice Lee had removed all which had rendered the interior of the lodge agreeable and the mercurial young page fled with precipitation from the exercise and amusement which Sir Henry had proposed. He girded on his rapier, and threw his cloak, or rather that which belonged to his borrowed suit, about him, bringing up the lower part so as to muffle the face and show only the eyes over it, which was a common way of wearing them in those days, both in streets, in the country, and in public places, when men had a mind to be private, and to avoid interruption from salutations and greetings in the market-place. He hurried across the open space which divided the front of the lodge from the wood, with the haste of a bird escaped from the cage, which, though joyful at its liberation, is at the same time sensible of its need of protection and shelter.

The wood seemed to afford these to the human fugitive, as it might have done to the bird in question.

When under the shadow of the branches, and within the verge of the forest, covered from observation, yet with the power of surveying the front of the lodge and all the open ground before it, the supposed Louis Kerneguy meditated on his escape.

“What an infliction—to fence with a gouty old man, who knows not, I daresay, a trick of the sword which was not familiar in the days of old Vincent Saviolo! Or, as a change of misery, to hear him read one of those wildernesses of scenes which the English call a play, from prologue to epilogue—from Enter the first to the final *Exeunt omnes*—an unparalleled horror—a penance which would have made a dungeon darker, and added dulness even to Woodstock!”

Here he stopped and looked around, then continued his meditations—“So, then, it was here that the gay old Norman secluded his pretty mistress. I warrant, without having seen her, that Rosamond Clifford was never half so handsome as that lovely Alice Lee. And what a soul there is in the girl’s eye! with what abandonment of all respects, save that expressing the interest of the moment, she poured forth her tide of enthusiasm! Were I to be long here, in spite of prudence and half a dozen very venerable obstacles besides, I should be tempted to try to reconcile her to the indifferent visage of this same hard-favored prince. Hard-favored! it is a kind of treason for one who pretends to so much loyalty to say so of the King’s features, and in my mind deserves punishment. Ah, pretty Mistress Alice! many a Mistress Alice before you has made dreadful exclamations on the irregularities of mankind and the wickedness of the age, and ended by being glad to look out for apologies for their own share in them. But then her father—the stout old Cavalier—my father’s old friend—should such a thing befall, it would break his heart. Break a pudding’s end—he has more sense. If I give his grandson a title to quarter the arms of England, what matter if a bar sinister is drawn across them? Pshaw! far from an abatement, it is a point of addition: the heralds in their next visitation will place him higher in the roll for it. Then, if he did wince a little at first, does not the old traitor deserve it—first, for his disloyal intention of punching mine anointed body black and blue with his vile foils; and secondly, his atrocious complot with Will Shakspeare, a fellow as much

out of date as himself, to read me to death with five acts of a historical play, or chronicle, 'being the piteous Life and Death of Richard the Second?' Odds-fish, my own life is piteous enough, as I think; and my death may match it, for aught I see coming yet. Ah, but then the brother—my friend, my guide, my guard! So far as this little proposed intrigue concerns him, such practising would be thought not quite fair. But your bouncing, swaggering, revengeful brothers exist only on the theatre. Your dire revenge, with which a brother persecuted a poor fellow who had seduced his sister, or been seduced by her, as the case might be, as relentlessly as if he had trodden on his toes without making an apology, is entirely out of fashion, since Dorset killed the Lord Bruce many a long year since.* Pshaw! when a king is the offender, the bravest man sacrifices nothing by pocketing a little wrong which he cannot personally resent. And in France there is not a noble house where each individual would not cock his hat an inch higher if they could boast of such a left-handed alliance with the Grand Monarque."

Such were the thoughts which rushed through the mind of Charles at his first quitting the lodge of Woodstock and plunging into the forest that surrounded it. His profligate logic, however, was not the result of his natural disposition, nor received without scruple by his sound understanding. It was a train of reasoning which he had been led to adopt from his too close intimacy with the witty and profligate youth of quality by whom he had been surrounded. It arose from the evil communication with Villiers, Wilmot, Sedley, and others, whose genius was destined to corrupt that age, and the monarch on whom its character afterwards came so much to depend. Such men, bred amidst the license of civil war, and without experiencing that curb which in ordinary times the authority of parents and relations imposes upon the headlong passions of youth, were practised in every species of vice, and could recommend it as well by precept as by example, turning into pitiless ridicule all those nobler feelings which withhold men from gratifying lawless passion. The events of the King's life had also favored his reception of this epicurean doctrine. He saw himself, with the highest claims to sympathy and assistance, coldly regarded by the courts which he visited, rather as a permitted

* This melancholy story may be found in *The Guardian* [Nos. 129 and 133]. An intrigue of Lord Sackville, afterwards Earl of Dorset, was the cause of the fatal duel.

suppliant than an exiled monarch. He beheld his own rights and claims treated with scorn and indifference; and, in the same proportion, he was reconciled to the hard-hearted and selfish courts of dissipation which promised him immediate indulgence. If this was obtained at the expense of the happiness of others, should he of all men be scrupulous upon the subject since he treated others only as the world treated him?

But although the foundations of this unhappy system had been laid, the prince was not at this early period so fully devoted to it as he was found to have become when a door was unexpectedly opened for his restoration. On the contrary, though the train of gay reasoning which we have above stated, as if it had found vent in uttered language, did certainly arise in his mind, as that which would have been suggested by his favorite counselors on such occasions, he recollected that what might be passed over as a peccadillo in France or the Netherlands, or turned into a diverting novel or pasquinade by the wits of his own wandering court, was likely to have the aspect of horrid ingratitude and infamous treachery among the English gentry, and would inflict a deep, perhaps an incurable, wound upon his interest among the more aged and respectable part of his adherents. Then it occurred to him—for his own interest did not escape him, even in this mode of considering the subject—that he was in the power of the Lees, father and son, who were always understood to be at least sufficiently punctilious on the score of honor; and if they should suspect such an affront as his imagination had conceived, they could be at no loss to find means of the most ample revenge, either by their own hands or by those of the ruling faction.

“The risk of re-opening the fatal window at Whitehall and renewing the tragedy of the man in the mask were a worse penalty,” was his final reflection. “than the old stool of the Scottish penance; and lovely though Alice Lee is, I cannot afford to intrigue at such a hazard. So, farewell, pretty maiden! unless, as sometimes has happened, thou hast a humor to throw thyself at thy King’s feet, and when I am too magnanimous to refuse thee my protection. Yet, when I think of the pale clay-cold figure of the old man, as he lay last night extended before me, * and imagine the fury of Albert Lee raging with impatience, his hand on a sword which only his loyalty prevents him from plunging into his sovereign’s heart—nay, the picture is too horrible! Charles must

* [Compare pp. 200 and 234-236.]

forever change his name to Joseph, even if he were strongly tempted, which may fortune in mercy prohibit !”

To speak the truth of a prince more unfortunate in his early companions, and the callousness which he acquired by his juvenile adventures and irregular mode of life, than in his natural disposition, Charles came the more readily to this wise conclusion, because he was by no means subject to those violent and engrossing passions to gratify which the world has been thought well lost. His amours, like many of the present day, were rather matters of habit and fashion than of passion and affection ; and, in comparing himself in this respect to his grandfather Henry IV., he did neither his ancestor nor himself perfect justice. He was, to parody the words of a bard, himself actuated by the stormy passions which an intriguer often only simulates—

None of those who loved so kindly,
None of those who loved so blindly.

An amour was with him a matter of amusement, a regular consequence, as it seemed to him, of the ordinary course of things in society. He was not at the trouble to practise seductive arts, because he had seldom found occasion to make use of them, his high rank, and the profligacy of part of the female society with which he had mingled, rendering them unnecessary. Added to this, he had, for the same reason, seldom been crossed by the obstinate interference of relations, or even of husbands, who had generally seemed not unwilling to suffer such matters to take their course. So that, notwithstanding his total looseness of principle, and systematic disbelief in the virtue of women and the honor of men as connected with the character of their female relatives, Charles was not a person to have studiously introduced disgrace into a family where a conquest might have been violently disputed, attained with difficulty, and accompanied with general distress, not to mention the excitation of all fiercer passions against the author of the scandal.

But the danger of the King's society consisted in his being much of an unbeliever in the existence of such cases as were likely to be embittered by remorse on the part of the principal victim, or rendered perilous by the violent resentment of her connections or relatives. He had even already found such things treated on the continent as matters of ordinary occurrence, subject, in all cases where a man of

high influence was concerned, to an easy arrangement ; and he was really, generally speaking, skeptical on the subject of severe virtue in either sex, and apt to consider it as a veil assumed by prudery in women and hypocrisy in men, to extort a higher reward for their compliance.

While we are discussing the character of his disposition to gallantry, the wanderer was conducted, by the walk he had chosen, through several whimsical turns, until at last it brought him under the windows of Victor Lee's apartment, where he descried Alice watering and arranging some flowers placed on the oriel window, which was easily accessible by daylight, although at night he had found it a dangerous attempt to scale it. But not Alice only, her father also showed himself near the window, and beckoned him up. The family party seemed now more promising than before, and the fugitive prince was weary of playing battledore and shuttlecock with his conscience, and much disposed to let matters go as chance should determine.

He climbed lightly up the broken ascent, and was readily welcomed by the old knight, who held activity in high honor. Alice also seemed glad to see the lively and interesting young man ; and by her presence, and the unaffected mirth with which she enjoyed his sallies, he was animated to display those qualities of wit and humor which nobody possessed in a higher degree.

His satire delighted the old gentleman, who laughed till his eyes ran over as he heard the youth, whose claims to his respect he little dreamed of, amusing him with successive imitations of the Scottish Presbyterian clergyman, of the proud and poor hidalgo of the North, of the fierce and overweening pride and Celtic dialect of the mountain chief, of the slow and more pedantic Lowlander, with all of which his residence in Scotland had made him familiar. Alice also laughed and applauded, amused herself and delighted to see that her father was so ; and the whole party were in the highest glee when Albert Lee entered, eager to find Louis Kerneguy and to lead him away to a private colloquy with Doctor Rocheclifie, whose zeal, assiduity, and wonderful possession of information had constituted him their master-pilot in those difficult times.

It is unnecessary to introduce the reader to the minute particulars of their conference. The information obtained was so far favorable, that the enemy seemed to have had no intelligence of the King's route towards the south, and remained persuaded that he had made his escape from Bris-

tol, as had been reported, and as had indeed been proposed ; but the master of the vessel prepared for the King's passage had taken the alarm, and sailed without his royal freight. His departure, however, and the suspicion of the service in which he was engaged, served to make the belief general that the King had gone off along with him.

But, though this was cheering, the Doctor had more unpleasant tidings from the sea-coast, alleging great difficulties in securing a vessel to which it might be fit to commit a charge so precious : and, above all, requesting his Majesty might on no account venture to approach the shore until he should receive advice that all the previous arrangements had been completely settled.

No one was able to suggest a safer place of residence than that which he at present occupied. Colonel Everard was deemed certainly not personally unfriendly to the King ; and Cromwell, as was supposed, reposed in Everard an unbounded confidence. The interior presented numberless hiding-places and secret modes of exit, known to no one but the ancient residents of the lodge—nay, far better to Rochcliffe than to any of them, as, when rector at the neighboring town, his prying disposition as an antiquary had induced him to make very many researches among the old ruins, the results of which he was believed, in some instances, to have kept to himself.

To balance these conveniences, it was no doubt true that the Parliamentary Commissioners were still at no great distance, and would be ready to resume their authority upon the first opportunity. But no one supposed such an opportunity was likely to occur ; and all believed, as the influence of Cromwell and the army grew more and more predominant, that the disappointed Commissioners would attempt nothing in contradiction to his pleasure, but wait with patience an indemnification in some other quarter for their vacated commissions. Report, through the voice of Master Joseph Tomkins, stated that they had determined, in the first place, to retire to Oxford, and were making preparations accordingly. This promised still farther to ensure the security of Woodstock. It was therefore settled that the King, under the character of Louis Kerneguy, should remain an inmate of the lodge until a vessel should be procured for his escape, at the port which might be esteemed the safest and most convenient.

CHAPTER XXIV

The deadliest snakes are those which, twined 'mongst flowers,
Blend their bright coloring with the varied blossoms,
Their fierce eyes glittering like the spangled dewdrop ;
In all so like what nature has most harmless,
That sportive innocence, which dreads no danger,
Is poison'd unawares.

Old Play.

CHARLES (we must now give him his own name) was easily reconciled to the circumstances which rendered his residence at Woodstock advisable. No doubt he would much rather have secured his safety by making an immediate escape out of England ; but he had been condemned already to many uncomfortable lurking-places, and more disagreeable disguises, as well as to long and difficult journeys, during which, between pragmatial officers of justice belonging to the prevailing party, and parties of soldiers whose officers usually took on them to act on their own warrant, risk of discovery had more than once become very imminent. He was glad, therefore, of comparative repose and of comparative safety.

Then it must be considered that Charles had been entirely reconciled to the society at Woodstock, since he had become better acquainted with it. He had seen that, to interest the beautiful Alice, and procure a great deal of her company, nothing more was necessary than to submit to the humors, and cultivate the intimacy, of the old Cavalier her father. A few bouts at fencing, in which Charles took care not to put out his more perfect skill and full youthful strength and activity ; the endurance of a few scenes from Shakspeare, which the knight read with more zeal than taste ; a little skill in music, in which the old man had been a proficient ; the deference paid to a few old-fashioned opinions, at which Charles laughed in his sleeve—were all-sufficient to gain for the disguised prince an interest in Sir Henry Lee, and to conciliate in an equal degree the good-will of his lovely daughter.

Never were there two young persons who could be said to commence this species of intimacy with such unequal advan-

tages. Charles was a libertine, who, if he did not in cold blood resolve upon prosecuting his passion for Alice to a dishonorable conclusion, was at every moment liable to be provoked to attempt the strength of a virtue in which he was no believer. Then Alice, on her part, hardly knew even what was implied by the word libertine or seducer. Her mother had died early in the commencement of the Civil War, and she had been bred up chiefly with her brother and cousin; so that she had an unfearing and unsuspecting frankness of manner, upon which Charles was not unwilling or unlikely to put a construction favorable to his own views. Even Alice's love for her cousin—the first sensation which awakens the most innocent and simple mind to feelings of shyness and restraint towards the male sex in general—had failed to excite such an alarm in *her* bosom. They were nearly related; and Everard, though young, was several years her elder, and had, from her infancy, been an object of her respect as well as of her affection. When this early and childish intimacy ripened into youthful love, confessed and returned, still it differed in some shades from the passion existing between lovers originally strangers to each other, until their affections have been united in the ordinary course of courtship. Their love was fonder, more familiar, more perfectly confidential, purer too, perhaps, and more free from starts of passionate violence or apprehensive jealousy.

The possibility that any one could have attempted to rival Everard in her affection was a circumstance which never occurred to Alice; and that this singular Scottish lad, whom she laughed with on account of his humor, and laughed at for his peculiarities, should be an object of danger or of caution never once entered her imagination. The sort of intimacy to which she admitted Kerneguy was the same to which she would have received a companion of her own sex, whose manners she did not always approve, but whose society she found always amusing.

It was natural that the freedom of Alice Lee's conduct, which arose from the most perfect indifference, should pass for something approaching to encouragement in the royal gallant's apprehension, and that any resolutions he had formed against being tempted to violate the hospitality of Woodstock should begin to totter, as opportunities for doing so became more frequent.

These opportunities were favored by Albert's departure from Woodstock the very day after his arrival. It had been

agreed in full council with Charles and Rochecliffe that he should go to visit his uncle Everard in the county of Kent, and, by showing himself there, obviate any cause of suspicion which might arise from his residence at Woodstock, and remove any pretext for disturbing his father's family on account of their harboring one who had been so lately in arms. He had also undertaken, at his own great personal risk, to visit different points on the sea-coast, and ascertain the security of different places for providing shipping for the King's leaving England.

These circumstances were alike calculated to procure the King's safety and facilitate his escape. But Alice was thereby deprived of the presence of her brother, who would have been her most watchful guardian, but who had set down the King's light talk upon a former occasion to the gaiety of his humor, and would have thought he had done his sovereign great injustice had he seriously suspected him of such a breach of hospitality as a dishonorable pursuit of Alice would have implied.

There were, however, two of the household at Woodstock who appeared not so entirely reconciled with Louis Kerneguy or his purposes. The one was Bevis, who seemed from their first unfriendly rencontre, to have kept up a pique against their new guest, which no advances on the part of Charles were able to soften. If the page was by chance left alone with his young mistress, Bevis chose always to be of the party, came close by Alice's chair and growled audibly when the gallant drew near her. "It is a pity," said the disguised prince, "that your Bevis is not a bull-dog, that we might dub him a Roundhead at once. He is too handsome, too noble, too aristocratic to nourish those inhospitable prejudices against a poor houseless Cavalier. I am convinced the spirit of Pym or Hampden has transmigrated into the rogue, and continues to demonstrate his hatred against royalty and all its adherents."

Alice would then reply, that Bevis was loyal in word and deed, and only partook her father's prejudices against the Scots, which, she could not but acknowledge, were tolerably strong,

"Nay, then," said the supposed Louis, "I must find some other reason, for I cannot allow Sir Bevis's resentment to rest upon national antipathy. So we will suppose that some gallant Cavalier, who wended to the wars and never returned, has adopted this shape to look back upon the haunts he left so unwillingly, and is jealous at seeing even poor Louis

Kerneguy drawing near to the lady of his lost affections." He approached her chair as he spoke, and Bevis gave one of his deep growls.

"In that case, you had best keep your distance," said Alice, laughing. "for the bite of a dog possessed by the ghost of a jealous lover cannot be very safe." And the King carried on the dialogue in the same strain, which, while it led Alice to apprehend nothing more serious than the apish gallantry of a fantastic boy, certainly induced the supposed Louis Kerneguy to think that he had made one of those conquests which often and easily fall to the share of sovereigns. Notwithstanding the acuteness of his apprehension, he was not sufficiently aware that the royal road to female favor is only open to monarchs when they travel in grand costume, and that when they woo incognito their path of courtship is liable to the same windings and obstacles which obstruct the course of private individuals.

There was, besides Bevis, another member of the family who kept a lookout upon Louis Kerneguy, and with no friendly eye. Phoebe Mayflower, though her experience extended not beyond the sphere of the village, yet knew the world much better than her mistress, and besides she was five years older. More knowing, she was more suspicious. She thought that odd-looking Scotch boy made more up to her young mistress than was proper for his condition of life; and, moreover, that Alice gave him a little more encouragement than Parthenia would have afforded to any such Jack-a-dandy in the absence of Argalus; for the volume treating of the loves of these celebrated Arcadians was then the favorite study of swains and damsels throughout merry England. Entertaining such suspicions, Phoebe was at a loss how to conduct herself on the occasion, and yet resolved she would not see the slightest chance of the course of Colonel Everard's true love being obstructed without attempting a remedy. She had a peculiar favor for Markham herself; and, moreover, he was, according to her phrase, as handsome and personable a young man as was in Oxfordshire; and this Scottish scarecrow was no more to be compared to him than chalk was to cheese. And yet she allowed that Master Girnigy had a wonderfully well-oiled tongue, and that such gallants were not to be despised. What was to be done? She had no facts to offer, only vague suspicion; and was afraid to speak to her mistress, whose kindness, great as it was, did not, nevertheless, encourage familiarity.

She sounded Joceline; but he was, she knew not why, so

deeply interested about this unlucky lad, and held his importance so high, that she could make no impression on him. To speak to the old knight would have been to raise a general tempest. The worthy chaplain, who was at Woodstock grand referee on all disputed matters, would have been the damsel's most natural resource, for he was peaceful as well as moral by profession, and politic by practise. But it happened he had given Phoebe unintentional offense by speaking of her under the classical epithet of *Rustica Fidele*, the which epithet, as she understood it not, she held herself bound to resent as contumelious, and declaring she was not fonder of a *fiddle* than other folk, had ever since shunned all intercourse with Doctor Rochecliffe which she could easily avoid.

Master Tomkins was always coming and going about the house under various pretexts ; but he was a Roundhead, and she was too true to the Cavaliers to introduce any of the enemy as parties to their internal discords ; besides, he had talked to Phoebe herself in a manner which induced her to decline everything in the shape of familiarity with him. Lastly, Cavaliero Wildrake might have been consulted ; but Phoebe had her own reasons for saying, as she did with some emphasis, that Cavaliero Wildrake was an impudent London rake. At length she resolved to communicate her suspicions to the party having most interest in verifying or confuting them.

"I'll let Master Markham Everard know that there is a wasp buzzing about his honeycomb," said Phoebe ; "and, moreover, that I know that this young Scotch scapegrace shifted himself out of a woman's into a man's dress at Goody Green's, and gave Goody Green's Dolly a gold piece to say nothing about it ; and no more she did to any one but me, and she knows best herself whether she gave change for the gold or not ; but Master Louis is a saucy jackanapes, and like enough to ask it."

Three or four days elapsed while matters continued in this condition, the disguised prince sometimes thinking on the intrigue which Fortune seemed to have thrown in his way for his amusement, and taking advantage of such opportunities as occurred to increase his intimacy with Alice Lee ; but much oftener harassing Doctor Rochecliffe with questions about the possibility of escape, which the good man, finding himself unable to answer, secured his leisure against royal importunity by retreating into the various unexplored recesses of the lodge, known perhaps only to him-

self, who had been for nearly a score of years employed in writing the *Wonders of Woodstock*.

It chanced on the fourth day that some trifling circumstance had called the knight abroad ; and he had left the young Scotsman, now familiar in the family, along with Alice in the parlor of Victor Lee. Thus situated, he thought the time not unpropitious for entering upon a strain of gallantry of a kind which might be called experimental, such as is practised by the Croats in skirmishing, when they keep bridle in hand, ready to attack the enemy or canter off without coming to close quarters, as circumstances may recommend. After using for nearly ten minutes a sort of metaphysical jargon, which might, according to Alice's pleasure, have been interpreted either into gallantry, or the language of serious pretension, and when he supposed her engaged in fathoming his meaning, he had the mortification to find, by a single and brief question, that he had been totally unattended to, and that Alice was thinking on anything at the moment rather than the sense of what he had been saying. She asked him if he could tell what it was o'clock, and this with an air of real curiosity concerning the lapse of time which put coquetry entirely out of the question.

"I will go look at the sun-dial, Mistress Alice," said the gallant, rising and coloring, through a sense of the contempt with which he thought himself treated.

"You will do me a pleasure, Master Kerneguy," said Alice, without the least consciousness of the indignation she had excited.

Master Louis Kerneguy left the room accordingly, not however, to procure the information required, but to vent his anger and mortification, and to swear, with more serious purpose than he had dared to do before, that Alice should rue her insolence. Good-natured as he was, he was still a prince, unaccustomed to contradiction, far less to contempt, and his self-pride felt, for the moment, wounded to the quick. With a hasty step he plunged into the chase, only remembering his own safety so far as to choose the deeper and sequestered avenues, where, walking on with the speedy and active step which his recovery from fatigue now permitted him to exercise according to his wont, he solaced his angry purposes, by devising schemes of revenge on the insolent country coquette, from which no consideration of hospitality was in future to have weight enough to save her.

The irritated gallant passed

The dial-stone, aged and green,

without deigning to ask it a single question ; nor could it have satisfied his curiosity if he had, for no sun happened to shine at the moment. He then hastened forward, muffling himself in his cloak, and assuming a stooping and slouching gait, which diminished his apparent height. He was soon involved in the deep and dim alleys of the wood, into which he had insensibly plunged himself, and was traversing it at a great rate, without having any distinct idea in what direction he was going, when suddenly his course was arrested, first by a loud halloo, and then by a summons to stand, accompanied by what seemed still more startling and extraordinary, the touch of a cane upon his shoulder, imposed in a good-humored but somewhat imperious manner.

There were few symptoms of recognition which would have been welcome at this moment ; but the appearance of the person who had thus arrested his course was least of all that he could have anticipated as timely or agreeable. When he turned, on receiving the signal, he beheld himself close to a young man nearly six feet in height, well made in joint and limb, but the gravity of whose apparel, although handsome and gentlemanlike, and a sort of precision in his habit, from the cleanness and stiffness of his band to the unsullied purity of his Spanish-leather shoes, bespoke a love of order which was foreign to the impoverished and vanquished Cavaliers, and proper to the habits of those of the victorious party, who could afford to dress themselves handsomely, and whose rule—that is, such as regarded the higher and more respectable classes—enjoined decency and sobriety of garb and deportment. There was yet another weight against the prince in the scale, and one still more characteristic of the inequality in the comparison under which he seemed to labor. There was strength in the muscular form of the stranger who had brought him to this involuntary parley, authority and determination in his brow, a long rapier on the left, and a poniard or dagger on the right side of his belt, and a pair of pistols stuck into it, which would have been sufficient to give the unknown the advantage (Louis Kerneguy having no weapon but his sword), even had his personal strength approached nearer than it did to that of the person by whom he was thus suddenly stopped.

Bitterly regretting the thoughtless fit of passion that brought him into his present situation, but especially the want of the pistols he had left behind, and which do so

much to place bodily strength and weakness upon an equal footing, Charles yet availed himself of the courage and presence of mind in which few of his unfortunate family had for centuries been deficient. He stood firm and without motion, his cloak still wrapped round the lower part of his face, to give time for explanation, in case he was mistaken for some other person.

This coolness produced its effect; for the other party said, with doubt and surprise on his part, "Joceline Joliffe, is it not? If I know not Joceline Joliffe, I should at least know my own cloak."

"I am not Joceline Joliffe, as you may see, sir," said Kerneguy, calmly, drawing himself erect to show the difference of size, and dropping the cloak from his face and person.

"Indeed!" replied the stranger, in surprise, "then, sir unknown, I have to express my regret at having used my cane in intimating that I wished you to stop. From that dress, which I certainly recognize for my own, I concluded you must be Joceline, in whose custody I had left my habit at the lodge."

"If it had been Joceline, sir," replied the supposed Kerneguy, with perfect composure, "methinks you should not have struck so hard."

The other party was obviously confused by the steady calmness with which he was encountered. The sense of politeness dictated, in the first place, an apology for a mistake, when he thought he had been tolerably certain of the person. Master Kerneguy was not in a situation to be punctilious: he bowed gravely, as indicating his acceptance of the excuse offered, then turned, and walked, as he conceived, towards the lodge, though he had traversed the woods, which were cut with various alleys in different directions, too hastily to be certain of the real course which he wished to pursue.

He was much embarrassed to find that this did not get him rid of the companion whom he had thus involuntarily acquired. Walked he slow, walked he fast, his friend in the genteel but Puritanic habit, strong in person, and well armed, as we have described him, seemed determined to keep him company, and, without attempting to join or enter into conversation, never suffered him to outstrip his surveillance for more than two or three yards. The wanderer mended his pace; but although he was then, in his youth, as afterwards in his riper age, one of the best walkers in Britain, the stranger, without advancing his pace to a

run, kept fully equal to him, and his persecution became so close, and constant, and inevitable, that the pride and fear of Charles were both alarmed, and he began to think that, whatever the danger might be of a single-handed rencontre, he would nevertheless have a better bargain of this tall satellite if they settled the debate betwixt them in the forest than if they drew near any place of habitation, where the man in authority was likely to find friends and concurrence.

Betwixt anxiety, therefore, vexation, and anger, Charles faced suddenly round on his pursuer as they reached a small, narrow glade which led to the little meadow over which presided the King's Oak, the ragged and scathed branches and gigantic trunk of which formed a vista to the little wild avenue.

"Sir," said he to his pursuer, "you have already been guilty of one piece of impertinence towards me. You have apologized; and knowing no reason why you should distinguish me as an object of incivility, I have accepted your excuse without scruple. Is there anything remains to be settled betwixt us, which causes you to follow me in this manner? If so, I shall be glad to make it a subject of explanation or satisfaction, as the case may admit of. I think you can owe me no malice, for I never saw you before to my knowledge. If you can give any good reason for asking it, I am willing to render you personal satisfaction. If your purpose is merely impertinent curiosity, I let you know that I will not suffer myself to be dogged in my private walks by any one."

"When I recognize my own cloak on another man's shoulders," replied the stranger, drily, "methinks I have a natural right to follow, and see what becomes of it; for know, sir, though I have been mistaken as to the wearer, yet I am confident I had as good a right to stretch my cane across the cloak you are muffled in as ever had any one to brush his own garments. If, therefore, we are to be friends, I must ask, for instance, how you came by that cloak, and where you are going with it? I shall otherwise make bold to stop you, as one who has sufficient commission to do so."

"Oh, unhappy cloak," thought the wanderer, "ay, and thrice unhappy the idle fancy that sent me here with it wrapped around my nose, to pick quarrels and attract observation, when quiet and secrecy were peculiarly essential to my safety!"

"If you will allow me to guess, sir," continued the stranger, who was no other than Markham Everard, "I will

convince you that you are better known than you think for."

"Now, Heaven forbid!" prayed the party addressed, in silence, but with as much devotion as ever he applied to a prayer in his life. Yet, even in this moment of extreme urgency, his courage and composure did not fail; and he recollected it was of the utmost importance not to seem startled, and to answer so as, if possible, to lead the dangerous companion with whom he had met to confess the extent of his actual knowledge or suspicions concerning him.

"If you know me, sir," he said, "and are a gentleman, as your appearance promises, you cannot be at a loss to discover to what accident you must attribute my wearing these clothes, which you say are yours."

"Oh, sir," replied Colonel Everard, his wrath in no sort turned away by the mildness of the stranger's answer, "we have learned our Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and we know for what purposes young men of quality travel in disguise; we know that even female attire is resorted to on certain occasions; we have heard of Vertumnus and Pomona."

The monarch, as he weighed those words, again uttered a devout prayer that this ill-looking affair might have no deeper root than the jealousy of some admirer of Alice Lee, promising to himself that, devotee as he was to the fair sex, he would make no scruple of renouncing the fairest of Eve's daughters in order to get out of the present dilemma.

"Sir," he said, "you seem to be a gentleman. I have no objection to tell you, as such, that I also am of that class."

"Or somewhat higher, perhaps?" said Everard.

"A gentleman," replied Charles, "is a term which comprehends all ranks entitled to armorial bearings. A duke, a lord, a prince is no more than a gentleman; and if in misfortune, as I am, he may be glad if that general term of courtesy is allowed him."

"Sir," replied Everard, "I have no purpose to entrap you to any acknowledgment fatal to your own safety. Nor do I hold it my business to be active in the arrest of private individuals, whose perverted sense of national duty may have led them into errors rather to be pitied than punished by candid men. But if those who have brought civil war and disturbance into their native country proceed to carry dishonor and disgrace into the bosom of families, if they attempt to carry on their private debaucheries to the injury of the hospitable roofs which afford them refuge from

the consequences of their public crimes, do you think, my lord, that we shall bear it with patience?"

"If it is your purpose to quarrel with me," said the prince, "speak it out at once like a gentleman. You have the advantage, no doubt, of arms, but it is not that odds which will induce me to fly from a single man. If, on the other hand, you are disposed to hear reason, I tell you in calm words, that I neither suspect the offense to which you allude nor comprehend why you give me the title of my lord."

"You deny, then, being the Lord Wilmot?" said Everard.

"I may do so most safely," said the prince.

"Perhaps you rather style yourself Earl of Rochester? We heard that the issuing of some such patent by the King of Scots was a step which your ambition proposed."

"Neither lord nor earl am I, as sure as I have a Christian soul to be saved. My name is——"

"Do not degrade yourself by unnecessary falsehood, my lord, and that to a single man, who I promise you, will not invoke public justice to assist his own good sword should he see cause to use it. Can you look at that ring and deny that you are Lord Wilmot?"

He handed to the disguised prince a ring which he took from his purse, and his opponent instantly knew it for the same he had dropped into Alice's pitcher at the fountain, obeying only, though imprudently, the gallantry of the moment, in giving a pretty gem to a handsome girl, whom he had accidentally frightened.

"I know the ring," he said; "it has been in my possession. How it should prove me to be Lord Wilmot, I cannot conceive; and beg to say, it bears false witness against me."

"You shall see the evidence," answered Everard; and resuming the ring, he pressed a spring ingeniously contrived in the collet of the setting, on which the stone flew back and showed within it the cipher of Lord Wilmot beautifully engraved in miniature, with a coronet. "What say you now, sir?"

"That probabilities are no proofs," said the prince: "there is nothing here save what can be easily accounted for. I am the son of a Scottish nobleman, who was mortally wounded and made prisoner at Worcester fight. When he took leave, and bid me fly, he gave me the few valuables he possessed, and that among others. I have heard him talk of having changed rings with Lord Wilmot, on some occasion

in Scotland, but I never knew the trick of the gem which you have shown me."

In this, it may be necessary to say, Charles spoke very truly; nor would he have parted with it in the way he did, had he suspected it would be easily recognized. He proceeded after a minute's pause: "Once more, sir—I have told you much that concerns my safety; if you are generous, you will let me pass, and I may do you on some future day as good service. If you mean to arrest me, you must do so here, and at your own peril, for I will neither walk farther your way nor permit you to dog me on mine. If you let me pass, I will thank you; if not, take to your weapon."

"Young gentleman," said Colonel Everard, "whether you be actually the gay young nobleman for whom I took you, you have made me uncertain; but, intimate as you say your family has been with him, I have little doubt that you are proficient in the school of debauchery of which Wilmot and Villiers are professors, and their hopeful master a graduated student. Your conduct at Woodstock, where you have rewarded the hospitality of the family by meditating the most deadly wound to their honor, has proved you too apt a scholar in such an academy. I intended only to warn you on this subject; it will be your own fault if I add chastisement to admonition."

"Warn me, sir!" said the prince, indignantly, "and chastisement! This is presuming more on my patience than is consistent with your own safety. Draw, sir." So saying, he laid his hand on his sword.

"My religion," said Everard, "forbids me to be rash in shedding blood. Go home, sir—be wise—consult the dictates of honor as well as prudence. Respect the honor of the house of Lee, and know there is one nearly allied to it by whom your motions will be called to severe account."

"Aha!" said the prince, with a bitter laugh, "I see the whole matter now: we have our Roundheaded colonel, our Puritan cousin, before us—the man of texts and morals, whom Alice Lee laughs at so heartily. If your religion, sir, prevents you from giving satisfaction, it should prevent you from offering insult to a person of honor."

The passions of both were now fully up; they drew mutually, and began to fight, the colonel relinquishing the advantage he could have obtained by the use of his firearms. A thrust of the arm or a slip of the foot might, at the moment, have changed the destinies of Britain, when the arrival of a third party broke off the combat.

CHAPTER XXV

Stay, for the king has thrown his warder down.

Richard II.

THE combatants whom we left engaged at the end of the last chapter made mutual passes at each other with apparently equal skill and courage. Charles had been too often in action, and too long a party as well as a victim to civil war, to find anything new or surprising in being obliged to defend himself with his own hands; and Everard had been distinguished as well for his personal bravery as for the other properties of a commander. But the arrival of a third party prevented the tragic conclusion of a combat in which the success of either party must have given him much cause for regretting his victory.

It was the old knight himself who arrived, mounted upon a forest pony, for the war and sequestration had left him no steed of a more dignified description. He thrust himself between the combatants, and commanded them on their lives to hold. So soon as a glance from one to the other had ascertained to him whom he had to deal with, he demanded, "Whether the devils of Woodstock whom folk talked about had got possession of them both, that they were tilting at each other within the verge of the royal liberties? Let me tell both of you," he said, "that, while old Henry Lee is at Woodstock, the immunities of the park shall be maintained as much as if the King were still on the throne. None shall fight duellos here, excepting the stags in their season. Put up, both of you, or I shall lug out as thirdsman, and prove, perhaps the worst devil of the three. As Will says—

I'll so maul you and your toasting-irons,
That you shall think the Devil has come from Hell."

The combatants desisted from their encounter, but stood looking at each other sullenly, as men do in such a situation, each unwilling to seem to desire peace more than the other, and averse therefore to be the first to sheathe his sword.

"Return your weapons, gentlemen, upon the spot," said

the knight yet more peremptorily, "one and both of you, or you will have something to do with me, I promise you. You may be thankful times are changed. I have known them such, that your insolence might have cost each of you your right hand, if not redeemed with a round sum of money. Nephew, if you do not mean to alienate me forever, I command you to put up. Master Kerneguy, you are my guest. I request of you not to do me the insult of remaining with your sword drawn, where it is my duty to see peace observed."

"I obey you, Sir Henry," said the King, sheathing his rapier. "I hardly indeed know wherefore I was assaulted by this gentleman. I assure you, none respects the King's person or privileges more than myself, though the devotion is somewhat out of fashion."

"We may find a place to meet, sir," replied Everard, "where neither the royal person nor privileges can be offended."

"Faith, very hardly, sir," said Charles, unable to suppress the rising jest—"I mean the King has so few followers, that the loss of the least of them might be some small damage to him; but, risking all that, I will meet you wherever there is fair field for a poor Cavalier to get off in safety, if he has the luck in fight."

Sir Henry Lee's first idea had been fixed upon the insult offered to the royal demesne; he now began to turn his thoughts towards the safety of his kinsman, and of the young Royalist, as he deemed him. "Gentlemen," he said, "I must insist on this business being put to a final end. Nephew Markham, is this your return for my condescension in coming back to Woodstock on your warrant, that you should take an opportunity to cut the throat of my guest?"

"If you knew his purpose as well as I do——" said Markham, and then paused, conscious that he might only incense his uncle without convincing him, as anything he might say of Kerneguy's addresses to Alice was likely to be imputed to his own jealous suspicions; he looked on the ground, therefore, and was silent.

"And you, Master Kerneguy," said Sir Henry, "can you give me any reason why you seek to take the life of this young man, in whom, though unhappily forgetful of his loyalty and duty, I must yet take some interest as my nephew by affinity?"

"I was not aware the gentleman enjoyed that honor, which certainly would have protected him from my sword,"

answered Kerneguy. "But the quarrel is his; nor can I tell any reason why he fixed it upon me, unless it were the difference of our political opinions."

"You know the contrary," said Everard: "you know that I told you you were safe from me as a fugitive Royalist; and your last words showed you were at no loss to guess my connection with Sir Henry. That, indeed, is of little consequence. I should debase myself did I use the relationship as a means of protection from you or any one."

As they thus disputed, neither choosing to approach the real cause of quarrel, Sir Henry looked from the one to the other with a peacemaking countenance, exclaiming—

"Why, what an intricate impeach is this?
I think you both have drunk of Circe's cup.

Come, my young masters, allow an old man to mediate between you. I am not short-sighted in such matters. The mother of mischief is no bigger than a gnat's wing; and I have known fifty instances in my own day, when, as Will says—

Gallants have been confronted hardly,
In single opposition, hand to hand,

in which, after the field was fought, no one could remember the cause of quarrel. Tush! a small thing will do it—the taking of the wall, or the gentle rub of the shoulder in passing each other, or a hasty word, or a misconceived gesture. Come, forget your cause of quarrel, be what it will; you have had your breathing, and though you put up your rapiers unbloodied, that was no default of yours, but by command of your elder, and one who had right to use authority. In Malta, where the duello is punctiliously well understood, the persons engaged in a single combat are bound to halt on the command of a knight, or priest, or lady, and the quarrel so interrupted is held as honorably terminated, and may not be revived. Nephew, it is, I think, impossible that you can nourish spleen against this young gentleman for having fought for his king. Hear my honest proposal, Markham. You know I bear no malice, though I have some reason to be offended with you. Give the young man your hand in friendship, and we will back to the lodge, all three together, and drink a cup of sack in token of reconciliation."

Markham Everard found himself unable to resist this approach towards kindness on his uncle's part. He suspected,

indeed, what was partly the truth, that it was not entirely from reviving good-will, but also, that his uncle thought, by such attention, to secure his neutrality at least, if not his assistance, for the safety of the fugitive Royalist. He was sensible that he was placed in an awkward predicament ; and that he might incur the suspicions of his own party, for holding intercourse even with a near relation who harbored such guests. But, on the other hand, he thought his services to the Commonwealth had been of sufficient importance to outweigh whatever envy might urge on that topic. Indeed, although the Civil War had divided families much, and in many various ways, yet, when it seemed ended by the triumph of the republicans, the rage of political hatred began to relent, and the ancient ties of kindred and friendship regained at least a part of their former influence. Many reunions were formed ; and those who, like Everard, adhered to the conquering party, often exerted themselves for the protection of their deserted relatives.

As these things rushed through his mind, accompanied with the prospect of a renewed intercourse with Alice Lee, by means of which he might be at hand to protect her against every chance either of injury or insult, he held out his hand to the supposed Scottish page, saying at the same time, " That, for his part, he was very ready to forget the cause of quarrel, or rather, to consider it as arising out of a misapprehension, and to offer Master Kerneguy such friendship as might exist between honorable men who had embraced different sides in politics."

Unable to overcome the feeling of personal dignity, which prudence recommended to him to forget, Louis Kerneguy in return bowed low, but without accepting Everard's proffered hand.

" He had no occasion," he said, " to make any exertions to forget the cause of quarrel, for he had never been able to comprehend it ; but, as he had not shunned the gentleman's resentment, so he was now willing to embrace and return any degree of his favor with which he might be pleased to honor him."

Everard withdrew his hand with a smile, and bowed in return to the salutation of the page, whose stiff reception of his advances he imputed to the proud, pettish disposition of a Scotch boy, trained up in extravagant ideas of family consequence and personal importance, which his acquaintance with the world had not yet been sufficient to dispel.

Sir Henry Lee, delighted with the termination of the quarrel, which he supposed to be in deep deference to his own authority, and not displeased with the opportunity of renewing some acquaintance with his nephew, who had, notwithstanding his political demerits, a warmer interest in his affections than he was, perhaps, himself aware of, said, in a tone of consolation, "Never be mortified, young gentleman. I protest it went to my heart to part you, when I saw you stretching yourselves so handsomely, and in fair love of honor, without any malicious or bloodthirsty thoughts. I promise you, had it not been for my duty as ranger here, and sworn to the office, I would rather have been your umpire than your hindrance. But a finished quarrel is a forgotten quarrel; and your tilting should have no further consequence excepting the appetite it may have given you."

So saying, he urged forward his pony, and moved in triumph towards the lodge by the nearest alley. His feet almost touching the ground, the ball of his toe just resting in the stirrup, the forepart of the thigh brought round to the saddle, the heels turned outwards, and sunk as much as possible, his body precisely erect, the reins properly and systematically divided in his left hand, his right holding a riding-rod diagonally pointed towards the horse's left ear, he seemed a champion of the menage, fit to have reined Bucephalus himself. His youthful companions, who attended on either hand like equerries, could scarce suppress a smile at the completely adjusted and systematic posture of the rider, contrasted with the wild and diminutive appearance of the pony, with its shaggy coat, and long tail and mane, and its keen eyes sparkling like red coals from amongst the mass of hair which fell over its small countenance. If the reader has the Duke of Newcastle's book on horsemanship (*splendida mors!*) he may have some idea of the figure of the good knight, if he can conceive such a figure as one of cavaliers there represented, seated, in all the graces of his art, on a Welsh or Exmoor pony, in its native savage state, without grooming or discipline of any kind, the ridicule being greatly enhanced by the disproportion of size betwixt the animal and its rider,

Perhaps the knight saw their wonder, for the first words he said after they left the ground were, "Pixie, though small, is mettlesome, gentlemen (here he contrived that Pixie should himself corroborate the assertion, by executing a gambade)—he is diminutive, but full of spirit; indeed, save that I am somewhat too large for an elfin horseman

(the knight was upwards of six feet high), I should remind myself, when I mount him, of the Fairy King, as described by Mike Drayton :

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce upon his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,
Ere he himself did settle.
He made him stop, and turn, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle."

"My old friend, Pixie!" said Everard, stroking the pony's neck. "I am glad that he has survived all these bustling days. Pixie must be above twenty years old, Sir Henry?"

"Above twenty years, certainly. Yes, nephew Markham, war is a whirlwind in a plantation, which only spares what is least worth leaving. Old Pixie and his old master have survived many a tall fellow and many a great horse, neither of them good for much themselves. Yet, as Will says, an old man can do somewhat. So Pixie and I still survive."

So saying, he again contrived that Pixie should show some remnants of activity.

"Still survive!" said the young Scot, completing the sentence which the good knight had left unfinished—"ay, still survive,

To witch the world with noble horsemanship."

Everard colored, for he felt the irony; but not so his uncle, whose simple vanity never permitted him to doubt the sincerity of the compliment.

"Are you avised of that?" he said. "In King James's time, indeed, I have appeared in the tilt-yard, and there you might have said—

You saw young Harry with his beaver up.

As to seeing old Harry, why—" Here the knight paused, and looked as a bashful man in labor of a pun. "As to old Harry—why, you might as well see the *Devil*. You take me, Master Kerneguy: the Devil, you know, is my namesake—ha—ha—ha! Cousin Everard, I hope your precision is not startled by an innocent jest?"

He was so delighted with the applause of both his com-

panions, that he recited the whole of the celebrated passage referred to, and concluded with defying the present age, bundle all its wits, Donne, Cowley, Waller, and the rest of them together, to produce a poet of a tenth part of the genius of old Will.

"Why, we are said to have one of his descendants among us—Sir William D'Avenant," said Louis Kerneguy; "and many think him as clever a fellow."

"What!" exclaimed Sir Henry. "Will D'Avenant, whom I knew in the north, an officer under Newcastle, when the Marquis lay before Hull? Why, he was an honest Cavalier, and wrote good doggerel enough; but how came he akin to Will Shakspeare, I trow?"

"Why," replied the young Scot, "by the surer side of the house, and after the old fashion, if D'Avenant speaks truth. It seems that his mother was a good-looking, laughing, buxom mistress of an inn between Stratford and London, at which Will Shakspeare often quartered as he went down to his native town, and that, out of friendship and gossipred, as we say in Scotland, Will Shakspeare became god-father to Will D'Avenant; and not contented with this spiritual affinity, the younger Will is for establishing some claim to a natural one, alleging that his mother was a great admirer of wit, and there were no bounds to her complaisance for men of genius."*

"Out upon the hound!" said Colonel Everard: "would he purchase the reputation of descending from poet, or from prince, at the expense of his mother's good fame? his nose ought to be slit."

"That would be difficult," answered the disguised prince, recollecting the peculiarity of the bard's countenance. †

"Will D'Avenant the son of Will Shakspeare!" said the knight, who had not yet recovered his surprise at the enormity of the pretension: "why, it reminds me of a verse in the puppet-show of *Phaeton*, where the hero complains to his mother—

Besides, by all the village boys, I'm sham'd;
You the Sun's son, you rascal, you be d—d! ‡

I never heard such unblushing assurance in my life! Will D'Avenant the son of the brightest and best poet that ever

* See Will D'Avenant and Shakspeare. Note 6.

† D'Avenant actually wanted the nose, the foundation of many a jest of the day.

‡ See Note 7.

was, is, or will be! But I crave your pardon, nephew. You, I believe, love no stage-plays."

"Nay, I am not altogether so precise as you would make me, uncle. I have loved them perhaps too well in my time, and now I condemn them not altogether, or in gross, though I approve not their excesses and extravagances. I cannot, even in Shakspeare, but see many things both scandalous to decency and prejudicial to good manners—many things which tend to ridicule virtue, or to recommend vice, at least to mitigate the hideousness of its features. I cannot think these fine poems are an useful study, and especially for the youth of either sex, in which bloodshed is pointed out as the chief occupation of the men, and intrigue as the sole employment of the women."

In making these observations, Everard was simple enough to think that he was only giving his uncle an opportunity of defending a favorite opinion, without offending him by a contradiction which was so limited and mitigated. But here, as on other occasions, he forgot how obstinate his uncle was in his views, whether of religion, policy, or taste, and that it would be as easy to convert him to the Presbyterian form of government, or engage him to take the abjuration oath, as to shake his belief in Shakspeare. There was another peculiarity in the good knight's mode of arguing, which Everard, being himself of a plain and down-right character, and one whose religious tenets were in some degree unfavorable to the suppressions and simulations often used in society, could never perfectly understand. Sir Henry, sensible of his natural heat of temper, was wont scrupulously to guard against it, and would for some time, when in fact much offended, conduct a debate with all the external appearance of composure, till the violence of his feelings would rise so high as to overcome and bear away the artificial barriers opposed to it, and rush down upon the adversary with accumulating wrath. It thus frequently happened that, like a wily old general, he retreated in the face of his disputant in good order and by degrees, with so moderate a degree of resistance as to draw on his antagonist's pursuit to the spot where, at length, making a sudden and unexpected attack, with horse, foot, and artillery at once, he seldom failed to confound the enemy, though he might not overthrow him.

It was on this principle, therefore, that, hearing Everard's last observation, he disguised his angry feelings, and answered, with a tone where politeness was called in to keep

guard upon passion, "That undoubtedly the Presbyterian gentry had given, through the whole of these unhappy times, such proofs of an humble, unaspiring, and unambitious desire of the public good as entitled them to general credit for the sincerity of those very strong scruples which they entertained against works in which the noblest sentiments of religion and virtue—sentiments which might convert hardened sinners, and be placed with propriety in the mouths of dying saints and martyrs—happened, from the rudeness and coarse taste of the times, to be mixed with some broad jests and similar matter, which lay not much in the way, excepting of those who painfully sought such stuff out, that they might use it in vilifying what was in itself deserving of the highest applause. But what he wished especially to know from his nephew was, whether any of those gifted men who had expelled the learned scholars and deep divines of the Church of England from the pulpit, and now flourished in their stead, received any inspiration from the muses, if he might use so profane a term without offense to Colonel Everard, or whether they were not as sottishly and brutally averse from elegant letters as they were from humanity and common sense?"

Colonel Everard might have guessed, by the ironical tone in which this speech was delivered, what storm was mustering within his uncle's bosom—nay, he might have conjectured the state of the old knight's feelings from his emphasis on the word "colonel," by which epithet, as that which most connected his nephew with the party he hated, he never distinguished Everard unless when his wrath was rising; while, on the contrary, when disposed to be on good terms with him, he usually called him Kinsman, or Nephew Markham. Indeed, it was under a partial sense that this was the case, and in the hope to see his cousin Alice, that the colonel forbore making any answer to the harangue of his uncle, which had concluded just as the old knight had alighted at the door of the lodge, and was entering the hall, followed by his two attendants.

Phoebe at the same time made her appearance in the hall, and received orders to bring some "beverage" for the gentlemen. The Hebe of Woodstock failed not to recognize and welcome Everard by an almost imperceptible courtesy; but she did not serve her interest, as she designed, when she asked the knight, as a question of course, whether he commanded the attendance of Mistress Alice. A stern "No," was the decided reply; and the ill-timed interference seemed

to increase his previous irritation against Everard for his depreciation of Shakspeare. "I would insist," said Sir Henry, resuming the obnoxious subject, "were it fit for a poor disbanded Cavalier to use such a phrase towards a commander of the conquering army, upon knowing whether the convulsion which has sent us saints and prophets without end has not also afforded us a poet with enough both of gifts and grace to outshine poor old Will, the oracle and idol of us blinded and carnal Cavaliers?"

"Surely, sir," replied Colonel Everard, "I know verses written by a friend of the Commonwealth, and those, too, of a dramatic character, which, weighed in an impartial scale, might equal even the poetry of Shakspeare, and which are free from the fustian and indelicacy with which that great bard was sometimes content to feed the coarse appetites of his barbarous audience."

"Indeed!" said the knight, keeping down his wrath with difficulty. "I should like to be acquainted with this masterpiece of poetry! May we ask the name of this distinguished person?"

"It must be Vicars or Withers at least," said the feigned page.

"No, sir," replied Everard, "nor Drummond of Hawthornden, nor Lord Stirling neither. And yet the verses will vindicate what I say, if you will make allowance for indifferent recitation, for I am better accustomed to speak to a battalion than to those who love the muses. The speaker is a lady benighted, who, having lost her way in a pathless forest, at first expresses herself agitated by the supernatural fears to which her situation gave rise."

"A play, too, and written by a Roundhead author!" said Sir Henry in surprise.

"A dramatic production at least," replied his nephew; and began to recite simply, but with feeling, the lines now so well known, but which had then obtained no celebrity, the fame of the author resting upon the basis rather of his polemical and political publications than on the poetry doomed in after days to support the eternal structure of his immortality.

"These thoughts may startle, but will not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience."

"My own opinion, nephew Markham—my own opinion," said Sir Henry, with a burst of admiration—"better ex-

pressed, but just what I said when the scoundrelly Round-heads pretended to see ghosts at Woodstock. Go on, I prithee."

Everard proceeded :

"O welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemish'd form of Chastity !
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That he the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honor unassail'd.
Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?

The rest has escaped me," said the reciter ; "and I marvel I have been able to remember so much."

Sir Henry Lee, who had expected some effusion very different from those classical and beautiful lines, soon changed the scornful expression of his countenance, relaxed his contorted upper lip, and, stroking down his beard with his left hand, rested the forefinger of the right upon his eyebrow, in sign of profound attention. After Everard had ceased speaking, the old man sighed as at the end of a strain of sweet music. He then spoke in a gentler manner than formerly.

"Cousin Markham," he said, "these verses flow sweetly, and sound in my ears like the well-touched warbling of a lute. But thou knowest I am something slow of apprehending the full meaning of that which I hear for the first time. Repeat me these verses again, slowly and deliberately ; for I always love to hear poetry twice, the first time for sound, and the latter time for sense."

Thus encouraged, Everard recited again the lines, with more hardihood and better effect ; the knight distinctly understanding, and, from his looks and motions, highly applauding them.

"Yes," he broke out, when Everard was again silent—"yes, I *do* call that poetry, though it were even written by a Presbyterian, or an Anabaptist either. Ay, there were good and righteous people to be found even amongst the offending towns which were destroyed by fire. And certainly I have heard, though with little credence—begging your pardon, cousin Everard—that there are men among you who have seen the error of their ways in rebelling against the best and kindest of masters, and bringing it to

that pass that he was murdered by a gang yet fiercer than themselves. Ay, doubtless the gentleness of spirit and the purity of mind which dictated those beautiful lines has long ago taught a man so amiable to say, 'I have sinned—I have sinned.' Yes, I doubt not so sweet a harp has been broken, even in remorse, for the crimes he was witness to; and now he sits drooping for the shame and sorrow of England, all his noble rhymes, as Will says.

Like sweet bells jangled, but of tune and harsh.

Dost thou not think so, Master Kerneguy?"

"Not I, Sir Henry," answered the page, somewhat maliciously.

"What, dost not believe the author of these lines must needs be of the better file, and leaning to our persuasion?"

"I think, Sir Henry, that the poetry qualifies the author to write a play on the subject of Dame Potiphar and her recusant lover; and as for his calling—that last metaphor of the cloud in a black coat or cloak, with silver lining, would have dubbed him a tailor with me, only that I happen to know that he is a schoolmaster by profession, and by political opinions qualified to be Poet Laureate to Cromwell; for what Colonel Everard has repeated with such unction is the production of no less celebrated a person than John Milton."

"John Milton!" exclaimed Sir Henry, in astonishment. "What! John Milton, the blasphemous and bloody-minded author of the *Defensio Populi Anglicani*!—the advocate of the infernal High Court of Fiends!—the creature and parasite of that grand impostor, that loathsome hypocrite, that detestable monster, that prodigy of the universe, that disgrace of mankind, that landscape of iniquity, that sink of sin, and that compendium of baseness, Oliver Cromwell?"

"Even the same John Milton," answered Charles—"schoolmaster to little boys, and tailor to the clouds, which he furnishes with suits of black, lined with silver, at no other expense than that of common sense."

"Markham Everard," said the old knight, "I will never forgive thee—never—never. Thou hast made me speak words of praise respecting one whose offal should fatten the region-kites. Speak not to me, sir, but begone. Am I, your kinsman and benefactor, a fit person to be juggled out of my commendation and eulogy, and brought to bedaub such a whitened sepulcher as the sophist Milton?"

"I profess," said Everard, "this is hard measure, Sir

Henry. You pressed me—you defied me, to produce poetry as good as Shakspeare's. I only thought of the verses, not of the politics of Milton."

"Oh yes, sir," replied Sir Henry, "we well know your power of making distinctions: you could make war against the King's prerogative, without having the least design against his person. Oh Heaven forbid! But Heaven will hear and judge you. Set down the beverage, Phœbe (this was added by way of parenthesis to Phœbe, who entered with refreshment), Colonel Everard is not thirsty. You have wiped your mouths, and said you have done no evil. But though you have deceived man, yet God you cannot deceive. And you shall wipe no lips in Woodstock, either after meat or drink, I promise you."

Charged thus at once with the faults imputed to his whole religious sect and political party, Everard felt too late of what imprudence he had been guilty in giving the opening, by disputing his uncle's taste in dramatic poetry. He endeavored to explain, to apologize.

"I mistook your purpose, honored sir, and thought you really desired to know something of our literature; and in repeating what you deemed not unworthy your hearing, I profess I thought I was doing you pleasure, instead of stirring your indignation."

"O ay!" returned the knight, with unmitigated rigor of resentment—"profess—profess. Ay, that is the new phrase of asseveration, instead of the profane adjuration of courtiers and Cavaliers. Oh, sir, *profess* less and *practise* more, and so good-day to you. Master Kerneguy, you will find beverage in my apartment."

While Phœbe stood gaping in admiration at the sudden quarrel which had arisen, Colonel Everard's vexation and resentment was not a little increased by the nonchalance of the young Scotsman, who, with his hands thrust into his pockets with a courtly affectation of the time, had thrown himself into one of the antique chairs, and though habitually too polite to laugh aloud, and possessing that art of internal laughter by which men of the world learn to indulge their mirth without incurring quarrels or giving direct offense, was at no particular trouble to conceal that he was exceedingly amused by the result of the colonel's visit to Woodstock. Colonel Everard's patience, however, had reached bounds which it was very likely to surpass; for, though differing widely in politics, there was a resemblance betwixt the temper of the uncle and nephew.

"Damnation!" exclaimed the colonel, in a tone which became a Puritan as little as did the exclamation itself.

"Amen!" said Louis Kerneguy, but in a tone so soft and gentle, that the ejaculation seemed rather to escape him than to be designedly uttered.

"Sir!" said Everard, striding towards him in that sort of humor when a man, full of resentment, would not unwillingly find an object on which to discharge it.

"*Plait-il?*" said the page in the most equable tone, looking up in his face with the most unconscious innocence.

"I wish to know, sir," retorted Everard, "the meaning of that which you said just now?"

"Only a pouring out of the spirit, worthy sir," returned Kerneguy—"a small skiff despatched to Heaven on my own account, to keep company with your holy petition just now expressed."

"Sir, I have known a merry gentleman's bones broke for such a smile as you wear just now," replied Everard.

"There, look you now!" answered the malicious page, who could not weigh even the thoughts of his safety against the enjoyment of his jest. "If you had stuck to your *professions*, worthy sir, you must have choked by this time; but your round execration bolted like a cork from a bottle of cider, and now allows your wrath to come foaming out after it, in the honest unbaptized language of common ruffians."

"For Heaven's sake, Master Girmigy," said Phoebe, "forbear giving the colonel these bitter words! And do you, good Colonel Markham, scorn to take offense at his hands—he is but a boy."

"If the Colonel or you choose, Mistress Phoebe, you shall find me a man; I think the gentleman can say something to the purpose already. Probably he may recommend to you the part of the Lady in *Comus*; and I only hope his own admiration of John Milton will not induce him to undertake the part of Samson Agonistes, and blow up this old house with execrations, or pull it down in wrath about our ears."

"Young man," said the colonel, still in towering passion, "if you respect my principles for nothing else, be grateful for the protection which, but for them, you would not easily attain."

"Nay, then," said the attendant, "I must fetch those who have more influence with you than I have," and away tripped Phoebe; while Kerneguy answered Everard in the same provoking tone of calm indifference—

"Before you menace me with a thing so formidable as your

resentment, you ought to be certain whether I may not be compelled by circumstances to deny you the opportunity you seem to point at."

At this moment Alice, summoned no doubt by her attendant, entered the hall hastily.

"Master Kerneguy," she said, "my father requests to see you in Victor Lee's apartment."

Kerneguy arose and bowed, but seemed determined to remain till Everard's departure, so as to prevent any explanation betwixt the cousins.

"Markham," said Alice, hurriedly—"cousin Everard—I have but a moment to remain here—for God's sake, do you instantly begone! Be cautious and patient—but do not tarry here—my father is fearfully incensed."

"I have had my uncle's word for that, madam," replied Everard, "as well as his injunction to depart, which I will obey without delay. I was not aware that you would have seconded so harsh an order quite so willingly; but I go, madam, sensible I leave those behind whose company is more agreeable."

"Unjust—ungenerous—ungrateful!" said Alice; but fearful her words might reach ears for which they were not designed, she spoke them in a voice so feeble, that her cousin, for whom they were intended, lost the consolation they were calculated to convey.

He bowed coldly to Alice, as taking leave, and said, with an air of that constrained courtesy which sometimes covers among men of condition the most deadly hatred, "I believe, Master Kerneguy, that I must make it convenient at present to suppress my own peculiar opinions on the matter which we have hinted at in our conversation, in which case I will send a gentleman who, I hope, may be able to conquer yours."

The supposed Scotsman made him a stately, and at the same time a condescending, bow, said he should expect the honor of his commands, offered his hand to Mistress Alice, to conduct her back to her father's apartment, and took a triumphant leave of his rival.

Everard, on the other hand, stung beyond his patience, and, from the grace and composed assurance of the youth's carriage, still conceiving him to be either Wilmot or some of his compeers in rank and profligacy, returned to the town of Woodstock, determined not to be outbearded, even though he should seek redress by means which his principles forbade him to consider as justifiable."

CHAPTER XXVI

Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been
The untimely emptying of many a throne,
And fall of many kings.

Macbeth.

WHILE Colonel Everard retreated in high indignation from the little refection which Sir Henry Lee had in his good-humor offered, and withdrawn under the circumstances of provocation which we have detailed, the good old knight, scarce recovered from his fit of passion, partook of it with his daughter and guest, and shortly after, recollecting some silvan task (for, though to little efficient purpose, he still regularly attended to his duties as ranger), he called Bevis, and went out, leaving the two young people together.

“Now,” said the amorous prince to himself, “that Alice is left without her lion, it remains to see whether she is herself of a tigress breed. So, Sir Bevis has left his charge,” he said aloud ; “I thought the knights of old, those stern guardians of which he is so fit a representative, were more rigorous in maintaining a vigilant guard.”

“Bevis,” said Alice, “knows that his attendance on me is totally needless ; and, moreover, he has other duties to perform, which every true knight prefers to dangling the whole morning by a lady’s sleeve.”

“You speak treason against all true affection,” said the gallant : “a lady’s lightest wish should to a true knight be more binding than aught excepting the summons of his sovereign. I wish, Mistress Alice, you would but intimate your slightest desire to me, and you should see how I have practised obedience.”

“You never brought me word what o’clock it was this morning,” replied the young lady, “and there I sat questioning of the wings of Time, when I should have remembered that gentlemen’s gallantry can be quite as fugitive as Time himself. How do you know what your disobedience may have cost me and others ? Pudding and pastry may have been burned to a cinder, for, sir, I practise the old domestic rule of visiting the kitchen ; or I may have missed

prayers, or I may have been too late for an appointment, simply by the negligence of Master Louis Kerneguy failing to let me know the hour of the day."

"O," replied Kerneguy, "I am one of those lovers who cannot endure absence. I must be eternally at the feet of my fair enemy—such, I think, is the title with which romances teach us to grace the fair and cruel to whom we devote our hearts and lives. Speak for me, good lute," he added, taking up the instrument, "and show whether I know not my duty."

He sung, but with more taste than execution, the air of a French *rondelai*, to which some of the wits or sonnetteers in his gay and roving train had adapted English verses.

"An hour with thee! When earliest day
Dapples with gold the eastern gray,
Oh, what can frame my mind to bear
The toil and turmoil, cark and care,
New griefs which coming hours unfold,
And sad remembrance of the old?

One hour with thee.

One hour with thee! When burning June
Waves his red flag at pitch of noon;
What shall repay the faithful swain
His labor on the sultry plain,
And more than cave or sheltering bough,
Cool feverish blood, and throbbing brow?

One hour with thee.

One hour with thee! When sun is set,
O, what can teach me to forget
The thankless labors of the day,
The hopes, the wishes, flung away,
The increasing wants, and lessening gains,
The master's pride, who scorns my pains?

One hour with thee.

"Truly, there is another verse," said the songster; "but I sing it not to you, Mistress Alice, because some of the prudes of the court liked it not."

"I thank you, Master Louis," answered the young lady, "both for your discretion in singing what has given me pleasure and in forbearing what might offend me. Though a country girl, I pretend to be so far of the court mode as to receive nothing which does not pass current among the better class there."

"I would," answered Louis, "that you were so well confirmed in their creed as to let all pass with you to which court ladies would give currency."

“And what would be the consequence?” said Alice, with perfect composure.

“In that case,” said Louis, embarrassed like a general who finds that his preparations for attack do not seem to strike either fear or confusion into the enemy—“in that case you would forgive me, fair Alice, if I spoke to you in a warmer language than that of mere gallantry—if I told you how much my heart was interested in what you consider as idle jesting—if I seriously owned it was in your power to make me the happiest or the most miserable of human beings.”

“Master Kerneguy,” said Alice, with the same unshaken nonchalance, “let us understand each other. I am little acquainted with high-bred manners, and I am unwilling, I tell you plainly, to be accounted a silly country girl, who, either from ignorance or conceit, is startled at every word of gallantry addressed to her by a young man, who for the present, has nothing better to do than coin and circulate such false compliments. But I must not let this fear of seeming rustic and awkwardly timorous carry me too far; and being ignorant of the exact limits, I will take care to stop within them.”

“I trust, madam,” said Kerneguy, “that however severely you may be disposed to judge of me, your justice will not punish me too severely for an offense of which your charms are alone the occasion?”

“Hear me out, sir, if you please,” resumed Alice. “I have listened to you when you spoke *en berger*—nay, my complaisance has been so great as to answer you *en bergere*—for I do not think anything except ridicule can come of dialogues between Lindor and Jeanneton; and the principal fault of the style is its extreme and tiresome silliness and affectation. But when you begin to kneel, offer to take my hand, and speak with a more serious tone, I must remind you of our real characters. I am the daughter of Sir Henry Lee, sir; and you are, or profess to be, Master Louis Kerneguy, my brother’s page, and a fugitive for shelter under my father’s roof, who incurs danger by the harbor he affords you, and whose household, therefore, ought not to be disturbed by your unpleasing importunities.”

“I would to Heaven, fair Alice,” said the King, “that your objections to the suit which I am urging, not in jest but most seriously, as that on which my happiness depends, rested only on the low and precarious station of Louis Kerneguy! Alice, thou hast the soul of thy family, and must needs love honor. I am no more the needy Scottish page

whom I have, for my own purposes, personated than I am the awkward lout whose manners I adopted on the first night of our acquaintance. This hand, poor as I seem, can confer a coronet."

"Keep it," said Alice, "for some more ambitious damsel, my lord—for such I conclude is your title, if this romance be true—I would not accept your hand could you confer a duchy."

"In one sense, lovely Alice, you have neither overrated my power nor my affection. It is your king—it is Charles Stuart who speaks to you! He can confer duchies, and if beauty can merit them, it is that of Alice Lee. Nay—nay, rise—do not kneel; it is for your sovereign to kneel to thee, Alice, to whom he is a thousand times more devoted than the wanderer Louis dared venture to profess himself. My Alice has, I know, been trained up in those principles of love and obedience to her sovereign, that she cannot, in conscience or in mercy, inflict on him such a wound as would be implied in the rejection of his suit."

In spite of all Charles's attempts to prevent her, Alice had persevered in kneeling on one knee, until she had touched with her lip the hand with which he attempted to raise her. But this salutation ended, she stood upright, with her arms folded on her bosom, her looks humble, but composed, keen and watchful, and so possessed of herself, so little flattered by the communication which the King had supposed would have been overpowering, that he scarce knew in what terms next to urge his solicitation.

"Thou art silent—thou art silent," he said, "my pretty Alice. Has the king no more influence with thee than the poor Scottish page?"

"In one sense, every influence," said Alice; "for he commands my best thoughts, my best wishes, my earnest prayers, my devoted loyalty, which, as the men of the house of Lee have been ever ready to testify with the sword, so are the women bound to seal, if necessary, with their blood. But beyond the duties of a true and devoted subject, the king is even less to Alice Lee than poor Louis Kerneguy. The page could have tendered an honorable union; the monarch can but offer a contaminated coronet."

"You mistake, Alice—you mistake," said the King, eagerly. "Sit down and let me speak to you—sit down. What is't you fear?"

"I fear nothing, my liege," answered Alice. "What *can* I fear from the king of Britain—I, the daughter of his

loyal subject, and under my father's roof? But I remember the distance betwixt us, and though I might trifle and jest with mine equal, to my king I must only appear in the dutiful posture of a subject, unless where his safety may seem to require that I do not acknowledge his dignity."

Charles, though young, being no novice in such scenes, was surprised to encounter resistance of a kind which had not been opposed to him in similar pursuits, even in cases where he had been unsuccessful. There was neither anger, nor injured pride, nor disorder, nor disdain, real or affected, in the manners and conduct of Alice. She stood, as it seemed, calmly prepared to argue on the subject which is generally decided by passion—showed no inclination to escape from the apartment, but appeared determined to hear with patience the suit of the lover, while her countenance and manner intimated that she had this complaisance only in deference to the commands of the king.

"She is ambitious," thought Charles: "it is by dazzling her love of glory, not by mere passionate entreaties, that I must hope to be successful. I pray you be seated, my fair Alice," he said, "the lover entreats—the king commands you."

"The king," said Alice, "may permit the relaxation of the ceremonies due to royalty, but he cannot abrogate the subject's duty, even by express command. I stand here while it is your Majesty's pleasure to address me, a patient listener, as in duty bound."

"Know then, simple girl," said the King, "that, in accepting my proffered affection and protection, you break through no law, either of virtue or morality. Those who are born to royalty are deprived of many of the comforts of private life—chiefly that which is, perhaps, the dearest and most precious, the power of choosing their own mates for life. Their formal weddings are guided upon principles of political expedience only, and those to whom they are wedded are frequently, in temper, person, and disposition, the most unlikely to make them happy. Society has commiseration, therefore, towards us, and binds our unwilling and often unhappy wedlocks with chains of a lighter and more easy character than those which fetter other men, whose marriage ties, as more voluntarily assumed, ought, in proportion, to be more strictly binding. And, therefore, ever since the time that old Henry built these walls, priests and prelates, as well as nobles and statesmen, have been accustomed to see a Fair Rosamond rule the heart of an

affectionate monarch, and console him for the few hours of constraint and state which he must bestow upon some angry and jealous Eleanor. To such a connection the world attaches no blame: they rush to the festival to admire the beauty of the lovely Esther, while the imperious Vashti is left to queen it in solitude; they throng the palace to ask her protection, whose influence is more in the state an hundred times than that of the proud consort; her offspring rank with the nobles of the land, and vindicate by their courage, like the celebrated Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, their descent from royalty and from love. From such connections our richest ranks of nobles are recruited; and the mother lives, in the greatness of her posterity, honored and blessed, as she died lamented and wept in the arms of love and friendship."

"Did Rosamond so die, my lord?" said Alice. "Our records say she was poisoned by the injured queen—poisoned, without time allowed to call to God for the pardon of her many faults. Did her memory so live? I have heard that, when the bishop purified the church at Godstowe, her monument was broken open by his orders, and her bones thrown out into unconsecrated ground."

"Those were rude old days, sweet Alice," answered Charles: "queens are not now so jealous, nor bishops so rigorous. And know, besides, that, in the lands to which I would lead the loveliest of her sex, other laws obtain, which remove from such ties even the slightest show of scandal. There is a mode of matrimony which, fulfilling all the rights of the church, leaves no stain on the conscience; yet, investing the bride with none of the privileges peculiar to her husband's condition, infringes not upon the duties which the king owes to his subjects. So that Alice Lee may, in all respects, become the real and lawful wife of Charles Stuart, except that their private union gives her no title to be Queen of England."

"My ambition," said Alice, "will be sufficiently gratified to see Charles king, without aiming to share either his dignity in public or his wealth and regal luxury in private."

"I understand thee, Alice," said the King, hurt but not displeased. "You ridicule me, being a fugitive, for speaking like a king. It is a habit, I admit, which I have learned, and of which even misfortune cannot cure me. But my case is not so desperate as you may suppose. My friends are still many in these kingdoms; my allies abroad are bound, by regard to their own interest, to espouse my cause.

I have hopes given me from Spain, from France, and from other nations ; and I have confidence that my father's blood has not been poured forth in vain, nor is doomed to dry up without due vengeance. My trust is in Him from whom princes derive their title, and, think what thou wilt of my present condition, I have perfect confidence that I shall one day sit on the throne of England."

"May God grant it!" said Alice; "and that He *may* grant it, noble prince, deign to consider whether you now pursue a conduct likely to conciliate His favor. Think of the course you recommend to a motherless maiden, who has no better defense against your sophistry than what a sense of morality, together with the natural feeling of female dignity, inspires. Whether the death of her father, which would be the consequence of her imprudence, whether the despair of her brother, whose life has been so often in peril to save that of your Majesty, whether the dishonor of the roof which has sheltered you, will read well in your annals, or are events likely to propitiate God, whose controversy with your house has been but too visible, or recover the affections of the people of England, in whose eyes such actions are an abomination, I leave to your own royal mind to consider."

Charles paused, struck with a turn to the conversation which placed his own interest more in collision with the gratification of his present passion than he had supposed.

"If your Majesty," said Alice, courtesying deeply, "has no farther commands for my attendance, may I be permitted to withdraw?"

"Stay yet a little, strange and impracticable girl," said the King, "and answer me but one question. Is it the lowness of my present fortunes that makes my suit contemptible?"

"I have nothing to conceal, my liege," she said, "and my answer shall be as plain and direct as the question you have asked. If I could have been moved to an act of ignominious, insane, and ungrateful folly, it could only arise from my being blinded by that passion which I believe is pleaded as an excuse for folly and for crime much more often than it has a real existence. I must, in short, have been in love, as it is called; and that might have been with my equal, but surely never with my sovereign, whether such only in title or in possession of his kingdom."

"Yet loyalty was ever the pride, almost the ruling passion, of your family, Alice," said the King.

"And could I reconcile that loyalty," said Alice, "with

indulging my sovereign, by permitting him to prosecute a suit dishonorable to himself as to me? Ought I, as a faithful subject, to join him in a folly which might throw yet another stumbling-block in the path to his restoration, and could only serve to diminish his security, even if he were seated upon his throne?"

"At this rate," said Charles, discontentedly, "I had better have retained my character of the page than assumed that of a sovereign, which it seems is still more irreconcilable with my wishes."

"My candor shall go still farther," said Alice. "I could have felt as little for Louis Kerneguy as for the heir of Britain; for such love as I have to bestow—and it is not such as I read of in romance, or hear poured forth in song—has been already conferred on another object. This gives your Majesty pain; I am sorry for it, but the wholesomest medicines are often bitter."

"Yes," answered the King, with some asperity, "and physicians are reasonable enough to expect their patients to swallow them as if they were honeycomb. It is true, then, that whispered tale of the cousin colonel; and the daughter of the loyal Lee has set her heart upon a rebellious fanatic?"

"My love was given ere I knew what these words 'fanatic' and 'rebel' meant. I recalled it not, for I am satisfied that, amidst the great distractions which divide the kingdom, the person to whom you allude has chosen his part, erroneously perhaps, but conscientiously; he, therefore, has still the highest place in my affection and esteem. More he cannot have, and will not ask, until some happy turn shall reconcile these public differences, and my father be once more reconciled to him. Devoutly do I pray that such an event may occur by your Majesty's speedy and unanimous restoration!"

"You have found out a reason," said the King, pettishly, "to make me detest the thought of such a change; nor have you, Alice, any sincere interest to pray for it. On the contrary, do you not see that your lover, walking side by side with Cromwell, may, or rather must, share his power? nay, if Lambert does not anticipate him, he may trip up Oliver's heels and reign in his stead. And think you not he will find means to overcome the pride of the loyal Lees, and achieve an union for which things are better prepared than that which Cromwell is said to meditate betwixt one of his brats and the no less loyal heir of Fauconberg?"

"Your Majesty," said Alice, "has found a way at length

to avenge yourself—if what I have said deserves vengeance.”

“I could point out a yet shorter road to your union,” said Charles, without minding her distress, or perhaps enjoying the pleasure of retaliation. “Suppose that you sent your colonel word that there was one Charles Stuart here, who had come to disturb the saints in their peaceful government, which they had acquired by prayer and preaching, pike and gun ; and suppose he had the art to bring down a half-score of troopers—quite enough, as times go, to decide the fate of this heir of royalty—think you not the possession of such a prize as this might obtain from the Rumpers, or from Cromwell, such a reward as might overcome your father’s objections to a Roundhead’s alliance, and place the fair Alice and her cousin colonel in full possession of their wishes ?”

“My liege,” said Alice, her cheeks glowing and her eyes sparkling, for she too had her share of the hereditary temperament of her family, “this passes my patience. I have heard, without expressing anger, the most ignominious persuasions addressed to myself, and I have vindicated myself for refusing to be the paramour of a fugitive prince, as if I had been excusing myself from accepting a share of an actual crown. But do you think I can bear all who are dear to me slandered without emotion or reply ? I will not, sir ; and were you seated with all the terrors of your father’s Star Chamber around you, you should hear me defend the absent and the innocent. Of my father I will say nothing, but that, if he is now without wealth, without state, almost without a sheltering home and needful food, it is because he spent all in the service of the King. He needed not to commit any act of treachery or villainy to obtain wealth : he had an ample competence in his own possessions. For Markham Everard—he knows no such thing as selfishness : he would not for broad England, had she the treasures of Peru in her bosom, and a paradise on her surface, do a deed that would disgrace his own name or injure the feelings of another. Kings, my liege, may take a lesson from him. My liege, for the present I take my leave.”

“Alice—Alice, stay !” exclaimed the King. “She is gone. This must be virtue—real, disinterested, overawing virtue—or there is no such thing on earth. Yet Wilmot and Villiers will not believe a word of it, but add the tale to the other wonders of Woodstock. ’Tis a rare wench ! and I profess, to use the colonel’s obtestation, that I know not

whether to forgive and be friends with her or study a dire revenge. If it were not for that accursed cousin—that Puritan colonel, I could forgive everything else to so noble a wench. But a Roundheaded rebel preferred to me, the preference avowed to my face, and justified with the assertion that a King might take a lesson from him—it is gall and wormwood. If the old man had not come up this morning as he did, the King should have taken or given a lesson, and a severe one. It was a mad rencontre to venture upon with my rank and responsibility: and yet this wench has made me so angry with her, and so envious of him, that, if an opportunity offered, I should scarce be able to forbear him. Ha! whom have we here!”

The interjection at the conclusion of this royal soliloquy was occasioned by the unexpected entrance of another personage of the drama.

CHAPTER XXVII

Benedick. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claudio. God bless me from a challenge!

Much Ado about Nothing.

As Charles was about to leave the apartment, he was prevented by the appearance of Wildrake, who entered with an unusual degree of swagger in his gait, and of fantastic importance on his brow. "I crave your pardon, fair sir," he said; "but, as they say in my country, when doors are open dogs enter. I have knocked and called in the hall to no purpose: so, knowing the way to this parlor, sir—for I am a light partisan, and the road I once travel I never forget—I ventured to present myself unannounced."

"Sir Henry Lee is abroad, sir, I believe, in the chase," said Charles, coldly, for the appearance of this somewhat vulgar debauchee was not agreeable to him at the moment, "and Master Albert Lee has left the lodge for two or three days."

"I am aware of it, sir," said Wildrake; "but I have no business at present with either."

"And with whom is your business?" said Charles; "that is, if I may be permitted to ask, since I think it cannot in possibility be with me."

"Pardon me in turn, sir," answered the Cavalier; "in no possibility can it be imparted to any other but yourself, if you be, as I think you are, though in something better habit, Master Louis Gernigo, the Scottish gentleman who waits upon Master Albert Lee."

"I am all you are like to find for him," answered Charles.

"In truth," said the Cavalier, "I do perceive a difference, but rest and better clothing will do much; and I am glad of it, since I would be sorry to have brought a message such as I am charged with to a tatterdemalion."

"Let us get to the business, sir, if you please," said the King; "you have a message for me, you say?"

"True, sir," replied Wildrake; "I am the friend of Colonel Markham Everard, sir, a tall man, and a worthy person in the field, although I could wish him a better cause.

A message I have to you, it is certain, in a slight note, which I take the liberty of presenting with the usual formalities." So saying, he drew his sword, put the billet he mentioned upon the point, and making a profound bow, presented it to Charles.

The disguised monarch accepted of it with a grave return of the salute, and said, as he was about to open the letter, "I am not, I presume, to expect friendly contents in an epistle presented in so hostile a manner?"

"A-hem, sir," replied the ambassador, clearing his voice, while he arranged a suitable answer, in which the mild strain of diplomacy might be properly maintained: "not utterly hostile, I suppose, sir, is the invitation, though it be such as must be construed in the commencement rather bellicose and pugnacious. I trust, sir, we shall find that a few thrusts will make a handsome conclusion of the business; and so, as my old master used to say, *Pax nascitur ex bello*. For my own poor share, I am truly glad to have been graced by my friend Mark Everard in this matter, the rather as I feared the Puritan principles with which he is imbued—I will confess the truth to you, worthy sir—might have rendered him unwilling, from certain scruples, to have taken the gentlemanlike and honorable mode of righting himself in such a case as the present. And as I render a friend's duty to my friend, so I humbly hope, Master Louis Girnigo, that I do no injustice to you, in preparing the way for the proposed meeting, where, give me leave to say, I trust that, if no fatal accident occur, we shall be all better friends when the skirmish is over than we were before it began."

"I should suppose so, sir, in any case," said Charles, looking at the letter; "worse than mortal enemies we can scarce be, and it is that footing upon which this billet places us."

"You say true, sir," said Wildrake; "it is, sir, a cartel introducing to a single combat, for the pacific object of restoring a perfect good understanding betwixt the survivors—in case that fortunately that word can be used in the plural after the event of the meeting."

"In short, we only fight, I suppose," replied the King, "that we may come to a perfectly good and amicable understanding?"

"You are right again, sir; and I thank you for the clearness of your apprehension," said Wildrake. "Ah, sir, it is easy to do with a person of honor and of intellect in such a case as this. And I beseech you, sir, as a personal kindness to myself, that, as the morning is like to be frosty, and

myself am in some sort rheumatic, as war will leave its scars behind, sir—I say, I will entreat of you to bring with you some gentleman of honor, who will not disdain to take part of what is going forward—a sort of pot-luck, sir—with a poor old soldier like myself, that we may take no harm by standing unoccupied during such cold weather.”

“I understand, sir,” replied Charles; “if this matter goes forward, be assured I will endeavor to provide you with a suitable opponent.”

“I shall remain greatly indebted to you, sir,” said Wildrake; “and I am by no means curious about the quality of my antagonist. It is true I write myself esquire and gentleman, and should account myself especially honored by crossing my sword with that of Sir Henry or Master Albert Lee; but should that not be convenient, I will not refuse to present my poor person in opposition to any gentleman who has served the King, which I always hold as a sort of letters of nobility in itself, and, therefore, would on no account decline the duello with such a person.”

“The King is much obliged to you, sir,” said the disguised prince, “for the honor you do his faithful subjects.”

“Oh, sir, I am scrupulous on that point—very scrupulous. When there is a Roundhead in question, I consult the herald’s books, to see that he is entitled to bear arms, as is Master Markham Everard, without which, I promise you, I had borne none of his cartel. But a Cavalier is with me a gentleman of course. Be his birth ever so low, his loyalty has ennobled his condition.”

“It is well, sir,” said the King. “This paper requests me to meet Master Everard at six to-morrow morning, at the tree called the King’s Oak, I object neither to the place nor time. He proffers the sword, at which, he says, we possess some equality. I do not decline the weapon. For company, two gentlemen. I shall endeavor to procure myself an associate and a suitable partner for you, sir, if you incline to join in the dance.”

“I kiss your hand, sir, and rest yours, under a sense of obligation,” answered the envoy.

“I thank you, sir,” continued the King; “I will therefore be ready at place and time, and suitably furnished; and I will either give your friend such satisfaction with my sword as he requires, or will render him such cause for not doing so as he will be contented with.”

“You will excuse me, sir,” said Wildrake, “if my mind is too dull, under the circumstances, to conceive any alter-

native that can remain betwixt two men of honor in such a case, excepting—sa—sa——!” He threw himself into a fencing position, and made a pass with his sheathed rapier, but not directed towards the person of the King, whom he addressed.

“Excuse me, sir,” said Charles, “if I do not trouble your intellects with the consideration of a case which may not occur. But, for example, I may plead urgent employment on the part of the public.” This he spoke in a low and mysterious tone of voice, which Wildrake appeared perfectly to comprehend; for he laid his forefinger on his nose with what he meant for a very intelligent and apprehensive nod.

“Sir,” said he, “if you be engaged in any affair for the King, my friend shall have every reasonable degree of patience. Nay, I will fight him myself in your stead, merely to stay his stomach, rather than you should be interrupted. And, sir, if you can find room in your enterprise for a poor gentleman that has followed Lunsford and Goring, you have but to name day, time, and place of rendezvous; for truly, sir, I am tired of the scald hat, cropped hair, and undertaker’s cloak with which my friend has bedizened me, and would willingly ruffle it out once more in the King’s cause, when whether I be hanged or hanged I care not.”

“I shall remember what you say, sir, should an opportunity occur,” said the King; “and I wish his Majesty had many such subjects. I presume our business is now settled?”

“When you shall have been pleased, sir, to give me a trilling scrap of writing, to serve for my credentials; for such, you know, is the custom: your written cartel hath its written answer.”

“That, sir, will I presently do,” said Charles, “and in good time; here are the materials.”

“And, sir,” continued the envoy—“ahi!—ahem!—if you have interest in the household for a cup of sack. I am a man of few words, and am somewhat hoarse with much speaking; moreover, a serious business of this kind always makes one thirsty. Besides, sir, to part with dry lips argues malice, which God forbid should exist in such an honorable conjuncture,”

“I do not boast much influence in the house, sir,” said the King; “but if you would have the condescension to accept of this broad piece towards quenching your thirst at the George——”

"Sir," said the Cavalier, for the times admitted of this strange species of courtesy, nor was Wildrake a man of such peculiar delicacy as keenly to dispute the matter, "I am once again beholden to you. But I see not how it consists with my honor to accept of such accommodation, unless you were to accompany and partake?"

"Pardon me, sir," replied Charles, "my safety recommends that I remain rather private at present."

"Enough said," Wildrake observed; "poor Cavaliers must not stand on ceremony. I see, sir, you understand cutler's law: when one tall fellow has coin, another must not be thirsty. I wish you, sir, a continuance of health and happiness until to-morrow, at the King's Oak, at six o'clock."

"Farewell, sir," said the King; and added, as Wildrake went down the stair whistling "Hey for cavaliers," to which air his long rapier, jarring against the steps and banisters, bore no unsuitable burden—"Farewell, thou too just emblem of the state to which war, and defeat, and despair have reduced many a gallant gentleman."

During the rest of the day there occurred nothing peculiarly deserving of notice. Alice sedulously avoided showing towards the disguised prince any degree of estrangement or shyness, which could be discovered by her father or by any one else. To all appearance, the two young persons continued on the same footing in every respect. Yet she made the gallant himself sensible that this apparent intimacy was assumed merely to save appearances, and in no way designed as retracting from the severity with which she had rejected his suit. The sense that this was the case, joined to his injured self-love and his enmity against a successful rival, induced Charles early to withdraw himself to a solitary walk in the wilderness, where, like Hercules in the Emblem of Cebes, divided betwixt the personifications of virtue and of pleasure, he listened alternately to the voice of wisdom and of passionate folly.

Prudence urged to him the importance of his own life to the future prosecution of the great object in which he had for the present miscarried—the restoration of monarchy in England, the rebuilding of the throne, the regaining the crown of his father, the avenging his death, and restoring to their fortunes and their country the numerous exiles who were suffering poverty and banishment on account of their attachment to his cause. Pride too, or rather a just and natural sense of dignity, displayed the unworthiness of a

prince descending to actual personal conflict with a subject of any degree, and the ridicule which would be thrown on his memory, should he lose his life for an obscure intrigue by the hand of a private gentleman. What would his sage counsellors, Nicholas and Hyde, what would his kind and wise governor, the Marquis of Hertford, say to such an act of rashness and folly? Would it not be likely to shake the allegiance of the staid and prudent persons of the Royalist party, since wherefore should they expose their lives and estates to raise to the government of a kingdom a young man who could not command his own temper? To this was to be added the consideration that even his success would add double difficulties, to his escape, which already seemed sufficiently precarious. If, stopping short of death, he merely had the better of his antagonist, how did he know that he might not seek revenge by delivering up to government the Malignant Louis Kernequy, whose real character could not in that case fail to be discovered?

These considerations strongly recommended to Charles that he should clear himself of the challenge without fighting; and the reservation under which he had accepted it afforded him some opportunity of doing so.

But Passion also had her arguments, which she addressed to a temper rendered irritable by recent distress and mortification. In the first place, if he was a prince, he was also a gentleman, entitled to resent as such, and obliged to give or claim the satisfaction expected on occasion of differences among gentlemen. With Englishmen, she urged, he could never lose interest by showing himself ready, instead of sheltering himself under his royal birth and pretensions, to come frankly forward, and maintain what he had done or said on his own responsibility. In a free nation, it seemed as if he would rather gain than lose in the public estimation by a conduct which could not but seem gallant and generous. Then a character for courage was far more necessary to support his pretensions than any other kind of reputation; and the lying under a challenge, without replying to it, might bring his spirit into question. What would Villiers and Wilnot say of an intrigue in which he had allowed himself to be shamefully baffled by a country girl, and had failed to revenge himself on his rival? The pasquinades which they would compose, the witty sarcasms which they would circulate, on the occasion, would be harder to endure than the grave rebukes of Hertford, Hyde, and Nicholas. This reflection, added to the stings of youthful and awakened

courage, at length fixed his resolution, and he returned to Woodstock determined to keep his appointment, come of it what might.

Perhaps there mingled with his resolution a secret belief that such a rencontre would not prove fatal. He was in the flower of his youth, active in all his exercises, and no way inferior to Colonel Everard, as far as the morning's experiment had gone, in that of self-defense. At least such recollection might pass through his royal mind, as he hummed to himself a well-known ditty, which he had picked up during his residence in Scotland—

“ A man may drink and not be drunk ;
A man may fight and not be slain ;
A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
And yet be welcome back again.”

Meanwhile the busy and all-directing Doctor Rochecliffe had contrived to intimate to Alice that she must give him a private audience, and she found him by appointment in what was called the study, once filled with ancient books, which, long since converted into cartridges, had made more noise in the world at their final exit than during the space which had intervened betwixt that their first publication. The Doctor seated himself in a high-backed leathern easy-chair, and signed to Alice to fetch a stool and sit down beside him.

“ Alice,” said the old man, taking her hand affectionately, “ thou art a good girl, a wise girl, a virtuous girl, one of those whose price is above rubies—not that ‘ rubies ’ is the proper translation—but remind me to tell you of that another time. Alice, thou knowest who this Louis Kerne-guy is ; nay, hesitate not to me, I know everything—I am well aware of the whole matter. Thou knowest this honored house holds the Fortunes of England.” Alice was about to answer. “ Nay, speak not, but listen to me, Alice. How does he bear himself towards you ? ”

Alice colored with the deepest crimson. “ I am a country-bred girl,” she said, “ and his manners are too courtlike for me.”

“ Enough said—I know it all. Alice, he is exposed to a great danger to-morrow, and you must be the happy means to prevent him.”

“ I prevent him !—how, and in what manner ? ” said Alice, in surprise. “ It is my duty, as a subject, to do anything—anything that may become my father’s daughter——”

Here she stopped, considerably embarrassed.

"Yes," continued the Doctor, "to-morrow he hath made an appointment—an appointment with Markham Everard; the hour and place are set—six in the morning, by the King's Oak. If they meet, one will probably fall."

"Now, may God forefend they should meet," said Alice, turning as suddenly pale as she had previously reddened. "But harm cannot come of it: Everard will never lift his sword against the King."

"For that," said Doctor Rochecliffe, "I would not warrant. But if that unhappy young gentleman shall have still some reserve of the loyalty which his general conduct entirely disavows, it would not serve us here: for he knows not the King, but considers him merely as a Cavalier, from whom he has received injury."

"Let him know the truth, Doctor Rochecliffe, let him know it instantly," said Alice. "*He* lift hand against the King, a fugitive and defenseless! He is incapable of it. My life on the issue, he becomes most active in his preservation."

"That is the thought of a maiden, Alice," answered the Doctor; "and, as I fear, of a maiden whose wisdom is misled by her affections. It were worse than treason to admit a rebel officer, the friend of the arch-traitor Cromwell, into so great a secret. I dare not answer for such rashness. Hammond was trusted by his father, and you know what came of it."

"Then let my father know. He will meet Markham, or send to him, representing the indignity done to him by attacking his guest."

"We dare not let your father into the secret who Louis Kerneguy really is. I did but hint the possibility of Charles taking refuge at Woodstock, and the rapture into which Sir Henry broke out, the preparations for accommodation and defense which he began to talk of, plainly showed that the mere enthusiasm of his loyalty would have led to a risk of discovery. It is you, Alice, who must save the hopes of every true Royalist."

"I!" answered Alice; "it is impossible. Why cannot my father be induced to interfere, as in behalf of his friend and guest, though he know him as no other than Louis Kerneguy?"

"You have forgot your father's character, my young friend," said the Doctor: "an excellent man, and the best of Christians, till there is a clashing of swords, and then he

starts up the complete martialist, as deaf to every pacific reasoning as if he were a game-cock."

"You forget, Doctor Rochecliffe," said Alice, "that this very morning, if I understand the thing aright, my father prevented them from fighting."

"Ay," answered the Doctor, "because he deemed himself bound to keep the peace in the Royal Park; but it was done with such regret, Alice, that, should he find them at it again, I am clear to foretell he will only so far postpone the combat as to conduct them to some unprivileged ground, and there bid them tilt and welcome, while he regaled his eyes with a scene so pleasing. No, Alice, it is you, and you only, who can help us in this extremity."

"I see no possibility," said she, again coloring, "how I can be of the least use."

"You must send a note," answered Doctor Rochecliffe, "to the King—a note such as all women know how to write better than any man can teach them—to meet you at the precise hour of the rendezvous. He will not fail you, for I know his unhappy foible."

"Dr. Rochecliffe," said Alice, gravely, "you have known me from infancy. What have you seen in me to induce you to believe that I should ever follow such unbecoming counsel?"

"And if you have known *me* from infancy," retorted the Doctor, "what have you seen of *me* that you should suspect me of giving counsel to my friend's daughter which it would be misbecoming in her to follow? You cannot be fool enough, I think, to suppose that I mean you should carry your complaisance farther than to keep him in discourse for an hour or two, till I have all in readiness for his leaving this place, from which I can frighten him by the terrors of an alleged search? So, C. S. mounts his horse and rides off, and Mistress Alice Lee has the honor of saving him."

"Yes, at the expense of her own reputation," said Alice, "and the risk of an eternal stain on my family. You say you know all. What can the King think of my appointing an assignation with him after what has passed, and how will it be possible to disabuse him respecting the purpose of my doing so?"

"I will disabuse him, Alice—I will explain the whole."

"Dr. Rochecliffe," said Alice, "you propose what is impossible. You can do much by your ready wit and great wisdom; but if new-fallen snow were once sullied, not all your

art could wash it white again; and it is altogether the same with a maiden's reputation."

"Alice, my dearest child," said the Doctor, "bethink you that, if I recommend this means of saving the life of the King, at least rescuing him from instant peril, it is because I see no other of which to avail myself. If I bid you assume, even for a moment, the semblance of what is wrong, it is but in the last extremity, and under circumstances which cannot return. I will take the surest means to prevent all evil report which can arise from what I recommend."

"Say not so, Doctor," said Alice: "better undertake to turn back the Isis than to stop the course of calumny. The King will make boast to his whole licentious court of the ease with which, but for a sudden alarm, he could have brought off Alice Lee as a paramour: the mouth which confers honor on others will then be the means to deprive me of mine. Take a fitter course, one more becoming your own character and profession. Do not lead him to fail in an engagement of honor, by holding out the prospect of another engagement equally dishonorable, whether false or true. Go to the King himself, speak to him, as the servants of God have a right to speak, even to earthly sovereigns. Point out to him the folly and the wickedness of the course he is about to pursue; urge upon him that he fear the sword, since wrath bringeth the punishment of the sword. Tell him, that the friends who died for him in the field at Worcester, on the scaffolds, and on the gibbets, since that bloody day, that the remnants who are in prison, scattered, fled, and ruined on his account, deserve better of him and his father's race than that he should throw away his life in an idle brawl. Tell him, that it is dishonest to venture that which is not his own, dishonorable to betray the trust which brave men have reposed in his virtue and in his courage."

Dr. Rochecliffe looked on her with a melancholy smile, his eyes glistening as he said, "Alas, Alice, even I could not plead that just cause to him so eloquently or so impressively as thou dost. But, alack! Charles would listen to neither. It is not from priests or women, he would say, that men should receive counsel in affairs of honor."

"Then, hear me, Doctor Rochecliffe—I will appear at the place of rendezvous, and I will prevent the combat—do not fear that I can do what I say—at a sacrifice, indeed, but not that of my reputation. My heart may be broken

(she endeavored to stifle her sobs with difficulty) for the consequence ; but not in the imagination of a man, and far less that man her sovereign, shall a thought of Alice Lee be associated with dishonor." She hid her face in her handkerchief, and burst out into unrestrained tears.

"What means this hysterical passion?" said Doctor Rochecliffe, surprised and somewhat alarmed by the vehemence of her grief. "Maiden, I must have no concealments—I must know."

"Exert your ingenuity, then, and discover it," said Alice, for a moment put out of temper at the Doctor's pertinacious self-importance. "Guess my purpose, as you can guess at everything else. It is enough to have to go through my task, I will not endure the distress of telling it over, and that to one who—forgive me, dear Doctor—might not think my agitation on this occasion fully warranted."

"Nay, then, my young mistress, you must be ruled," said Rochecliffe : "and if I cannot make you explain yourself, I must see whether your father can gain so far on you." So saying, he arose somewhat displeased, and walked towards the door.

"You forget what you yourself told me, Doctor Rochecliffe," said Alice, "of the risk of communicating this great secret to my father."

"It is too true," he said, stopping short and turning round : "and I think, wench, thou art too smart for me, and I have not met many such. But thou art a good girl, and wilt tell me thy device of free-will ; it concerns my character and influence with the King, that I should be fully acquainted with whatever is *actum atque tractatum*, done and treated of in this matter."

"Trust your character to me, good Doctor," said Alice, attempting to smile ; "it is of firmer stuff than those of women, and will be safer in my custody than mine could have been in yours. And thus much I condescend : you shall see the whole scene—you shall go with me yourself, and much will I feel emboldened and heartened by your company."

"That is something," said the Doctor, though not altogether satisfied with this limited confidence. "Thou wert ever a clever wench, and I will trust thee—indeed, trust thee I find I must, whether voluntarily or no."

"Meet me, then," said Alice, "in the wilderness to-morrow. But first tell me, are you well assured of time and place ? a mistake were fatal."

"Assure yourself my information is entirely accurate," said the Doctor, resuming his air of consequence, which had been a little diminished during the latter part of their conference.

"May I ask," said Alice, "through what channel you acquired such important information?"

"You may ask, unquestionably," he answered, now completely restored to his supremacy; "but whether I will answer or not is a very different question. I conceive neither your reputation nor my own is interested in your remaining in ignorance on that subject. So I have my secrets as well as you, mistress; and some of them, I fancy, are a good deal more worth knowing."

"Be it so," said Alice, quietly; "if you will meet me in the wilderness by the broken dial at half-past five exactly, we will go together to-morrow, and watch them as they come to the rendezvous. I will on the way get the better of my present timidity, and explain to you the means I design to employ to prevent mischief. You can perhaps think of making some effort which may render my interference, unbecoming and painful as it must be, altogether unnecessary."

"Nay, my child," said the Doctor, "if you place yourself in my hands, you will be the first that ever had reason to complain of my want of conduct, and you may well judge you are the very last—one excepted—whom I would see suffer for want of counsel. At half-past five, then, at the dial in the wilderness, and God bless our undertaking!"

Here their interview was interrupted by the sonorous voice of Sir Henry Lee, which shouted their names, "Daughter Alice—Doctor Rochecliffe," through passage and gallery.

"What do you here," said he entering, "sitting like two crows in a mist, when we have such rare sport below? Here is this wild crackbrained boy Louis Kerneguy, now making me laugh till my sides are fit to split, and now playing on his guitar sweetly enough to win a lark from the heavens. Come away with you—come away. It is hard work to laugh alone."

CHAPTER XXVIII

This is the place, the center of the grove ;
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.

JOHN HOME.

THE sun had risen on the broad boughs of the forest, but without the power of penetrating into its recesses, which hung rich with heavy dewdrops, and were beginning on some of the trees to exhibit the varied tints of autumn ; it being the season when nature, like a prodigal whose race is well-nigh run, seems desirous to make up in profuse gaiety and variety of colors for the short space which her splendor has then to endure. The birds were silent ; and even Robin Redbreast, whose chirruping song was heard among the bushes near the lodge, emboldened by the largesses with which the good old knight always encouraged his familiarity, did not venture into the recesses of the wood, where he encountered the sparrow-hawk and other enemies of a similar description, preferring the vicinity of the dwellings of man, from whom he, almost solely among the feathered tribes, seems to experience disinterested protection.

The scene was therefore at once lovely and silent, when the good Doctor Rochecliffe, wrapped in a scarlet roquelaure, which had seen service in its day, muffling his face more from habit than necessity, and supporting Alice on his arm, she also defended by a cloak against the cold and damp of the autumn morning, glided through the tangled and long grass of the darkest alleys, almost ankle-deep in dew, towards the place appointed for the intended duel. Both so eagerly maintained the consultation in which they were engaged, that they were alike insensible of the roughness and discomforts of the road, though often obliged to force their way through brushwood and coppice, which poured down on them all the liquid pearls with which they were loaded, till the mantles they were wrapped in hung lank by their sides, and clung to their shoulders heavily charged with moisture. They stopped when they had attained a station under the coppice, and shrouded by it, from which they could see all that passed on the little esplanade before the

King's Oak, whose broad and scathed form, contorted and shattered limbs, and frowning brows made it appear like some ancient war-worn champion, well selected to be the umpire of a field of single combat.

The first person who appeared at the rendezvous was the gay Cavalier Roger Wildrake. He also was wrapped in his cloak, but had discarded his Puritanic beaver, and wore in its stead a Spanish hat, with a feather and gilt hat-band, all of which had encountered bad weather and hard service; but to make amends for the appearance of poverty by the show of pretension, the castor was accurately adjusted after what was rather profanely called the *d—me cut*, used among the more desperate Cavaliers. He advanced hastily, and exclaimed aloud, "First in the field after all, by Jove, though I bilked Everard in order to have my morning draught. It has done me much good," he added, smacking his lips. "Well, I suppose I should search the ground ere my principal comes up, whose Presbyterian watch trudges as slow as his Presbyterian step."

He took his rapier from under his cloak, and seemed about to search the thickets around.

"I will prevent him," whispered the Doctor to Alice. "I will keep faith with you: you shall not come on the scene, *nisi dignus vindicæ nodus*; I'll explain that another time. *Vindex* is feminine as well as masculine, so the quotation is defensible. Keep you close."

So saying, he stepped forward on the esplanade, and bowed to Wildrake.

"Master Louis Kerneguy," said Wildrake, pulling off his hat; but instantly discovering his error, he added, "But no—I beg your pardon, sir—fatter, shorter, older. Mr. Kerneguy's friend, I suppose, with whom I hope to have a turn by and by. And why not now, sir, before our principals come up? just a snack to stay the orifice of the stomach, till the dinner is served, sir. What say you?"

"To open the orifice of the stomach more likely, or to give it a new one," said the Doctor.

"True, sir," said Roger, who seemed now in his element, "you say well—that is as thereafter may be. But come, sir, you wear your face muffled. I grant you, it is honest men's fashion at this unhappy time; the more is the pity. But we do all above board: we have no traitors here. I'll get into my gears first, to encourage you, and show you that you have to deal with a gentleman, who honors the King, and is a match fit to fight with any who follow him, as

doubtless you do, sir, since you are the friend of Master Louis Kerneguy."

All this while, Wildrake was busied undoing the clasps of his square-caped cloak.

"Off—off, ye lendings," he said; "borrowings I should more properly call you—

Via the curtain which shadow'd Borgia!"

So saying, he threw the cloak from him and appeared *in cuerpo*, in a most Cavalier-like doublet, of greasy crimson satin, pinked and slashed with what had been once white tiffany; breeches of the same; and nether-stocks, or, as we now call them, stockings, darned in many places, and which, like those of Pains, had been once peach-colored. A pair of pumps, ill-calculated for a walk through the dew, and a broad shoulder-belt of tarnished embroidery, completed his equipment.

"Come, sir," he exclaimed, "make haste, off with your slough. Here I stand tight and true, as loyal a lad as ever stuck rapier through a Roundhead. Come, sir, to your tools!" he continued; "we may have half a dozen thrusts before they come yet, and shame them for their tardiness. Pshaw!" he exclaimed, in a most disappointed tone, when the Doctor, unfolding his cloak, showed his clerical dress. "Tush! it's but the parson after all."

Wildrake's respect for the church, however, and his desire to remove one who might possibly interrupt a scene to which he looked forward with peculiar satisfaction, induced him presently to assume another tone.

"I beg pardon," he said, "my dear Doctor. I kiss the hem of your cassock—I do, by the thundering Jove—I beg your pardon again. But I am happy I have met with you: they are raving for your presence at the lodge—to marry, or christen, or bury, or confess, or something very urgent. For Heaven's sake, make haste!"

"At the lodge?" said the Doctor. "Why, I left the lodge this instant—I was there later, I am sure, than you could be, who came the Woodstock road."

"Well," replied Wildrake, "it is at Woodstock they want you. Rat it, did I say the lodge? No, no—Woodstock. Mine host cannot be hanged—his daughter married—his bastard christened—or his wife buried, without the assistance of a *real* clergyman. Your Holdenhoughs won't do for them. He's a true man, mine host; so, as you value your function, make haste."

"You will pardon me, Master Wildrake," said the Doctor: "I wait for Master Louis Kerneguy."

"The devil you do!" exclaimed Wildrake. "Why, I always knew the Scots could do nothing without their minister; but, d—n it, I never thought they put them to this use neither. But I have known jolly customers in orders, who understood to handle the sword as well as their Prayer Book. You know the purpose of our meeting, Doctor. Do you come only as a ghostly comforter—or as a surgeon, perhaps—or do you ever take bilboa in hand? Sa—sa!"

Here he made a fencing demonstration with his sheathed rapier.

"I have done so, sir, on necessary occasion," said Doctor Rochecliffe.

"Good, sir, let this stand for a necessary one," said Wildrake. "You know my devotion for the church. If a divine of your skill would do me the honor to exchange but three passes with me, I should think myself happy forever."

"Sir," said Rochecliffe, smiling, "were there no other objection to what you propose, I have not the means: I have no weapon."

"What! you want the *de quoi?* that is unlucky indeed. But you have a stout cane in your hand; what hinders our trying a pass, my rapier being sheathed, of course, until our principals come up? My pumps are full of this frost-dew; and I shall be a toe or two out of pocket if I am to stand still all the time they are stretching themselves; for I fancy, Doctor, you are of my opinion, that the matter will not be a fight of cock-sparrows."

"My business here is to make it, if possible, be no fight at all," said the divine.

"Now, rat me, Doctor, but that is too spiteful," said Wildrake; "and were it not for my respect for the church, I could turn Presbyterian, to be revenged."

"Stand back a little, if you please, sir," said the Doctor: "do not press forward in that direction. For Wildrake, in the agitation of his movements, induced by his disappointment, approached the spot where Alice remained still concealed."

"And wherefore not, I pray you, Doctor?" said the Cavalier.

But on advancing a step, he suddenly stopped short and muttered to himself, with a round oath of astonishment, "A petticoat in the coppice, by all that is reverend, and at this hour in the morning—whew-ew-ew!" He gave vent

to his surprise in a long, low, interjectional whistle; then turning to the Doctor, with his finger on the side of his nose, "You're sly, Doctor, d—d sly! But why not give me a hint of your—your commodity there—your contraband goods? Gad, sir, I am not a man to expose the eccentricities of the church."

"Sir," said Doctor Rochecliffe, "you are impertinent; and if time served, and it were worth my while, I would chastise you."

And the Doctor, who had served long enough in the wars to have added some of the qualities of a captain of horse to those of a divine, actually raised his cane, to the infinite delight of the rake, whose respect for the church was by no means able to subdue his love of mischief.

"Nay, Doctor," said he, "if you wield your weapon back-sword fashion in that way, and raise it as high as your head, I shall be through you in a twinkling." So saying, he made a pass with his sheathed rapier, not precisely at the Doctor's person, but in that direction; when Rochecliffe, changing the direction of his cane from the broadsword guard to that of the rapier, made the Cavalier's sword spring ten yards out of his hand, with all the dexterity of my friend Francalanza.*

At this moment both the principal parties appeared on the field.

Everard exclaimed angrily to Wildrake, "Is this your friendship? In Heaven's name, what make you in that fool's jacket, and playing the pranks of a jack-pudding?" while his worthy second, somewhat crestfallen, held down his head, like a boy caught in roguery, and went to pick up his weapon, stretching his head, as he passed, into the cop-pice, to obtain another glimpse, if possible, of the concealed object of his curiosity.

Charles, in the mean time, still more surprised at what he beheld, called out on his part—"What! Doctor Rochecliffe become literally one of the church militant, and tilting with my friend Cavalier Wildrake? May I use the freedom to ask him to withdraw, as Colonel Everard and I have some private business to settle?"

It was Doctor Rochecliffe's cue, on this important occasion, to have armed himself with the authority of his sacred office, and used a tone of interference which might have overawed even a monarch, and make him feel that his monitor spoke by a warrant higher than his own. But the

* A fencing-master in Edinburgh—1826 (*Laird*).

"Master Everard," she said—"Master Kerneguy, you are surprised to see me here. Yet, why should I not tell the reason at once? Convinced that I am, however guiltlessly, the unhappy cause of your misunderstanding, I am too much interested to prevent fatal consequences to pause upon any step which may end it. Master Kerneguy, have my wishes, my entreaties, my prayers—have your noble thoughts, the recollections of your own high duties, no weight with you in this matter? Let me entreat you to consult reason, religion, and common sense, and return your weapon."

"I am obedient as an Eastern slave, madam," answered Charles, sheathing his sword; "but I assure you, the matter about which you distress yourself is a mere trifle, which will be much better settled betwixt Colonel Everard and myself in five minutes than with the assistance of the whole convocation of the church, with a female parliament to assist their reverend deliberations. Mr. Everard, will you oblige me by walking a little farther? We must change ground, it seems."

"I am ready to attend you, sir," said Everard, who had sheathed his sword as soon as his antagonist did so.

"I have then no interest with you, sir," said Alice, continuing to address the King. "Do you not fear I should use the secret in my power to prevent this affair going to extremity. Think you this gentleman, who raises his hand against you, if he knew——"

"If he knew that I were Lord Wilmot, madam, you would say? Accident has given him proof to that effect, with which he is already satisfied, and I think you would find it difficult to induce him to embrace a different opinion."

Alice paused, and looked on the King with great indignation, the following words dropping from her mouth by intervals, as if they burst forth one by one in spite of feelings that would have restrained them—"Cold—selfish—ungrateful—unkind! Woe to the land which——" here she paused with marked emphasis, then added—"which shall number thee, or such as thee, among her nobles and rulers!"

"Nay, fair Alice," said Charles, whose good-nature could not but feel the severity of this reproach, though too slightly to make all the desired impression, "you are too unjust to me—too partial to a happier man. Do not call me unkind: I am but here to answer Mr. Everard's summons. I could

neither decline attending nor withdraw now I am here without loss of honor ; and my loss of honor would be a disgrace which must extend to many. I cannot fly from Mr. Everard : it would be too shameful. If he abides by his message, it must be decided as such affairs usually are. If he retreats or yields it up, I will, for your sake, wave punctilio. I will not even ask an apology for the trouble it has afforded me, but let all pass as if it were the consequence of some unhappy mistake, the grounds of which shall remain, on my part uninquired into. This I will do for your sake, and it is much for a man of honor to condescend so far. You *know* that the condescension from me in particular is great indeed. Then do not call me ungenerous, or ungrateful, or unkind, since I am ready to do all which, as a man, I can do, and more perhaps than as a man of honor I ought to do."

"Do you hear this, Markham Everard ?" exclaimed Alice—do you hear this ? The dreadful option is left entirely at your disposal. You were wont to be temperate in passion, religious, forgiving ; will you, for a mere punctilio, drive on this private and unchristian broil to a murderous extremity ? Believe me, if you *now*, contrary to all the better principles of your life, give the reins to your passions, the consequences may be such as you will rue for your lifetime, and even, if Heaven have not mercy, rue after your life is finished."

Markham Everard remained for a moment gloomily silent, with his eyes fixed on the ground. At length he looked up and answered her. "Alice, you are a soldier's daughter, a soldier's sister. All your relations, even including one whom you then entertained some regard for, have been made soldiers by these unhappy discords. Yet you have seen them take the field, in some instances on contrary sides, to do their duty where their principles called them, without manifesting this extreme degree of interest. Answer me—and your answer shall decide my conduct—Is this youth, so short while known, already of more value to you than those dear connections, father, brother, and kinsman, whose departure to battle you saw with comparative indifference ? Say *this*, and it shall be enough : I leave the ground, never to see you or this country again."

"Stay, Markham—stay ; and believe me when I say that, if I answer your question in the affirmative, it is because Master Kerneguy's safety comprehends more—much more than that of any of those you have mentioned."

"Indeed ! I did not know a coronet had been so superior in value to the crest of a private gentleman," said Everard ; "yet I have heard that many women think so."

"You apprehend me amiss," said Alice, perplexed between the difficulty of so expressing herself as to prevent immediate mischief, and at the same time anxious to combat the jealousy and disarm the resentment which she saw arising in the bosom of her lover. But she found no words fine enough to draw the distinction, without leading to a discovery of the King's actual character, and perhaps, in consequence, to his destruction. "Markham," she said, "have compassion on me. Press me not at this moment ; believe me, the honor and happiness of my father, of my brother, and of my whole family are interested in Master Kerneguy's safety—are inextricably concerned in this matter resting where it now does."

"Oh, ay, I doubt not," said Everard : "the house of Lee ever looked up to nobility, and valued in their connections the fantastic loyalty of a courtier beyond the sterling and honest patriotism of a plain country gentleman. For them the thing is in course. But on your part—you, Alice—O ! on your part, whom I have loved so dearly, who has suffered me to think that my affection was not unrepaid—can the attractions of an empty title, the idle court compliments of a mere man of quality, during only a few hours, lead you to prefer a libertine lord to such a heart as mine ?"

"No—no—believe me, no," said Alice, in the extremity of distress.

"Put your answer, which seems so painful, in one word, and say for *whose* safety it is you are thus deeply interested ?"

"For both—for both," said Alice.

"That answer will not serve, Alice," answered Everard ; "here is no room for equality, I must and will know to what I have to trust. I understand not the paltering which makes a maiden unwilling to decide betwixt two suitors ; nor would I willingly impute to *you* the vanity that cannot remain contented with one lover at once."

The vehemence of Everard's displeasure, when he supposed his own long and sincere devotion lightly forgotten amid the addresses of a profligate courtier, awakened the spirit of Alice Lee, who, as we elsewhere said, had a portion in her temper of the lion humor that was characteristic of her family.

"If I am thus misinterpreted," she said—"if I am not judged worthy of the least confidence or candid construction, hear my declaration, and my assurance that, strange as my words may seem, they are, when truly interpreted, such as do you no wrong. I tell you—I tell all present, and I tell this gentleman himself, who well knows the sense in which I speak, that his life and safety are, or ought to be, of more value to me than those of any other man in the kingdom—nay, in the world, be that other who he will."

These words she spoke in a tone so firm and decided as admitted no farther discussion. Charles bowed low and with gravity, but remained silent. Everard, his features agitated by the emotions which his pride barely enabled him to suppress, advanced to his antagonist, and said, in a tone which he vainly endeavored to make a firm one, "Sir, you heard the lady's declaration, with such feelings, doubtless, of gratitude as the case eminently demands. As her poor kinsman, and an unworthy suitor, sir, I presume to yield my interest in her to you; and, as I will never be the means of giving her pain, I trust you will not think I act unworthily in retracting the letter which gave you the trouble of attending this place at this hour. Alice," he said, turning his head towards her—"farewell, Alice, at once and for ever!"

The poor young lady, whose adventitious spirit had almost deserted her, attempted, to repeat the word "farewell," but, failing in the attempt, only accomplished a broken and imperfect sound, and would have sunk to the earth, but for Doctor Rochecliffe, who caught her as she fell. Roger Wildrake, also, who had twice or thrice put to his eyes what remained of a kerchief, interested by the lady's evident distress, though unable to comprehend the mysterious cause, hastened to assist the divine in supporting so fair a burden.

Meanwhile, the disguised prince had beheld the whole in silence, but with an agitation to which he was unwonted, and which his swarthy features, and still more his motions, began to betray. His posture was at first absolutely stationary, with his arms folded on his bosom, as one who waits to be guided by the current of events; presently after, he shifted his position, advanced and retired his foot, clenched and opened his hand, and otherwise showed symptoms that he was strongly agitated by contending feelings, was on the point, too, of forming some sudden resolution and yet still

in uncertainty what course he should pursue. But when he saw Markham Everard, after one look of unspeakable anguish towards Alice, turning his back to depart, he broke out into his familiar ejaculation, "Odds-fish! this must not be." In three strides he overtook the slowly-retiring Everard, tapped him smartly on the shoulder, and, as he turned round, said, with an air of command, which he well knew how to adopt at pleasure, "One word with you, sir."

"At your pleasure, sir," replied Everard, and naturally conjecturing the purpose of his antagonist to be hostile, took hold of his rapier with the left hand, and laid the right on the hilt, not displeased at the supposed call; for anger is at least as much akin to disappointment as pity is said to be to love.

"Pshaw!" answered the King, "that cannot be *now*. Colonel Everard, I am CHARLES STUART!"

Everard recoiled in the greatest surprise, and next exclaimed, "Impossible—it cannot be! The King of Scots has escaped from Bristol. My Lord Wilmot, your talents for intrigue are well known, but this will not pass upon me."

"The King of Scots, Master Everard," replied Charles, "since you are so pleased to limit his sovereignty—at any rate, the eldest son of the late sovereign of Britain—is now before you; therefore it is impossible he could have escaped from Bristol. Doctor Rochecliffe shall be my voucher, and will tell you, moreover, that Wilmot is of a fair complexion and light hair; mine, you may see, is swart as a raven."

Rochecliffe, seeing what was passing, abandoned Alice to the care of Wildrake, whose extreme delicacy in the attempts he made to bring her back to life formed an amiable contrast to his usual wildness, and occupied him so much, that he remained for the moment ignorant of the disclosure in which he would have been so much interested. As for Doctor Rochecliffe, he came forward, wringing his hands in all the demonstration of extreme anxiety, and with the usual exclamations attending such a state.

"Peace, Doctor Rochecliffe!" said the King, with such complete self-possession as indeed became a prince. "We are in the hands, I am satisfied, of a man of honor. Master Everard must be pleased in finding only a fugitive prince in the person in whom he thought he had discovered a successful rival. He cannot but be aware of the feelings which prevented me from taking advantage of the cover which this young lady's devoted loyalty afforded me, at the

risk of her own happiness. He is the party who is to profit by my candor; and certainly I have a right to expect that my condition, already indifferent enough, shall not be rendered worse by his becoming privy to it, under such circumstances. At any rate, the avowal is made; and it is for Colonel Everard to consider how he is to conduct himself."

"Oh, your Majesty!—my Liege!—my King!—my royal Prince!" exclaimed Wildrake, who, at length, discovering what was passing, had crawled on his knees, and seizing the King's hand, was kissing it, more like a child mumbling gingerbread, or like a lover devouring the yielded hand of his mistress, than in the manner in which such salutations pass at court. "If my dear friend Mark Everard should prove a dog on this occasion, rely on me I will cut his throat on the spot, were I to do the same for myself the moment afterwards."

"Hush—hush, my good friend and loyal subject," said the King, "and compose yourself; for though I am obliged to put on the prince for a moment, we have not privacy or safety to receive our subjects in King Cambyzes's vein."

Everard, who had stood for a time utterly confounded, awoke at length like a man from a dream.

"Sire," he said, bowing low and with profound deference, "if I do not offer you the homage of a subject with knee and sword, it is because God, by whom kings reign, has denied you for the present the power of ascending your throne without rekindling civil war. For your safety being endangered by me, let not such an imagination for an instant cross your mind. Had I not respected your person, were I not bound to you for the candor with which your noble avowal has prevented the misery of my future life, your misfortunes would have rendered your person as sacred, so far as I can protect it, as it could be esteemed by the most devoted Royalist in the kingdom. If your plans are soundly considered and securely laid, think that all which is now passed is but a dream. If they are in such a state that I can aid them, saving my duty to the Commonwealth, which will permit me to be privy to no schemes of actual violence, your Majesty may command my services."

"It may be I may be troublesome to you, sir," said the King, "for my fortunes are not such as to permit me to reject even the most limited offers of assistance; but if I can, I will dispense with applying to you: I would not will-

ingly put any man's compassion at war with his sense of duty on my account. Doctor, I think there will be no farther tilting to-day, either with sword or cane : so we may as well return to the lodge, and leave these (looking at Alice and Everard), who may have more to say in explanation."

"No—no!" exclaimed Alice, who was now perfectly come to herself, and, partly by her own observation and partly from the report of Dr. Rochecliffe, comprehended all that had taken place. "My cousin Everard and I have nothing to explain: he will forgive me for having riddled with him when I dare not speak plainly; and I forgive him for having read my riddle wrong. But my father has my promise, we must not correspond or converse for the present; I return instantly to the lodge and he to Woodstock, unless you, sire," bowing to the King, "command his duty otherwise. Instant to the town, cousin Markham; and if danger should approach, give us warning."

Everard would have delayed her departure, would have excused himself for his unjust suspicion, would have said a thousand things; but she would not listen to him, saying, for all other answer, "Farewell, Markham, till God send better days!"

"She is an angel of truth and beauty," said Roger Wildrake; "and, I like a blasphemous heretic, called her a Lindabrides! But has your Majesty—craving your pardon—no commands for poor Hodge Wildrake, who will blow out his own or any other man's brains in England to do your Grace a pleasure?"

"We entreat our good friend Wildrake to do nothing hastily," said Charles, smiling: "such brains as his are rare, and should not be rashly dispersed, as the like may not be easily collected. We recommend him to be silent and prudent, to tilt no more with loyal clergymen of the church of England, and to get himself a new jacket with all convenient speed, to which we beg to contribute our royal aid. When fit time comes, we hope to find other service for him."

As he spoke, he slid ten pieces into the hand of poor Wildrake, who, confounded with the excess of his loyal gratitude, blubbered like a child, and would have followed the King, had not Doctor Rochecliffe, in few words, but peremptory, insisted that he should return with his patron, promising him he should certainly be employed in assisting the King's escape, could an opportunity be found of using his services

"Be so generous, reverend sir, and you bind me to you forever," said the Cavalier; "and I conjure you not to keep malice against me on account of the foolery you wot of."

"I have no occasion, Captain Wildrake," said the Doctor, "for I think I had the best of it."

"Well, then, Doctor, I forgive you on my part; and I pray you, for Christian charity, let me have a finger in this good service; for as I live in hope of it, rely that I shall die of disappointment."

While the Doctor and soldier thus spoke together, Charles took leave of Everard (who remained uncovered while he spoke to him) with his usual grace. "I need not bid you no longer be jealous of me," said the King; "for I presume you will scarce think of a match betwixt Alice and me, which would be too losing a one on her side. For other thoughts, the wildest libertine could not entertain them towards so high-minded a creature; and believe me, that my sense of her merit did not need this last distinguished proof of her truth and loyalty. I saw enough of her from her answers to some idle sallies of gallantry, to know with what a lofty character she is endowed. Mr. Everard, her happiness, I see, depends on you, and I trust you will be the careful guardian of it. If we can take any obstacle out of the way of your joint happiness, be assured we will use our influence. Farewell, sir; if we cannot be better friends, do not at least let us entertain harder or worse thoughts of each other than we have now."

There was something in the manner of Charles that was extremely affecting; something, too, in his condition as a fugitive in the kingdom which was his own by inheritance, that made a direct appeal to Everard's bosom, though in contradiction to the dictates of that policy which he judged it his duty to pursue in the distracted circumstances of the country. He remained, as we have said, uncovered; and in his manner testified the highest expression of reverence, up to the point when such might seem a symbol of allegiance. He bowed so low as almost to approach his lips to the hand of Charles, but he did not kiss it. "I would rescue your person, sir," he said, "with the purchase of my own life. More——" He stopped short, and the King took up his sentence where it broke off—"More you cannot do," said Charles, "to maintain an honorable consistency; but what you have said is enough. You cannot render homage to my proffered hand as that of a sovereign, but you will not

prevent my taking yours as a friend, if you allow me to call myself so—I am sure, as a well-wisher at least.”

The generous soul of Everard was touched. He took the King’s hand and pressed it to his lips.

“Oh!” he said, “were better times to come——”

“Bind yourself to nothing, dear Everard,” said the good-natured prince, partaking his emotion. “We reason ill while our feelings are moved. I will recruit no man to his loss, nor will I have my fallen fortunes involve those of others, because they have humanity enough to pity my present condition. If better times come, why, we will meet again, and I hope to our mutual satisfaction. If not, as your future father-in-law would say (a benevolent smile came over his face, and accorded not unmeetly with his glistening eye)—if not, this parting was well made.”

Everard turned away with a deep bow, almost choking under contending feelings, the uppermost of which was a sense of the generosity with which Charles, at his own imminent risk, had cleared away the darkness that seemed about to overwhelm his prospects of happiness for life, mixed with a deep sense of the perils by which he was environed. He returned to the little town, followed by his attendant Wildrake, who turned back so often, with weeping eyes and hands clasped and uplifted as supplicating Heaven, that Everard was obliged to remind him that his gestures might be observed by some one, and occasion suspicion.

The generous conduct of the King during the closing part of this remarkable scene had not escaped Alice’s notice; and, erasing at once from her mind all resentment of Charles’s former conduct, and all the suspicions they had deservedly excited, awakened in her bosom a sense of the natural goodness of his disposition, which permitted her to unite regard for his person with that reverence for his high office in which she had been educated as a portion of her creed. She felt convinced, and delighted with the conviction, that his virtues were his own, his libertinism the fault of education, or rather want of education, and the corrupting advice of sycophants and flatterers. She could not know, or perhaps did not in that moment consider, that, in a soil where no care is taken to eradicate tares, they will outgrow and smother the wholesome seed, even if the last is more natural to the soil. For, as Doctor Rochecliffe informed her afterwards for her edification—promising, as was his custom, to explain the precise words on some future

occasion, if she would put him in mind—*Virtus rectorem ducemque desiderat ; vitia sine magistro discuntur*.*

There was no room for such reflections at present. Conscious of mutual sincerity, by a sort of intellectual communication, through which individuals are led to understand each other better, perhaps, in delicate circumstances than by words, reserve and stimulation appeared to be now banished from the intercourse between the King and Alice. With manly frankness, and, at the same time, with princely condescension, he requested her, exhausted as she was, to accept of his arm on the way homeward, instead of that of Doctor Rochecliffe ; and Alice accepted of his support with modest humility, but without a shadow of mistrust or fear. It seemed as if the last half hour had satisfied them perfectly with the character of each other, and that each had full conviction of the purity and sincerity of the other's intentions.

Doctor Rochecliffe, in the mean time, had fallen some four or five paces behind ; for, less light and active than Alice (who had, besides, the assistance of the King's support), he was unable, without effort and difficulty, to keep up with the pace of Charles, who then was, as we have elsewhere noticed, one of the best walkers in England, and was sometimes apt to forget (as great men will) that others were inferior to him in activity.

"Dear Alice," said the King, but as if the epithet were entirely fraternal, "I like your Everard much. I would to God he were of our determination ; but since that cannot be, I am sure he will prove a generous enemy."

"May it please you, sire," said Alice, modestly, but with some firmness, "my cousin will never be your Majesty's personal enemy ; and he is one of the few on whose slightest word you may rely more than on the oath of those who profess more strongly and formally. He is utterly incapable of abusing your Majesty's most generous and voluntary confidence."

"On my honor, I believe so, Alice," replied the King. "But, odds-fish ! my girl, let Majesty sleep for the present : it concerns my safety, as I told your brother lately. Call me 'sir,' then, which belongs alike to king, peer, knight, and gentleman, or rather let me be wild Louis Kernegy again."

Alice looked down and shook her head. "That cannot be, please your Majesty."

* See Dr. Rochecliffe's Quotations. Note 8.

“What! Louis was a saucy companion—a naughty, presuming boy—and you cannot abide him? Well, perhaps you are right. But we will wait for Doctor Rochecliffe,” he said, desirous, with good-natured delicacy, to make Alice aware that he had no purpose of engaging her in any discussion which could recall painful ideas. They paused accordingly, and again she felt relieved and grateful.

“I cannot persuade our fair friend, Mistress Alice, Doctor,” said the King, “that she must, in prudence, forbear using titles of respect to me while there are such very slender means of sustaining them.”

“It is a reproach to earth and to fortune,” answered the divine, as fast as his recovered breath would permit him, “that your most sacred Majesty’s present condition should not accord with the rendering of those honors which are your own by birth, and which, with God’s blessing on the efforts of your loyal subjects, I hope to see rendered to you as your hereditary right by the universal voice of the three kingdoms.”

“True, Doctor,” replied the King; “but, in the mean while, can you expound to Mistress Alice Lee two lines of Horace, which I have carried in my thick head several years, till now they have come pat to my purpose. As my canny subjects of Scotland say, If you keep a thing seven years, you are sure to find a use for it at last. *Telephus*—ay, so it begins—

*Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba.*”

“I will explain the passage to Mistress Alice,” said the Doctor, “when she reminds me of it; or rather,” he added, recollecting that his ordinary dilatory answer on such occasions ought not to be returned when the order for exposition emanated from his sovereign, “I will repeat a poor couplet from my own translation of the poem—

Heroes and kings, in exile forced to roam,
Leave swelling phrase and seven-leagued words at home.”

“A most admirable version, Doctor,” said Charles. “I feel all its force, and particularly the beautiful rendering of *sesquipedalia verba* into seven-leagued boots—words, I mean: it reminds me, like half the things I meet with in this world, of the *Contes de Commère l’Oye*.”*

* *Tales of Mother Goose.*

Thus conversing, they reached the lodge; and as the King went to his chamber to prepare for the breakfast summons, now impending, the idea crossed his mind, "Wilmot, and Villiers, and Killigrew would laugh at me, did they hear of a campaign in which neither man nor woman had been conquered. But, odds-fish! let them laugh as they will, there is something at my heart which tells me that for once in my life I have acted well."

That day and the next were spent in tranquillity, the King waiting impatiently for the intelligence which was to announce to him that a vessel was prepared somewhere on the coast. None such was yet in readiness; but he learned that the indefatigable Albert Lee was, at great personal risk, traversing the sea-coast from town to village, and endeavoring to find means of embarkation among the friends of the Royal cause and the correspondents of Doctor Rochecliffe.

CHAPTER XXIX

Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

It is time we should give some account of the other actors in our drama, the interest due to the principal personages having for some time engrossed our attention exclusively.

We are, therefore, to inform the reader that the lingering longings of the Commissioners, who had been driven forth of their proposed paradise of Woodstock, not by a cherub indeed, but, as they thought, by spirits of another sort, still detained them in the vicinity. They had, indeed, left the little borough under pretence of indifferent accommodation. The more palpable reasons were, that they entertained some resentment against Everard, as the means of their disappointment, and had no mind to reside where their proceedings could be overlooked by him, although they took leave in terms of the utmost respect. They went, however, no farther than Oxford, and remained there, as ravens, who are accustomed to witness the chase, sit upon a tree or crag, at a little distance, and watch the disembowelling of the deer, expecting the relics which fall to their share. Meantime, the university and city, but especially the former, supplied them with some means of employing their various faculties to advantage, until the expected moment when as they hoped, they should either be summoned to Windsor or Woodstock should once more be abandoned to their discretion.

Bletson, to pass the time, vexed the souls of such learned and pious divines and scholars as he could intrude his hateful presence upon, by sophistry, atheistical discourse, and challenges to them to impugn the most scandalous theses. Desborough, one of the most brutally ignorant men of the period, got himself nominated the head of a college, and lost no time in cutting down trees and plundering plate. As for Harrison, he preached in full uniform in St Mary's Church, wearing his buff-coat, boots, and spurs, as if he were about to take the field for the fight at Armageddon. And it was hard to say whether that seat of learning, religion, and loyalty, as it is called by Clarendon, was more vexed

by the rapine of Desborough, the cold scepticism of Bletson, or the frantic enthusiasm of the Fifth Monarchy champion.

Ever and anon, soldiers, under pretense of relieving guard, or otherwise, went and came betwixt Woodstock and Oxford, and maintained, it may be supposed, a correspondence with Trusty Tomkins, who, though he chiefly resided in the town of Woodstock, visited the lodge occasionally, and to whom, therefore, they doubtless trusted for information concerning the proceedings there.

Indeed, this man Tomkins seemed by some secret means to have gained the confidence in part, if not in whole, of almost every one connected with these intrigues. All closeted him, all conversed with him in private; those who had the means propitiated him with gifts, those who had not were liberal of promises. When he chanced to appear at Woodstock, which always seemed as it were by accident, if he passed through the hall, the knight was sure to ask him to take the foils and was equally certain to be, after less or more resistance, victorious in the encounter; so, in consideration of so many triumphs, the good Sir Henry almost forgave him the sins of rebellion and Puritanism. Then, if his slow and formal step was heard in the passages approaching the gallery, Doctor Rochecliffe, though he never introduced him to his peculiar boudoir, was sure to meet Master Tomkins in some neutral apartment, and to engage him in long conversations, which apparently had great interest for both.

Neither was the Independent's reception below-stairs less gracious than above. Joceline failed not to welcome him with the most cordial frankness; the pasty and the flagon were put in immediate requisition, and good cheer was the general word. The means for this, it may be observed, had grown more plenty at Woodstock since the arrival of Doctor Rochecliffe, who, in quality of agent for several Royalists, had various sums of money at his disposal. By these funds it is likely that Trusty Tomkins also derived his own full advantage.

In his occasional indulgence in what he called a fleshly frailty (and for which he said he had a privilege), which was in truth an attachment to strong liquors, and that in no moderate degree, his language, at other times remarkably decorous and reserved, became wild and animated. He sometimes talked with all the unction of an old debauchee of former exploits, such as deer-stealing, orchard-robbing, drunken gambols, and desperate affrays in which he had

been engaged in the earlier part of his life, sung bacchanalian and amorous ditties, dwelt sometimes upon adventures which drove Phœbe Mayflower from the company, and penetrated even the deaf ears of Dame Jellicot, so as to make the buttery in which he held his carousals no proper place for the poor old woman.

In the middle of these wild rants, Tomkins twice or thrice suddenly ran into religious topics, and spoke mysteriously, but with great animation and a rich eloquence, on the happy and preeminent saints, who were saints, as he termed them, indeed—men who had stormed the inner treasure-house of Heaven, and possessed themselves of its choicest jewels. All other sects he treated with the utmost contempt, as merely quarreling, as he expressed it, like hogs over a trough, about husks and acorns; under which derogatory terms he included alike the usual rites and ceremonies of public devotion, the ordinances of the established churches of Christianity, and the observances, nay, the forbearances, enjoined by every class of Christians. Scarcely hearing, and not at all understanding, him, Joceline, who seemed his most frequent confidant on such occasions, generally led him back into some strain of rude mirth, or old recollection of follies before the Civil Wars, without caring about or endeavoring to analyze the opinion of this saint of an evil fashion, but fully sensible of the protection which his presence afforded at Woodstock, and confident in the honest meaning of so freespoken a fellow, to whom ale and brandy, when better liquor was not to be come by, seemed to be principal objects of life, and who drank a health to the King, or any one else, whenever required, provided the cup in which he was to perform the libation were but a brimmer.

These peculiar doctrines, which were entertained by a sect sometimes termed the Family of Love, but more commonly Ranters,* had made some progress in times when such variety of religious opinions were prevalent, that men pushed the jarring heresies to the verge of absolute and most impious insanity. Secrecy had been enjoined on these frantic believers in a most blasphemous doctrine, by the fear of consequences, should they come to be generally announced; and it was the care of Mr. Tomkins to conceal the spiritual freedom which he pretended to have acquired from all whose resentment would have been stirred by his public avowal of it. This was not difficult; for their pro-

* See the Famalists. Note 9.

fession of faith permitted, nay, required, their occasional conformity with the sectaries or professors of any creed which chanced to be uppermost.

Tomkins had accordingly the art to pass himself on Dr. Rochecliffe as still a zealous member of the Church of England, though serving under the enemy's colors, as a spy in their camp; and as he had on several occasions given him true and valuable intelligence, this active intriguer was the more easily induced to believe his professions.

Nevertheless, lest this person's occasional presence at the lodge, which there were perhaps no means to prevent without exciting suspicion, should infer danger to the King's person, Rochecliffe, whatever confidence he otherwise reposed in him, recommended that, if possible, the King should keep always out of his sight, and when accidentally discovered, that he should only appear in the character of Louis Kerneguy. Joseph Tomkins, he said, was, he really believed, Honest Joe; but honesty was a horse which might be overburdened, and there was no use in leading our neighbor into temptation.

It seemed as if Tomkins himself had acquiesced in this limitation of confidence exercised towards him, or that he wished to seem blinder than he really was to the presence of this stranger in the family. It occurred to Joceline, who was a very shrewd fellow, that once or twice, when by inevitable accident Tomkins had met Kerneguy, he seemed less interested in the circumstance than he would have expected from the man's disposition, which was naturally prying and inquisitive. "He asked no questions about the young stranger," said Joceline. "God avert that he knows or suspects too much!" But his suspicions were removed when, in the course of their subsequent conversation, Joseph Tomkins mentioned the King's escape from Bristol as a thing positively certain, and named both the vessel in which he said he had gone off and the master who commanded her, seeming so convinced of the truth of the report, that Joceline judged it impossible he could have the slightest suspicion of the reality.

Yet, notwithstanding this persuasion, and the comradeship which had been established between them, the faithful under-keeper resolved to maintain a strict watch over his gossip Tomkins, and be in readiness to give the alarm should occasion arise. True, he thought, he had reason to believe that his said friend, notwithstanding his drunken and enthusiastic rants, was as trustworthy as he was esteemed

by Dr. Rochecliffe; yet still he was an adventurer, the outside and lining of whose cloak were of different colors, and a high reward, and pardon for past acts of malignancy, might tempt him once more to turn his tippet. For these reasons Joceline kept a strict, though unostentatious, watch over Trusty Tomkins.

We have said that the discreet seneschal was universally well received at Woodstock, whether in the borough or at the lodge, and that even Joceline Joliffe was anxious to conceal any suspicions which he could not altogether repress under a great show of cordial hospitality. There were, however, two individuals who, for very different reasons, nourished personal dislike against the individual so generally acceptable.

One was Nehemiah Holdenough, who remembered with great bitterness of spirit the Independent's violent intrusion into his pulpit, and who ever spoke of him in private as a lying missionary, into whom Satan had put a spirit of delusion; and preached, besides, a solemn sermon on the subject of the false prophet, out of whose mouth came frogs. The discourse was highly prized by the Mayor and most of the better class, who conceived that their minister had struck a heavy blow at the very root of Independency. On the other hand, those of the private spirit contended, that Joseph Tomkins had made a successful and triumphant rally, in an exhortation on the evening of the same day, in which he proved, to the conviction of many handicraftsmen, that the passage in Jeremiah, "The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means," was directly applicable to the Presbyterian system of church government. The clergyman despatched an account of his adversary's conduct to the Reverend Master Edwards to be inserted in the next edition of *Gangræna*, as a pestilent heretic; and Tomkins recommended the parson to his master, Desborough, as a good subject on whom to impose a round fine, for vexing the private spirit: assuring him, at the same time, that, though the minister might seem poor, yet, if a few troopers were quartered on him till the fine was paid, every rich shopkeeper's wife in the borough would rob the till, rather than go without the mammon of unrighteousness with which to redeem their priest from suffering, holding, according to his expression, with Laban, "You have taken from me my gods, and what have I more?" There was, of course, little cordiality between the polemical disputants, when religious debate took so worldly a turn.

But Joe Tomkins was much more concerned at the evil opinion which seemed to be entertained against him by one whose good graces he was greatly more desirous to obtain than those of Nehemiah Holdenough. This was no other than pretty Mistress Phœbe Mayflower, for whose conversion he had felt a strong vocation ever since his lecture upon Shakespeare on their first meeting at the lodge. He seemed desirous, however, to carry on this more serious work in private, and especially to conceal his labors from his friend Joceline Joliffe, lest, perchance, he had been addicted to jealousy. But it was in vain that he plied the faithful damsel, sometimes with verses from the *Canticles*, sometimes with quotations from Green's *Arcadia*, or pithy passages from *Venus and Adonis*, and doctrines of a nature yet more abstruse, from the popular work entitled *Aristotle's Masterpiece*. Unto no wooing of his, sacred or profane, metaphysical or physical, would Phœbe Mayflower seriously incline.

The maiden loved Joceline Joliffe, on the one hand ; and, on the other, if she disliked Joseph Tomkins when she first saw him, as a rebellious Puritan, she had not been at all reconciled by finding reason to regard him as a hypocritical libertine. She hated him in both capacities, never endured his conversation when she could escape from it, and when obliged to remain, listened to him only because she knew he had been so deeply trusted, that to offend him might endanger the security of the family in the service of which she had been born and bred up, and to whose interest she was devoted. For reasons somewhat similar, she did not suffer her dislike of the steward to become manifest before Joceline Joliffe, whose spirit, as a forester and a soldier, might have been likely to bring matters to an arbitrament, in which the *couteau de chasse* and quarter-staff of her favorite would have been too unequally matched with the long rapier and pistols which his dangerous rival always carried about his person. But it is difficult to blind jealousy when there is any cause of doubt ; and perhaps the sharp watch maintained by Joceline on his comrade was prompted not only by his zeal for the King's safety, but by some vague suspicion that Tomkins was not ill-disposed to poach upon his own fair manor.

Phœbe, in the mean while, like a prudent girl, sheltered herself as much as possible, by the presence of Goody Jellicot. Then, indeed, it is true, the Independent, or whatever he was, used to follow her with his addresses to very

little purpose ; for Phœbe seemed as deaf, through wilfulness, as the old matron by natural infirmity. This indifference highly incensed her new lover, and induced him anxiously to watch for a time and place in which he might plead his suit with an energy that should command attention. Fortune, that malicious goddess, who so often ruins us by granting the very object of our vows, did at length procure him such an opportunity as he had long coveted.

It was about sunset, or shortly after, when Phœbe, upon whose activity much of the domestic arrangements depended, went as far as Fair Rosamond's spring to obtain water for the evening meal, or rather to gratify the prejudice of the old knight, who believed that celebrated fountain afforded the choicest supplies of the necessary element. Such was the respect in which he was held by his whole family, that to neglect any of his wishes that could be gratified, though with inconvenience to themselves, would, in their estimation, have been almost equal to a breach of religious duty.

To fill the pitcher had, we know, been of late a troublesome task ; but Joceline's ingenuity had so far rendered it easy, by repairing rudely a part of the ruined front of the ancient fountain, that the water was collected, and, trickling along a wooden spout, dropped from a height of about two feet. A damsel was thereby enabled to place her pitcher under the slowly dropping supply, and without toil to herself might wait till her vessel was filled.

Phœbe Mayflower, on the evening we allude to, saw, for the first time, this little improvement ; and, justly considering it as a piece of gallantry of her silvan admirer, designed to save her the trouble of performing her task in a more inconvenient manner, she gratefully employed the minutes of ease which the contrivance procured her, in reflecting on the good-nature and ingenuity of the obliging engineer, and perhaps in thinking he might have done as wisely to have waited till she came to the fountain, that he might have secured personal thanks for the trouble he had taken. But then she knew he was detained in the buttery with that odious Tomkins, and rather than have seen the Independent along with him, she would have renounced the thought of meeting Joceline.

As she was thus reflecting, Fortune was malicious enough to send Tomkins to the fountain, and without Joceline. When she saw his figure darken the path up which he came, an anxious reflection came over the poor maiden's

breast, that she was alone, and within the verge of the forest, where in general persons were prohibited to come during the twilight, for disturbing the deer settling to their repose. She encouraged herself, however, and resolved to show no sense of fear, although, as the steward approached, there was something in the man's look and eye no way calculated to allay her apprehensions.

"The blessings of the evening upon you, my pretty maiden," he said. "I meet you even as the chief servant of Abraham, who was a steward like myself, met Rebecca, the daughter of Bethuel, the son of Milcah, at the well of the city of Nahor, in Mesopotamia. Shall I not, therefore, say to you, 'Set down thy pitcher that I may drink?'"

"The pitcher is at your service, Master Tomkins," she replied, "and you may drink as much as you will; but you have, I warrant, drank better liquor, and that not long since."

It was, indeed, obvious that the steward had risen from a revel, for his features were somewhat flushed, though he had stopped far short of intoxication. But Phœbe's alarm at his first appearance was rather increased when she observed how he had been lately employed.

"I do but use my privilege, my pretty Rebecca: the earth is given to the saints, and the fulness thereof. They shall occupy and enjoy it, both the riches of the mine and the treasures of the vine: and they shall rejoice, and their hearts be merry within them. Thou hast yet to learn the privileges of the saints, my Rebecca."

"My name is Phœbe," said the maiden, in order to sober the enthusiastic rapture which he either felt or affected.

"Phœbe after the flesh," he said, "but Rebecca being spiritualized: for art thou not a wandering and stray sheep, and am I not sent to fetch thee within the fold? Wherefore else was it said, 'Thou shalt find her seated by the well, in the wood which is called after the ancient harlot, Rosamond?'"

"You have found me sitting here sure enough," said Phœbe; "but if you wish to keep me company, you must walk to the lodge with me; and you shall carry my pitcher for me, if you will be so kind. I will hear all the good things you have to say to me as we go along. But Sir Henry calls for his glass of water regularly before prayers."

"What!" exclaimed Tomkins, "hath the old man of bloody hand and perverse heart sent thee hither to do the work of a bondswoman? Verily thou shalt return enfran-

chised ; and for the water thou hast drawn for him, it shall be poured forth, even as David caused to be poured forth the water of the well of Bethlehem."

So saying, he emptied the water-pitcher, in spite of Phœbe's exclamations and entreaties. He then replaced the vessel beneath the little conduit, and continued—"Know that this shall be a token to thee. The filling of that pitcher shall be like the running of a sand-glass ; and if, within the time which shall pass ere it rises to the brim, thou shalt listen to the words which I shall say to thee, then it shall be well with thee, and thy place shall be high among those who, forsaking the instruction which is as milk for babes and sucklings, eat the strong food which nourishes manhood. But if the pitcher shall overbrim with water ere thy ear shall hear and understand, thou shalt then be given as a prey, and as a bondsmaiden, unto those who shall possess the fat and the fair of the earth."

"You frighten me, Master Tomkins," said Phœbe, "though I am sure you do not mean to do so. I wonder how you dare speak words so like the good words in the Bible, when you know how you laughed at your own master, and all the rest of them, when you helped to play the hobgoblins at the lodge."

"Think'st thou, then, thou simple fool, that in putting that deceit upon Harrison and the rest, I exceeded my privileges ? Nay, verily. Listen to me, foolish girl. When in former days I lived the most wild, malignant rakehell in Oxfordshire, frequenting wakes and fairs, dancing around Maypoles, and showing my lustihood at football and cudgel-playing—yea, when I was called, in the language of the uncircumcised, Philip Hazeldine, and was one of the singers in the choir, and one of the ringers in the steeple, and served the priest yonder, by name Rochecliffe—I was not farther from the straight road than when, after long reading, I at length found one blind guide after another all burners of bricks in Egypt. I left them one by one, the poor tool Harrison being the last ; and by my own unassisted strength I have struggled forward to the broad and blessed light whereof thou too, Phœbe, shalt be partaker."

"I thank you, Master Tomkins," said Phœbe, suppressing some fear under an appearance of indifference ; "but I shall have light enough to carry home my pitcher, would you but let me take it, and that is all the want of light I shall have this evening."

So saying, she stooped to take the pitcher from the foun-

tain; but he snatched hold of her by the arm, and prevented her from accomplishing her purpose. Phœbe, however, was the daughter of a bold forester, prompt at thoughts of self-defense; and though she missed getting hold of the pitcher, she caught up instead a large pebble, which she kept concealed in her right hand.

“Stand up, foolish maiden, and listen,” said the Independent, sternly; “and know, in one word, that sin, for which the spirit of man is punished with the vengeance of Heaven, lieth not in the corporal act, but in the thought of the sinner. Believe, lovely Phœbe, that to the pure all acts are pure, and that sin is in our thought, not in our actions, even as the radiance of the day is dark to a blind man, but seen and enjoyed by him whose eyes receive it. To him who is but a novice in the things of the spirit, much is enjoined, much is prohibited, and he is fed with milk fit for babes; for him are ordinances, prohibitions, and commands. But the saint is above these ordinances and restraints. To him, as to the chosen child of the house, is given the pass-key to open all locks which withhold him from the enjoyment of his heart’s desire. Into such pleasant paths will I guide thee, lovely Phœbe, as shall unite in joy, in innocent freedom, pleasures which, to the unprivileged, are sinful and prohibited.”

“I really wish, Master Tomkins, you would let me go home,” said Phœbe, not comprehending the nature of his doctrine, but disliking at once his words and his manner. He went on, however, with the accused and blasphemous doctrines which, in common with others of the pretended saints, he had adopted, after having long shifted from one sect to another, until he settled in the vile belief that sin, being of a character exclusively spiritual, only existed in the thoughts, and that the worst actions were permitted to those who had attained to the pitch of believing themselves above ordinance. “Thus, my Phœbe,” he continued, endeavoring to draw her towards him, “I can offer thee more than ever was held out to woman since Adam first took his bride by the hand. It shall be for others to stand dry-lipped, doing penance, like Papists, by abstinence, when the vessel of pleasure pours forth its delights. Dost thou love money? I have it, and can procure more—am at liberty to procure it on every hand and by every means: the earth is mine and its fulness. Do you desire power? Which of these poor cheated commissioner fellows’ estates dost thou covet, I will work it out for thee; for I deal with

a mightier spirit than any of them. And it is not without warrant that I have aided the Malignant Rochecliffe and the clown Joliffe to frighten and baffle them in the guise they did. Ask what thou wilt, Phœbe, I can give, or I can procure it for thee. Then enter with me into a life of delight in this world, which shall prove but an anticipation of the joys of Paradise hereafter !”

Again the fanatical voluptuary endeavored to pull the poor girl towards him, while she, alarmed, but not scared out of her presence of mind, endeavored, by fair entreaty, to prevail on him to release her. But his features, in themselves not marked, had acquired a frightful expression, and he exclaimed, “No, Phœbe, do not think to escape : thou art given to me as a captive ; thou hast neglected the hour of grace, and it has glided past. See, the water trickles over thy pitcher, which was to be a sign between us. Therefore I will urge thee no more with words, of which thou art not worthy, but treat thee as a recusant of offered grace.”

“Master Tomkins,” said Phœbe, in an imploring tone, “consider, for God’s sake, I am a fatherless child ; do me no injury, it would be a shame to your strength and your manhood. I cannot understand your fine words—I will think on them till to-morrow.” Then, in rising resentment, she added more vehemently, “I will not be used rudely ; stand off, or I will do you a mischief.” But, as he pressed upon her with a violence of which the object could not be mistaken, and endeavored to secure her right hand, she exclaimed, “Take it, then, with a warning to you !” and struck him an almost stunning blow on the face with the pebble which she held ready for such an extremity.

The fanatic let her go, and staggered backward, half stupefied ; while Phœbe instantly betook herself to flight, screaming for help as she ran, but still grasping the victorious pebble. Irritated to frenzy by the severe blow which he had received, Tomkins pursued, with every black passion in his soul and in his face, mingled with fear lest his villainy should be discovered. He called on Phœbe loudly to stop, and had the brutality to menace her with one of his pistols if she continued to fly. Yet she slackened not her pace for his threats, and he must either have executed them, or seen her escape to carry the tale to the lodge, had she not unhappily stumbled over the projecting root of a fir-tree.

But, as he rushed upon his prey, rescue interposed in

the person of Joceline Joliffe, with his quarter-staff on his shoulder. "How now! what means this?" he said, stepping between Phœbe and her pursuer. Tomkins, already roused to fury, made no other answer than by discharging at Joceline the pistol which he held in his hand. The ball gazed the under-keeper's face, who, in requital of the assault, and saying, "Aha! let ash answer iron," applied his quater-staff with so much force to the Independent's head, that, lighting on the left temple, the blow proved almost instantly mortal.

A few convulsive struggles were accompanied with these broken words, "Joceline—I am gone—but I forgive thee. Doctor Rochecliffe—I wish I had minded more—— Oh! the clergyman—the funeral service——" As he uttered these words, indicative, it may be, of his return to a creed which perhaps he had never abjured so thoroughly as he had persuaded himself, his voice was lost in a groan, which, rattling in the throat, seemed unable to find its way to the air. These were the last symptoms of life: the clenched hands presently relaxed, the closed eyes opened and stared on the heaven's a lifeless jelly, the limbs extended themselves and stiffened. The body, which was lately animated with life, was now a lump of senseless clay; the soul, dismissed from its earthly tenement in a moment so unhallowed, was gone before the judgment-seat.

"Oh, what have you done—what have done, Joceline?" exclaimed Phœbe; "you have killed the man!"

"Better than he should have killed me," answered Joceline; "for he was none of the blinkers that miss their mark twice running. And yet I am sorry for him. Many a merry bout have we had together when he was wild Philip Hazeldine, and then he was bad enough; but since he daubed over his vices with hypocrisy, he seems to have proved worse devil than ever."

"Oh, Joceline, come away," said poor Phœbe, "and do not stand gazing on him thus"; for the woodman, resting on his fatal weapon, stood looking down on the corpse with the appearance of a man half-stunned at the event.

"This comes of the ale-pitcher," she continued, in the true style of female consolation, "as I have often told you. For Heaven's sake, come to the lodge, and let us consult what is to be done."

"Stay first, girl, and let me drag him out of the path: we must not have him lie here in all men's sight. Will you not help me, wench?"

"I cannot, Joceline. I would not touch a lock on him for all Woodstock."

"I must do this gear myself, then," said Joceline, who, a soldier as well as a woodman, still had great reluctance to the necessary task. Something in the face and broken words of the dying man had made a deep and terrific impression on nerves not easily shaken. He accomplished it, however, so far as to drag the late steward out of the open path, and bestow his body amongst the undergrowth of brambles and briars, so as not to be visible unless particularly looked after. He then returned to Phoebe, who had sat speechless all the while beneath the tree over whose roots she had stumbled.

"Come away, wench," he said—"come away to the lodge, and let us study how this is to be answered for; the mishap of his being killed will strangely increase our danger. What had he sought of thee, wench, when you ran from him like a madwoman? But I can guess: Phil was always a devil among the girls, and I think, as Doctor Rochecliffe says, that, since he turned saint, he took to himself seven devils worse than himself. Here is the very place where I saw him with his sword in his hand raised against the old knight, and he a child of the parish. It was high treason at least; but, by my faith, he hath paid for it at last."

"But, oh, Joceline," said Phoebe, "how could you take so wicked a man into your councils, and join him in all his plots about searing the Roundhead gentlemen?"

"Why, look thee, wench, I thought I knew him at the first meeting, especially when Bevis, who was bred here when he was a dog-leader, would not fly at him: and when we made up our old acquaintance at the lodge, I found he kept up a close correspondence with Dr. Rochecliffe, who was persuaded that he was a good king's-man, and held consequently good intelligence with him. The Doctor boasts to have learned much through his means: I wish to Heaven he may not have been as communicative in turn."

"Oh, Joceline," said the waiting-woman, "you should never have let him within the gate of the lodge!"

"No more I would, if I had known how to keep him out; but when he went so frankly into our scheme, and told me how I was to dress myself like Robison the player, whose ghost haunted Harrison—I wish no ghost may haunt me! when he taught me how to bear myself to terrify his lawful master, what could I think, wench? I only trust the Doctor has kept the great secret of all from his knowledge. But here we are at the lodge. Go to thy chamber, wench, and

compose thyself. I must seek out Doctor Rochecliffe. He is ever talking of his quick and ready invention; here come times, I think, that will demand it all."

Phoebe went to her chamber accordingly; but the strength arising from the pressure of danger giving way when the danger was removed, she quickly fell into a succession of hysterical fits, which required the constant attention of Dame Jellicot, and the less alarmed, but more judicious, care of Mrs. Alice, before they even abated in their rapid recurrence.

The under-keeper carried his news to the politic Doctor who was extremely disconcerted, alarmed, nay, angry with Joceline for having slain a person on whose communications he had accustomed himself to rely. Yet his looks declared his suspicion whether his confidence had not been too rashly conferred—a suspicion which pressed him the more anxiously, that he was unwilling to avow it, as a derogation from his character for shrewdness on which he valued himself.

Doctor Rochecliffe's reliance, however, on the fidelity of Tomkins had apparently good grounds. Before the Civil Wars, as may be partly collected from what has been already hinted at, Tomkins, under his true name of Hazeldine, had been under the protection of the rector of Woodstock, occasionally acted as his clerk, was a distinguished member of his choir, and, being a handy and ingenious fellow, was employed in assisting the antiquarian researches of Dr. Rochecliffe through the interior of Woodstock. When he engaged on the opposite side in the Civil Wars, he still kept up his intelligence with the divine, to whom he had afforded what seemed valuable information from time to time. His assistance had latterly been eminently useful in aiding the Doctor, with the assistance of Joceline and Phoebe, in contriving and executing the various devices by which the Parliamentary Commissioners had been expelled from Woodstock. Indeed, his services in this respect had been thought worthy of no less a reward than a present of what plate remained at the lodge, which had been promised to the Independent accordingly. The Doctor, therefore, while admitting he might be a bad man, regretted him as a useful one, whose death, if inquired after, was likely to bring additional danger on a house which danger already surrounded, and which contained a pledge so precious.

CHAPTER XXX

Cassio. That thrust had been my enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st.

Othello.

ON the dark October night succeeding the evening on which Tomkins was slain, Colonel Everard, besides his constant attendant Roger Wildrake, had Master Nehemiah Holdenough with him as a guest at supper. The devotions of the evening having been performed according to the Presbyterian fashion, a light entertainment, and a double quart of burnt claret, were placed before his friends at nine o'clock, an hour unusually late. Master Holdenough soon engaged himself in a polemical discourse against sectaries and Independents, without being aware that his eloquence was not very interesting to his principal hearer, whose ideas in the meanwhile wandered to Woodstock and all which it contained—the Prince, who lay concealed there, his uncle, above all, Alice Lee. As for Wildrake, after bestowing a mental curse both on sectaries and Presbyterians, as being, in his opinion, never a barrel the better herring, he stretched out his limbs, and would probably have composed himself to rest, but that he as well as his patron had thoughts which murdered sleep.

The party were waited upon by a little gipsy-looking boy, in an orange-tawny doublet, much decayed, and garnished with blue worsted lace. The rogue looked somewhat stunted in size, but active both in intelligence and in limb, as his black eyes seemed to promise by their vivacity. He was an attendant of Wildrake's choice, who had conferred on him the *nom de guerre* of Spitfire, and had promised him promotion so soon as his young *protégé*. Breakfast, was fit to succeed him in his present office. It need scarce be said, that the menage was maintained entirely at the expense of Colonel Everard, who allowed Wildrake to arrange the household very much according to his pleasure. The page did not omit, in offering the company wine from time to time, to accommodate Wildrake with about twice the number of opportunities of refreshing himself which he considered it necessary to afford to the colonel or his reverend guest.

While they were thus engaged, the good divine lost in his own argument and the hearers in their private thoughts, their attention was about half-past ten arrested by a knocking at the door of the house. To those who have anxious hearts, trifles give cause of alarm. Even a thing so simple as a knock at the door may have a character which excites apprehension. This was no quiet, gentle tap, intimating a modest intruder ; no redoubled rattle, as the pompous annunciation of some vain person ; neither did it resemble the formal summons to formal business, nor the cheerful visit of some welcome friend. It was a single blow, solemn and stern, if not actually menacing, in the sound.

The door was opened by some of the persons of the house ; a heavy foot ascended the stair, a stout man entered the room, and, drawing the cloak from his face, said, " Markham Everard, I greet thee in God's name."

It was General Cromwell.

Everard, surprised and taken at unawares, endeavored in vain to find words to express his astonishment. A bustle occurred in receiving the General, assisting him to uncloak himself, and offering in dumb show the civilities of reception.

The General cast his keen eye around the apartment, and fixing it first on the divine, addressed Everard as follows :—

" A reverend man I see is with thee. Thou art not one of those, good Markham, who let the time unnoted and unimproved pass away. Casting aside the things of this world, pressing forward to those of the next, it is by thus using our time in this poor seat of terrestrial sin and care that we may, as it were—— But how is this ?" he continued, suddenly changing his tone, and speaking briefly, sharply, and anxiously—" one hath left the room since I entered ?"

Wildrake had, indeed, been absent for a minute or two, but had now returned, and stepped forward from a bay window, as if he had been out of sight only, not out of the apartment. " Not so, sir, I stood but in the background out of respect. Noble General, I hope all is well with the estate, that your Excellency makes us so late a visit ? Would not your Excellency choose some——"

" Ah !" said Oliver, looking sternly and fixedly at him, " our trusty go-between—our faithful confidant. No, sir : at present, I desire nothing more than a kind reception, which, methinks, my friend Markham Everard is in no hurry to give me."

"You bring your own welcome, my lord," said Everard, compelling himself to speak. "I can only trust it was no bad news that made your Excellency a late traveler, and ask, like my follower, what refreshment I shall command for your accommodation."

"The state is sound and healthy, Colonel Everard," said the General; "and yet the less so, that many of its members, who have been hitherto workers together, and propounders of good counsel, and advancers of the public weal, have now waxed cold in their love and in their affection for the good cause, for which we should be ready, in our various degrees, to act and do, so soon as we are called to act that whereunto we are appointed, neither rashly nor over-slothfully, neither lukewarmly nor over-violently, but with such a frame and disposition in which zeal and charity may, as it were, meet and kiss each other in our streets. Howbeit, because we look back after we have put our hand to the plow, therefore is our force waxed dim."

"Pardon me, sir," said Nehemiah Holdenough, who, listening with some impatience, began to guess in whose company he stood—"pardon me, for unto this I have a warrant to speak."

"Ah! ah!" said Cromwell. "Surely, most worthy sir, we grieve the Spirit when we restrain those pourings forth, which, like water from a rock——"

"Nay, therein I differ from you, sir," said Holdenough: "for, as there is the mouth to transmit the food, and the profit to digest what Heaven hath sent, so is the preacher ordained to teach, and the people to hear, the shepherd to gather the flock into the sheepfold, the sheep to profit by the care of the shepherd."

"Ah! my worthy sir," said Cromwell, with much unction, "methinks you verge upon the great mistake which supposes that churches are tall, large houses built by masons, and hearers are men—wealthy men, who pay tithes, the larger as well as the less; and that the priests, men in black gowns or gray cloaks, who receive the same are in guerdon the only distributors of Christian blessings. Whereas, in my apprehension, there is more of Christian liberty in leaving it to the discretion of the hungry soul to seek his edification where it can be found, whether from the mouth of a lay teacher, who claimeth his warrant from Heaven alone, or at the dispensation of those who take ordination and degrees from synods and universities, at best but associations of poor sinful creatures like themselves."

"You speak you know not what, sir," replied Holdenough, impatiently. "Can light come out of darkness, sense out of ignorance, or knowledge of the mysteries of religion from such ignorant mediciners as give poisons instead of wholesome medicaments, and cram with filth the stomachs of such as seek to them for food?"

This, which the Presbyterian divine uttered rather warmly, the General answered with the utmost mildness.

"Lack-a-day—lack-a-day! a learned man, but intemperate: over-zeal hath eaten him up. A well-a-day, sir, you may talk of your regular gospel meals, but a word spoken in season by one whose heart is with your heart, just perhaps when you are riding on to encounter an enemy, or are about to mount a breach, is to the poor spirit like a rasher on the coals, which the hungry shall find preferable to a great banquet, at such times when the full soul loatheth the honeycomb. Nevertheless, although I speak thus in my poor judgment, I would not put force on the conscience of any man, leaving to the learned to follow the learned, and the wise to be instructed by the wise, while poor, simple, wretched souls are not to be denied a drink from the stream which runneth by the way. Ay, verily, it would be a comely sight in England when men shall go on as in a better world, bearing with each other's infirmities, joining in each other's comforts. Ay, truly, the rich drink out of silver flagons and goblets of silver, the poor out of paltry bowls of wood; and even so let it be, since they both drink the same element."

Here an officer opened the door and looked in, to whom Cromwell, exchanging the canting drawl, in which it seemed he might have gone on interminably, for the short brief tone of action, called out, "Pearson, is he come?"

"No, sir," replied Pearson; "we have inquired for him at the place you noted, and also at other haunts of his about the town."

"The knave!" said Cromwell, with bitter emphasis; "can he have proved false? No—no, his interest is too deeply engaged. We shall find him by and by. Hark thee hither."

While this conversation was going forward, the reader must imagine the alarm of Everard. He was certain that the personal attendance of Cromwell must be on some most important account, and he could not but strongly suspect that the General had some information respecting Charles's lurking-place. If taken, a renewal of the tragedy of the

Thirtieth of January was instantly to be apprehended, and the ruin of the whole family of Lee, with himself probably included, must be the necessary consequence.

He looked eagerly for consolation at Wildrake, whose countenance expressed much alarm, which he endeavored to bear out with his usual look of confidence. But the weight within was too great: he shuffled with his feet, rolled his eyes, and twisted his hands, like an unassured witness before an acute and not to be deceived judge.

Oliver, meanwhile, left his company not a minute's leisure to take counsel together. Even while his perplexed eloquence flowed on in a stream so mazy that no one could discover which way its course was tending, his sharp, watchful eye rendered all attempts of Everard to hold communication with Wildrake, even by signs, altogether vain. Everard, indeed, looked for an instant at the window, then glanced at Wildrake, as if to hint there might be a possibility to escape that way. But the Cavalier had replied with a disconsolate shake of the head, so slight as to be almost imperceptible. Everard, therefore, lost all hope, and the melancholy feeling of approaching an inevitable evil was only varied by anxiety concerning the shape and manner in which it was about to make its approach.

But Wildrake had a spark of hope left. The very instant Cromwell entered he had got out of the room and down to the door of the house. "Back—back!" repeated by two armed sentinels, convinced him that, as his fears had anticipated, the General had come neither unattended nor unprepared. He turned on his heel, ran up stairs, and meeting on the landing-place the boy whom he called Spitfire, hurried him into the small apartment which he occupied as his own. Wildrake had been shooting that morning, and game lay on the table. He pulled a feather from a woodcock's wing, and saying hastily, "For thy life, Spitfire, mind my orders. I will put thee safe out at the window into the court; the yard wall is not high, and there will be no sentry there. Fly to the lodge, as thou wouldst win Heaven, and give this feather to Mistress Alice Lee, if possible; if not, to Joceline Joliffe; say I have won the wager of the young lady. Dost mark me, boy?"

The sharp-witted youth clapped his hand in his master's, and only replied, "Done, and done."

Wildrake opened the window, and, though the height was considerable, he contrived to let the boy down safely by holding his cloak. A heap of straw on which Spitfire

lighted rendered the descent perfectly safe, and Wildrake saw him scramble over the wall of the courtyard, at the angle which bore on a back lane; and so rapidly was this accomplished, that the Cavalier had just re-entered the room when, the bustle attending Cromwell's arrival subsiding, his own absence began to be noticed.

He remained, during Cromwell's lecture on the vanity of creeds, anxious in mind whether he might not have done better to send an explicit verbal message, since there was no time to write. But the chance of the boy being stopped, or becoming confused with feeling himself the messenger of a hurried and important communication, made him, on the whole, glad that he had preferred a more enigmatical way of conveying the intelligence. He had, therefore, the advantage of his patron, for he was conscious still of a spark of hope.

Pearson had scarce shut the door, when Holdenough, as ready in arms against the future Dictator as he had been prompt to encounter the supposed phantoms and fiends of Woodstock, resumed his attack upon the schismatics, whom he undertook to prove to be at once soul-slayers, false brethren, and false messengers; and was proceeding to allege texts in behalf of his proposition, when Cromwell, apparently tired of the discussion, and desirous to introduce a discourse more accordant with his real feelings, interrupted him, though very civilly, and took the discourse into his own hands.

"Lack-a-day," he said, "the good man speaks truth according to his knowledge and to his lights—ay, bitter truths, and hard to be digested, while we see as men see, and not with the eyes of angels. False messengers, said the reverend man? Ay, truly, the world is full of such. You shall see them who will carry your secret message to the house of your mortal foe, and will say to him, 'Lo! my master is going forth with a small train, by such and such desolate places: be you speedy, therefore, that you may arise and slay him.' And another, who knoweth where the foe of your house and enemy of your person lies hidden, shall, instead of telling his master thereof, carry tidings to the enemy even where he lurketh, saying, 'Lo! my master knoweth of your secret abode; up, now, and fly, lest he come on thee like a lion on his prey.' But shall this go without punishment?" looking at Wildrake with a withering glance. "Now, as my soul liveth, and as He liveth who hath made me a ruler in Israel, such false messengers

shall be knitted to gibbets on the wayside and their right hands shall be nailed above their heads, in an extended position, as if pointing out to others the road from which they themselves have strayed."

"Surely," said Master Holdenough, "it is right to cut off such offenders."

"Thank ye, Mas John," muttered Wildrake; "when did the Presbyterian fail to lend the Devil a shove?"

"But, I say," continued Holdenough, "that the matter is estranged from our present purpose, for the false brethren of whom I spoke are——"

"Right, excellent sir, they be those of our own house," answered Cromwell: "the good man is right once more. Ay, of whom can we now say that he is a true brother, although he has lain in the same womb with us? Although we have struggled in the same cause, eat at the same table, fought in the same battle, worshiped at the same throne, there shall be no truth in him. Ah, Markham Everard—Markham Everard!"

He paused at this ejaculation: and Everard, desirous at once of knowing how far he stood committed, replied, "Your Excellency seems to have something in your mind in which I am concerned. May I request you will speak it out, that I may know what I am accused of?"

"Ah, Mark—Mark!" replied the General "there needeth no accuser speak when the still small voice speaks within us. Is there not moisture on thy brow, Mark Everard? Is there not trouble in thine eye? Is there not a failure in thy frame? And who ever saw such things in noble and stout Markham Everard, whose brow was only moist after having worn the helmet for a summer's day, whose hand only shook when it had wielded for hours the weighty falchion? But go to, man! thou doubtest over-much. Hast thou not been to me as a brother, and shall I not forgive thee even the seventy-seventh time? The knave hath tarried somewhere, who should have done by this time an office of much import. Take advantage of his absence, Mark: it is a grace that God gives thee beyond expectation. I do not say, fall at my feet; but speak to me as a friend to his friend."

"I have never said anything to your Excellency that was in the least undeserving the title you have assigned to me," said Colonel Everard, proudly.

"Nay—nay, Markham," answered Cromwell: "I say not you have. But—but you ought to have remembered the

message I sent you by that person (pointing to Wildrake) ; and you must reconcile it with your conscience, how, having such a message, guarded with such reasons, you could think yourself at liberty to expel my friends from Woodstock, being determined to disappoint my object, whilst you availed yourself of the boon on condition of which my warrant was issued."

Everard was about to reply, when, to his astonishment, Wildrake stepped forward ; and with a voice and look very different from his ordinary manner, and approaching a good deal to real dignity of mind, said, boldly and calmly, " You are mistaken, Master Cromwell, and address yourself to the wrong party here."

The speech was so sudden and intrepid, that Cromwell stepped a pace back, and motioned with his right hand towards his weapon, as if he had expected that an address of a nature so unusually bold was to be followed by some act of violence. He instantly resumed his indifferent posture ; and irritated at a smile which he observed on Wildrake's countenance, he said, with the dignity of one long accustomed to see all tremble before him, " This to me, fellow ! Know you to whom you speak ?"

" Fellow !" echoed Wildrake, whose reckless humor was now completely set afloat. " No fellow of yours, Master Oliver. I have known the day when Roger Wildrake of Squattilesea Mere, Lincoln, a handsome young gallant, with a good estate, would have been thought no fellow of the bankrupt brewer of Huntingdon."

" Be silent," said Everard—" be silent, Wildrake, if you love your life !"

" I care not a maravedi for my life," said Wildrake. " Zounds, if he dislikes what I say, let him take to his tools ! I know, after all, he hath good blood in his veins ; and I will indulge him with a turn in the court yonder, had he been ten times a brewer."

" Such ribaldry, friend," said Oliver, " I treat with the contempt it deserves. But if thou hast anything to say touching the matter in question, speak out like a man, though thou look'st more like a beast."

" All I have to say is," replied Wildrake, " that, whereas you blame Everard for acting on your warrant, as you call it, I can tell you, he knew not a word of the rascally conditions you talk of. I took care of that ; and you may take the vengeance on me, if you list."

" Slave ! dare you tell this to *me* ?" said Cromwell, still

heedfully restraining his passion, which he felt was about to discharge itself upon an unworthy object.

"Ay, you will make every Englishman a slave, if you have your own way," said Wildrake, not a whit abashed; for the awe which had formerly overcome him when alone with this remarkable man had vanished, now that they were engaged in an altercation before witnesses. "But do your worst, Master Oliver; I tell you beforehand, the bird has escaped you."

"You dare not say so! Escaped! So, ho! Pearson, tell the soldiers to mount instantly. Thou art a lying fool! Escaped! Where, or from whence?"

"Ay, that is the question," said Wildrake; "for look you, sir, that men do go from hence is certain; but how they go, or to what quarter——"

Cromwell stood attentive, expecting some useful hint, from the careless impetuosity of the Cavalier, upon the route which the King might have taken.

—"Or to what quarter, as I said before, why, your Excellency, Master Oliver, may e'en find that out yourself."

As he uttered the last words, he unsheathed his rapier, and made a full pass at the General's body. Had his sword met no other impediment than the buff jerkin, Cromwell's course had ended on the spot. But, fearful of such attempts, the General wore under his military dress a shirt of the finest mail, made of rings of the best steel, and so light and flexible that it was little or no encumbrance to the motions of the wearer. It proved his safety on this occasion, for the rapier sprung in shivers; while the owner, now held back by Everard and Holdenough, flung the hilt with passion on the ground, exclaiming, "Be damned the hand that forged thee! To serve me so long, and fail me when thy true service would have honored us both forever! But no good could come of thee, since thou wert pointed, even in jest, at a learned divine of the Church of England."

In the first instant of alarm, and perhaps suspecting Wildrake might be supported by others, Cromwell half drew from his bosom a concealed pistol, which he hastily returned, observing that both Everard and the clergyman were withholding the Cavalier from another attempt.

Pearson and a soldier or two rushed in. "Secure that fellow," said the General, in the indifferent tone of one to whom imminent danger was too familiar to cause irritation. "Bind him, but not so hard, Pearson;" for the men, to

show their zeal, were drawing their belts, which they used for want of cords, brutally tight round Wildrake's limbs. "He would have assassinated me, but I would reserve him for his fit doom."

"Assassinated! I scorn your words, Master Oliver," said Wildrake; "I proffered you a fair duello."

"Shall we shoot him in the street, for an example?" said Pearson to Cromwell; while Everard endeavored to stop Wildrake from giving further offense.

"On your life, harm him not; but let him be kept in safe ward, and well looked after," said Cromwell; while the prisoner exclaimed to Everard, "I prithee let me alone. I am now neither thy follower nor any man's, and I am as willing to die as ever I was to take a cup of liquor. And harkye, speaking of that, Master Oliver, you were once a jolly fellow, prithee let one of thy lobsters here advance yonder tankard to my lips, and your Excellency shall hear a toast, a song, and a—secret."

"Unloose his head, and hand the debauched beast the tankard," said Oliver; "while yet he exists, it were shame to refuse him the element he lives in."

"Blessings on your head for once!" said Wildrake, whose object in continuing this wild discourse was, if possible, to gain a little delay, when every moment was precious. "Thou hast brewed good ale, and that's warrant for a blessing. For my toast and my song, here they go together—

Son of a witch,
Mayst thou die in a ditch,
With the butchers who back thy quarrels;
And rot above ground,
While the world shall resound
A welcome to Royal King Charles!

And now for my secret, that you may not say I had your liquor for nothing—I fancy my song will scarce pass current for much. My secret is, Master Cromwell, that the bird is flown, and your red nose will be as white as your winding-sheet before you can smell out which way."

"Pshaw, rascal," answered Cromwell, contemptuously, "keep your scurril jests for the gibbet foot."

"I shall look on the gibbet more boldly," replied Wildrake, "than I have seen you look on the Royal Martyr's picture."

This reproach touched Cromwell to the very quick,

"Villain!" he exclaimed; "drag him hence, draw out a party, and—— But hold, not now—to prison with him; let him be close watched, and gagged if he attempts to speak to the sentinels. Nay, hold—I mean, put a bottle of brandy into his cell, and he will gag himself in his own way, I warrant you. When day comes, that men can see the example, he shall be gagged after my fashion."

During the various breaks in his orders, the General was evidently getting command of his temper; and though he began in fury, he ended with the contemptuous sneer of one who overlooks the abusive language of an inferior. Something remained on his mind notwithstanding, for he continued stationary, as if fixed to the same spot in the apartment, his eyes bent on the ground, and with closed hand pressed against his lips, like a man who is musing deeply. Pearson, who was about to speak to him, drew back, and made a sign to those in the room to be silent.

Master Holdenough did not mark, or, at least, did not obey, it. Approaching the General, he said, in a respectful but firm tone, "Did I understand it to be your Excellency's purpose that this poor man shall die next morning?"

"Hah!" exclaimed Cromwell, starting from his reverie, "what say'st thou?"

"I took leave to ask if it was your will that this unhappy man should die to-morrow?"

"Whom saidst thou?" demanded Cromwell. "Markham Everard—shall he die, saidst thou?"

"God forbid!" replied Holdenough, stepping back. "I asked whether this blinded creature, Wildrake, was to be so suddenly cut off?"

"Ay, marry is he," said Cromwell, "were the whole General Assembly of Divines at Westminster, the whole Sanhedrim of Presbytery, to offer bail for him."

"If you will not think better of it, sir," said Holdenough, "at least give not the poor man the means of destroying his senses. Let me go to him as a divine, to watch with him, in case he may yet be admitted into the vineyard at the latest hour—yet brought into the sheepfold, though he has neglected the call of the pastor till time is well-nigh closed upon him."

"For God's sake," said Everard, who had hitherto kept silence, because he knew Cromwell's temper on such occasions, "think better of what you do!"

"Is it for thee to teach me?" replied Cromwell. "Think thou of thine own matters, and believe me it will require all

thy wit. And for you, reverend sir, I will have no father-confessors attend my prisoners—no tales out of school. If the fellow thirsts after ghostly comfort, as he is much more like to thirst after a quatern of brandy, there is Corporal Hungudgeon, who commands the *corps de garde*, will preach and pray as well as the best of ye. But this delay is intolerable; comes not this fellow yet?”

“No, sir,” replied Pearson. “Had we not better go down to the lodge? The news of our coming hither may else get there before us.”

“True,” said Cromwell, speaking aside to his officer, “but you know Tomkins warned us against doing so, alleging there were so many postern-doors, and sally-ports, and concealed entrances in the old house, that it was like a rabbit-warren, and that an escape might be easily made under our very noses, unless he were with us, to point out all the ports which should be guarded. He hinted, too, that he might be delayed a few minutes after his time of appointment; but we have now waited half an hour.”

“Does your Excellency think Tomkins is certainly to be depended upon?” said Pearson.

“As far as his interest goes, unquestionably,” replied the General. “He has ever been the pump by which I have sucked the marrow out of many a plot, in special those of the conceited fool Rochecliffe, who is goose enough to believe that such a fellow as Tomkins would value anything beyond the offer of the best bidder. And yet it groweth late—I fear we must to the lodge without him. Yet, all things well considered, I will tarry here till midnight. Ah! Everard, thou mightest put this gear to rights if thou wilt! Shall some foolish principle of fantastic punctilio have more weight with thee, man, than have the pacification and welfare of England, the keeping of faith to thy friend and benefactor, and who will be yet more so, and the fortune and security of thy relations? Are these, I say, lighter in the balance than the cause of a worthless boy, who with his father and his father’s house have troubled Israel for fifty years?”

“I do not understand your Excellency, nor at what service you point, which I can honestly render,” replied Everard. “That which is dishonest I should be loth that you proposed.”

“Then this at least might suit your honesty, or scrupulous humor, call it which thou wilt,” said Cromwell. “Thou knowest, surely, all the passages about Jezebel’s

palace down yonder ? Let me know how they may be guarded against the escape of any from within."

"I cannot pretend to aid you in this matter," said Everard: "I know not all the entrances and posterns about Woodstock, and if I did, I am not free in conscience to communicate with you on this occasion."

"We shall do without you, sir," replied Cromwell, haughtily; "and if aught is found which may criminate you, remember you have lost right to my protection."

"I shall be sorry," said Everard, "to have lost your friendship, General; but I trust my quality as an Englishman may dispense with the necessity of protection from any man. I know no law which obliges me to be spy or informer, even if I were in the way of having opportunity to do service in either honorable capacity."

"Well, sir," said Cromwell, "for all your privileges and qualities, I will make bold to take you down to the lodge at Woodstock to-night, to inquire into affairs in which the state is concerned. Come hither, Pearson." He took a paper from his pocket containing a rough sketch or ground-plan of Woodstock Lodge, with the avenues leading to it. "Look here," he said, "we must move in two bodies on foot, and with all possible silence; thou must march to the rear of the old house of iniquity with twenty file of men, and dispose them around it the wisest thou canst. Take the reverend man there along with you. He must be secured at any rate, and may serve as a guide. I myself will occupy the front of the lodge, and thus having stopped all the earths, thou wilt come to me for farther orders; silence and despatch is all. But for the dog Tomkins, who broke appointment with me, he had need render a good excuse, or woe to his father's son! Reverend sir, be pleased to accompany that officer. Colonel Everard, you are to follow me; but first give your sword to Captain Pearson, and consider yourself as under arrest."

Everard gave his sword to Pearson without any comment, and with the most anxious presage of evil followed the Republican General, in obedience to commands which it would have been useless to dispute.

CHAPTER XXXI

“Were my son William here but now,
He wadna fail the pledge.”
Wi’ that in at the door there ran
A ghastly-looking page—
“I saw them, master, O! I saw,
Beneath the thornie brae,
Of black-mail’d warriors many a rank.”
“Revenge!” he cried, “and gae!”

HENRY MACKENZIE.

THE little party at the lodge were assembled at supper, at the early hour of eight o’clock. Sir Henry Lee, neglecting the food that was placed on the table, stood by a lamp on the chimney-piece, and read a letter with mournful attention.

“Does my son write to you more particularly than to me, Doctor Rochecliffe?” said the knight. “He only says here that he will return probably this night; and that Master Kerneguy must be ready to set off with him instantly. What can this haste mean? Have you heard of any new search after our suffering party? I wish they would permit me to enjoy my son’s company in quiet but for a day.”

“The quiet which depends on the wicked ceasing from troubling,” said Dr. Rochecliffe, “is connected, not by days and hours, but by minutes. Their glut of blood at Worcester had satiated them for a moment, but their appetite, I fancy, has revived.”

“You have news, then, to that purpose?” said Sir Henry.

“Your son,” replied the Doctor, “wrote to me by the same messenger; he seldom fails to do so, being aware of what importance it is that I should know everything that passes. Means of escape are provided on the coast, and Master Kerneguy must be ready to start with your son the instant he appears.”

“It is strange,” said the knight; “for forty years I have dwelt in this house, man and boy, and the point only was how to make the day pass over our heads; for if I did not scheme out some hunting-match or hawking, or the like, I

might have sat here on my arm-chair, as undisturbed as a sleeping dormouse, from one end of the year to the other; and now I am more like a hare on her form, that dare not sleep unless with her eyes open, and scuds off when the wind rustles among the fern."

"It is strange," said Alice, looking at Doctor Rochedcliffe, "that the Roundhead steward has told you nothing of this. He is usually communicative enough of the motions of his party; and I saw you close together this morning."

"I must be closer with him this evening," said the Doctor gloomily; "but he will not blab."

"I wish you may not trust him too much," said Alice in reply. "To me, that man's face, with all its shrewdness, evinces such a dark expression, that methinks I read treason in his very eye."

"Be assured, that matter is looked to," answered the Doctor, in the same ominous tone as before. No one replied, and there was a chilling and anxious feeling of apprehension which seemed to sink down on the company at once, like those sensations which make such constitutions as are particularly subject to the electrical influence conscious of an approaching thunderstorm.

The disguised monarch, apprised that day to be prepared on short notice to quit his temporary asylum, felt his own share of the gloom which involved the little society. But he was the first also to shake it off, as what neither suited his character nor his situation. Gaiety was the leading distinction of the former, and presence of mind, not depression of spirits, was required by the latter.

"We make the hour heavier," he said, "by being melancholy about it. Had you not better join me, Mistress Alice, in Patrick Carey's jovial farewell? Ah, you do not know Pat Carey,* a younger brother of Lord Falkland's?"

"A brother of the immortal Lord Falkland's, and write songs!" said the Doctor.

"Oh, Doctor, the Muses take tithe as well as the church," said Charles, "and have their share in every family of distinction. You do not know the words, Mistress Alice, but you can aid me notwithstanding, in the burden at least —

Come, now that we're parting, and 'tis one to ten
If the towers of sweet Woodstock I e'er see agen,
Let us e'en have a frolic, and drink like tall men,
While the goblet goes merrily round."†

* See Note 10.

† The original song of Carey bears Wykeham, instead of Wood-

The song arose, but not with spirit. It was one of those efforts at forced mirth by which, above all other modes of expressing it, the absence of real cheerfulness is most distinctly intimated. Charles stopt the song, and upbraided the choristers.

"You sing, my dear Mistress Alice, as if you were chanting one of the seven penitential psalms; and you, good Doctor, as if you recited the funeral service."

The Doctor rose hastily from the table, and turned to the window: for the expression connected singularly with the task which he was that evening to discharge. Charles looked at him with some surprise; for the peril in which he lived made him watchful of the slightest motions of those around him, then turned to Sir Henry, and said, "My honored host, can you tell any reason for this moody fit, which has so strangely crept upon us all?"

"Not I, my dear Louis," replied the knight: "I have no skill in these nice quilllets of philosophy. I could as soon undertake to tell you the reason why Bevis turns round three times before he lies down. I can only say for myself, that, if age and sorrow and uncertainty be enough to break a jovial spirit, or at least to bend it now and then, I have my share of them all; so that I, for one, cannot say that I am sad merely because I am not merry. I have but too good cause for sadness. I would I saw my son, were it but for a minute!"

Fortune seemed for once disposed to gratify the old man; for Albert Lee entered at that moment. He was dressed in a riding-suit, and appeared to have traveled hard. He cast his eye hastily around as he entered. It rested for a second on that of the disguised prince, and, satisfied with the glance which he received in lieu, he hastened, after the fashion of the olden day, to kneel down to his father and request his blessing.

"It is thine, my boy," said the old man, a tear springing to his eyes as he laid his hand on the long locks which distinguished the young Cavalier's rank and principles, and which, usually combed and curled with some care, now hung wild and disheveled about his shoulders. They remained an instant in this posture, when the old man suddenly started from it, as if ashamed of the emotion which he had expressed before so many witnesses, and passing the back

stock, for the locality. The verses are full of the bacchanalian spirit of the time.

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of his hand hastily across his eyes, bid Albert get up and mind his supper, "since I daresay you have ridden fast and far since you last baited. And we'll send round a cup to his health, if Doctor Rochecliffe and the good company pleases. Joceline, thou knave, skink about; thou look'st as if thou hadst seen a ghost."

"Joceline," said Alice, "is sick for sympathy. One of the stags ran at Phœbe Mayflower to-day, and she was fain to have Joceline's assistance to drive the creature off; the girl has been in fits since she came home."

"Silly slut," said the old knight. "She a woodman's daughter! But, Joceline, if the deer gets dangerous, you must send a broad arrow through him."

"It will not need, Sir Henry," said Joceline, speaking with great difficulty of utterance: "he is quiet enough now, he will not offend in that sort again."

"See it be so," replied the knight; "remember Mistress Alice often walks in the chase. And now fill round, and fill, too, a cup to thyself to over-red thy fear, as mad Will has it. Tush, man, Phœbe will do well enough: she only screamed and ran, that thou mightest have the pleasure to help her. Mind what thou dost, and do not go spilling the wine after that fashion. Come, here is a health to our wanderer, who has come to us again."

"None will pledge it more willingly than I," said the disguised prince, unconsciously assuming an importance which the character he personated scarce warranted; but Sir Henry, who had become fond of the supposed page, with all his peculiarities, imposed only a moderate rebuke upon his petulance. "Thou art a merry, good-humored youth, Louis," he said; "but it is a world to see how the forwardness of the present generation hath gone beyond the gravity and reverence which in my youth was so regularly observed towards those of higher rank and station. I dared no more have given my own tongue the rein, when there was a doctor of divinity in company, than I would have dared to have spoken in church in service-time."

"True, sir," said Albert, hastily interfering; "but Master Kerneguy had the better right to speak at present, that I have been absent on his business as well as my own, have seen several of his friends, and bring him important intelligence."

Charles was about to rise and beckon Albert aside, naturally impatient to know what news he had procured, or what scheme of safe escape was now decreed for him. But

Dr. Rochecliffe twitched his cloak, as a hint to him to sit still, and not show any extraordinary motive for anxiety, since, in case of a sudden discovery of his real quality, the violence of Sir Henry Lee's feelings might have been likely to attract too much attention.

Charles, therefore, only replied, as to the knight's stricture, that he had a particular title to be sudden and uncere-monious in expressing his thanks to Colonel Lee, that gratitude was apt to be unmannerly; finally, that he was much obliged to Sir Henry for his admonition, and that, quit Woodstock when he would, "he was sure to leave it a better man than he came there."

His speech was of course ostensibly directed towards the father; but a glance at Alice assured her that she had a full share in the compliment.

"I fear," he concluded, addressing Albert, "that you come to tell us our stay here must be very short."

"A few hours only," said Albert, "just enough for needful rest for ourselves and our horses. I have procured two which are good and tried. But Doctor Rochecliffe broke faith with me. I expected to have met some one down at Joceline's hut, where I left the horses; and finding no person, I was delayed an hour in littering them down myself, that they might be ready for to-morrow's work, for we must be off before day."

"I—I—intended to have sent Tomkins; but—but——" hesitated the Doctor—"I——"

"The Roundhead rascal was drunk, or out of the way, I presume," said Albert. "I am glad of it, you may easily trust him too far."

"Hitherto he has been faithful," said the Doctor, "and I scarce think he will fail me now. But Joceline will go down and have the horses in readiness in the morning."

Joceline's countenance was usually that of alacrity itself in a case extraordinary. Now, however, he seemed to hesitate.

"You will go with me a little way, Doctor?" he said, as he edged himself closely to Rochecliffe.

"How! puppy, fool, and blockhead," said the knight, "wouldst thou ask Doctor Rochecliffe to bear thee company at this hour? Out, hound! get down to the kennel yonder instantly, or I will break the knave's pate of thee."

Joceline looked with an eye of agony at the divine, as if entreating him to interfere in his behalf; but just as he was about to speak, a most melancholy howling arose at the hall-door, and a dog was heard scratching for admittance.

“What ails Bevis next?” said the old knight. “I think this must be All Fools Day, and that everything around me is going mad!”

The same sound startled Albert and Charles from a private conference in which they had engaged, and Albert ran to the hall-door to examine personally into the cause of the noise.

“It is no alarm,” said the old knight to Kernequy, “for in such cases the dog’s bark is short, sharp, and furious. These long howls are said to be ominous. It was even so Bevis’s grandsire bayed the whole livelong night on which my poor father died. If it comes now as a presage, God send it regard the old and useless, not the young, and those who may yet serve king and country!”

The dog had pushed passed Colonel Lee, who stood a little while at the hall-door to listen if there were anything stirring without, while Bevis advanced into the room where the company were assembled, bearing something in his mouth, and exhibiting, in an unusual degree, that sense of duty and interest which a dog seems to show when he thinks he has the charge of something important. He entered, therefore, drooping his long tail, slouching his head and ears, and walking with the stately yet melancholy dignity of a war-horse at his master’s funeral. In this manner he paced through the room, went straight up to Joceline, who had been regarding him with astonishment, and uttering a short and melancholy howl, laid at his feet the object which he bore in his mouth. Joceline stooped, and took from the floor a man’s glove, of the fashion worn by the troopers, having something like the old-fashioned gauntlet projections of thick leather arising from the wrist, which go half-way up to the elbow, and secure the arm against a cut with a sword. But Joceline had no sooner looked at what in itself was so common an object than he dropped it from his hand, staggered backward, uttered a groan, and nearly fell to the ground.

“Now, the coward’s curse be upon thee for an idiot!” said the knight, who had picked up the glove and was looking at it; “thou shouldst be sent back to school, and flogged till the craven’s blood was switched out of thee. What dost thou look at but a glove, thou base poltroon, and a very dirty glove too? Stay, here is writing. Joseph Tomkins! Why, that is the Roundheaded fellow. I wish he hath not come to some mischief; for this is not dirt on the cheveron, but blood. Bevis may have bit the fellow,

and yet the dog seemed to love him well too ; or the stag may have hurt him. Out, Joceline, instantly, and see where he is ; wind your bugle."

"I cannot go," said Joliffe, "unless——" and again he looked piteously at Doctor Rochecliffe, who saw no time was to be lost in appeasing the ranger's terrors, as his ministry was most needful in the present circumstances. "Get spade and mattock," he whispered to him, "and a dark lantern, and meet me in the wilderness."

Joceline left the room ; and the Doctor, before following him, had a few words of explanation with Colonel Lee. His own spirit, far from being dismayed on the occasion, rather rose higher, like one whose natural element was intrigue and danger. "Here hath been wild work," he said, "since you parted. Tomkins was rude to the wench Phoebe, Joceline and he had a brawl together, and Tomkins is lying dead in the thicket not far from Rosamond's Well. It will be necessary that Joceline and I go directly to bury the body ; for, besides that some one might stumble upon it and raise an alarm, this fellow Joceline will never be fit for any active purpose till it is under ground. Though as stout as a lion, the under-keeper has his own weak side, and is more afraid of a dead body than a living one. When do you propose to start to-morrow ?"

"By daybreak, or earlier," said Colonel Lee ; "but we will meet again. A vessel is provided, and I have relays in more places than one ; we go off from the coast of Sussex, and I am to get a letter at ——, acquainting me precisely with the spot."

"Wherefore not go off instantly ?" inquired the Doctor.

"The horses would fail us," replied Albert : "they have been hard ridden to-day."

"Adieu," said Rochecliffe. "I must to my task. Do you take rest and repose for yours. To conceal a slaughtered body, and convey on the same night a king from danger and captivity, are two feats which have fallen to few folks save myself ; but let me not, while putting on my harness, boast myself as if I were taking it off after a victory." So saying, he left the apartment, and, muffling himself in his cloak, went out into what was called the wilderness.

The weather was a raw frost. The mist lay in partial wreaths upon the lower grounds ; but the night, considering that the heavenly bodies were in a great measure hidden by the haze, was not extremely dark. Doctor Rochecliffe could not, however, distinguish the under-keeper, until he

had hemmed once or twice, when Joceline answered the signal by showing a glimpse of light from the dark lantern which he carried. Guided by this intimation of his presence, the divine found him leaning against a buttress which had once supported a terrace, now ruinous. He had a pickax and shovel, together with a deer's hide hanging over his shoulder.

"What do you want with the hide, Joceline?" said Dr. Rochecliffe, "that you lumber it about with you on such an errand?"

"Why, look you, Doctor," he answered, "it is as well to tell you all about it. The man and I—he there—you know whom I mean—had many years since a quarrel about this deer. For, though we were great friends, and Philip was sometimes allowed by my master's permission to help me in mine office, yet I knew, for all that, Philip Hazeldine was sometimes a trespasser. The deer-stealers were very bold at that time, it being just before the breaking out of the war, when men were becoming unsettled. And so it chanced that one day, in the chase, I found two fellows, with their faces blacked, and shirts over their clothes, carrying as prime a buck between them as any was in the park. I was upon them in the instant; one escaped, but I got hold of the other fellow, and who should it prove to be but trusty Phil Hazeldine! Well, I don't know whether it was right or wrong, but he was my old friend and pot-companion, and I took his word for amendment in future; and he helped me to hang up the deer on a tree, and I came back with a horse to carry him to the lodge, and tell the knight the story, all but Phil's name. But the rogues had been too clever for me; for they had flayed and dressed the deer, and quartered him, and carried him off, and left the hide and horns, with a chime, saying

The haunch to thee,
The breast to me,
The hide and the horns for the keeper's fee.

And this I knew for one of Phil's mad pranks, that he would play in those days with any lad in the country. But I was so nettled, that I made the deer's hide be curried and dressed by a tanner, and swore that it should be his winding-sheet or mine; and though I had long repented my rash oath, yet now, Doctor, you see what it has come to: though I forgot it, the Devil did not."

"It was a very wrong thing to make a vow so sinful," said Rochecliffe; "but it would have been greatly worse had you endeavored to keep it. Therefore, I bid you cheer up," said the good divine; "for in this unhappy case I could not have wished, after what I have heard from Phœbe and yourself, that you should have kept your hand still, though I may regret that the blow has proved fatal. Nevertheless, thou hast done even that which was done by the great and inspired legislator when he beheld an Egyptian tyrannizing over a Hebrew, saying that, in the case present, it was a female, when, says the Septuagint, *Percussum Egyptium abscondit sabulo*, the meaning whereof I will explain to you another time. Wherefore, I exhort you not to grieve beyond measure; for, although this circumstance is unhappy in time and place, yet, from what Phœbe hath informed me of yonder wretch's opinions, it is much to be regretted that his brains had not been beaten out in his cradle, rather than that he had grown up to be one of those Grindletonians, or Muggletonians, in whom is the perfection of every foul and blasphemous heresy, united with such an universal practise of hypocritical assentation as would deceive their master, even Satan himself."

"Nevertheless, sir," said the forester, "I hope you will bestow some of the service of the church on this poor man, as it was his last wish, naming you, sir, at the same time; and unless this were done, I should scarce dare to walk out in the dark again, for my whole life."

"Thou art a silly fellow; but if," continued the Doctor, "he named me as he departed, and desired the last rites of the church, there was, it may be, a turning from evil and a seeking to good even in his last moments; and if Heaven granted him grace to form a prayer so fitting, wherefore should man refuse it? All I fear is the briefness of time."

"Nay, your reverence may cut the service somewhat short," said Joceline; "assuredly he does not deserve the whole of it; only if something were not to be done, I believe I should flee the country. They were his last words; and methinks he sent Bevis with his glove to put me in mind of them."

"Out, fool! Do you think," said the Doctor, "dead men send gauntlets to the living, like knights in a romance; or, if so, would they choose dogs to carry their challenges? I tell thee, fool, the cause was natural enough. Bevis, questing about, found the body, and brought the glove to you to intimate where it was lying, and to require assist-

ance ; for such is the high instinct of these animals towards one in peril."

"Nay, if you think so, Doctor," said Joceline ; "and, doubtless, I must say, Bevis took an interest in the man—if indeed it was not something worse in the shape of Bevis, for methought his eyes looked wild and fiery, as if he would have spoken."

As he talked thus, Joceline rather hung back, and in doing so displeased the Doctor, who exclaimed, "Come along, thou lazy laggard. Art thou a soldier, and a brave one, and so much afraid of a dead man ? Thou hast killed men in battle and in chase, I warrant thee."

"Ay, but their backs were to me," said Joceline : "I never saw one of them cast back his head and glare at me as yonder fellow did, his eye retaining a glance of hatred, mixed with terror and reproach, till it became fixed like a jelly. And were you not with me, and my master's concerns, and something else, very deeply at stake, I promise you I would not again look at him for all Woodstock."

"You must, though," said the Doctor, suddenly pausing, "for here is the place where he lies. Come bolder deep into the copse ; take care of stumbling. Here is a place just fitting, and we will draw the briars over the grave afterwards."

As the Doctor thus issued his directions, he assisted also in the execution of them ; and while his attendant labored to dig a shallow and misshapen grave, a task which the state of the soil, perplexed with roots and hardened by the influence of the frost, rendered very difficult, the divine read a few passages out of the funeral service, partly in order to appease the superstitious terrors of Joceline, and partly because he held it matter of conscience not to deny the church's rites to one who had requested their aid in extremity.

CHAPTER XXXII

Case ye, case ye, on with your vizards.

Henry IV.

THE company whom we had left in Victor Lee's parlor were about to separate for the night, and had risen to take a formal leave of each other, when a tap was heard at the hall-door. Albert, the vidette of the party, hastened to open it, enjoining, as he left the room, the rest to remain quiet until he had ascertained the cause of the knocking. When he gained the portal, he called to know who was there, and what they wanted at so late an hour.

"It is only me," answered a treble voice.

"And what is your name, my little fellow?" said Albert.

"Spitfire, sir," replied the voice without.

"Spitfire?" said Albert.

"Yes, sir," replied the voice: "all the world calls me so, and Colonel Everard himself. But my name is Spittal for all that."

"Colonel Everard! arrive you from him?" demanded young Lee.

"No, sir; I come, sir, from Roger Wildrake, Esquire, of Squattlessea Mere, if it like you," said the boy; "and I have brought a token to Mistress Lee, which I am to give into her own hands, if you would but open the door, sir, and let me in; but I can do nothing with a three-inch board between us."

"It is some freak of that drunken rakehell," said Albert, in a low voice to his sister, who had crept out after him on tiptoe.

"Yet, let us not be hasty in concluding so," said the young lady; "at this moment the least trifle may be of consequence. What token has Master Wildrake sent me, my little boy?"

"Nay, nothing very valuable neither," replied the boy; "but he was so anxious you should get it, that he put me out of the window as one would chuck out a kitten, that I might not be stopped by the soldiers."

"Hear you?" said Alice to her brother. "Undo the gate, for God's sake."

Her brother, to whom her feelings of suspicion were now sufficiently communicated, opened the gate in haste, and admitted the boy, whose appearance, not much dissimilar to that of a skinned rabbit in a livery, or a monkey at a fair, would at another time have furnished them with amusement. The urchin messenger entered the hall, making several odd bows and congés, and delivered the woodcock's feather* with much ceremony to the young lady, assuring her it was the prize she had won upon a wager about hawking.

"I prithee, my little man," said Albert, "was your master drunk or sober when he sent thee all this way with a feather at this time of night?"

"With reverence, sir," said the boy, "he was what *he* calls sober, and what I would call concerned in liquor for any other person."

"Curse on the drunken coxcomb!" said Albert. "There is a tester for thee, boy, and tell thy master to break his jests on suitable persons and at fitting times."

"Stay yet a minute," exclaimed Alice; "we must not go too fast, this craves wary walking."

"A feather," said Albert—"all this work about a feather! Why, Dr. Rochecliffe, who can suck intelligence out of every trifle as a magpie would suck an egg, could make nothing of this."

"Let us try what we can do without him then," said Alice. Then addressing herself to the boy—"So there are strangers at your master's?"

"At Colonel Everard's, madam, which is the same thing," said Spitfire.

"And what manner of strangers," said Alice, "guests, I suppose?"

"Ay, mistress," said the boy—"a sort of guests that make themselves welcome wherever they come, if they meet not a welcome from their landlord—soldiers, madam."

"The men that have been long lying at Woodstock?" said Albert.

"No, sir," said Spitfire, "newcomers with gallant buff-coats and steel breastplates; and their commander—your honor and your ladyship never saw such a man!—at least I am sure Bill Spitfire never did."

"Was he tall or short?" said Albert, now much alarmed.

"Neither one nor other," said the boy: "stout made, with slouching shoulders, a nose large, and a face one would

* See Signal of Danger. Note 11.

not like to say 'No' to. He had several officers with him. I saw him but for a moment, but I shall never forget him while I live."

"You are right," said Albert Lee to his sister, pulling her to one side—"quite right: the Archfiend himself is upon us!"

"And the feather," said Alice, whom fear had rendered apprehensive of slight tokens, "means flight, and a woodcock is a bird of passage."

"You have hit it," said her brother; "but the time has taken us cruelly short. Give the boy a trifle more—nothing that can excite suspicion—and dismiss him. I must summon Rochecliffe and Joceline."

He went accordingly, but, unable to find those he sought, he returned with hasty steps to the parlor, where, in his character of Louis, the page was exerting himself to detain the old knight, who, while laughing at the tales he told him, was anxious to go to see what was passing in the hall.

"What is the matter, Albert?" said the old man; "who calls at the lodge at so undue an hour, and wherefore is the hall-door opened to them? I will not have my rules, and the regulations laid down for keeping this house, broken through because I am old and poor. Why answer you not? why keep a-chattering with Louis Kerneguy, and neither of you all the while minding what I say? Daughter Alice, have you sense and civility enough to tell me what or who it is that is admitted here contrary to my general orders?"

"No one, sir," replied Alice; "a boy brought a message, which I fear is an alarming one."

"There is only fear, sir," said Albert, stepping forward, "that, whereas we thought to have stayed with you till to-morrow, we must now take farewell of you to-night."

"Not so, brother," said Alice, "you must stay and aid the defense here; if you and Master Kerneguy are both missed, the pursuit will be instant, and probably successful; but if you stay, the hiding-places about this house will take some time to search. You can change coats with Kerneguy too."

"Right, noble wench," said Albert—"most excellent. Yes—Louis, I remain as Kerneguy, you fly as young Master Lee."

"I cannot see the justice of that," said Charles.

"Nor I neither," said the knight, interfering. "Men come and go, lay schemes, and alter them, in my house, without deigning to consult me! And who is Master Kerneguy,

or what is he to me, that my son must stay and take the chance of mischief, and this your Scotch page is to escape in his dress? I will have no such contrivance carried into effect, though it were the finest cobweb that was ever woven in Doctor Rochecliffe's brains. I wish you no ill, Louis, thou art a lively boy; but I have been somewhat too lightly treated in this, man."

"I am fully of your opinion, Sir Henry," replied the person whom he addressed. "You have been, indeed, repaid for your hospitality by want of that confidence which could never have been so justly reposed. But the moment is come when I must say, in a word, I am that unfortunate Charles Stuart whose lot it has been to become the cause of ruin to his best friends, and whose present residence in your family threatens to bring destruction to you and all around you."

"Master Louis Kerneguy," said the knight, very angrily. "I will teach you to choose the subjects of your mirth better when you address them to me; and, moreover, very little provocation would make me desire to have an ounce or two of that malapert blood from you."

"Be still, sir, for God's sake!" said Albert to his father. "This is indeed the KING; and such is the danger of his person, that every moment we waste may bring round a fatal catastrophe."

"Good God!" said the father, clasping his hands together, and about to drop on his knees, "has my earnest wish been accomplished, and is it in such a manner as to make me pray it had never taken place?"

He then attempted to bend his knee to the King, kissed his hand, while large tears trickled from his eyes, then said, "Pardon, my Lord—your Majesty, I mean—permit me to sit in your presence but one instant till my blood beats more freely, and then——"

Charles raised his ancient and faithful subject from the ground; and even in that moment of fear, and anxiety, and danger insisted on leading him to his seat, upon which he sunk in apparent exhaustion, his head drooping upon his long white beard, and big unconscious tears mingling with its silver hairs. Alice and Albert remained with the King, arguing and urging his instant departure.

"The horses are at the under-keeper's hut," said Albert, "and the relays only eighteen or twenty miles off. If the horses can but carry you so far——"

"Will you not rather," interrupted Alice, "trust to the concealments of this place, so numerous and so well tried—"

Rochecliffe's apartments, and the yet farther places of secrecy?"

"Alas!" said Albert, "I know them only by name. My father was sworn to confide them to but one man, and he had chosen Rochecliffe."

"I prefer taking the field to any hiding-hole in England," said the King. "Could I but find my way to this but where the horses are, I would try what arguments whip and spur could use to get them to the rendezvous, where I am to meet Sir Thomas Acland and fresh cattle. Come with me, Colonel Lee, and let us run for it. The Roundheads have beat us in battle; but if it come to a walk or a race, I think I can show which has the best mettle."

"But then," said Albert, "we lose all the time which may otherwise be gained by the defense of this house—leaving none here but my poor father, incapable from his state of doing anything; and you will be instantly pursued by fresh horses, while ours are unfit for the road. Oh, where is the villain Joceline?"

"What can have become of Doctor Rochecliffe?" said Alice—"he that is so ready with advice. Where can they be gone? Oh, if my father could but rouse himself!"

"Your father is roused," said Sir Henry, rising and stepping up to them with all the energy of full manhood in his countenance and motions. "I did but gather my thoughts, for when did there fail a Lee when his king needed counsel or aid?" He then began to speak, with the ready and distinct utterance of a general at the head of an army, ordering every motion for attack and defense, unmoved himself, and his own energy compelling obedience, and that cheerful obedience, from all who heard him. "Daughter," he said, "beat up Dame Jellicot. Let Phoebe rise, if she were dying, and secure doors and windows."

"That hath been done regularly since—we have been thus far honored," said his daughter, looking at the King; "yet, let them go through the chambers once more." And Alice retired to give the orders, and presently returned.

The old knight proceeded, in the same decided tone of promptitude and despatch—"Which is your first stage?"

"Gray's—Rothebury, by Henley, where Sir Thomas Acland and young Knolles are to have horses in readiness," said Albert; "but how to get there with our weary cattle?"

"Trust me for that," said the knight; and proceeding with the same tone of authority—"Your Majesty must instantly to Joceline's lodge," he said. "there are your horses

and your means of flight. The secret places of this house, well managed, will keep the rebel dogs in play two or three hours good. Rochecliffe is, I fear, kidnapped, and his Independent hath betrayed him. Would I had judged the villain better ! I would have struck him through at one of our trials of fence, with an unbated weapon, as Will says. But for your guide when on horseback, half a bowshot from Joceline's hut is that of old Martin the verdurer ; he is a score of years older than I, but as fresh as an old oak : beat up his quarters, and let him ride with you for death and life. He will guide you to your relay, for no fox that ever earthed in the chase knows the country so well for seven leagues around."

"Excellent, my dearest father—excellent," said Albert ; "I had forgot Martin the verdurer."

"Young men forget all," answered the knight. "Alas, that the limbs should fail, when the head which can best direct them—is come perhaps to its wisest !"

"But the tired horses," said the King ; "could we not get fresh cattle ?"

"Impossible at this time of night," answered Sir Henry ; "but tired horses may do much with care and looking to." He went hastily to the cabinet which stood in one of the oriel windows, and searched for something in the drawers, pulling out one after another.

"We lose time, father," said Albert, afraid that the intelligence and energy which the old man displayed had been but a temporary flash of the lamp, which was about to relapse into evening twilight.

"Go to, sir boy," said his father, sharply ; "is it for thee to tax me in this presence ? Know, that were the whole Roundheads that are out of Hell in present assemblage round Woodstock, I could send away the royal hope of England by a way that the wisest of them could never guess. Alice, my love, ask no questions, but speed to the kitchen, and fetch a slice or two of beef, or better of venison ; cut them long, and thin, d'ye mark me——"

"This is wandering of the mind," said Albert, apart to the King. "We do him wrong, and your Majesty harm, to listen to him."

"I think otherwise," said Alice, "and I know my father better than you." So saying, she left the room, to fulfil her father's orders.

"I think so, too," said Charles. "In Scotland, the Presbyterian ministers, when thundering in their pulpits on

my own sins and those of my house, took the freedom to call me to my face Jeroboam, or Rehoboam, or some such name, for following the advice of young counselors; oddsfish. I will take that of the graybeard for once, for never saw I more sharpness and decision than in the countenance of that noble old man."

By this time Sir Henry had found what he was seeking. "In this tin box," he said, "are six balls prepared of the most cordial spices, mixed with medicaments of the choicest and most invigorating quality. Given from hour to hour, wrapped in a covering of good beef or venison, a horse of spirit will not flag for five hours, at the speed of fifteen miles an hour; and, please God, the fourth of the time places your Majesty in safety; what remains may be useful on some future occasion. Martin knows how to administer them; and Albert's weary cattle shall be ready, if walked gently for ten minutes, in running to devour the way, as old Will says. Nay, waste not time in speech; your Majesty does me but too much honor in using what is your own. Now, see if the coast is clear, Albert, and let his Majesty set off instantly. We will play our parts but ill, if any take the chase after him for these two hours that are between night and day. Change dresses, as you proposed, in yonder sleeping-apartment; something may be made of that, too."

"But, good Sir Henry," said the King, "your zeal overlooks a principal point. I have, indeed, come from the under-keeper's hut you mention to this place, but it was by daylight, and under guidance: I shall never find my way thither in utter darkness and without a guide; I fear you must let the colonel go with me. And I entreat and command, you will put yourself to no trouble or risk to defend the house; only make what delay you can in showing its secret recesses."

"Rely on me, my royal and liege sovereign," said Sir Henry; "but Albert *must* remain here, and Alice shall guide your Majesty to Joceline's hut in his stead."

"Alice!" said Charles, stepping back in surprise; "why, it is dark night—and—and—and——" He glanced his eye towards Alice, who had by this time returned to the apartment, and saw doubt and apprehension in her look—and intimation that the reserve under which he had placed his disposition for gallantry, since the morning of the proposed duel, had not altogether effaced the recollection of his previous conduct. He hastened to put a strong negative upon a proposal which appeared so much to embarrass her.

"It is impossible for me, indeed, Sir Henry, to use Alice's services: I must walk as if bloodhounds were at my heels!"

"Alice shall trip it," said the knight, "with any wench in Oxfordshire; and what would your Majesty's best speed avail, if you knew not the way to go?"

"Nay—nay, Sir Henry," continued the King, "the night is too dark—we stay too long—I will find it myself."

"Lose no time in exchanging your dress with Albert," said Sir Henry; "leave me to take care of the rest."

Charles still inclined to expostulate, withdrew, however, into the apartment where young Lee and he were to exchange clothes; while Sir Henry said to his daughter, "Get thee a cloak, wench, and put on thy thickest shoes. Thou mightst have ridden Pixie, but he is something spirited, and thou art a timid horsewoman, and ever wert so—the only weakness I have known of thee."

"But, my father," said Alice, fixing her eyes very earnestly on Sir Henry's face, "must I really go alone with the King? Might not Phœbe or Dame Jellicot go with us?"

"No—no—no," answered Sir Henry. "Phœbe, the silly slut, has, as you well know, been in fits to-night, and, I take it, such a walk as you must take is no charm for hysterics. Dame Jellicot hobbles as slow as a broken-winded mare; besides her deafness, were there occasion to speak to her. No—no, you shall go alone, and entitle yourself to have it written on your tomb, 'Here lies she who saved the King!' And, hark you, do not think of returning to-night, but stay at the verdurer's with his niece. The park and chase will shortly be filled with our enemies, and whatever chances here you will learn early enough in the morning."

"And what is it I may then learn?" said Alice. "Alas, who can tell? O, dearest father, let me stay and share your fate! I will pull off the timorous woman, and fight for the King, if it be necessary. But—I cannot think of becoming his only attendant in the dark night, and through a road so lonely."

"How!" said the knight, raising his voice; "do you bring ceremonious and silly scruples forward, when the King's safety, nay, his life, is at stake? By this mark of loyalty," stroking his gray beard as he spoke, "could I think thou wert other than becomes a daughter of the house of Lee, I would——"

At this moment the King and Albert interrupted him by entering the apartment, having exchanged dresses, and, from their stature, bearing some resemblance to each other, though Charles was evidently a plain and Lee a handsome young man. Their complexions were different; but the difference could not be immediately noticed, Albert having adopted a black peruke and darkened his eyebrows.

Albert Lee walked out to the front of the mansion, to give one turn around the lodge, in order to discover in what direction any enemies might be approaching, that they might judge of the road which it was safest for the royal fugitive to adopt. Meanwhile the King, who was first in entering the apartment, had heard a part of the angry answer which the old knight made to his daughter, and was at no loss to guess the subject of his resentment. He walked up to him with the dignity which he perfectly knew to assume when he chose it.

“Sir Henry,” he said, “it is our pleasure, nay, our command, that you forbear all exertion of paternal authority in this matter. Mistress Alice, I am sure, must have good and strong reasons for what she wishes; and I should never pardon myself were she placed in an unpleasant situation on my account. I am too well acquainted with woods and wildernesses to fear losing my way among my native oaks of Woodstock.”

“Your Majesty shall not incur the danger,” said Alice, her temporary hesitation entirely removed by the calm, clear, and candid manner in which Charles uttered these last words. “You shall run no risk that I can prevent; and the unhappy chances of the times in which I have lived have from experience made the forest as well known to me by night as by day. So, if you scorn not my company, let us away instantly.”

“If your company is given with good-will, I accept it with gratitude,” replied the monarch.

“Willingly,” she said—“most willingly. Let me be one of the first to show that zeal and that confidence which I trust all England will one day emulously display in behalf of your majesty.”

She uttered these words with an alacrity of spirit, and made the trifling change of habit with a speed and dexterity, which showed that all her fears were gone, and that her heart was entirely in the mission on which her father had despatched her.

“All is safe around,” said Albert Lee, showing himself:

“you may take which passage you will—the most private is the best.”

Charles went gracefully up to Sir Henry Lee ere his departure, and took him by the hand. “I am too proud to make professions,” he said, “which I may be too poor ever to realize. But while Charles Stuart lives, he lives the obliged and indebted debtor of Sir Henry Lee.”

“Say not so, please your Majesty—say not so,” exclaimed the old man, struggling with the hysterical sobs which rose to his throat. “He who might claim all cannot become indebted by accepting some small part.”

“Farewell, good friend—farewell!” said the King; “think of me as a son, a brother to Albert and to Alice, who are, I see, already impatient. Give me a father’s blessing, and let me be gone.”

“The God through whom kings reign bless your Majesty,” said Sir Henry, kneeling and turning his reverend face and clasped hands up to Heaven—“the Lord of Hosts bless you, and save your Majesty from your present dangers, and bring you in His own good time to the safe possession of the crown that is your due!”

Charles received his blessing like that of a father, and Alice and he departed on their journey.

As they left the apartment, the old knight let his hands sink gently as he concluded this fervent ejaculation, his head sinking at the same time. His son dared not disturb his meditation, yet feared the strength of his feelings might overcome that of his constitution, and that he might fall into a swoon. At length, he ventured to approach and gradually touch him. The old knight started to his feet, and was at once the same alert, active-minded, forecasting director which he had shown himself a little before.

“You are right, boy,” he said, “we must be up and doing. They lie, the Roundheaded traitors, that call him dissolute and worthless! He hath feelings worthy the son of the blessed Martyr. You saw, even in the extremity of danger, he would have perilled his safety rather than take Alice’s guidance, when the silly wench seemed in doubt about going. Profligacy is intensely selfish, and thinks not of the feelings of others. But hast thou drawn bolt and bar after them? I vow I scarce saw when they left the hall.”

“I let them out at the little postern,” said the colonel; “and when I returned, I was afraid I had found you ill.”

“Joy—joy—only joy, Albert. I cannot allow a thought of doubt to cross my breast. God will not desert the descend-

ant of an hundred kings : the rightful heir will not be given up to the ruffians. There was a tear in his eye as he took leave of me, I am sure of it. Wouldst not die for him, boy ? ”

“ If I lay my life down for him to-night,” said Albert, “ I would only regret it because I should not hear of his escape to-morrow.”

“ Well, let us to this gear,” said the knight ; “ think’st thou that thou know’st enough of his manner, clad as thou art in his dress, to induce the women to believe thee to be the page, Kerneguy.”

“ Umph,” replied Albert, “ it is not easy to bear out a personification of the King when women are in the case. But there is only a very little light below, and I can try.”

“ Do so instantly,” said his father ; “ the knaves will be here presently.”

Albert accordingly left the apartment, while the knight continued—“ If the women be actually persuaded that Kerneguy is still here, it will add strength to my plot : the beagles will open on a false scent, and the royal stag be safe in cover ere they regain the slot of him. Then to draw them on from hiding-place to hiding-place ! Why, the east will be gray before they have sought the half of them. Yes, I will play at bob-cherry with them, hold the bait to their nose which they are never to gorge upon. I will drag a trail for them which will take them some time to puzzle out. But at what cost do I do this ? ” continued the old knight interrupting his own joyous soliloquy. “ Oh, Absalom—Absalom, my son—my son ! But let him go ; he can but die as his fathers have died, and in the cause for which they lived. But he comes. Hush ! Albert, hast thou succeeded ? hast thou taken royalty upon thee so as to pass current ? ”

“ I have, sir,” replied Albert ; “ the women will swear that Louis Kerneguy was in the house this very last minute.”

“ Right, for they are good and faithful creatures,” said the knight, “ and would swear what for his Majesty’s safety at any rate ; yet they will do it with more nature and effect, if they believe they are swearing truth. How didst thou impress the deceit upon them ? ”

“ By a trifling adoption of the royal manner, sir, not worth mentioning.”

“ Out, rogue ! ” replied the knight. “ I fear the King’s character will suffer under your mummery.”

"Umph," said Albert, muttering what he dared not utter aloud, "were I to follow the example close up, I know whose character would be in the greatest danger."

"Well, now we must adjust the defense of the outworks, the signals, etc., betwixt us both, and the best way to baffle the enemy for the longest time possible." He then again had recourse to the secret drawers of his cabinet, and pulled out a piece of parchment, on which was a plan. "This," said he, "is a scheme of the citadel, as I call it, which may hold out long enough after you have been forced to evacuate the places of retreat you are already acquainted with. The ranger was always sworn to keep this plan secret, save from one person only, in case of sudden death. Let us sit down and study it together."

They accordingly adjusted their measures in a manner which will better show itself from what afterwards took place than were we to state the various schemes which they proposed, and provisions made against events that did not arrive.

At length young Lee, armed and provided with some food and liquor, took leave of his father, and went and shut himself up in Victor Lee's apartment, from which was an opening to the labyrinth of private apartments, or hiding-places, that had served the associates so well in the fantastic tricks which they had played off at the expense of the Commissioners of the Commonwealth.

"I trust," said Sir Henry, sitting down by his desk, after having taken a tender farewell of his son, "that Rochecliffe has not blabbed out the secret of the plot to yonder fellow Tomkins, who was not unlikely to prate it out of school. But here am I seated, perhaps for the last time, with my Bible on the one hand and old Will on the other, prepared, thank God to die as I have lived. I marvel they come not yet," he said, after waiting for some time: "I always thought the devil had a smarter spur to give his agents, when they were upon his own special service."

CHAPTER XXXIII

But, see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eyeballs further out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one who grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, but was by strength subdued.

Henry VI., Part II.

HAD those whose unpleasant visit Sir Henry expected come straight to the lodge, instead of staying for three hours at Woodstock, they would have secured their prey. But the Familist, partly to prevent the King's escape, partly to render himself of more importance in the affair, had represented the party at the lodge as being constantly on the alert, and had therefore inculcated upon Cromwell the necessity of his remaining quiet until he (Tomkins) should appear to give him notice that the household were retired to rest. On this condition he undertook, not only to discover the apartment in which the unfortunate Charles slept, but, if possible, to find some mode of fastening the door on the outside, so as to render flight impossible. He had also promised to secure the key of a postern, by which the soldiers might be admitted into the house without exciting alarm. Nay, the matter might, by means of his local knowledge, be managed, as he represented it, with such security, that he would undertake to place his Excellency, or whomsoever he might appoint for the service, by the side of Charles Stuart's bed, ere he had slept off the last night's claret. Above all, he had stated that, from the style of the old house, there were many passages and posterns which must be carefully guarded, before the least alarm was caught by those within, otherwise the success of the whole enterprise might be endangered. He had therefore besought Cromwell to wait for him at the village, if he found him not there on his arrival; and assured him that the marching and countermarching of soldiers was at present so common, that, even if any news were carried to the lodge that fresh troops had arrived in the borough, so ordinary a circumstance would not give them the least alarm. He

recommended that the soldiers chosen for this service should be such as could be depended upon—no fainters in spirit—none who turn back from Mount Gilead for fear of the Amalekites, but men of war, accustomed to strike with the sword, and to need no second blow. Finally, he represented that it would be wisely done if the General should put Pearson, or any other officer whom he could completely trust, into the command of the detachment, and keep his own person, if he should think it proper to attend, secret even from the soldiers.

All this man's counsels Cromwell had punctually followed. He had traveled in the van of this detachment of one hundred picked soldiers whom he had selected for the service—men of dauntless resolution, bred in a thousand dangers, and who were steelled against all feelings of hesitation and compassion by the deep and gloomy fanaticism which was their chief principle of action—men to whom, as their general, and no less as the chief among the elect, the commands of Oliver were like a commission from the Deity.

Great and deep was the General's mortification at the unexpected absence of the personage on whose agency he so confidently reckoned, and many conjectures he formed as to the cause of such mysterious conduct. Sometimes he thought Tomkins had been overcome by liquor, a frailty to which Cromwell knew him to be addicted; and when he held this opinion, he discharged his wrath in maledictions, which, of a different kind from the wild oaths and curses of the Cavaliers, had yet in them as much blasphemy, and more determined malevolence. At other times he thought some unexpected alarm, or perhaps some drunken Cavalier revel, had caused the family of Woodstock Lodge to make later hours than usual. To this conjecture, which appeared the most probable of any, his mind often recurred; and it was the hope that Tomkins would still appear at the rendezvous which induced him to remain at the borough, anxious to receive communication from his emissary, and afraid of endangering the success of the enterprise by any premature exertion on his own part.

In the meantime, Cromwell, finding it no longer possible to conceal his personal presence, disposed of everything so as to be ready at a minute's notice. Half his soldiers he caused to dismount, and had the horses put into quarters; the other half were directed to keep their horses saddled, and themselves ready to mount at an instant's warning. The men were brought into the house by turns, and had

some refreshment, leaving a sufficient guard on the horses, which was changed from time to time.

Thus Cromwell waited with no little uncertainty, often casting an anxious eye upon Colonel Everard, who, he suspected, could, if he chose it, well supply the place of his absent confidant. Everard endured this calmly, with unaltered countenance, and brow neither ruffled nor dejected.

Midnight at length tolled, and it became necessary to take some decisive step. Tomkins might have been treacherous; or, a suspicion which approached more near to the reality, his intrigue might have been discovered, and he himself murdered, or kidnapped, by the vengeful Royalists. In a word, if any use was to be made of the chance which fortune afforded of securing the most formidable claimant of the supreme power, which he already aimed at, no farther time was to be lost. He at length gave orders to Pearson to get the men under arms; he directed him concerning the mode of forming them, and that they should march with the utmost possible silence; or, as it was given out in the orders, "Even as Gideon marched in silence, when he went down against the camp of the Midianites, with only Phurah his servant. Peradventure," continued this strange document, "we too may learn of what yonder Midianites have dreamed."

A single patrol, followed by a corporal and five steady, experienced soldiers, formed the advanced guard of the party; then followed the main body. A rear-guard of ten men guarded Everard and the minister. Cromwell required the attendance of the former, as it might be necessary to examine him, or confront him with others; and he carried Master Holdenough with him, because he might escape if left behind, and perhaps raise some tumult in the village. The Presbyterians, though they not only concurred with, but led the way in, the civil war, were at its conclusion highly dissatisfied with the ascendancy of the military secretaries, and not to be trusted as cordial agents in anything where their interest was concerned. The infantry, being disposed of as we have noticed, marched off from the left of their line, Cromwell and Pearson, both on foot, keeping at the head of the center or main body of the detachment. They were all armed with petronels, short guns similar to the modern carabine, and, like them, used by horsemen. They marched in the most profound silence and with the utmost regularity, the whole body moving like one man.

About one hundred yards behind the rearmost of the

dismounted party came the troopers who remained on horse-back, and it seemed as if even the irrational animals were sensible to Cromwell's orders, for the horses did not neigh, and even appeared to place their feet on the earth cautiously, and with less noise than usual.

Their leader, full of anxious thoughts, never spoke, save to enforce by whispers his caution respecting silence, while the men, surprised and delighted to find themselves under the command of their renowned General, and destined, doubtless, for some secret service of high import, used the utmost precaution in attending to his reiterated orders.

They marched down the street of the little borough in the order we have mentioned. Few of the townsmen were abroad: and one or two who had protracted the orgies of the evening to that unusual hour were too happy to escape the notice of a strong party of soldiers, who often acted in the character of police, to inquire about their purpose for being under arms so late, or the route which they were pursuing.

The external gate of the chase had, ever since the party had arrived at Woodstock, been strictly guarded by three file of troopers, to cut off all communication between the lodge and the town. Spitfire, Wildrake's emissary, who had often been a-birdnesting, or on similar mischievous excursions, in the forest, had evaded these men's vigilance by climbing over a breach, with which he was well acquainted, in a different part of the wall.

Between this party and the advanced guard of Cromwell's detachment a whispered challenge was exchanged, according to the rules of discipline. The infantry entered the park, and were followed by the cavalry, who were directed to avoid the hard road, and ride as much as possible upon the turf, which bordered on the avenue. Here, too, an additional precaution was used, a file or two of foot soldiers being detached to search the woods on either hand, and make prisoner, or, in the event of resistance, put to death, any whom they might find lurking there, under what pretense soever.

Meanwhile the weather began to show itself as propitious to Cromwell as he had found most incidents in the course of his successful career. The gray mist, which had hitherto obscured everything, and rendered marching in the wood embarrassing and difficult, had now given way to the moon, which, after many efforts, at length forced her way through the vapor, and hung her dim dull cresset in the heavens,

which she enlightened, as the dying lamp of an anchorite does the cell in which he reposes. The party were in sight of the front of the palace, when Holdenough whispered to Everard, as they walked near each other—"See ye not—yonder flutters the mysterious light in the turret of the incontinent Rosamond? This night will try whether the devil of the sectaries or the devil of the Malignants shall prove the stronger. O, sing jubilee, for the kingdom of Satan is divided against itself!"

Here the divine was interrupted by a non-commissioned officer, who came hastily, yet with noiseless steps, to say, in a low stern whisper—"Silence, prisoner in the rear—silence, on pain of death."

A moment afterwards the whole party stopped their march, the word "halt" being passed from one to another, and instantly obeyed.

The cause of this interruption was the hasty return of one of the flanking party to the main body, bringing news to Cromwell that they had seen a light in the wood at some distance on the left.

"What can it be?" said Cromwell, his low stern voice, even in a whisper, making itself distinctly heard. "Does it move, or is it stationary?"

"So far as we can judge, it moveth not," answered the trooper. "Strange—there is no cottage near the spot where it is seen."

"So please your Excellency, it may be a device of Satan," said Corporal Humgudgeon, snuffling through his nose; "he is mighty powerful in these parts of late."

"So please your idiocy, thou art an ass," said Cromwell; but, instantly recollecting that the corporal had been one of the adjutators or tribunes of the common soldiers, and was therefore to be treated with suitable respect, he said, "Nevertheless, if it be the device of Satan, please it the Lord we will resist him, and the foul slave shall fly from us. Pearson," he said, resuming his soldier-like brevity, "take four file, and see what is yonder. No—the knaves may shrink from thee. Go thou straight to the lodge; invest it in the way we agree, so that a bird shall not escape out of it; form an outer and an inward ring of sentinels, but give no alarm until I come. Should any attempt to escape, KILL them." He spoke that command with terrible emphasis. "Kill them on the spot," he repeated, "be they who or what they will. Better so than trouble the Commonwealth with prisoners."

Pearson heard, and proceeded to obey his commander's orders.

Meanwhile, the future Protector disposed the small force which remained with him in such a manner that they should approach from different points at once the light which excited his suspicions, and gave them orders to creep as near to it as they could, taking care not to lose each other's support, and to be ready to rush in at the same moment when he should give the sign, which was to be a loud whistle. Anxious to ascertain the truth with his own eyes, Cromwell, who had by instinct all the habits of military foresight which, in others, are the result of professional education and long experience, advanced upon the object of his curiosity. He skulked from tree to tree with the light step and prowling sagacity of an Indian bush-fighter; and before any of his men had approached so near as to descry them, he saw, by the lantern which was placed on the ground, two men, who had been engaged in digging what seemed to be an ill-made grave. Near them lay extended something wrapped in a deer's hide, which greatly resembled the dead body of a man. They spoke together in a low voice, yet so that their dangerous auditor could perfectly overhear what they said.

"It is done at last," said one—"the worst and hardest labor I ever did in my life. I believe there is no luck about me left. My very arms feel as if they did not belong to me; and, strange to tell, toil as hard as I would, I could not gather warmth in my limbs."

"I have warmed me enough," said Rochecliffe, breathing short with fatigue.

"But the cold lies at my heart," said Joceline; "I scarce hope ever to be warm again. It is strange, and a charm seems to be on us. Here have we been nigh two hours in doing what Digger the sexton would have done to better purpose in half a one."

"We are wretched spademen enough," answered Doctor Rochecliffe. "Every man to his tools—thou to thy bugle-horn, and I to my papers in cipher. But do not be discouraged; it is the frost on the ground, and the number of roots which rendered our task difficult. And now, all due rites done to this unhappy man, and having read over him the service of the church, *valeat quantum*, let us lay him decently in this place of last repose; there will be small lack of him above ground. So cheer up thy head, man, like a soldier as thou art; we have read the service

over his body, and should times permit it, we will have him removed to consecrated ground, though he is all unworthy of such favor. Here, help me to lay him on the earth ; we will drag briers and thorns over the spot when we have shoveled dust upon dust and do thou think of this chance more manfully ; and remember, thy secret is in thine own keeping."

"I cannot answer for that," said Joceline. "Methinks the very night winds among the leaves will tell of what we have been doing ; methinks the trees themselves will say, 'There is a dead corpse lies among our roots.' Witnesses are soon found when blood hath been spilled."

"They are so, and that right early," exclaimed Cromwell, starting from the thicket, laying hold on Joceline, and putting a pistol to his head. At any other period of his life, the forester would, even against the odds of numbers, have made a desperate resistance ; but the horror he had felt at the slaughter of an old companion, although in defense of his own life, together with fatigue and surprise, had altogether unmanned him, and he was seized as easily as a sheep is secured by the butcher. Doctor Rochecliffe offered some resistance, but was presently secured by the soldiers who pressed around him.

"Look, some of you," said Cromwell, "what corpse this is upon whom these lewd sons of Belial have done a murder. Corporal Grace-be-here Hungudgeon, see if thou knowest the face."

"I profess I do, even as I should do mine own in a mirror," snuffed the corporal, after looking on the countenance of the dead man by the help of the lantern. "Of a verity it is our trusty brother in the faith, Joseph Tomkins."

"Tomkins !" exclaimed Cromwell, springing forward and satisfying himself with a glance at the features of the corpse—"Tomkins ! and murdered, as the fracture of the temple intimates ! Dogs that ye are, confess the truth. You have murdered him because you have discovered his treachery—I should say his true spirit towards the Commonwealth of England, and his hatred of those complots in which you would have engaged his honest simplicity."

"Ay," said Grace-be-here Hungudgeon, "and then to misuse his dead body with your Papistical doctrines, as if you had crammed cold porridge into its cold mouth. I pray thee, General, let these men's bonds be made strong."

"Forbear, corporal," said Cromwell ; "our time presses. Friend, to you, whom I believe to be Doctor Anthony

[Albany] Rochcliffe by name and surname, I have to give the choice of being hanged at daybreak to-morrow, or making atonement for the murder of one of the Lord's people by telling what thou knowest of the secrets which are in yonder house."

"Truly, sir," replied Rochcliffe, "you found me but in my duty as a clergyman interring the dead; and respecting answering your questions, I am determined myself, and do advise my fellow-sufferer on this occasion——"

"Remove him," said Cromwell: "I know his stiffneckedness of old, though I have made him plow in my furrow, when he thought he was turning up his own swathe. Remove him to the rear, and bring hither the other fellow. Come thou here—this way—closer—closer. Corporal Grace-be-here, do thou keep thy hand upon the belt with which he is bound. We must take care of our life for the sake of this distracted country, though, lack-a-day, for its own proper worth we could peril it for a pin's point. Now, mark me, fellow, choose betwixt buying thy life by a full confession or being tuck'd presently up to one of these old oaks. How likest thou that?"

"Truly, master," answered the under-keeper, affecting more rusticity than was natural to him, for his frequent intercourse with Sir Henry Lee had partly softened and polished his manners, "I think the oak is like to bear a lusty acorn, that is all."

"Dally not with me, friend," continued Oliver: "I profess to thee in sincerity I am no trifler. What guests have you seen at yonder house called the lodge?"

"Many a brave guest in my day, I'se warrant ye, master," said Joceline. "Ah, to see how the chimneys used to smoke some twelve years back! Ah, sir, a sniff of it would have dined a poor man."

"Out, rascal!" said the General, "dost thou jeer me? Tell me at once what guests have been of late in the lodge; and look thee, friend, be assured that, in rendering me this satisfaction, thou shalt not only rescue thy neck from the halter, but render also an acceptable service to the state, and one which I will see fittingly rewarded. For, truly, I am not of those who would have the rain fall only on the proud and stately plants, but rather would, so far as my poor wishes and prayers are concerned, that it should also fall upon the lowly and humble grass and corn, that the heart of the husbandman may be rejoiced, and that, as the cedar of Lebanon waxes in its height, in its boughs, and in its roots,

so may the humble and lowly hyssop that groweth upon the walls flourish, and—and, truly—— Understand'st thou me, knave?

"Not entirely, if it please your honor," said Joceline; "but it sounds as if you were preaching a sermon, and has a marvelous twang of doctrine with it."

"Then, in one word, thou knowest there is one Louis Kerneguy, or Carnego, or some such name, in hiding at the lodge yonder?"

"Nay, sir," replied the under-keeper, "there have been many coming and going since Worcester field; and how should I know who they are? My service is out of doors, I trow."

"A thousand pounds," said Cromwell, "do I tell down to thee, if thou canst place that boy in my power."

"A thousand pounds is a marvelous matter, sir," said Joceline; "but I have more blood on my hand than I like already. I know not how the price of life may thrive; and, 'scape or hang, I have no mind to try."

"Away with him to the rear," said the General; and let him not speak with his yoke-fellow yonder. Fool that I am, to waste time in expecting to get milk from mules. Move on towards the lodge."

They moved with the same silence as formerly, notwithstanding the difficulties which they encountered from being unacquainted with the road and its various intricacies. At length they were challenged, in a low voice, by one of their own sentinels, two concentric circles of whom had been placed around the lodge, so close to each other as to preclude the possibility of an individual escaping from within. The outer guard was maintained partly by horse upon the roads and open lawn, and where the ground was broken and bushy by infantry. The inner circle was guarded by foot soldiers only. The whole were in the highest degree alert, expecting some interesting and important consequences from the unusual expedition on which they were engaged.

"Any news, Pearson?" said the General to his aid-de-camp, who came instantly to report to his superior.

He received for answer, "None."

Cromwell led his officer forward just opposite to the door of the lodge, and there paused betwixt the circles of guards, so that their conversation could not be overheard.

He then pursued his inquiry, demanding—"Were there any lights, any appearance of stirring—any attempt at sally—any preparation for defense?"

“All as silent as the valley of the shadow of death, even as the vale of Jehosaphat.”

“Pshaw! tell me not of Jehosaphat, Pearson,” said Cromwell. “These words are good for others, but not for thee. Speak plainly, and like a blunt soldier as thou art. Each man hath his own mode of speech; and bluntness, not sanctity, is thine.”

“Well, then, nothing has been stirring,” said Pearson. “Yet peradventure——”

“Peradventure not me,” said Cromwell, “or thou wilt tempt me to knock thy teeth out. I ever distrust a man when he speaks after another fashion from his own.”

“Zounds! let me speak to an end,” answered Pearson, “and I will speak in what language your Excellency will.”

“Thy ‘zounds,’ friend,” said Oliver, “showed little of grace, but much of sincerity. Go to, then—thou knowest I love and trust thee. Hast thou kept close watch? It behoves us to know that, before giving the alarm.”

“On my soul,” said Pearson, “I have watched as closely as a cat at a mouse-hole. It is beyond possibility that anything could have eluded our vigilance, or even stirred within the house, without our being aware of it.”

“’Tis well,” said Cromwell; “thy services shall not be forgotten, Pearson. Thou canst not preach and pray, but thou canst obey thine orders, Gilbert Pearson, and that may make amends.”

“I thank your Excellency,” replied Pearson; but I beg leave to chime in with the humors of the times. A poor fellow hath no right to hold himself singular.”

He paused, expecting Cromwell’s orders what next was to be done, and, indeed, not a little surprised that the General’s active and prompt spirit had suffered him, during a moment so critical, to cast away a thought upon a circumstance so trivial as his officer’s peculiar mode of expressing himself. He wondered still more when, by a brighter gleam of moonshine than he had yet enjoyed he observed that Cromwell was standing motionless, his hands supported upon his sword, which he had taken out of the belt, and his stern brows bent on the ground. He waited for some time impatiently, yet afraid to interfere, lest he should awaken this unwonted fit of ill-timed melancholy into anger and impatience. He listened to the muttering sounds which escaped from the half-opening lips of his principal, in which the words “hard necessity,” which occurred more than

once, were all of which the sense could be distinguished. "My Lord General," at length he said, "time flies."

"Peace, busy fiend, and urge me not!" said Cromwell. "Think'st thou like other fools, that I have made a paction with the Devil for success, and am bound to do my work within an appointed hour, lest the spell should lose its force?"

"I only think, my Lord General," said Pearson, "that Fortune has put into your offer what you have long desired to make prize of, and that you hesitate."

Cromwell sighed deeply as he answered, "Ah, Pearson, in this troubled world a man who is called, like me, to work great things in Israel had need to be, as the poets feign, a thing made of hardened metal, immovable to feelings of human charities, impassible, resistless. Pearson, the world will hereafter, perchance, think of me as being such a one as I have described, 'an iron man, and made of iron mold.' Yet they will wrong my memory: my heart is flesh, and my blood is mild as that of others. When I was a sportsman, I have wept for the gallant heron that was struck down by my hawk, and sorrowed for the hare which lay screaming under the jaws of my greyhound; and canst thou think it a light thing to me that, the blood of this lad's father lying in some measure upon my head, I should now put in peril that of the son? They are of the kindly race of English sovereigns, and, doubtless, are adored like to demigods by those of their own party. I am called 'paricide,' 'bloodthirsty usurper,' already for shedding the blood of one man, that the plague might be stayed; or as Achan was slain that Israel might thereafter stand against the face of their enemies. Nevertheless, who has spoke unto me graciously since that high deed? Those who acted in the matter with me are willing that I should be the scapegoat of atonement; those who looked on and helped not bear themselves now as if they had been born down by violence; and while I looked that they should shout applause on me, because of the victory of Worcester, whereof the Lord had made me the poor instrument, they look aside and say, 'Ha! ha! the king-killer, the paricide—soon shall his place be made desolate.' Truly it is a great thing, Gilbert Pearson, to be lifted above the multitude; but when one feeleth that his exaltation is rather hailed with hate and scorn than with love and reverence, in sooth, it is still a hard matter for a mild, tender-conscienced, infirm spirit to bear; and God be my witness that, rather than do this new

deed, I would shed my own best heart's-blood in a pitched-field, twenty against one." Here he fell into a flood of tears, which he sometimes was wont to do. This extremity of emotion was of a singular character. It was not actually the result of penitence, and far less that of absolute hypocrisy, but arose merely from the temperature of that remarkable man, whose deep policy and ardent enthusiasm were intermingled with a strain of hypochondriacal passion, which often led him to exhibit scenes of this sort, though seldom, as now, when he was called to the execution of great undertakings.

Pearson, well acquainted as he was with the peculiarities of his General, was baffled and confounded by this fit of hesitation and contrition, by which his enterprising spirit appeared to be so suddenly paralyzed. After a moment's silence he said, with some dryness of manner, "If this be the case, it's a pity your Excellency came hither. Corporal Humgudgeon and I, the greatest saint and greatest sinner in your army, had done the deed and divided the guilt and the honor betwixt us."

"Ha!" said Cromwell, as if touched to the quick, "wouldst thou take the prey from the lion?"

"If the lion behaves like a village cur," said Pearson, boldly, "who now barks and seems as if he would tear all to pieces, and now flies from a raised stick or a stone, I know not why I should fear him. If Lambert had been here, there had been less speaking and more action."

"Lambert! What of Lambert?" said Cromwell, very sharply.

"Only," said Pearson, "that I long since hesitated whether I should follow your Excellency or him, and I begin to be uncertain whether I have made the best choice, that's all."

"Lambert!" exclaimed Cromwell, impatiently, yet softening his voice lest he should be overheard descanting on the character of his rival. "What is Lambert? a tulip-fancying fellow, whom nature intended for a Dutch gardener at Delft or Rotterdam. Ungrateful as thou art, what could Lambert have done for thee?"

"He would not," answered Pearson, "have stood here hesitating before a locked door, when Fortune presented the means of securing, by one blow, his own fortune and that of all who followed him."

"Thou art right, Gilbert Pearson," said Cromwell, grasping his officer's hand and strongly pressing it. "Be the

half of this bold attempt thine, whether the reckoning be on earth or heaven."

"Be the whole of it mine hereafter," said Pearson, hardily, "so your Excellency have the advantage of it upon earth. Step back to the rear till I force the door: there may be danger, if despair induce them to make a desperate sally."

"And if they do sally, is there one of my Ironsides who fears fire or steel less than myself?" said the General. "Let ten of the most determined men follow us, two with halberds, two with petronels, the others with pistols. Let all their arms be loaded, and fire without hesitation, if there is any attempt to resist or to sally forth. Let Corporal Humgudgeon be with them, and do thou remain here, and watch against escape, as thou wouldst watch for thy salvation."

The General then struck at the door with the hilt of his sword—at first with a single blow or two, then with a reverberation of strokes that made the ancient building ring again. This noisy summons was repeated once or twice without producing the least effect.

"What can this mean?" said Cromwell; "they cannot surely have fled, and left the house empty?"

"No," replied Pearson, "I will ensure you against that; but your Excellency strikes so fiercely, you allow no time for an answer. Hark! I hear the baying of a hound, and the voice of a man who is quieting him. Shall we break in at once or hold parley?"

"I will speak to them first," said Cromwell. "Halloo! who is within there?"

"Who is it inquires?" answered Sir Henry Lee from the interior: "or what want you here at this dead hour?"

"We come by warrant of the Commonwealth of England," said the General.

"I must see your warrant ere I undo either bolt or latch," replied the knight, "we are enough of us to make good the castle; neither I nor my fellows will deliver it up but upon good quarter and conditions, and we will not treat for these save in fair daylight."

"Since you will not yield to our right, you must try our might," replied Cromwell. "Look to yourselves within, the door will be in the midst of you in five minutes."

"Look to yourselves without," replied the stout-hearted Sir Henry; "we will pour our shot upon you if you attempt the least violence."

But, alas ! while he assumed this bold language, his whole garrison consisted of two poor terrified women ; for his son, in conformity with the plan which they had fixed upon, had withdrawn from the hall into the secret recesses of the palace.

“What can they be doing now, sir ?” said Phœbe, hearing a noise as it were of a carpenter turning, screw-nails, mixed with a low buzz of men talking,

“They are fixing a petard,” said the knight, with great composure. “I have noted thee for a clever wench, Phœbe, and I will explain it to thee : ’tis a metal pot, shaped much like one of the roguish knaves’ own sugar-loaf hats, supposing it had narrower brims ; it is charged with some few pounds of fine gunpowder. Then——”

“Gracious ! we shall be all blown up !” exclaimed Phœbe, the word “gunpowder” being the only one which she understood in the knight’s description.

“Not a bit, foolish girl. Pack old Dame Jellicot into the embrasure of yonder window,” said the knight, “on that side of the door, and we will ensconce ourselves on this, and we shall have time to finish my explanation, for they have bungling engineers. We had a clever French fellow at Newark would have done the job in the firing of a pistol.”

They had scarce got into the place of security when the knight proceeded with his description. “The petard being formed, as I tell you, is secured with a thick and strong piece of plank, termed the madrier, and the whole being suspended, or rather secured, against the gate to be forced—— But thou mindest me not ?”

“How can I, Sir Henry,” she said, “within reach of such a thing as you speak of ? O Lord ! I shall go mad with very terror ; we shall be crushed—blown up—in a few minutes !”

“We are secure from the explosion,” replied the knight, gravely, “which will operate chiefly in a forward direction into the middle of the chamber ; and from any fragments that may fly laterally, we are sufficiently secured by this deep embrasure.”

“But they will slay us when they enter,” said Phœbe.

“They will give thee fair quarter, wench,” said Sir Henry ; “and if I do not bestow a brace of balls on that rogue engineer, it is because I would not incur the penalty inflicted by martial law, which condemns to the edge of the sword all persons who attempt to defend an untenable post. Not

that I think the rigor of the law could reach Dame Jellicot or thyself, Phœbe, considering that you carry no arms. If Alice had been here she might indeed have done somewhat, for she can use a birding-piece."

Phœbe might have appealed to her own deeds of the day, as more allied to feats of *mêlée* and battle than any which her young lady ever acted; but she was in an agony of inexpressible terror, expecting, from the knight's account of the petard, some dreadful catastrophe, of what nature she did not justly understand, notwithstanding his liberal communication on the subject.

"They are strangely awkward at it," said Sir Henry: "little Boutirlin would have blown the house up before now. Ah! he is a fellow would take the earth like a rabbit; if he had been here, never may I stir but he would have countermined them ere now, and

"Tis sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petard,

as our immortal Shakspeare has it."

"Oh, lord, the poor mad old gentleman," thought Phœbe. "Oh, sir, had you not better leave alone play-books, and think of your end?" uttered she aloud, in sheer terror and vexation of spirit.

"If I had not made up my mind to that many days since," answered the knight, "I had not now met this hour with a free bosom.

As gentle and as jocund as to rest,
Go I to death: truth hath a quiet breast."

As he spoke, a broad glare of light flashed from without through the windows of the hall, and betwixt the strong iron stanchions with which they were secured—a broad discolored light it was, which shed a red dusky illumination on the old armor and weapons, as if it had been the reflection of a conflagration. Phœbe screamed aloud, and, forgetful of reverence in the moment of passion, clung close to the knight's cloak and arm, while Dame Jellicot, from her solitary niche, having the use of her eyes, though bereft of her hearing, yelled like an owl when the moon breaks out suddenly.

"Take care, good Phœbe," said the knight; "you will prevent my using my weapon if you hang upon me thus. The bungling fools cannot fix their petard without the use

of torches ! Now let me take the advantage of this interval. Remember what I told thee, and how to put off time."

"Oh, Lord—ay, sir," said Phœbe, "I will say anything. Oh, Lord, that it were but over ! Ah ! ah ! (two prolonged screams)—I hear something hissing like a serpent."

"It is the fusee, as we martialists call it," replied the knight ; "that is, Phœbe, the match which fires the petard, and which is longer or shorter, according to the distance——"

Here the knight's discourse was cut short by a dreadful explosion, which, as he had foretold, shattered the door, strong as it was, to pieces, and brought down the glass clattering from the windows, with all the painted heroes and heroines who had been recorded on that fragile place of memory for centuries. The women shrieked incessantly, and were answered by the bellowing of Bevis, though shut up at a distance from the scene of action. The knight, shaking Phœbe from him with difficulty, advanced into the hall to meet those who rushed in, with torches lighted and weapons prepared.

"Death to all who resist—life to those who surrender !" exclaimed Cromwell, stamping with his foot. "Who commands this garrison ?"

"Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley," answered the old knight, stepping forward, "who, having no other garrison than two weak women, is compelled to submit to what he would willingly have resisted."

"Disarm the inveterate and malignant rebel," cried Oliver. "Art thou not ashamed, sir, to detain me before the door of a house which you had no force to defend ? Wearest thou so white a beard, and knowest thou not that to refuse surrendering an indefensible post, by the martial law, deserves hanging ?"

"My beard and I," said Sir Henry, "have settled that matter between us, and agree right cordially. It is better to run the risk of being hanged like honest men than to give up our trust like cowards and traitors."

"Ha ! say'st thou ?" said Cromwell ; "thou hast powerful motives, I doubt not, for running thy head into a noose. But I will speak with thee by and by. Ho ! Pearson—Gilbert Pearson, take this scroll. Take the elder woman with thee—let her guide you to the various places therein mentioned. Search every room therein set down, and arrest, or slay upon the slightest resistance, whomsoever you find there. Then note those places marked as commanding points for cutting off intercourse through the mansion, the

landing places of the great staircase, the great gallery, and so forth. Use the woman civilly. The plan annexed to the scroll will point out the posts, even if she prove stupid or refractory. Meanwhile, the corporal, with a party, will bring the old man and the girl there to some apartment—the parlor, I think, called Victor Lee's, will do as well as another. We will then be out of this stifling smell of gunpowder."

So saying, and without requiring any farther assistance or guidance, he walked towards the apartment he had named. Sir Henry had his own feelings when he saw the unhesitating decision with which the General led the way, and which seemed to intimate a more complete acquaintance with the various localities of Woodstock than was consistent with his own present design, to engage the Commonwealth party in a fruitless search through the intricacies of the lodge.

"I will now ask thee a few questions, old man," said the General, when they had arrived in the room; "and I warn thee, that hope of pardon for thy many and persevering efforts against the Commonwealth can be no otherwise merited than by the most direct answers to the question I am about to ask."

Sir Henry bowed. He would have spoken, but he felt his temper rising high, and became afraid it might be exhausted before the part he had settled to play, in order to afford the King time for his escape, should be brought to an end.

"What household have you had here, Sir Henry Lee, within these few days—what guests—what visitors? We know that your means of housekeeping are not so profuse as usual, so the catalogue cannot be burdensome to your memory."

"Far from it," replied the knight, with unusual command of temper; "my daughter, and latterly, my son, have been my guests; and I have had these females, and one Joceline Joliffe, to attend upon us."

"I do not ask after the regular members of your household, but after those who have been within your gates, either as guests or as Malignant fugitives taking shelter."

"There may have been more of both kinds, sir, than I, if it please your valor, am able to answer for," replied the knight. "I remember my kinsman Everard was here one morning; also, I bethink me, a follower of his, called Wildrake."

"Did you not also receive a young Cavalier called Louis Garnegey?" said Cromwell.

"I remember no such name, where I to hang for it," said the knight.

"Kerneguy, or some such word," said the General; "we will not quarrel for a sound."

"A Scotch lad, called Louis Kerneguy, was a guest of mine," said Sir Henry; "and left me this morning for Dorsetshire."

"So late!" exclaimed Cromwell, stamping with his foot. "How fate contrives to baffle us, even when she seems most favorable! What direction did he take, old man?" continued Cromwell—"what horse did he ride—who went with him?"

"My son went with him," replied the knight; "he brought him here as the son of a Scottish lord. I pray you, sir, to be finished with these questions; for although I owe thee, as Will Shakspeare says

Respect for thy great place, and let the devil
Be sometimes honor'd for his burning throne,

yet I feel my patience wearing thin."

Cromwell here whispered to the corporal, who in turn uttered orders to two soldiers, who left the room. "Place the knight aside; we will now examine the servant damsel," said the General. "Dost thou know," said he to Phoebe, "of the presence of one Louis Kerneguy, calling himself a Scotch page, who came here a few days since?"

"Surely, sir," she replied, "I cannot easily forget him; and I warrant no well-looking wench that comes in his way will be like to forget him either."

"Aha," said Cromwell, "sayst thou so? truly I believe the woman will prove the truer witness. When did he leave this house?"

"Nay, I know nothing of his movements, not I," said Phoebe: "I am only glad to keep out of his way. But if he have actually gone hence, I am sure he was here some two hours since, for he crossed me in the lower passage, between the hall and the kitchen."

"How did you know it was he?" demanded Cromwell.

"By a rude enough token," said Phoebe, "La, sir, you do ask such questions!" she added, hanging down her head,

Humgudgeon here interfered, taking upon himself the freedom of a coadjutor. "Verily," he said, "if what the damsel is called to speak upon hath aught unseemly, I crave your Excellency's permission to withdraw, not desiring that my nightly meditations may be disturbed with tales of such a nature."

"Nay, your honor," said Phœbe, "I scorn the old man's words, in the way of seemliness or unseemliness either. Master Louis did but snatch a kiss, that is the truth of it, if it must be told."

Here Humgudgeon groaned deeply, while his Excellency avoided laughing with some difficulty. "Thou hast given excellent tokens, Phœbe," he said; "and if they be true, as I think they seem to be, thou shalt not lack thy reward. And here comes our spy from the stables."

"There are not the least signs," said the trooper, "that horses have been in the stables for a month: there is no litter in the stalls, no hay in the racks, the corn-bins are empty, and the mangers are full of cobwebs."

"Ay—ay," said the old knight, "I have seen when I kept twenty good horses in these stalls, with many a groom and stable-boy to attend them."

"In the meanwhile," said Cromwell, "their present state tells little for the truth of your own story, that there were horses to-day, on which this Kerneguy and your son fled from justice."

"I did not say that the horses were kept there," said the knight. "I have horses and stables elsewhere."

"Fie—fie, for shame—for shame!" said the General; "can a white-bearded man, I ask it once more, be a false witness?"

"Faith, sir," said Sir Henry Lee, "it is a thriving trade, and I wonder not that you who live on it are so severe in prosecuting interlopers. But it is the times, and those who rule the times, that make graybeards deceivers."

"Thou art facetious, friend, as well as daring, in thy malignancy," said Cromwell; "but credit me, I will cry quittance with you ere I am done. Whereunto lead these doors?"

"To bedrooms," answered the knight.

"Bedrooms! only to bedrooms?" said the republican general, in a voice which indicated, such was the internal occupation of his thoughts, that he had not fully understood the answer.

"Lord, sir," said the knight, "why should you make it

so strange? I say these doors lead to bedrooms—to places where honest men sleep and rogues lie awake.”

“You are running up a farther account, Sir Henry,” said the General; “but we will balance it once and for all.”

During the whole of the scene, Cromwell, whatever might be the internal uncertainty of his mind, maintained the most strict temperance in language and manner, just as if he had no farther interest in what was passing than as a military man employed in discharging the duty enjoined him by his superiors. But the restraint upon his passion was but

The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below.*

The course of his resolution was hurried on even more forcibly because no violence of expression attended or announced its current. He threw himself into a chair, with a countenance that indicated no indecision of mind, but a determination which awaited only the signal for action. Meanwhile the knight, as if resolved in nothing to forego the privileges of his rank and place, sat himself down in turn, and putting on his hat, which lay on a table, regarded the General with a calm look of fearless indifference. The soldiers stood around, some holding the torches, which illuminated the apartment with a lurid and somber glare of light, the others resting upon their weapons. Phoebe, with her hands folded, her eyes turned upwards till the pupils were scarce visible, and every shade of color banished from her ruddy cheek, stood like one in immediate apprehension of the sentence of death being pronounced and instant execution commanded.

Heavy steps were at last heard, and Pearson and some of the soldiers returned. This seemed to be what Cromwell waited for. He started up, and asked hastily, “Any news, Pearson? any prisoners—any Malignants slain in thy defense?”

“None, so please your Excellency,” answered the officer.

“And are thy sentinels all carefully placed, as Tomkins's scroll gave direction, and with fitting orders?”

“With the most deliberate care,” said Pearson.

“Art thou very sure,” said Cromwell, pulling him a little to one side, “that this is all well and duly cared for? Bethink thee that, when we engage ourselves in the private

* But mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth?

The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below.

CAMPBELL'S *Gertrude of Wyoming*.

communications all will be lost should the fact we look for have the means of dodging us by an escape into the more open rooms, and from thence perhaps into the forest."

"My Lord General," answered Pearson, "if placing the guards on the places pointed out in this scroll be sufficient, with the strictest orders to stop, and, if necessary, to stab or shoot, whoever crosses their post, such orders are given to men who will not fail to execute them. If more is necessary, your Excellency has only to speak."

"No—no—no, Pearson," said the General, thou hast done well. This night over, and let it end but as we hope, thy reward shall not be wanting. And now to business. Sir Henry Lee, undo me the secret spring of yonder picture of your ancestor. Nay, spare yourself the trouble and guilt of falsehood or equivocation, and, I say, undo me that spring presently."

"When I acknowledge you for my master, and wear your livery, I may obey your commands," answered the knight; "even then I would need first to understand them."

"Wench," said Cromwell, addressing Phœbe, "go thou undo the spring: you could do it fast enough when you aided at the gambols of the demons of Woodstock, and terrified even Mark Everard, who, I judged, had more sense."

"Oh, Lord, sir, what shall I do?" said Phœbe, looking to the knight; "they know all about it. What shall I do?"

"For thy life, hold out to the last, wench! Every minute is worth a million."

"Ha! heard you that, Pearson?" said Cromwell to the officer; then, stamping with his foot, he added, "Undo the spring, or I will else use levers and wrenching-irons. Or, ha! another petard were well bestowed. Call the engineer."

"Oh, Lord, sir," cried Phœbe, "I shall never live another peter: I will open the spring."

"Do as thou wilt," said Sir Henry; "it shall profit them but little."

Whether from real agitation or from a desire to gain time, Phœbe was some minutes ere she could get the spring to open; it was indeed secured with art, and the machinery on which it acted was concealed in the frame of the portrait. The whole, when fastened, appeared quite motionless, and betrayed, as when examined by Colonel Everard, no external mark of its being possible to remove it. It was now withdrawn, however, and showed a narrow recess, with steps which ascended on one side into the thickness of the wall.

Cromwell was now like a greyhound slipped from the leash with the prey in full view. "Up," he cried, "Pearson, thou art swifter than I. Up thou next, corporal." With more agility than could have been expected from his person or years, which were past the meridian of life, and exclaiming, "Before, those with the torches!" he followed the party, like an eager huntsman in the rear of his hounds, to encourage at once and direct them, as they penetrated into the labyrinth described by Doctor Rochecliffe in the *Wonders of Woodstock*.

CHAPTER XXXIV

The king, therefore, for his defense
Against the furious queen,
At Woodstock builded such a bower
As never yet was seen.
Most curiously that bower was built,
Of stone and timber strong ;
An hundred and fifty doors
Did to this bower belong :
And they so cunningly contrived,
With turnings around about,
That none but with a clew of thread
Could enter in or out.

Ballad of Fair Rosamond.

THE tradition of the country, as well as some historical evidence, confirmed the opinion that there existed, within the old royal lodge at Woodstock, a labyrinth, or connected series of subterranean passages, built chiefly by Henry II. for the security of his mistress, Rosamond Clifford, from the jealousy of his queen, the celebrated Eleanor. Doctor Rochecliffe, indeed, in one of those fits of contradiction with which antiquaries are sometimes seized, was bold enough to dispute the alleged purpose of the perplexed maze of rooms and passages with which the walls of the ancient palace were perforated ; but the fact was undeniable, that in raising the fabric some Norman architect had exerted the utmost of the complicated art which they have often shown elsewhere, in creating secret passages and chambers of retreat and concealment. There were stairs which were ascended merely, as it seemed, for the purpose of descending again ; passages which, after turning and winding for a considerable way, returned to the place where they set out ; there were trap-doors and hatchways, panels and portcullises. Although Oliver was assisted by a sort of ground-plan, made out and transmitted by Joseph Tomkins, whose former employment in Doctor Rochecliffe's service had made him fully acquainted with the place, it was found imperfect ; and, moreover, the most serious obstacles to their progress occurred in the shape of strong doors, party-walls, and iron gates ; so that the party blundered on in the dark, uncer-

tain whether they were not going farther from, rather than approaching, the extremity of the labyrinth. They were obliged to send for mechanics, with sledge-hammers and other instruments, to force one or two of those doors, which resisted all other means of undoing them. Laboring along in these dusky passages, where, from time to time, they were like to be choked by the dust which their acts of violence excited, the soldiers were obliged to be relieved oftener than once, and the bulky Corporal Grace-be-here himself puffed and blew like a grampus that has got into shoal water. Cromwell alone continued, with unabated zeal, to push on his researches; to encourage the soldiers, by the exhortations which they best understood, against fainting for lack of faith; and to secure, by sentinels at proper places, possession of the ground which they had already explored. His acute and observing eye detected, with a sneering smile, the cordage and machinery by which the bed of poor Desborough had been inverted, and several remains of the various disguises, as well as private modes of access, by which Desborough, Blotson, and Harrison had been previously imposed upon. He pointed them out to Pearson, with no farther comment than was implied in the exclamation, "The simple fools!"

But his assistants began to lose heart and be discouraged, and required all his spirit to raise theirs. He then called their attention to voices which they seemed to hear before them, and urged these as evidence that they were moving on the track of some enemy of the Commonwealth, who, for the execution of his Malignant plots, had retreated into these extraordinary fastnesses.

The spirits of the men became at last downcast notwithstanding all this encouragement. They spoke to each other in whispers of the devils of Woodstock, who might be all the while decoying them forward to a room said to exist in the palace, where the floor, revolving on an axis, precipitated those who entered into a bottomless abyss. Humgudgeon hinted, that he had consulted the Scripture that morning by way of lot, and his fortune had been to alight on the passage, "Eutychus fell down from the third loft." The energy and authority of Cromwell, however, and the refreshment of some food and strong waters, reconciled them to pursuing their task.

Nevertheless, with all their unwearied exertions, morning dawned on the search before they had reached Doctor Rochecliffe's sitting-apartment, into which, after all, they

obtained entrance by a mode much more difficult than that which the Doctor himself employed. But here their ingenuity was long at fault. From the miscellaneous articles that were strewed around, and the preparations made for food and lodging, it seemed they had gained the very citadel of the labyrinth; but though various passages opened from it, they all terminated in places with which they were already acquainted, or communicated with the other parts of the house, where their own sentinels assured them none had passed. Cromwell remained long in deep uncertainty. Meantime he directed Pearson to take charge of the ciphers and more important papers which lay on the table. "Though there is little there," he said, "that I have not already known, by means of Trusty Tomkins. Honest Joseph, for an arduous and thorough-paced agent, the like of thee is **not left in England.**"

After a considerable pause, during which he sounded with the pommel of his sword almost every stone in the building and every plank in the floor, the General gave orders to bring the old knight and Doctor Rochecliffe to the spot, trusting that he might work out of them some explanation of the secrets of this apartment.

"So please your Excellency to let me to deal with them," said Pearson, who was a true soldier of fortune, and had been a buccaneer in the West Indies. "I think that, by a whipcord twitched tight round their forehead, and twisted about with a pistol-butt, I could make either the truth start from their lips or the eyes from their heads."

"Out upon thee, Pearson!" said Cromwell, with abhorrence; "we have no warrant for such cruelty, neither as Englishmen nor Christians. We may slay Malignants as we crush noxious animals, but to torture them is a deadly sin; for it is written, 'He made them to be pitied of those who carried them captive.' Nay, I recall the order even for their examination, trusting that wisdom will be granted us without it, to discover their most secret devices."

There was a pause accordingly, during which an idea seized upon Cromwell's imagination. "Bring me hither," he said, "yonder stool"; and placing it beneath one of the windows, of which there were two so high in the wall as not to be accessible from the floor, he clambered up into the entrance of the window, which was six or seven feet deep, corresponding with the thickness of the wall. "Come up hither, Pearson," said the General; "but ere thou comest, double the guard at the foot of the turret called

Love's Ladder, and bid them bring up the other petard. So now, come thou hither."

The inferior officer, however brave in the field, was one of those whom a great height strikes with giddiness and sickness. He shrunk back from the view of the precipice, on the verge of which Cromwell was standing with complete indifference, till the General, catching the hand of his follower, pulled him forward as far as he would advance. "I think," said the General, "I have found the clue, but by this light it is no easy one. See you, we stand in the portal near the top of Rosamond's Tower; and you turret which rises opposite to our feet is that which is called Love's Ladder, from which the drawbridge reached that admitted the profligate Norman tyrant to the bower of his mistress."

"True, my lord, but the drawbridge is gone," said Pearson.

"Ay, Pearson," replied the General; "but an active man might spring from the spot we stand upon to the battlements of yonder turret."

"I do not think so, my lord," said Pearson.

"What!" said Cromwell; "not if the avenger of blood were behind you, with his slaughter-weapon in his hand?"

"The fear of instant death might do much," answered Pearson; "but when I look at that sheer depth on either side, and at the empty chasm between us and yonder turret, which is, I warrant you, twelve feet distant, I confess the truth, nothing short of the most imminent danger should induce me to try. Pah, the thought makes my head grow giddy! I tremble to see your Highness stand there, balancing yourself as if you meditated a spring into the empty air. I repeat, I would scarce stand so near the verge as does your Highness, for the rescue of my life."

"Ah, base and degenerate spirit!" said the General—"soul of mud and clay, wouldst thou not do it, and much more, for the possession of empire? That is, peradventure," continued he, changing his tone as one who has said too much, "shouldst thou be called on to do this, that thereby becoming a great man in the tribes of Israel, thou mightest redeem the captivity of Jerusalem—ay, and it may be, work some great work for the afflicted people of this land?"

"Your Highness may feel such calls," said the officer; "but they are not for poor Gilbert Pearson, your faithful follower. You made a jest of me yesterday when I tried to

“speak your language : and I am no more able to fulfil your designs than to use your mode of speech.”

“But, Pearson,” said Cromwell, “thou hast thrice, yea, four times, called me ‘your Highness.’”

“Did I, my lord ? I was not sensible of it. I crave your pardon,” said the officer.

“Nay,” said Oliver, “there was no offence. I do indeed stand high, and I may perchance stand higher, though, alas ! it were fitter for a simple soul like me to return to my plow and my husbandry. Nevertheless, I will not wrestle against the Supreme will, should I be called on to do yet more in that worthy cause. For surely He who hath been to our British Israel as a shield of help and a sword of excellency, making her enemies be found liars unto her, will not give over the flock to those foolish shepherds of Westminster, who shear the sheep and feed them not, and who are in very deed hirelings, not shepherds.”

“I trust to see your lordship quoit them all downstairs,” answered Pearson. “But may I ask why we pursue this discourse even now, until we have secured the common enemy ?”

“I will tarry no jot of time,” said the General ; “fence the communication of Love’s Ladder, as it is called, below, as I take it for almost certain that the party whom we have driven from fastness to fastness during the night has at length sprung to the top of yonder battlements from the place where we now stand. Finding the turret is guarded below, the place he has chosen for his security will prove a rat-trap, from whence there is no returning.”

“There is a cask of gunpowder in this cabinet,” said Pearson ; “were it not better, my lord, to mine the tower, if he will not render himself, and send the whole turret with its contents one hundred feet into the air ?”

“Ah, silly man,” said Cromwell, striking him familiarly on the shoulder, “if thou hadst done this without telling me, it had been good service. But we will first summon the turret, and then think whether the petard will serve our turn : it is but mining at last. Blow a summons there, down below.”

The trumpets rang at his bidding, till the old walls echoed from every recess and vaulted archway. Cromwell, as if he cared not to look upon the person whom he expected to appear, drew back, like a necromancer afraid of the specter which he has evoked.

“He has come to the battlement,” said Pearson to his General.

"In what dress or appearance?" answered Cromwell from within the chamber.

"A gray riding-suit, passmented with silver, russet walking-boots, a cut band, a gray hat and plume, black hair."

"It is he—it is he," said Cromwell, "and another crowning mercy is vouchsafed."

Meantime, Pearson and young Lee exchanged defiance from their respective posts.

"Surrender," said the former, "or we blow you up in your fastness."

"I am come of too high a race to surrender to rebels," said Albert, assuming the air with which, in such a condition, a king might have spoken.

"I bear you to witness," cried Cromwell, exultingly, "he hath refused quarter. Of a surety, his blood be on his head. One of you bring down the barrel of powder. As he loves to soar high, we will add what can be taken from the soldiers' handoleers. Come with me, Pearson; thou understandst this gear. Corporal Grace-be-here, stand thou fast on the platform of the window, where Captain Pearson and I stood but even now, and bend the point of thy parizan against any who shall attempt to pass. Thou art as strong as a bull, and I will back thee against despair itself."

"But," said the corporal, mounting reluctantly, "the place is as the pinnacle of the Temple: and it is written, that Eutychus fell down from the third loft and was taken up dead."

"Because he slept upon his post," answered Cromwell, readily. "Beware thou of carelessness, and thus thy feet shall be kept from stumbling. You four soldiers, remain here to support the corporal, if it be necessary; and you, as well as the corporal, will draw into the vaulted passage the minute the trumpets sound a retreat. It is as strong as a casemate, and you may lie there safe from the effects of the mine. Thou, Zerubbabel Robins, I know, wilt be their lance-prisade."

Robins bowed, and the General departed to join those who were without.

As he reached the door of the hall, the petard was heard to explode, and he saw that it had succeeded: for the solders rushed, brandishing their swords and pistols, in at the postern of the turret, whose gate had been successfully forced. A thrill of exultation, but not unmingled with horror, shot across the veins of the ambitious soldier.

“Now—now,” he cried, “they are dealing with him !” His expectations were deceived. Pearson and the others returned disappointed, and reported they had been stopped by a strong trap-door of grated iron, extended over the narrow stair; and they could see there was an obstacle of the same kind some ten feet higher. To remove it by force, while a desperate and well-armed man had the advantage of the steps above them, might cost many lives. “Which, lack-a-day,” said the General, “it is our duty to be tender of. What dost thou advise, Gilbert Pearson ?”

“We must use powder, my lord,” answered Pearson, who saw his master was too modest to reserve to himself the whole merit of the proceeding: “there may be a chamber easily and conveniently formed under the foot of the stair. We have a sausage, by good luck, to form the train, and so——”

“Ah !” said Cromwell, “I know thou canst manage such gear well. But, Gilbert, I go to visit the posts, and give them orders to retire to a safe distance when the retreat is sounded. You will allow them five minutes for this purpose.”

“Three is enough for any knave of them all,” said Pearson. “They will be lame indeed, that require more on such a service. I ask but one, though I fire the train myself.”

“Take heed,” said Cromwell, “that the poor soul be listened to, if he asks quarter. It may be, he may repent him of his hardheartedness, and call for mercy.”

“And mercy he shall have,” answered Pearson, “provided he calls loud enough to make me hear him: for the explosion of that damned petard has made me as deaf as the devil’s dam.”

“Hush, Gilbert—hush !” said Cromwell: “you offend in your language.”

“Zooks, sir, I must speak either in your way or in my own,” said Pearson, “unless I am to be dumb as well as deaf. Away with you, my lord, to visit the posts; and you will presently hear me make some noise in the world.”

Cromwell smiled gently at his aide-de-camp’s petulance, patted him on the shoulder, and called him a mad fellow, walked a little way, then turned back to whisper, “What thou dost, do quickly”; then returned again towards the outer circle of guards, turning his head from time to time, as if to assure himself that the corporal, to whom he had entrusted the duty, still kept guard with his advanced

weapon upon the terrific chasm between Rosamond's Tower and the corresponding turret. Seeing him standing on his post, the General muttered between his mustachios, 'The fellow hath the strength and courage of a bear; and yonder is a post where one shall do more to keep back than an hundred in making way.' He cast a last look on the gigantic figure, who stood in that airy position like some Gothic statue, the weapon half-leveled against the opposite turret, with the butt rested against his right foot, his steel cap and burnished corslet glittering in the rising sun.

Cromwell then passed on to give the necessary orders, that such sentinels as might be endangered at their present posts by the effect of the mine should withdraw at the sound of the trumpet to the places which he pointed out to them. Never, on any occasion of his life, did he display more calmness and presence of mind. He was kind, nay, facetious, with the soldiers, who adored him; and yet he resembled a volcano before the eruption commences—all peaceful and quiet without, while an hundred contradictory passions were raging in his bosom.

Corporal Humgudgeon, meanwhile, remained steady upon his post; yet, though as determined a soldier as ever fought among the redoubted regiment of Ironsides, and possessed of no small share of that exalted fanaticism which lent so keen an edge to the natural courage of those stern religionists, the veteran felt his present situation to be highly uncomfortable. Within a pike's length of him arose a turret, which was about to be dispersed in massive fragments through the air; and he felt small confidence in the length of time which might be allowed for his escape from such a dangerous vicinity. The duty of constant vigilance upon his post was partly divided by this natural feeling, which induced him from time to time to bend his eyes on the miners below, instead of keeping them riveted on the opposite turret.

At length the interest of the scene arose to the uttermost. After entering and returning from the turret, and coming out again more than once, in the course of about twenty minutes, Pearson issued, as it might be supposed, for the last time, carrying in his hand, and uncoiling as he went along, the sausage, or linen bag (so called from its appearance), which, strongly sewed together and crammed with gunpowder, was to serve as a train betwixt the mine to be sprung and the point occupied by the engineer who was to give fire. He was in the act of finally adjusting it, when the attention

of the corporal on the tower became irresistibly and exclusively riveted upon the preparations for the explosion. But, while he watched the aide-de-camp drawing his pistol to give fire, and the trumpeter handling his instrument, as waiting the order to sound the retreat, fate rushed on the unhappy sentinel in a way he least expected.

Young, active, bold, and completely possessed of his presence of mind, Albert Lee, who had been from the loopholes a watchful observer of every measure which had been taken by his besiegers, had resolved to make one desperate effort for self-preservation. While the head of the sentinel on the opposite platform was turned from him, and bent rather downwards, he suddenly sprang across the chasm, though the space on which he lighted was scarce wide enough for two persons, threw the surprised soldier from his precarious stand, and jumped himself down into the chamber. The gigantic trooper went sheer down twenty feet, struck against a projecting battlement, which launched the wretched man outwards, and then fell on the earth with such tremendous force, that the head, which first touched the ground, dented a hole in the soil of six inches in depth, and was crushed like an egg-shell. Scarce knowing what had happened, yet startled and confounded at the descent of this heavy body, which fell at no great distance from him, Pearson snapped his pistol at the train, no previous warning given, the powder caught, and the mine exploded. Had it been strongly charged with powder, many of those without might have suffered; but the explosion was only powerful enough to blow out, in a lateral direction, a part of the wall just above the foundation, sufficient, however, to destroy the equipoise of the building. Then, amid a cloud of smoke, which began gradually to encircle the turret like a shroud, arising slowly from its base to its summit, it was seen to stagger and shake by all who had courage to look steadily at a sight so dreadful. Slowly, at first, the building inclined outwards, then rushed precipitately to its base, and fell to the ground in huge fragments, the strength of its resistance showing the excellence of the mason-work. The engineer, so soon as he had fired the train, fled in such alarm that he wellnigh ran against his General, who was advancing towards him, while a huge stone from the summit of the building, flying farther than the rest, lighted within a yard of them.

"Thou hast been over-hasty, Pearson," said Cromwell, with the greatest composure possible; "hath no one fallen in that same tower of Siloe?"

"Some one fell," said Pearson, still in great agitation, "and yonder lies his body half buried in the rubbish."

With a quick and resolute step, Cromwell approached the spot, and exclaimed, "Pearson thou hast ruined me: the Young Man hath escaped. This is our own sentinel, plague on the idiot! Let him rot beneath the ruins which crushed him!"

A cry now resounded from the platform of Rosamond's Tower, which appeared yet taller than formerly, deprived of the neighboring turret, which emulated though it did not attain to its height—"A prisoner, noble General—a prisoner! The fox whom we have chased all night is now in the snare: the Lord hath delivered him into the hand of His servants."

"Look you keep him in safe custody," exclaimed Cromwell, "and bring him presently down to the apartment from which the secret passages have their principal entrance."

"Your Excellency shall be obeyed."

The proceedings of Albert Lee, to which these exclamations related, had been unfortunate. He had dashed from the platform, as we have related, the gigantic strength of the soldier opposed to him, and had instantly jumped down into Rochecliffe's chamber. But the soldiers stationed there threw themselves upon him, and after a struggle, which was hopelessly maintained against such advantage of numbers, had thrown the young Cavalier to the ground, two of them, drawn down by his strenuous exertions, falling across him. At the same moment a sharp and severe report was heard, which, like a clap of thunder in the immediate vicinity, shook all around them, till the strong and solid tower tottered like the mast of a stately vessel when about to part by the board. In a few seconds, this was followed by another sullen sound, at first low and deep, but augmenting like the roar of a caracat, as it descends, reeling, bellowing, and rushing, as if to astound both heaven and earth. So awful, indeed, was the sound of the neighbor tower as it fell, that both the captive and those who struggled with him continued for a minute or two passive in each other's grasp.

Albert was the first who recovered consciousness and activity. He shook off those who lay above him, and made a desperate effort to gain his feet, in which he partly succeeded. But as he had to deal with men accustomed to every species of danger, and whose energies was recovered nearly as soon as his own, he was completely secured, and his arms held down. Loyal and faithful to his trust, and resolved to sustain to the last the character which he had assumed, he ex-

claimed, as his struggles were finally overpowered, "Rebel villains ! would you slay your king ?"

"Ha, heard you that ?" cried one of the soldiers to the lance-prisade, who commanded the party. "Shall I not strike this son of a wicked father under the fifth rib, even as the tyrant of Moab was smitten by Ehud with a dagger of a cubit's length ?"

But Robins answered, "Be it far from us, Merciful Strickalthrow, to slay in cold blood the captive of our bow and of our spear. Methinks, since the storm of Tredah* we have shed enough of blood ; therefore, on your lives do him no evil, but take from him his arms, and let us bring him before the chosen instrument, even our General, that he may do with him what is meet in his eyes."

By this time the soldier whose exultation had made him the first to communicate the intelligence from the battlements to Cromwell returned, and brought commands corresponding to the orders of their temporary officer ; and Albert Lee, disarmed and bound, was conducted as a captive into the apartment which derived its name from the victories of his ancestor, and placed in the presence of General Cromwell.

Running over in his mind the time which had elapsed since the departure of Charles till the siege, if it may be termed so, had terminated in his own capture, Albert had every reason to hope that his royal master must have had time to accomplish his escape. Yet he determined to maintain to the last a deceit which might for a time ensure the King's safety. The difference betwixt them could not, he thought, be instantly discovered, begrimed as he was with dust and smoke, and with blood issuing from some scratches received in the scuffle.

In this evil plight, but bearing himself with such dignity as was adapted to the princely character, Albert was ushered into the apartment of Victor Lee, where, in his father's own chair, reclined the triumphant enemy of the cause to which the house of Lee had been hereditarily faithful.

* See Note 12.

CHAPTER XXXV

A barren title hast thou bought too dear :
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?
Henry IV. Part I.

OLIVER CROMWELL arose from his seat as the two veteran soldiers, Zerubbabel Robins and Merciful Strickalthrow, introduced into the apartment the prisoner, whom they held by the arms, and fixed his stern hazel eye on Albert long before he could give vent to the ideas which were swelling in his bosom. Exultation was the most predominant.

“Art not thou,” he at length said, “that Egyptian which, before these days, madest an uproar, and leddest out into the wilderness many thousand men, who were murderers? Ha, youth! I have hunted thee from Sterling to Worcester, from Worcester to Woodstock, and we have met at last.”

“I would,” replied Albert, speaking in the character which he had assumed, “that we had met where I could have shown thee the difference betwixt a rightful king and an ambitious usurper!”

“Go to, young man,” said Cromwell; “say rather the difference between a judge raised up for the redemption of England and the son of those kings whom the Lord in His anger permitted to reign over her. But we will not waste useless words. God knows that it is not of our will that we are called to such high matters, being as humble in our thoughts as we are of ourselves, and in our unassisted nature frail and foolish, and unable to render a reason but for the better spirit within us, which is not of us. Thou art weary, young man, and thy nature requires rest and reflection, being doubtless dealt with delicately, as one who hath fed on the fat and drank of the sweet, and who hath been clothed in purple and fine linen.”

Here the General suddenly stopped, and then abruptly exclaimed—“But is this—Ah! whom have we here? These are not the locks of the swarthy lad Charles Stuart. A cheat—a cheat!”

Albert hastily cast his eyes on a mirror which stood in the room, and perceived that a dark peruke, found among Doctor Rochecliffe’s miscellaneous wardrobe, had been dis-

ordered in the scuffle with the soldiery, and that his own light brown hair was escaping from beneath it.

"Who is this?" said Cromwell, stamping with fury. "Pluck the disguise from him!"

The soldiers did so; and bringing him at the same time towards the light, the deception could not be maintained for a moment longer, with any possibility of success. Cromwell came up to him with his teeth set, and grinding against each other as he spoke, his hands clenched, and trembling with emotion, and speaking with a voice low-pitched, bitterly and deeply emphatic, such as might have preceded a stab with his dagger.

"Thy name, young man?"

He was answered calmly and firmly, while the countenance of the speaker wore a cast of triumph, and even contempt—

"Albert Lee of Ditchley, a faithful subject of King Charles."

"I might have guessed it," said Cromwell. "Ay, and to King Charles shalt thou go, as soon as it is noon on the dial. Pearson," he continued, "let him be carried to the others; and let them be executed at twelve exactly."

"All, sir?" said Pearson, surprised; for Cromwell, though he at times made formidable examples, was, in general, by no means sanguinary.

"*All*," repeated Cromwell, fixing his eye on young Lee. "Yes, young sir, your conduct has devoted to death thy father, thy kinsman, and the stranger that was in thine household. Such wreck hast thou brought on thy father's house."

"My father, too—my aged father!" said Albert, looking upward, and endeavoring to raise his hands in the same direction, which was prevented by his bonds. "The Lord's will be done!"

"All this havoc can be saved, if," said the General, "thou wilt answer one question—Where is the young Charles Stuart, who was called King of Scotland?"

"Under Heaven's protection, and safe from thy power," was the firm and unhesitating answer of the young Royalist.

"Away with him to prison!" said Cromwell; "and from thence to execution with the rest of them, as Malignants taken in the fact. Let a court-martial sit on them presently."

"One word," said young Lee, as they led him from the room.

"Stop—stop," said Cromwell, with the agitation of renewed hope; "let him be heard."

"You love texts of Scripture," said Albert. "Let this be the subject of your next homily. Had Zimri peace, who slew his master?"

"Away with him," said the General: "let him die the death! I have said it."

As Cromwell spoke these words, his aide-de-camp observed that he became unwontedly pale.

"Your Excellency is overtoiled in the public service," said Pearson: "a course of the stag in the evening will refresh you. The old knight hath a noble hound here, if we can but get him to hunt without his master, which may be hard, as he is faithful, and——"

"Hang him up!" said Cromwell.

"What—whom—hang the noble dog? Your Excellency was wont to love a good hound."

"It matters not," said Cromwell: "let him be killed. Is it not written, that they slew in the valley of Achor, not only the accursed Achan, with his sons and his daughters, but also his oxen and his asses, and his sheep, and every live thing belonging unto him? And even thus shall we do to the Malignant family of Lee, who have aided Sisera in his flight, when Israel might have been delivered of his trouble forever. But send out couriers and patrols. Follow, pursue, watch in every direction. Let my horse be ready at the door in five minutes, or bring me the first thou canst find."

It seemed to Pearson that this was something wildly spoken, and that the cold perspiration was standing upon the General's brow as he said it. He therefore again pressed the necessity of repose: and it would appear that nature seconded strongly the representation. Cromwell arose and made a step or two towards the door of the apartment; but stopped, staggered, and, after a pause, sat down in a chair. "Truly, friend Pearson," he said, "this weary carcass of ours is an impediment to us, even in our most necessary business, and I am fitter to sleep than to watch, which is not my wont. Place guards, therefore, till we repose ourselves for an hour or two. Send out in every direction, and spare not for horses' flesh. Wake me if the court-martial should require instruction, and forget not to see the sentence punctually executed on the Lees and those who were arrested with them."

As Cromwell spoke thus, he arose and half-opened a bed-

room door, when Pearson again craved pardon for asking if he had rightly understood his Excellency, that all the prisoners were to be executed.

"Have I not said it?" answered Cromwell, displeasedly. "Is it because thou art a man of blood, and hast ever been, that thou dost affect these scruples, to show thyself tender-hearted at my expense? I tell thee that, if there lack one in the full tale of execution, thine own life shall pay the forfeit."

So saying, he entered the apartment, followed by the groom of his chamber, who attended upon Pearson's summons.

When his General had retired, Pearson remained in great perplexity what he ought to do: and that from no scruples of conscience, but from uncertainty whether he might not err either in postponing or in too hastily and too literally executing the instructions he had received.

In the mean time, Strickalthrow and Robins had returned, after lodging Albert in prison, to the room where Pearson was still musing on his General's commands. Both these men were adjutators in their army, and old soldiers, whom Cromwell was accustomed to treat with great familiarity; so that Robins had no hesitation to ask Captain Pearson "Whether he meant to execute the commands of the General, even to the letter?"

Pearson shook his head with an air of doubt, but added, "There was no choice left."

"Be assured," said the old man, "that, if thou dost this folly, thou wilt cause Israel to sin, and that the General will not be pleased with your service. Thou knowest, and none better than thou, that Oliver, although he be like unto David the son of Jesse in faith, and wisdom, and courage, yet there are times when the evil spirit cometh upon him as it did upon Saul, and he uttereth commands which he will not thank any one for executing."

Pearson was too good a politician to assent directly to a proposition which he could not deny: he only shook his head once more, and said that it was easy for those to talk who were not responsible, but the soldier's duty was to obey his orders, and not to judge of them.

"Very righteous truth," said Merciful Strickalthrow, a grim old Scotchman: "I marvel where our brother Zerubbabel caught up this softness of heart?"

"Why, I do but wish," said Zerubbabel, "that four or five human creatures may draw the breath of God's air for

a few hours more ; there can be small harm done by delaying the execution, and the General will have some time for reflection."

"Ay," said Captain Pearson, "but I in my service must be more pointedly obsequious than thou in thy plainness art bound to be, friend Zerubbabel."

"Then shall the coarse frieze cassock of the private soldier help the golden gaberdine of the captain to bear out the blast," said Zerubbabel. "Ay, indeed, I can show you warrant why we be aidful to each other in doing acts of kindness and long-suffering, seeing the best of us are poor, sinful creatures, who might suffer, being called to a brief accounting."

"Of a verity you surprise me, brother Zerubbabel," said Strickalthrow, "that thou, being an old and experienced soldier, whose head hath grown gray in battle, shouldst give such advice to a young officer. Is not the General's commission to take away the wicked from the land, and to root out the Amalekite, and the Jebusite, and the Perizzite, and the Hittite, and the Girgashite, and the Amorite ? and are not these men justly to be compared to the five kings who took shelter in the cave of Makkedah, who were delivered into the hands of Joshua the son of Nun ? and he caused his captains and his soldiers to come near and tread on their necks, and then he smote them, and he slew them, and then he hanged them on five trees, even till evening. And thou, Gilbert Pearson by name, be not withheld from the duty which is appointed to thee, but do even as has been commanded by him who is raised up to judge and to deliver Israel ; for it is written, "Cursed is he who holdeth back his sword from the slaughter.'"

Thus wrangled the two military theologians, while Pearson, much more solicitous to anticipate the wishes of Oliver than to know the will of Heaven, listened to them with great indecision and perplexity.

CHAPTER XXXVI

But let us now, like soldiers on the watch,
Put the soul's armor on, alike prepared
For all a soldier's warfare brings.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE reader will recollect that, when Rochecliffe and Joceline were made prisoners, the party which escorted them had two other captives in their train—Colonel Everard, namely, and the Rev. Nehemiah Holdenough. When Cromwell had obtained entrance into Woodstock, and commenced his search after the fugitive prince, the prisoners were placed in what had been an old guard-room, and which was by its strength well calculated to serve for a prison, and a guard was placed over them by Pearson. No light was allowed, save that of a glimmering fire of charcoal. The prisoners remained separated from each other, Colonel Everard conversing with Nehemiah Holdenough at a distance from Doctor Rochecliffe, Sir Henry Lee, and Joceline. The party was soon after augmented by Wildrake, who was brought down to the lodge, and thrust in with so little ceremony that, his arms being bound, he had very nearly fallen on his nose in the middle of the prison.

“I thank you, my good friends,” he said, looking back to the door, which they who had pushed him were securing. “*Point de cérémonie*—no apology for stumbling, so we light in good company. Save ye, save ye, gentlemen all. What *à la mort*, and nothing stirring to keep the spirits up, and make a night on’t? the last we shall have, I take it: for a make to a million but we trine to the nubbing cheat to-morrow. Patron—noble patron, how goes it? This was but a scurvy trick of Noll, so far as you were concerned; as for me, why, I might have deserved something of the kind at his hand.”

“Prithee, Wildrake, sit down,” said Everard; “thou art drunk—disturb us not.”

“Drunk—I drunk!” cried Wildrake. “I have been splicing the main-brace, as Jack says at Wapping—have been tasting Noll’s brandy in a bumper to the King’s health,

and another to his Excellency's confusion, and another to the d——n of Parliament, and it may be one or two more, but all to devilish good toasts. But I'm not drunk."

"Prithee, friend, be not profane," said Nehemiah Hold-enough.

"What, my little Presbyterion parson, my slender Mas John! Thou shalt say amen to this world instantly," said Wildrake. "I have had a weary time in't for one. Ha, noble Sir Henry, I kiss your hand. I tell thee, knight, the point of my Toledo was near Cromwell's heart last night, as ever a button on the breast of his doublet. Rat him, he wears secret armor. He a soldier! Had it not been for a cursed steel shirt, I would have spitted him like a lark. Ha, Doctor Rochecliffe! thou knowest I can wield my weapon."

"Yes," replied the Doctor, "and you know I can use mine."

"I prithee be quiet, Master Wildrake," said Sir Henry.

"Nay, good knight," answered Wildrake, "be somewhat more cordial with a comrade in distress. This is a different scene from the Brentford storming-party. The jade Fortune has been a very step-mother to me. I will sing you a song I made on my own ill-luck."

"At this moment, Captain Wildrake, we are not in a fitting mood for singing," said Sir Henry, civilly and gravely.

"Nay, it will aid your devotions. Egad, it sounds like a penitential psalm :

When I was a young lad,
My fortune was bad.
If e'er I do well 'tis a wonder.
I spent all my means
Amid sharpeners and queans,
Then I got a commission to plunder.
I have stockings, 'tis true,
But the devil a shoe,
I am forced to wear boots in all weather ;
Be d—d the boot sole,
Curse on the spur-roll,
Confounded be the upper-leather.* *

The door opened as Wildrake finished this stanza at the top of his voice, and in rushed a sentinel, who, greeting him by the title of a "blasphemous bellowing bull of Bashan," bestowed a severe blow with his ramrod on the shoulders of

* Such a song, or something very like it, may be found in Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany*, among the wild slips of minstrelsy which are there collected.

the songster, whose bonds permitted him no means of returning the compliment.

"Your humble servant again, sir," said Wildrake, shrugging his shoulders; "sorry I have no means of showing my gratitude. I am bound ever to keep the peace, like Captain Bobadil. Ha, knight, did you hear my bones clatter? That blow came twangingly off: the fellow might inflict the bastinado, were it in presence of the Grand Seignior; he has no taste for music, knight—is no way moved by the 'concord of sweet sounds.' I will warrant him fit for treason, stratagem, and spoil. Eh—all down in the mouth? Well, I'll go to sleep to-night on a bench, as I've done many a night, and I will be ready to be hanged decently in the morning, which never happened to me before in all my life.

When I was a young lad,
My fortune was bad—

Pshaw! This is not the tune it goes to." Here he fell fast asleep, and sooner or later all his companions in misfortune followed his example.

The benches intended for the repose of the soldiers of the guard afforded the prisoners convenience enough to lie down though their slumbers, it may be believed, were neither sound nor undisturbed. But, when daylight was but a little while broken, the explosion of gunpowder which took place, and the subsequent fall of the turret to which the mine was applied, would have awakened the Seven Sleepers, or Morpheus himself. The smoke, penetrating through the windows, left them at no loss for the cause of the din.

"There went my gunpowder," said Rochecliffe, "which has, I trust, blown up as many rebel villains as it might have been the means of destroying otherwise in a fair field. It must have caught fire by chance."

"By chance! no," said Sir Henry; "depend on it, my bold Albert has fired the train, and that in yonder blast Cromwell was flying towards the heaven whose battlements he will never reach. Ah, my brave boy! and perhaps thou art thyself sacrificed, like a youthful Samson among the rebellious Philistines! But I will not be long behind thee, Albert."

Everard hastened to the door, hoping to obtain from the guard, to whom his name and rank might be known, some explanation of the noise, which seemed to announce some dreadful catastrophe.

But Nehemiah Holdenough, whose rest had been broken by the trumpet which gave signal for the explosion, appeared in the very acme of horror. "It is the trumpet of the Archangel!" he cried—"it is the crushing of this world of elements—it is the summons to the judgment-seat! The dead are obeying the call—they are with us—they are amongst us—they arise in their bodily frames—they come to summon us!"

As he spoke, his eyes were riveted upon Doctor Rochecliffe, who stood directly opposite to him. In rising hastily, the cap which he commonly wore, according to a custom then usual both among clergymen and gowmen of a civil profession, had escaped from his head, and carried with it the large silk patch which he probably wore for the purpose of disguise; for the cheek which was disclosed was unscarred, and the eye as good as that which was usually uncovered.

Colonel Everard, returning from the door, endeavored in vain to make Master Holdenough comprehend what he learned from the guard without, that the explosion had involved only the death of one of Cromwell's soldiers. The Presbyterian divine continued to stare wildly at him of the Episcopal persuasion.

But Doctor Rochecliffe heard and understood the news brought by Colonel Everard, and, relieved from the instant anxiety which had kept him stationary, he advanced towards the retiring Calvinist, extending his hand in the most friendly manner.

"Avoid thee—avoid thee!" said Holdenough, "the living may not join hands with the dead."

"But I," said Rochecliffe, "am as much alive as you are."

"Thou alive!—thou! Joseph Albany, whom my own eyes saw precipitated from the battlements of Clidesthrough Castle?"

"Ay," answered the Doctor, "but you did not see me swim ashore on a marsh covered with sedges—*fugit ad salices*—after a manner which I will explain to you another time."

Holdenough touched his hand with doubt and uncertainty. "Thou art indeed warm and alive," he said, "and yet after so many blows, and a fall so tremendous, thou canst not be *my* Joseph Albany."

"I am Joseph Albany Rochecliffe," said the Doctor, "become so in virtue of my mother's little estate, which fines and confiscations have made an end of."

“And is it so indeed?” said Holdenough, “and have I recovered mine old chum?”

“Even so,” replied Rochecliffe, “by the same token I appeared to you in the Mirror Chamber. Thou wert so bold, Nehemiah, that our whole scheme would have been shipwrecked, had I not appeared to thee in the shape of a departed friend. Yet, believe me, it went against my heart to do it.”

“Ah, fie on thee—fie on thee,” said Holdenough, throwing himself into his arms, and clasping him to his bosom, “thou wert ever a naughty wag. How couldst thou play me such a trick? Ah, Albany, dost thou remember Dr. Purefoy and Caius College?”

“Marry, do I,” said the Doctor, thrusting his arm through the Presbyterian divine’s, and guiding him to a seat apart from the other prisoners, who witnessed this scene with much surprise. “Remember Caius College!” said Rochecliffe, “ay, and the good ale we drank, and our parties to Mother Huffcap’s.”

“Vanity of vanities,” said Holdenough, smiling kindly at the same time, and still holding his recovered friend’s arm inclosed and handlocked in his.

“But the breaking the principal’s orchard, so cleanly done,” said the Doctor; “it was the first plot I ever framed, and much work I had to prevail on thee to go into it.”

“Oh, name not that iniquity,” said Nehemiah, “since I may well say, as the pious Master Baxter, that these boyish offenses have had their punishment in later years, inasmuch as that inordinate appetite for fruit hath produced stomacic affections under which I yet labor.”

“True—true, dear Nehemiah,” said Rochecliffe; “but care not for them—a dram of brandy will correct it all. Mr. Baxter was”—he was about to say, “an ass,” but checked himself, and only filled up the sentence with “a good man, I daresay, but over-scrupulous.”

So they sat down together the best of friends, and for half an hour talked with mutual delight over old college stories. By degrees they got on the politics of the day; and though then they unclasped their hands, and there occurred between them such expressions as “Nay, my dear brother,” and “There I must needs differ,” and “On this point I crave leave to think”; yet a hue and cry against the Independents and other sectarists being started, they followed like brethren in full halloo, and it was hard to guess which was most forward. Unhappily, in the course of this amic-

able intercourse, something was mentioned about the bishopric of Titus, which at once involved them in the doctrinal question of church government. Then, alas! the flood-gates were opened, and they showered on each other Greek and Hebrew texts, while their eyes kindled, their cheeks glowed, their hands became clenched, and they looked more like fierce polemics about to rend each other's eyes out than Christian divines.

Roger Wildrake, by making himself an auditor of the debate, contrived to augment its violence. He took, of course, a most decided part in a question the merits of which were totally unknown to him. Somewhat overawed by Holdenough's ready oratory and learning, the Cavalier watched with a face of anxiety the countenance of Doctor Rochecliffe; but when he saw the proud eye and steady bearing of the Episcopal champion, and heard him answer Greek with Greek, and Hebrew with Hebrew, Wildrake backed his arguments as he closed them with a stout rap upon the bench, and an exulting laugh in the face of the antagonist. It was with some difficulty that Sir Henry and Colonel Everard, having at length and reluctantly interfered, prevailed on the two alienated friends to adjourn their dispute, removing at the same time to a distance, and regarding each other with looks in which old friendship appeared to have totally given way to mutual animosity.

But while they sat lowering on each other, and longing to renew a contest in which each claimed the victory, Pearson entered the prison, and, in a low and troubled voice, desired the persons whom it contained to prepare for instant death.

Sir Henry Lee received the doom with the stern composure which he had hitherto displayed. Colonel Everard attempted the interposition of a strong and resentful appeal to the Parliament against the judgment of the court-martial and the General. But Pearson declined to receive or transmit any such remonstrance, and, with a dejected look and mien of melancholy presage, renewed his exhortation to them to prepare for the hour of noon, and withdrew from the prison.

The operation of this intelligence on the two clerical disputants was more remarkable. They gazed for a moment on each other with eyes in which repentant kindness and a feeling of generous shame quenched every lingering feeling of resentment, and joining in the mutual exclamation—"My brother—my brother, I have sinned—I have sinned in offending thee!" they rushed into each other's arms,

shed tears as they demanded each other's forgiveness, and, like two warriors who sacrifice a personal quarrel to discharge their duty against the common enemy, they recalled nobler ideas of their sacred character, and, assuming the part which best became them on an occasion so melancholy, began to exhort those around them to meet the doom that had been announced with the firmness and dignity which Christianity alone can give.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Most gracious prince, good Cannyng cried,
Leave vengeance to our God,
And lay the iron rule aside:
Be thine the olive rod.

Ballad of Sir Charles Bawdin.

THE hour appointed for execution had been long past, and it was about five in the evening when the Protector summoned Pearson to his presence. He went with fear and reluctance, uncertain how he might be received. After remaining about a quarter of an hour, the aide-de-camp returned to Victor Lee's parlor, where he found the old soldier, Zerubbabel Robins, in attendance for his return.

"How is Oliver?" said the old man, anxiously.

"Why, well," answered Pearson, "and hath asked no questions of the execution, but many concerning the reports we have been able to make regarding the flight of the Young Man, and is much moved at thinking he must now be beyond pursuit. Also I gave him certain papers belonging to the Malignant Dr. Rochecliffe."

"Then will I venture upon him," said the adjutator; "so give me a napkin that I may look like a sewer, and fetch up the food which I directed should be in readiness."

Two troopers attended accordingly with a ration of beef, such as was distributed to the private soldiers, and dressed after their fashion, a pewter pot of ale, a trencher with salt, black pepper, and a loaf of ammunition bread. "Come with me," he said to Pearson, "and fear not—Noll loves an innocent jest." He boldly entered the General's sleeping apartment, and said aloud, "Arise, thou that art called to be a judge in Israel; let there be no more folding of the hands to sleep. Lo, I come as a sign to thee; wherefore rise, eat, drink, and let thy heart be glad within thee, for thou shalt eat with joy the food of him that laboreth in the trenches, seeing that, since thou wert commander over the host, the poor sentinel hath had such provisions as I have now placed for thine own refreshment."

"Truly, brother Zerubbabel," said Cromwell, accustomed

to such starts of enthusiasm among his followers, "we would wish that it were so, neither is it our desire to sleep soft nor feed more highly than the meanest that ranks under our banners. Verily, thou hast chosen well for my refreshment, and the smell of the food is savory to my nostrils."

He arose from the bed on which he had lain down half dressed, and wrapping his cloak around him, sat down by the bedside, and partook heartily of the plain food which was prepared for him. While he was eating, Cromwell commanded Pearson to finish his report—"You need not desist for the presence of a worthy soldier, whose spirit is as my spirit."

"Nay, but," interrupted Robbins, "you are to know that Gilbert Pearson hath not fully executed thy commands touching a part of those Malignants, all of whom should have died at noon."

"What execution—what Malignants?" said Cromwell, laying down his knife and fork.

"Those in the prison here at Woodstock," answered Zerubbabel, "whom your Excellency commanded should be executed at noon, as taken in the fact of rebellion against the Commonwealth."

"Wretch!" said Cromwell, starting up and addressing Pearson, "thou hast not touched Mark Everard, in whom there was no guilt, for he was deceived by him who passed between us, neither hast thou put forth thy hand on the pragmatic Presbyterian minister, to have all those of their classes cry sacrilege, and alienate them from us forever."

"If your Excellency wish them to live, they live: their life and death are in the power of a word," said Pearson.

"Enfranchise them: I must gain the Presbyterian interest over to us if I can."

"Rochecliffe, the arch-plotter," said Pearson, "I thought to have executed, but——"

"Barbarous man," said Cromwell, "alike ungrateful and impolitic, wouldst thou have destroyed our decoy-duck? This doctor is but like a well, a shallow one indeed, but something deeper than the springs which discharge their secret tribute into his keeping; then come I with a pump and suck it all up to the open air. Enlarge him, and let him have money if he wants it. I know his haunts: he can go nowhere but our eye will be upon him. But you look at each other darkly, as if you had more to say than you durst. I trust you have not done to death Sir Henry Lee?"

"No. Yet the man," replied Pearson, "is a confirmed Malignant, and——"

"Ay, but he is also a noble relic of the ancient English gentleman," said the General. "I would I knew how to win the favor of that race! But we, Pearson, whose royal robes are the armor which we wear on our bodies, and whose leading-staves are our scepters, are too newly set up to draw the respect of the proud Malignants, who cannot brook to submit to less than royal lineage. Yet what can they see in the longest kingly line in Europe save that it runs back to a successful soldier? I grudge that one man should be honored and followed, because he is the descendant of a victorious commander, while less honor and allegiance is paid to another, who, in personal qualities and in success, might emulate the founder of his rival's dynasty. Well, Sir Henry Lee lives, and shall live for me. His son, indeed, hath deserved the death which he has doubtless sustained."

"My lord," stammered Pearson, "since your Excellency has found I am right in suspending your order in so many instances I trust you will not blame me in this also. I thought it best to await more special orders."

"Thou art in a mighty merciful humor this morning, Pearson," said Cromwell, not entirely satisfied.

"If your Excellency please, the halter is ready, and so is the provost-marshal."

"Nay, if such a bloody fellow as thou hast spared him, it would ill become me to destroy him," said the General, "But then here is among Rochecliffe's papers the engagement of twenty desperadoes to take us off; some example ought to be made."

"My lord," said Zerubbabel, "consider now how often this young man, Albert Lee, hath been near you, nay, probably quite close to your Excellency, in these dark passages, which he knew and we did not. Had he been of an assassin's nature, it would have cost him but a pistol-shot, and the light of Israel was extinguished. Nay, in the unavoidable confusion which must have ensued, the sentinels quitting their posts, he might have had a fair chance of escape."

"Enough Zerubbabel—he lives," said the General. "He shall remain in custody for some time, however, and be then banished from England. The other two are safe, of course; for you would not dream of considering such paltry fellows as fit victims for my revenge."

"One fellow, the under-keeper, called Joliffe, deserves death, however," said Pearson, "since he has frankly admitted that he slew honest Joseph Tomkins."

"He deserves a reward for saving us a labor," said Cromwell: "that Tomkins was a most double-hearted villain. I have found evidence among these papers here, that, if we had lost the fight at Worcester, we should have had reason to regret that we had ever trusted Master Tomkins: it was only our success which anticipated his treachery. Write us down debtor, not creditor, to Joceline, an you call him so, and to his quarter-staff."

"There remains the sacrilegious and graceless Cavalier who attempted your Excellency's life last night," said Pearson.

"Nay," said the General, "that were stooping too low for revenge. His sword had no more power than had he thrust with a tobacco-pipe. Eagles stoop not at mallards, or wild drakes either."

"Yet, sir," said Pearson, "the fellow should be punished as a libeller. The quantity of foul and pestilential abuse which we found in his pockets makes me loth he should go altogether free. Please to look at them, sir."

"A most vile hand," said Oliver, as he looked at a sheet or two of our friend Wildrake's poetical miscellanies. "The very handwriting seems to be drunk, and the very poetry not sober. What have we here?"

"When I was a young lad,
"My fortune was bad;
If e'er I do well, 'tis a wonder."

Why, what trash is this? and then again—

"Now a plague on the poll
Of old politic Noll!
We will drink till we bring
In triumph back the King."

In truth, if it could be done that way, this poet would be a stout champion. Give the poor knave five pieces, Pearson, and bid him go sell his ballads. If he come within twenty miles of our person, though, we will have him flogged till the blood runs down to his heels."

"There remains only one sentenced person," said Pearson—"a noble wolf-hound, finer than any your Excellency saw in Ireland. He belongs to the old knight, Sir Henry

Lee. Should your Excellency not desire to keep the fine creature yourself, might I presume to beg that I might have leave?"

"No, Pearson," said Cromwell; "the old man, so faithful himself, shall not be deprived of his faithful dog. I would I had any creature, were it but a dog, that followed me because it loved me, not for what it could make of me."

"Your Excellency is unjust to your faithful soldiers," said Zerubbabel, bluntly, "who follow you like dogs, fight for you like dogs, and have the grave of a dog on the spot where they happen to fall."

"How now, old grumbler," said the General, "what means this change of note?"

"Corporal Humgudgeon's remains are left to molder under the ruins of yonder tower, and Tomkins is thrust into a hole in a thicket like a beast."

"True—true," said Cromwell; "they shall be removed to the churchyard, and every soldier shall attend with cockades of sea-green and blue ribbon. Every one of the non-commissioned officers and adjutators shall have a mourning scarf; we ourselves will lead the procession, and there shall be a proper dole of wine, burnt brandy, and rosemary. See that it is done, Pearson. After the funeral, Woodstock shall be dismantled and destroyed, that its recesses may not again afford shelter to rebels and Malignants."

The commands of the General were punctually obeyed, and when the other prisoners were dismissed, Albert Lee remained for some time in custody. He went abroad after his liberation, entered in King Charles's guards, where he was promoted by that monarch. But his fate, as we shall see hereafter, only allowed him a short though bright career.

We return to the liberation of the other prisoners from Woodstock. The two divines, completely reconciled to each other, retreated arm-in-arm to the parsonage-house, formerly the residence of Doctor Rochecliffe, but which he now visited as the guest of his successor, Nehemiah Holdenough. The Presbyterian had no sooner installed his friend under his roof than he urged upon him an offer to partake it, and the income annexed to it, as his own. Dr. Rochecliffe was much affected, but wisely rejected the generous offer, considering the difference of their tenets on church government, which each entertained as religiously as his creed. Another debate, though a light one, on the subject of the office of bishops in the primitive church, confirmed

him in his resolution. They parted the next day, and their friendship remained undisturbed by controversy till Mr. Holdenough's death, in 1658—a harmony which might be in some degree owing to their never meeting again after their imprisonment. Doctor Rochecliffe was restored to his living after the Restoration, and ascended from thence to high clerical preferment.

The inferior personages of the grand jail-delivery at Woodstock Lodge easily found themselves temporary accommodations in the town among old acquaintance ; but no one ventured to entertain the old knight, understood to be so much under the displeasure of the ruling powers ; and even the innkeeper of the George, who had been one of his tenants, scarce dared to admit him to the common privileges of a traveler, who has food and lodging for his money. Everard attended him unrequested, unpermitted, but also unforbidden. The heart of the old man had been turned once more towards him when he learned how he had behaved at the memorable rencontre at the King's Oak, and saw that he was an object of the enmity, rather than the favor, of Cromwell. But there was another secret feeling which tended to reconcile him to his nephew—the consciousness that Everard shared with him the deep anxiety which he experienced on account of his daughter, who had not yet returned from her doubtful and perilous expedition. He felt that he himself would perhaps be unable to discover where Alice had taken refuge during the late events, or to obtain her deliverance if she was taken into custody. He wished Everard to offer him his service in making a search for her, but shame prevented his preferring the request ; and Everard, who could not suspect the altered state of his uncle's mind, was afraid to make the proposal of assistance, or even to name the name of Alice.

The sun had already set, they sat looking each other in the face in silence, when the trampling of horses was heard, there was knocking at the door, there was a light step on the stair, and Alice, the subject of their anxiety, stood before them. She threw herself joyfully into her father's arms, who glanced his eye heedfully round the room, as he said in a whisper, "Is all safe?"

"Safe and out of danger, as I trust," replied Alice : "I have a token for you."

Her eye then rested on Everard, she blushed, was embarrassed, and silent.

"You need not fear your Presbyterian cousin," said the

knight, with a good-humored smile, "he has himself proved a confessor at least for loyalty, and ran the risk of being a martyr."

She pulled from her bosom the royal rescript, written on a small and soiled piece of paper, and tied round with a worsted thread instead of a seal. Such as it was, Sir Henry ere he opened it pressed the little packet with Oriental veneration to his lips, to his heart, to his forehead; and it was not before a tear had dropt on it that he found courage to open and read the billet. It was in these words:—

"LOYAL OUR MUCH-ESTEEMED FRIEND AND OUR TRUSTY
SUBJECT,

"It having become known to us that a purpose of marriage has been entertained betwixt Mrs. Alice Lee, your only daughter, and Markham Everard, Esq., of Eversly Chase, her kinsman, and by affiancy your nephew, and being assured that this match would be highly agreeable to you, had it not been for certain respects to our service, which induced you to refuse your consent thereto—we do therefore acquaint you that, far from our affairs suffering by such an alliance, we do exhort and, so far as we may, require you to consent to the same, as you would wish to do us good pleasure, and greatly to advance our affairs. Leaving to you, nevertheless, as becometh a Christian king, the full exercise of your own discretion concerning other obstacles to such an alliance which may exist independent of those connected with our service. Witness our hand, together with our thankful recollections of your good services to our late royal father as well as ourselves,
C. R."

Long and steadily did Sir Henry gaze on the letter, so that it might almost seem as if he were getting it by heart. He then placed it carefully in his pocket-book, and asked Alice the account of her adventures of the preceding night. They were briefly told. Their midnight walk through the chase had been speedily and safely accomplished. Nor had the King once made the slightest relapse into the naughty Louis Kerneguy. When she had seen Charles and his attendant set off, she had taken some repose in the cottage where they parted. With the morning came news that Woodstock was occupied by soldiers, so that return thither might have led to danger, suspicion, and inquiry. Alice therefore did not attempt it, but went to a house in the

neighborhood, inhabited by a lady of established loyalty, whose husband had been major of Sir Henry Lee's regiment, and had fallen at the battle of Naseby. Mrs. Aylmer was a sensible woman, and indeed the necessities of the singular times had sharpened every one's faculties for stratagem and intrigue. She sent a faithful servant to scout about the mansion at Woodstock, who no sooner saw the prisoners dismissed and in safety, and ascertained the knight's destination for the evening, than he carried the news to his mistress, and by her orders attended Alice on horseback to join her father.

There was seldom, perhaps, an evening meal made in such absolute silence as by this embarrassed party, each occupied with their own thoughts, and at a loss how to fathom those of the others. At length the hour came when Alice felt herself at liberty to retire to repose after a day so fatiguing. Everard handed her to the door of her apartment, and was then himself about to take leave, when, to his surprise, his uncle asked him to return, pointed to a chair, and, giving him the King's letter to read, fixed his looks on him steadily, during the perusal, determined that, if he could discover aught short of the utmost delight in the reading, the commands of the King himself should be disobeyed, rather than Alice should be sacrificed to one who received not her hand as the greatest blessing earth had to bestow. But the features of Everard indicated joyful hope, even beyond what the father could have anticipated, yet mingled with surprise; and when he raised his eye to the knight's with timidity and doubt, a smile was on Sir Henry's countenance as he broke silence. "The King," he said, "had he no other subject in England, should dispose at will of those of the house of Lee. But methinks, the family of Everard have not been so devoted of late to the crown as to comply with a mandate inviting its heir to marry the daughter of a beggar."

"The daughter of Sir Henry Lee," said Everard, kneeling to this uncle, and perforce kissing his hand, "would grace he house of a duke."

"The girl is well enough," said the knight proudly: "for myself, my poverty shall neither shame nor encroach on my friends. Some few pieces I have by Doctor Rochecliffe's kindness, and Joceline and I will strike out something."

"Nay, my dear uncle, you are richer than you think for," said Everard. "That part of your estate which my father redeemed for payment of a moderate composition is still

your own, and held by trustees in your name, myself being one of them. You are only our debtor for an advance of moneys, for which, if it will content you, we will count with you like usurers. My father is incapable of profiting by making a bargain on his own account for the estate of a distressed friend; and all this you would have learned long since, but that you would not—I mean, time did not serve for explanation—I mean——”

“You mean I was too hot to hear reason, Mark, and I believe it is very true. But I think we understand each other *now*. To-morrow I go with my family to Kingston, where is an old house I may still call mine. Come thither at thy leisure, Mark, or thy best speed, as thou wilt—but come with thy father’s consent.”

“With my father in person,” said Everard, “if you will permit.”

“Be that,” answered the knight, “as he and you will. I think Joceline will scarce shut the door in thy face, or Bevis growl as he did after poor Louis Kerneguy. Nay, no more raptures, but good night, Mark—good night; and if thou art not tired with the fatigue of yesterday—why, if you appear here at seven in the morning, I think we must bear with your company on the Kingston road.”

Once more Everard pressed the knight’s hand, caressed Bevis, who received his kindness graciously, and went home to dreams of happiness, which were realized, as far as this motley world permits, within a few months afterwards.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

My life was of a piece,
Spent in your service—dying at your feet.

Don Sebastian.

YEARS rush by us like the wind. We see not whence the eddy comes, nor whitherward it is tending, and we seem ourselves to witness their flight without a sense that we are changed; and yet Time is beguiling man of his strength, as the winds rob the woods of their foliage.

After the marriage of Alice and Markham Everard, the old knight resided near them, in an ancient manor-house, belonging to the redeemed portion of his estate, where Joceline and Phœbe, now man and wife, with one or two domestics, regulated the affairs of his household. When he tired of Shakspeare and solitude, he was ever a welcome guest at his son-in-law's, where he went the more frequently that Markham had given up all concern in public affairs, disapproving of the forcible dismissal of the Parliament, and submitting to Cromwell's subsequent domination rather as that which was the lesser evil than as to a government which he regarded as legal. Cromwell seemed ever willing to show himself his friend; but Everard, resenting highly the proposal to deliver up the King, which he considered as an insult to his honor, never answered such advances, and became, on the contrary, of the opinion, which was now generally prevalent in the nation, that a settled government could not be obtained without the recall of the banished family. There is no doubt that the personal kindness which he had received from Charles rendered him the more readily disposed to such a measure. He was peremptory, however, in declining all engagements during Oliver's life, whose power he considered as too firmly fixed to be shaken by any plots which could be formed against it.

Meantime Wildrake continued to be Everard's protected dependant as before, though sometimes the connection tended not a little to his inconvenience. That respectable person, indeed, while he remained stationary in his patron's house or that of the old knight, discharged many little duties

in the family, and won Alice's heart by his attention to the children, teaching the boys, of whom they had three, to ride, fence, toss the pike, and many similar exercises; and, above all, filling up a great blank in her father's existence, with whom he played at chess and backgammon, or read Shakspeare, or was clerk to prayers when any sequestered divine ventured to read the service of the church; or he found game for him while the old gentleman continued to go a-sporting; and, especially, he talked over the storming of Brentford, and the battles of Edgehill, Banbury, Roundway Down, and others—themes which the aged Cavalier delighted in, but which he could not so well enter upon with Colonel Everard, who had gained his laurels in the Parliament service.

The assistance which he received from Wildrake's society became more necessary after Sir Henry was deprived of his gallant and only son, who was slain in the fatal battle of Dunkirk, where, unhappily, English colors were displayed on both the contending sides, the French then being allied with Oliver, who sent to their aid a body of auxiliaries, and the troops of the banished king fighting in behalf of the Spaniards. Sir Henry received the melancholy news like an old man—that is, with more external composure than could have been anticipated. He dwelt for weeks and months on the lines forwarded by the indefatigable Dr. Rochecliffe, superscribed in small letters “C. R.,” and subscribed “Louis Kerneguy,” in which the writer conjured him to endure his inestimable loss with the greater firmness that he had still left one son (intimating himself), who would always regard him as a father.

But in spite of this balsam, sorrow, acting inperceptibly, and sucking the blood like a vampire, seemed gradually drying up the springs of life; and, without any formed illness or outward complaint, the old man's strength and vigor gradually abated, and the ministry of Wildrake proved daily more indispensable.

It was not, however, always to be had. The Cavalier was one of those happy persons whom a strong constitution, an unreflecting mind, and exuberant spirits enable to play through their whole lives the part of a schoolboy—happy for the moment and careless of consequences. Once or twice every year, when he had collected a few pieces, the Cavaliero Wildrake made a start to London, where, as he described it, he went on the ramble, drank as much wine as he could come by, and led a “skeldering” life, to use his

own phrase, among roystering Cavaliers like himself, till by some rash speech or wild action he got into the Marshalsea, the Fleet, or some other prison, from which he was to be delivered at the expense of interest, money, and sometimes a little reputation.

At length Cromwell died, his son resigned the government, and the various changes which followed induced Everard, as well as many others, to adopt more active measures in the King's behalf. Everard even remitted considerable sums for his service, but with the utmost caution, and corresponding with no intermediate agent, but with the Chancellor himself, to whom he communicated much useful information upon public affairs. With all his prudence, he was very nearly engaged in the ineffectual rising of Booth and Middleton in the west, and with great difficulty escaped from the fatal consequences of that ill-timed attempt. After this, although the estate of the kingdom was trebly unsettled, yet no card seemed to turn up favorable to the Royal cause, until the movement of General Monk from Scotland. Even then, it was when at the point of complete success that the fortunes of Charles seemed at a lower ebb than ever, especially when intelligence had arrived at the little court which he then kept in Brussels that Monk, on arriving in London, had put himself under the orders of the Parliament.

It was at this time, and in the evening, while the King, Buckingham, Wilmot, and some other gallants of his wandering court were engaged in a convivial party, that the Chancellor (Clarendon) suddenly craved audience, and, entering with less ceremony than he would have done at another time, announced extraordinary news. For the messenger, he said, he could say nothing, saving that he appeared to have drunk much and slept little; but that he had brought a sure token of credence from a man for whose faith he would venture his life.

The King demanded to see the messenger himself.

A man entered, with something the manners of a gentleman, and more those of a rakehellly debauchee—his eyes swelled and inflamed, his gait disordered and stumbling, partly through lack of sleep, partly through the means he had taken to support his fatigue. He staggered without ceremony to the head of the table, seized the King's hand, which he mumbled like a piece of gingerbread; while Charles, who began to recollect him from his mode of salutation,

was not very much pleased that their meeting should have taken place before so many witnesses.

"I bring good news," said the uncouth messenger—"glorious news! The King shall enjoy his own again! My feet are beautiful on the mountains. Gad, I have lived with Presbyterians till I have caught their language; but we are all one man's children now—all your Majesty's poor babes. The Rump is all ruined in London. Bonfires flaming, music playing, rumps roasting, healths drinking, London in a blaze of light from the Strand to Rotherhithe, tankards clattering—"

"We can guess at that," said the Duke of Buckingham.

"My old friend Mark Everard sent me off with the news—I'm a villain if I've slept since. Your Majesty recollects me, I am sure. Your Majesty remembers sa—sa—at the King's Oak at Woodstock?"

O, we'll dance and sing and play,
For 'twill be a joyous day
When the King shall enjoy his own again."

"Master Wildrake, I remember you well," said the King. "I trust the good news is certain?"

"Certain! your Majesty; did I not hear the bells? did I not see the bonfires? did I not drink your Majesty's health so often that my legs would scarce carry me to the wharf? It is as certain as that I am poor Roger Wildrake of Squattlesea Mere, Lincoln."

The Duke of Buckingham here whispered to the King. "I have always suspected your Majesty kept odd company during the escape from Worcester, but this seems a rare sample."

"Why, pretty much like yourself and other company I have kept here so many years—as stout a heart, as empty a head," said Charles, "as much lace, though somewhat tarnished, as much brass on the brow, and nearly as much copper in the pocket."

"I would your Majesty would entrust this messenger of good news with me, to get the truth out of him," said Buckingham.

"Thank your Grace," replied the King: "but he has a will as well as yourself, and such seldom agree. My Lord Chancellor hath wisdom, and to that we must trust ourselves. Master Wildrake, you will go with my Lord Chancellor, who will bring us a report of your tidings; meantime, I as-

sure you that you shall be no loser for being the first messenger of good news.' So saying, he gave a signal to the Chancellor to take away Wildrake, whom he judged, in his present humor, to be not unlikely to communicate some former passages at Woodstock which might rather entertain than edify the wits of his court.

Corroboration of the joyful intelligence soon arrived, and Wildrake was presented with a handsome gratuity and small pension, which, by the King's special desire, had no duty whatever attached to it.

Shortly afterwards, all England was engaged in chorusing his favorite ditty—

“O, the twenty-ninth of May,
It was a glorious day,
When the King did enjoy his own again.”

On that memorable day, the King prepared to make his progress from Rochester to London, with a reception on the part of his subjects so unanimously cordial as made him say gaily, “It must have been his own fault to stay so long away from a country where his arrival gave so much joy.” On horseback, betwixt his brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, the restored monarch trode slowly over roads strewn with flowers, by conduits running wine, under triumphal arches, and through streets hung with tapestry. There were the citizens in various bands, some arrayed in coats of black velvet, with gold chains, some in military suits of cloth of gold, or cloth of silver, followed by all those craftsmen who, having hooted the father from Whitehall, had now come to shout the son into possession of his ancestral palace.

On his progress through Blackheath he passed that army which, so long formidable to England herself, as well as to Europe, had been the means of restoring the monarchy which their own hands had destroyed. As the King passed the last files of this formidable host, he came to an open part of the heath, where many persons of quality, with others of inferior rank, had stationed themselves to gratulate him as he passed towards the capital.

There was one group, however, which attracted peculiar attention from those around, on account of the respect shown to the party by the soldiers who kept the ground, and who, whether Cavaliers or Roundheads, seemed to contest

emulously which should contribute most to their accommodation ; for both the elder and younger gentlemen of the party had been distinguished in the Civil War. It was a family group, of which the principal figure was an old man seated in a chair, having a complacent smile on his face and a tear swelling to his eye, as he saw the banners wave on in interminable succession, and heard the multitude shouting the long-silenced acclamation, " God save King Charles ! " His cheek was ashy pale and his long beard bleached like the thistle-down ; his blue eye was cloudless, yet it was obvious that its vision was failing. His motions were feeble, and he spoke little, except when he answered the prattle of his grandchildren or asked a question of his daughter, who sat beside him, matured in matronly beauty, or of Colonel Everard, who stood behind. There, too, the stout yeoman, Joceline Joliffe, still in his silvan dress, leaned, like a second Benaiah, on the quarter-staff that had done the King good service in its day, and his wife, a buxom matron as she had been a pretty maiden, laughed at her own consequence, and ever and anon joined her shrill notes to the stentorian halloo which her husband added to the general exclamation.

Three fine boys and two pretty girls prattled around their grandfather, who made them such answers as suited their age, and repeatedly passed his withered hand over the fair locks of the little darlings, while Alice, assisted by Wildrake blazing in a splendid dress, and his eyes washed with only a single cup of canary, took off the children's attention from time to time, lest they should weary their grandfather. We must not omit one other remarkable figure in the group—a gigantic dog, which bore the signs of being at the extremity of canine life, being perhaps fifteen or sixteen years old. But, though exhibiting the ruin only of his former appearance, his eyes dim, his joints stiff, his head slouched down, and his gallant carriage and graceful motions exchanged for a stiff, rheumatic, hobbling gait, the noble hound had lost none of his instinctive fondness for his master. To lie by Sir Henry's feet in the summer or by the fire in winter, to raise his head to look on him, to lick his withered hand or his shrivelled cheek from time to time, seemed now all that Bevis lived for.

Three or four livery-servants attended to protect this group from the thronging multitude ; but it needed not. The high respectability and unpretending simplicity of their appearance gave them, even in the eyes of the coarsest of

the people, an air of patriarchal dignity which commanded general regard; and they sat upon the bank which they had chosen for their station by the wayside as undisturbed as if they had been in their own park.

And now the distant clarions announced the royal presence. Onward came pursuivant and trumpet, onward came plumes and cloth of gold, and waving standards, I displayed, and sword gleaming to the sun; and at length, heading a group of the noblest in England, and supported by his royal brothers on either side, onward came King Charles. He had already halted more than once, in kindness perhaps as well as policy, to exchange a word with persons whom he recognized among the spectators, and the shouts of the bystanders applauded a courtesy which seemed so well timed. But when he had gazed an instant on the party we have described, it was impossible, if even Alice had been too much changed to be recognized, not instantly to know Bevis and his venerable master. The monarch sprung from his horse, and walked instantly up to the old knight, amid thundering acclamations which rose from the multitudes around, when they saw Charles with his own hand oppose the feeble attempts of the old man to rise to do him homage. Gently replacing him on his seat,

"Bless," he said, "father—bless your son, who has returned in safety, as you blessed him when he departed in danger."

"May God bless—and preserve——" muttered the old man, overcome by his feelings. And the King, to give him a few moments' repose, turned to Alice. "And you," he said, "my fair guide, how have you been employed since our perilous night-walk? But I need not ask," glancing round—"in the service of king and kingdom, bringing up subjects as loyal as their ancestors. A fair lineage, by my faith, and a beautiful sight to the eye of an English King! Colonel Everard, we shall see you, I trust, at Whitehall?" Here he nodded to Wildrake.

"And thou, Joceline, thou canst hold thy quarter-staff with one hand, sure? Thrust forward the other palm."

Looking down in sheer bashfulness, Joceline, like a bull about to push, extended to the King, over his lady's shoulder, a hand as broad and hard as a wooden trencher, which the King filled with gold coins. "Buy a head-gear for my friend Phœbe with some of these," said Charles; "she too has been doing her duty to old England."

The King then turned once more to the knight, who

seemed making an effort to speak. He took his aged hand in both his own, and stooped his head toward him to catch his accents, while the old man, detaining him with the other hand, said something faltering, of which Charles could only catch the quotation :—

“ Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.”

Extricating himself, therefore, as gently as possible, from a scene which began to grow painfully embarrassing, the good-natured King said, speaking with unusual distinctness to ensure the old man's comprehending him, “ This is something too public a place for all we have to say. But if you come not soon to see King Charles at Whitehall, he will send down Louis Kerneguy to visit you, that you may see how rational that mischievous lad is become since his travels.”

So saying, he once more pressed affectionately the old man's hand, bowed to Alice and all around, and withdrew, Sir Henry Lee listening with a smile, which showed he comprehended the gracious tendency of what had been said. The old man leaned back on his seat and muttered the *Nunc dimittis*.

“ Excuse me for having made you wait, my lords,” said the King, as he mounted his horse. “ Indeed, had it not been for these good folks, you might have waited for me long enough to little purpose. Move on, sirs.”

The array moved on accordingly : the sounds of trumpets and drums again rose amid the acclamation, which had been silent while the King stopped ; while the effect of the whole procession resuming its motion was so splendidly dazzling that even Alice's anxiety about her father's health was for a moment suspended, while her eye followed the long line of varied brilliancy that proceeded over the heath. When she looked again at Sir Henry, she was startled to see that his cheek, which had gained some color during his conversation with the King, had relapsed into earthy paleness : that his eyes were closed, and opened not again ; and that his features expressed, amid their quietude, a rigidity which is not that of sleep. They ran to his assistance, but it was too late. The light that burned so low in the socket had leaped up and expired in one exhilarating flash.

The rest must be conceived. I have only to add, that

his faithful dog did not survive him many days ; and that the image of Bevis * lies carved at his master's feet, on the tomb which was erected to the memory of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley.

* See Note 13.

APPENDICES TO INTRODUCTION

No. I

THE WOODSTOCK SCUFFLE

OR

MOST DREADFULL APARITIONS THAT WERE LATELY SEENE IN THE MANNORHOUSE OF
WOODSTOCK, NEERE OXFORD, TO THE GREAT TERROR AND WONDERFULL AMAZE-
MENT OF ALL THERE THAT DID BEHOLD THEM.

[Printed in the yeere 1649. 4to.]

It were a wonder if one writes,
And not of wonders and strange sights;
For ev'ry where such things affrights
Poore people,

But fate had otherwise decreed,
And Woodstock mannor saw a deed,
Which is in Hollinshed or Speed
Chro-nicled;

That men are ev'n at their wits' end.
God judgments ev'ry where doth send,
And yet we don't our lives amend,
But tippie,

But neither Hollinshed nor Stow.
Nor no historians such things shew
Though in them wonders we well know
Are pickled;

And sweare, and lie, and cheat, and —,
Because the world shall drown no more,
As if no judgments were in store
But water.

For nothing else is history
But pickle of antiquity.
Where things are kept in memory
From stincking,

But by the stories which I tell,
You'll heare of terrors come from hell,
And fires, and shapes most terrible
For matter.

Which otherwaies would have lain dead,
As in oblivion buried
Which now you may call into head
With thinking.

It is not long since that a child
Spake from the ground in a large field,
And made the people almost wild
That heard it,

The dreadfull story, which is true,
And now committed unto view,
By better pen, had it its due,
Should see light;

Of which there is a printed book,
Wherein each man the truth may look;
If children speak, the matter's took
For verdict.

But I, contented, doe indite,
Not things of wit, but things of right;
You can't expect that things that fright
Should delight.

But this is stranger than that voice,
The wonder's greater, and the noyse;
And things appeare to men, not boyes,
At Woodstock;

O hearken, therefore, harke and shake!
My very pen and hand doth quake,
While I the true relation make
O' th' wonder,

Where Rosamond had once a bower,
To keep her from Queen Elinour,
And had escap'd her poys'nous power
By good luck.

Which hath long time, and still appears
Unto the state's Commissioners,
And puts them in their beds to feares
From under.

They came, good men, implor'd by th'
state,
To sell the lands of Charles the late,
And there they lay, and long did waite
For chapmen.

You may have easy pen'worths, woods,
Lands, ven'son, householdstuf, and
goods;
They little thought of dogs that wou'd
There snap men.

But when they'd sup'd, and fully fed,
They set up remnants and to bed,
Where scarce they had laid down a head
To slumber,

But that their beds were heav'd on high;
They thought some dog under did lie,
And meant i' th' chamber (fie, fie, fie)
To scumber.

Some thought the cunning cur did mean
To eat their mutton (which was lean)
Reserv'd for breakfast, for the men
Were thrifty;

And up one rises in his shirt,
Intending the sly cur to hurt,
And forty thrusts made at him for't,
Or fifty.

But empty came his sword again,
He found hee thrust but all in vain;
The mutton safe, hee went amain
To's fellow.

And now (assured all was well)
The bed again began to swell,
The men were frighted, and did smell
O' th' yellow.

From heaving, now the cloaths it
pluckt;
The men, for feare, together stuck,
And in their sweat each other duck't.
They wished

A thousand times that it were day,
" 'Tis sure the divell! Let us pray."
They pray'd amain; and, as they say,
So * *

Approach of day did cleere the doubt,
For all devotions were run out,
They now waxt strong and something
stout.

One peaked

Under the bed, but nought was there;
Hee view'd the chamber ev'ry where,
Nothing appear'd but what, for feare,
They leaked.

Their stomachs then return'd apace,
They found the mutton in the place,
And fell unto it with a grace.
They laughed

Each at the other's pannick feare,
And each his bedfellow did jeere,
And having sent for ale and beere,
They quaffed.

And then abroad the summons went,
Who'll buy king's-land o' th' Parli-
ment?
A paper-book contain'd the rent,
Which lay there;

That did contain the severall farmes,
Quit-rents, knight services, and armes;
But that they came not in by swarms
To pay there.

Night doth invite to bed again.
The grand Commissioners were lain;
But then the thing did heave amain.
It busied,

And with great clamor filled their eares,
The noyse was doubled, and their
feares;
Nothing was standing but their haire;
They nuzled.

Oft were the blankets pul'd, the sheete
Was closely twin'd betwix their feete;
It seems the spirit was discrete
And civil;

Which makes the poore Commissioners
Feare they shall get but small arrears.
And that there's yet for cavaliers
One divell.

They cast about what best to doe;
Next day they would to wise men goe,
To neighb'ring towns some cours to
know.
For schollars

Come not to Woodstock, as before,
And Allen's dead as a nayle-doore,
And so's old John, eclep'd the poore,
His follower.

Rake Oxford o're, there's not a man
That rayse or lay a spirit can,
Or use the circle, or the wand,
Or conjure,

Or can say boh! unto a divell,
Or to a goose that is uncivil,
Nor where Keimbolton purg'd out evill,
'Tis sin sure.

There were two villages hard by,
With teachers of presbytery,
Whe knew the house was hidiously
Be-pestred.

But 'lasse! their new divinity
Is not so deep, or not so high;
Their witts doe (as their meanes did) lie
Sequestred.

But Master Joffman was the wight
Which was to exorcise the spright;
Hee'll preach and pray you day and
night
At pleasure.

And by that painfull gainfull trade,
He hath himselfe full wealthy made;
Great store of guilt he hath, 'tis said,
And treasure.

But no intreaty of his friends
 Could get him to the house of fiends,
 Hee came not over for such ends
 From Dutch-land ;

But worse divinity hee brought,
 And hath us reformation taught,
 And, with our money, he hath bought
 Him much land.

Had the old parsons preached still,
 The div'l should nev'r have had his wil ;
 But those that had or art or skill
 Are outed,

And those to whom the pow'r was giv'n
 Of driving spirits are out-driv'n ;
 Their colledges dispos'd, and livings,
 To groutheades.

There was a justice who did boast,
 Hee had as great a gift almost,
 Who did desire him to accost
 This evill ;

But hee would not employ his gifts,
 But found out many sleights and shifts ;
 Hee had no prayers, nor no snifts,
 For th' divell.

Some other way they cast about,
 These brought him in, they throw not
 out ;
 A woman, great with child, will do't ;
 They got one.

And she i' th' room that night must lie ;
 But when the thing about did flie,
 And broke the windows furiously,
 And hot one

Of the contractors o're the head,
 Who lay securely in his bed,
 The woman, shee-affrighted, fled,
 While they *

And now they lay the cause on her,
 That e're that night the thing did stir,
 Because her selfe and grandfather
 Were Papists ;

They must be barnes-regenerate
 (*A Hans en kelder* of the state,
 Which was in reformation gatt),
 They said, which

Doth make the divell stand in awe,
 Pull in his hornes, his hoof, his claw ;
 But having none, they did in draw
 A spay'd bitch.

But in the night there was such
 worke,
 The spirit swaggered like a Turke ;
 The bitch had spi'd where it did lurke,
 And howled

In such a wofull manner, that
 Their very hearts went pit a pat ;
 The pore spay'd bitch did not know
 what,
 And fouled

The stately rooms, where kings once
 lay ;
 But the contractors shew'd the way.
 But mark what now I tell you, pray
 'Tis worth it.

That book I told you of before,
 Wherein were tenants written store,
 A register for many more
 Not forth yet ;

That very book, as it did lie,
 Took of a flame, no mortall eye
 Seeing one jot of fire thereby,
 Or taper ;

For all the candles about flew,
 And those that burned, burned blew,
 Never kept soldiers such a doe
 Or vaper.

The book thus burnt and none knew
 how,
 The poore contractors made a vow
 To worke no more ; this spoil'd their
 plow
 In that place.

Some other part o' th' house they'll find
 To which the devill hath no mind,
 But hee, it seems, is not inclin'd
 With that grace ;

But other prancks it plaid elsewhere.
 An oake there was stood many a yeere,
 Of goodly growth as any where,
 Was hewn down.

Which into fewell-wood was cut,
 And some into a wood-pile put,
 But it was hurled all about
 And thrown down.

In sundry formes it doth appeare :
 Now like a grasping claw to teare,
 Now like a dog, anon a beare,
 It tumbles ;

And all the windowes batter'd are,
 No man the quarter enter dare ;
 All men (except the glasier)
 Doe grumble.

Once in the likenesse of a woman,
 Of stature much above the common,
 'Twas seene, but spak a word to no man,
 And vanish'd.

'Tis thought the ghost of some good wife
 Whose husband was depriv'd of life,
 Her children cheated, land in strife
 Shee banist.

No man can tell the cause of these
 So wondrous dreadfull outrages ;
 Yet if upon your sinne you please
 To discant.

You'll find our actions out-doe hell's.
 O wring your hands and cease the bells.
 Repentance must, or nothing else
 Appease can't.

No. II

THE JUST DEVIL OF WOODSTOCK

OR

A TRUE NARRATIVE OF THE SEVERAL APPARITIONS, THE FRIGHTS AND PUNISHMENTS, INFLICTED UPON THE RUMPISH COMMISSIONERS SENT THITHER TO SURVEY THE MANNORS AND HOUSES BELONGING TO HIS MAJESTIE.

[London, printed in the year 1660. 4to.]

The names of the persons in the ensuing Narrative mentioned, with others:—

Captain COCKAINE.	Mr. CROOK, the Lawyer.
Captain HART.	Mr. BROWNE, the Surveyor.
Captain CROOK.	Their three Servants.
Captain CARLESSE.	Their Ordinary-keeper, and others.
Captain ROE.	The Gatekeeper, with the Wife and Servants.

Besides many more, who each night heard the noise, as Sir Gerard Hootwood and his lady, with his family: Mr. Hyams, with his family; and several others, who lodged in the outer courts: and during the three last nights, the inhabitants of Woodstock town and other neighbor villages.

And there were many more, both divines and others, who came out of the country, and from Oxford, to see the glasse and stones and other stuffe the devil had brought, wherewith to beat out the Commissioners: the marks upon some walls remain, and many, this to testifie.

THE PREFACE TO THE ENSUING NARRATIVE

Since it hath pleased the Almighty God, out of His infinite mercy, so to make us happy, by restoring of our native King to us, and us unto our native liberty through him, that now the good may say, *namque tempora felices nos fecerit quæ velis, et dicere licet quæ sentias*, we cannot but esteem ourselves engaged, in the highest of degrees, to render unto Him, the highest thanks we can express, although, surpris'd with joy, we become almost in the performance of that gladness and admiration strikes us silent, as we look back upon the prospect of our late condition, and those miraculous deliverances never I express enough from the slavery and those desperate perils we daily lived in fear of, during the tyrannical times of that detestable usurper, Oliver Cromwel: he who had pickt up such judges as would wrest the most innocent language into high treason, when he had the cruel conscience to take away our lives, upon no other ground of justice or reason (the stones of London streets would rise to witness it, if all their citizens were silent); and with these judges had such counsellors as could advise him unto worse, which will less want of witness. For should the many members be silent, the press, as God would have it, hath given it us in print, where one of them, and his conscience keeper, too, speaks out, "What shall we do with these men?" saith he: *Atque intemperans conciliabulum fecit medicum, et inmodicæ crudelitatis ense recidendum*. Who these men are that should be brought to such Sicilian Vespers, the former page sets forth: those which conceit themselves, and have their day-dreams of the return of I know not what golden age, with the old line. What usage, when such a privy councillor had power, could he expect, who then had published this narrative?*. This, which so plainly shows the devil himself disliket their doings (so much more bad were they then he would have them be), severer sure then was the devil to their Commissioners at Woodstock: for he warned them, with dreadful noises, to drive them from their work. This counsellor, without more ado, would have all who retain'd concepts of allegiance to their sovereign to be absolutely cut off by the usurper's sword. A sad sentence

* Mr. Nathaniel Fiennes [Fiennes], his Speech before Oliver Cromwel and his two Houses of Parliament, the 20 of January 1657. he being Cromwel's Seal-keeper.

for a loyal party to a lawfull king. But Heaven is always just; the party is reprim'd, and do acknowledge the hand of God in it, as is rightly applied, and as justly sensible of their deliverance, in that the foundation, which this councillor saith was already so well laid, is now turned up, and what he calls day-dreams are come to pass. That old line, which (as with him) there seemed *aliquid divine* to the contrary, is now restored. And that rock which, as he saith, the prelates and all their adherents, may, and their master and supporter, too, with all his posterity, have split themselves upon, is nowhere to be heard of. And that posterity are safely arrived in their ports, and masters of that mighty navy, their enemies so much increased to keep them out with. The eldest sits upon the throne, his place by birthright and descent,

Pacatumque regit patriis virtutibus orbem;

upon which throne long may he sit, and reign in peace, that by his just government the enemies of ours, the true Protestant Church, of that glorious martyr, our late sovereign, and of his royal posterity, may be either absolutely converted or utterly confounded.

If any shall now ask the why this narrative was not sooner published, as neerer to the times wherein the things were acted, he hath the reason for it in the former lines: which will the more clearly appear unto his apprehension, if he shall perpend how much cruelty is requisite to the maintenance of rebellion, and how great care is necessary in the supporters, to obviate and divert the smallest things that tend to the unblinding of the people; so that it needs will follow that they must have accounted this amongst the great obstructions to their sales of his Majestie's lands, the devil not joyning with them in the security; and greater to the pulling down the royal pallaces, when their chapmen should conceit the devil would haunt them in their houses, for building with so ill got materials: as no doubt but that he hath, so numerous and confident are the relations made of the same, though scarce any so totally remarkable as this (if it be not that others have been more conceal'd), in regard of the strange circumstances as long continuances, but especially the number of the persons together, to whom all things were so visibly both seen and done, so that surely it exceeds any other: for the devils thus manifesting themselves, it appears evidently that there are such things as devils to persecute the wicked in this world as in the next.

Now, if to these were added the diverse reall phantasms seen at Whitehall in Cromwell's times, which caused him to keep such nightly guards in and about his bedchamber, and yet so oft to change his lodgings; if those things done at St. James, where the devil so joald the centinels against the sides of the queen's chappell doors, that some of them fell sick upon it, and, others not taking warning by it, kill'd one outright, whom they buried in the place, and all other such dreadful things, those that inhabited the royal houses have been affrighted with; and if to these were likewise added a relation of all those regicides and their abettors the devil hath entred into, as he did the Gadarenes' swine, with so many more of them who hath fallen mad and dyed in hydeous forms of such distractions*—that which hath been of this within these 12 last years in England (should all of this nature our chronicles do tell, with all the superstitious monks have writ, be put together would make the greater volume, and of more strange occurrences.

And now as to the penman of this narrative, know that he was a divine, and at the time of those things acted, which are here related, the minister and school-master of Woodstock: a person learned and discreet, not byassed with factious humours, his name Widows, who each day put in writing what he heard from their mouths, and such things as they told to have befallen them the night before, therein keeping to their own words; and, never thinking that what he had writ should happen to be made publick, gave it no better dress to set it forth. And because to do it now shall not be construed to change the story, the reader hath it here accordingly exposed.

THE JUST DEVILL OF WOODSTOCK

The 16 day of October, in the year of our Lord 1649, the Commissioners for surveying and valuing his Majestie's manner house, parks, woods, deer, domesnes, and all things thereunto belonging, by name Captain Crook, Captain Hart, Captain Cockaine, Captain Cardesse, and Captain Roe, their messenger, with Mr. Brown, their secretary, and two or three servants, went from Woodstock town, where they had lain some nights before, and took up their lodgings in his Majestie's house after this manner:—The bed-chamber and withdrawing-room they both lodged in and made their kitchen, the presence-chamber their room for

* St. Matt. viii. 28 and St. Luke viii. 26.

dispatch of their business with all commers, of the council-hall their brew-house, as of the dining-room their wood house where they laid in the clefts of that ancient standard in the High Park, for many ages beyond memory known by the name of the King's Oak, which they had chosen out, and caused to be dug up by the roots.

October 17.—About the middle of the night, these new guests were first awaked by a knocking at the presence-chamber door, which they also conceived did open, and something to enter, which came through the room, and also walkt through the withdrawing-room into the bedchamber, and there walkt about that room with a heavy step during half an hour, then crept under the bed where Captain Hart and Captain Carelesse lay, where it did seem as it were to bite and know the mat and bed-boards, as if it would tear and rend the feather beds; which having done a while, then would heave a while, and rest; then heave them up again in the bed more high than it did before, sometime on the one side, sometime on the other, as if it had tried which captain was heaviest. Thus having heaved some half an hour, from thence it walkt out and went under the servants' bed, and did the like to them; thence it walkt into a withdrawing-room, and there did the same to all who lodged there. Thus, having welcomed them for more than two hours' space, it walkt out as it came in, and shut the outer door again, but with a clap of some mightie force. These guests were in a sweat all this while, but out of it falling into a sleep again, it became morning first before they spake their minds; then would they have it to be a dog, yet they described it more to the likeness of a great bear; so fell to the examining under the beds, where, finding only the mats scratcht, but the bed-boards whole, and the quarter of beef which lay on the floor untouched, they entertained other thoughts.

October 18.—They were all awaked as the night before, and now conceived that they heard all the great clefts of the King's Oak brought into the presence-chamber, and there thumpst down, and after roul about the room; they could hear their chairs and stools tost from one side of the room unto the other, and then (as it were) altogether jostled. Thus having done an hour together, it walkt into the withdrawing-room, where lodged the two captains, the secretary, and two servants; here stopt the thing a while, as if it did take breath, but raised a hideous one, then walkt into the bed-chamber, where lay those as before, and under the bed it went, where it did heave and heave again, that now they in bed were put to catch hold upon [the] bed-posts, and sometimes one of the other, to prevent their being tumbled out upon the ground; then coming out as from under the bed, and taking hold upon the bed-posts, it would shake the whole bed, almost as if a cradle rocked. Thus having done here for half an hour, it went into the withdrawing-room, where first it came and stood at the bed's feet, and heaving up the bed's feet, flopt down again a while, until at last it heaved the feet so high that those in bed thought to have been set upon their heads; and having thus for two hours entertained them, went out as in the night before, but with a great noise.

October 19.—This night they awaked not until the midst of the night; they perceived the room to shake with something that walkt about the bedchamber, which having done so a while, it walkt into a withdrawing-room, where it took up a brasse warming-pan, and returning with it into the bedchamber, therein made so loud a noise, in these captains' own words, it was as loud and scurrive as a ring of fine untuned bells rung backward; but the captains, not to seem afraid, next day made mirth of what had past, and jested at the devil in the pan.

October 20. These captains and their company, still lodging as before, were awakened in this night, with some things flying about the rooms, and out of one room into the other, as thrown with some great force. Captain Hart, being in a slumber, was taken by the shoulder and shaken until he did sit up in his bed, thinking that it had been one of his fellows, when suddenly he was taken on the pate with a trencher, that it made him shrink down into the bed-clothes, and all of them in both rooms kept their heads at least within their sheets, so fiercely did three dozen of trenchers fly about the rooms; yet Captain Hart ventured again to peep out to see what was the matter, and what it was that threw, but then the trenchers came so fast and neer about his ears, that he was fain quickly to couch again. In the morning they found all their trenchers, pots, and spits upon and about their beds, and all such things as were of common use scattered about the rooms. This night there was also, in several parts of the room and outer rooms, such noises of beating at doors and on the walls, as if that several smiths had been at work; and yet our captain [s] shrunk not from their work, but went on in that, and lodged as they had done before.

October 21st. About midnight they heard great knocking at every door; after a while the doors flew open, and into the withdrawing-room entred something as of a mighty proportion, the figure of it they knew not how to describe. This walkt awhile about the room shaking the floor at every step, then came it up

close to the bedside where lay Captain[s] Crook and Carelesse ; and after a little pause, as it were, the bed-curtains, both at sides and feet, were drawn up and down slowly, then faster again for a quarter of an hour, then from end to end as fast as imagination can fancy the running of the rings, then shook it the beds, as if the joints thereof had crackt ; then walkt the thing into the bedchamber, and so plaid with those beds there ; then took up eight peuter dishes, and boulted them about the room and over the servants in the truckle-beds ; then sometimes were the dishes taken up and thrown crosse the high beds and against the walls, and so much battered ; but there were more dishes wherein was meat in the same room, that were not at all removed. During this, in the presence chamber there was stranger noise of weightie things thrown down, and, as they supposed, the clefts of the King's Oak did roul about the room, yet at the wonted hour went away, and left them to take rest such as they could.

October 22.—Hath mist of being set down ; the officers, employed in their work farther off, came not that day to Woodstock.

October 23.—Those that lodged in the withdrawing-room, in the midst of the night were awakened with the cracking of fire, as if it had been with thorns and sparks of fire burning, whereupon they supposed that the bedchamber had taken fire, and listning to it farther, they heard their fellows in bed sadly groan, which gave them to suppose they might be suffocated ; wherefore they called upon their servants to make all possible haste to help them. When the two servants were come in, they found all asleep, and so brought back word, but that there were no bedclothes upon them ; wherefore they were sent back to cover them, and to stir up and mend the fire. When the servants had covered them and were come to the chimney, in the corners they found their wearing-apparel, boots, and stockings, but they had no sooner toucht the embers, when the fire-brands flew about their ears so fast, that away ran they into the other room for the shelter of their coverlids ; then after them walkt something that stampt about the room as if it had been exceeding angry, and likewise threw about the trenchers, platters, and all such things in the room ; after two hours went out, yet stampt again over their heads.

October 24.—They lodged all abroad.

October 25.—This afternoon was come unto them Mr. Richard Crook the lawyer, brother to Captain Crook, and now deputy-steward of the mannor unto Captain Parsons and Major Butler, who had put out Mr. Hyans, his Majestie's officer. To entertain this new guest, the Commissioners caused a very great fire to be made, of neer the chimney-full of wood of the King's Oak, and he was lodged in the withdrawing-room with his brother, and his servant in the same room. About the midst of the night a wonderful knocking was heard, and into the room something did rush, which, coming to the chimney-side, dasht out the fire as with the stamp of some prodigious foot, then threw down such weighty stuffe, what ere it was (they took it to be the residue of the clefts and roots of the King's Oak), close by the bedside, that the house and bed shook with it. Captain Cockaine and his fellow arose, and took their swords to go unto the Crooks. The noise ceased at their rising, so that they came to the door and called. The two brothers, though fully awaked, and heard them call, were so amazed, that they made no answer until Captain Cockaine had recovered the boldness to call very loud, and came unto their bedside ; then faintly first, after some more assurance, they came to understand one another, and comforted the lawyer. Whilst this was thus, no noise was heard, which made them think the time was past of that night's troubles, so that, after some little conference, they applied themselves to take some rest. When Captain Cockaine was come to his own bed, which he had left open, he found it closely covered, which he much wondered at ; but turning the clothes down, and opening it to get in, he found the lower sheet strewd over with trenchers. Their whole three dozens of trenchers were orderly disposed between the sheets, which he and his fellow endeavoring to cast out, such noise arose about the room, that they were glad to get into bed with some of the trenchers. The noise lasted a full half-hour after this. This entertainment so ill did like the lawyer, and being not so well studied in the point as to resolve this the devil's law case, that he next day resolved to be gone ; but having not dispatch all that he came for, profit and perswasions prevailed with him to stay the other hearing, so that he lodged as he did the night before.

October 26.—This night each room was better furnished with fire and candle than before ; yet about twelve at night came something in that dasht all out, then did walk about the room, making a noise, not to be set forth by the comparison with any other thing ; sometimes came it to the bedsides and drew the curtains to and fro, then twerle them, then walk about again, and return to the bed-posts, shake them with all the bed, so that they in bed were put to hold one upon the other, then walk about the room again, and come to the servants' bed, and gnaw and [scratch] the wainscot head, and shake altogether in that room ; at the time of this being in doing, they in the bed-chamber heard such strange dropping down from the roof of the room, that they supposed 'twas like the fall

of money by the sound. Captain Cockaine, not frightened with so small a noise (and lying near the chimney), stooped out and made shift to light a candle, by the light of which he perceived the room strewn over with broken glass, green, and some as it were pieces of broken bottles; he had not long been considering what it was, when suddenly his candle was lit out, and glass flew about the room, that he made haste to the protection of the coverlets: the noise of thundering rose more hideous then at any time before; yet, at a certain time, all vanished into calmness. The morning after was the glass about the room, which the maid that was to make clean the rooms swept up into a corner, and many came to see it. But Mr. Richard Crook would stay no longer, yet as he stooped, going through Woodstock town, he was there heard to say, that he would not lodge amongst them another night for a fee of £500.

October 27. The Commissioners had not yet done their work, wherefore they must stay; and being all men of the sword, they must not seem afraid to encounter with anything, though it be the devil; therefore, with pistols charged, and drawn swords laid by their bedsides, they applied themselves to take some rest, when something in the midst of night so opened and shut the window casements with such claps, that it awakened all that slept; some of them peeping out to look what was the matter with the windows, stones flew about the rooms as if hurled with many hands; some hit the walls, and some the beds' heads close above the pillows, the dints of which were then, and yet it is conceived, are to be seen, thus sometime throwing stones, and sometime making thundering noise, for two hours space. It ceased, and all was quiet till the morn. After their rising, and the maid come in to make the fire, they looked about the rooms: they found fourscore stones brought in that night, and going to lay them together in the corner where the glass (before mentioned, had been swept up, they found that every piece of glass had been carried away that night. Many people came next day to see the stones, and all observed that they were not of such kind of stones as are natural in the countrey thereabout; with these were noise like claps of thunder, or report of cannon planted against the rooms, heard by all that lodged in the outer courts, to their astonishment and at Woodstock town, taken to be thunder.

October 28.—This night, both strange and differing noise from the former first wakened Captain Hart, who lodged in the bedchamber, who, hearing Ree and Brown to groan, called out to Cockaine and Crook to come and help them, for Hart could not now stir himself; Cockaine would faine have answered, but he could not, or look about; something, he thought, stooped both his length and held down his eyelids. Amazed thus, he struggles and kicks about, till he had awaked Captain Crook, who, half asleep, grew very angry at his kicks, and multiplied words. It grew to an appointment in the field; but this fully recovered Cockaine to remember that Captain Hart had called for help, wherefore to them he ran in the other room, whom he found sadly groaning, where, scraping in the chimney, he both found a candle and fire to light it; but had not gone two steps, when something blew the candle out, and threw him in the chair by the bedside, when presently cried out Captain Careless, with a most pitiful voice, "Come hither—O come hither, brother Cockaine, the thing's gone of me." Cockaine, scarce yet himself, helpt to set him up in his bed, and after Captain Hart, and having scarce done that to them, and also to the other two, they heard Captain Crook crying out, as if something had been killing him. Cockaine snatcht up the sword that lay by their bed, and ran into the room to save Crook, but was in much more likelihood to kill him, for aches coming, the thing that pressed Crook went of him, at which Crook started out of his bed, whom Cockaine thought a spirit, made at him, at which Crook cried out, "Lord help—Lord save me." Cockaine let fall his hand, and Crook, embracing Cockaine, desired his reconciliation, giving him many thanks for his deliverance. Then rose they all and came together, discoursed sometimes godly and sometimes praised, for all this while was there such stamping over the roof of the house, as if 1000 horse had there been trotting; this night all the stones brought in the night before, and laid up in the withdrawing-room, were all carried again away by that which brought them in, which at the wonted time left of, and, as it were, went out, and so away.

October 29.—Their businesse having now received so much forwardnesse as to be neer dispatch, they encouraged one the other, and resolved to try further; therefore, they provided more lights and fires, and further, for their assistance, prevailed with their ordinary-keeper to lodge amongst them, and bring his native bitch; and it was so this night with them, that they had no disturbance at all.

October 30.—So well they had past the night before, that this night they went to bed confident and carelesse; untill about twelve of the clock, something knockt at the door as with a smith's great hammer, but with such force as if it had cleft the door; then entered something like a bear, but seem'd to swell more big, and walkt about the room, and out of one room into the other, treading so heavily, as the floore had not been strong enough to bear it. When it came into

the bedchamber, it dasht against the beds' heads some kind of glass vessel, that broke in sundry pieces, and sometimes would take up those pieces and hurle them about the room, and into the other room; and when it did not hurle the glasse at their heads, it did strike upon the tables, as if many smiths, with their greatest hammers, had been laying on as upon an anvill; sometimes it thumpt against the walls as if it would beat a hole through; then upon their heads, such stamping, as if the roof of the house were beating down upon their heads; and having done thus, during the space (as was conjectured) of two hours, it ceased and vanished, but with a more fierce shutting of the doors then at any time before. In the morning they found the pieces of glass about the room, and observed that it was much differing from that glasse brought in three nights before, this being of a much thicker substance, which severall persons which came in carried away some pieces of. The Commissioners were in debate of lodging there no more; but all their businesse was not done, and some of them were so conceited as to believe, and to attribute the rest they enjoyed, the night before this last, unto the massive bitch; wherefore, they resolved to get more company, and the massive bitch, and try another night.

October 31. This night, the fires and lights prepared, the ordinary-keeper and his bitch, with another man perswaded by him, they all took their beds and fell asleep. But about twelve at night, such rapping was on all sides of them, that it wakened all of them; as the doors did seem to open, the massive bitch fell fearfully a-yelling, and presently ran fiercely into the bed to them in the truckle-bed: as the thing came by the table, it struck so fierce a blow on that, as that it made the frame to crack, then took the warming-pan from off the table, and stroke it against the walls with so much force as that it was beat flat together, lid and bottom. Now were they hit as they lay covered over head and ears within the bedclothes. Captain Careless was taken a sound blow on the head with the shoulder-blade bone of a dead horse before they had been but thrown at, when they peept, up and mist; Brown had a shrewed blow on the leg with the backbone, and another on the head: and every one of them felt severall blows of bones and stones through the bedclothes, for now these things were thrown as from an angry hand that meant further mischief: the stones flew in at window as shot out of a gun, nor was the bursts lesse (as from without) then of a cannon, and all the windows broken down. Now as the hurling of the things did cease, and the thing walkt up and down, Captain Cockaine and Hart cried out, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what are you? What would you have? What have we done that you disturb us thus?" No voice replied, as the captains said, yet some of their servants have said otherwise, and the noise ceased. Hereupon Captain Hart and Cockaine rose, who lay in the bedchamber, renewed the fire and lights, and one great candle, in a candlestick, they placed in the door, that might be seen by them in both the rooms. No sooner were they got to bed, but the noise arose on all sides more loud and hideous then at any time before, inasmuch as (to use the captains' own words) it returned and brought seven devils worse then itself; and presently they saw the candle and candlestick in the passage of the door dasht up to the roof of the room by a kick of the hinder parts of a horse, and after with the hoof trode out the snuffe, and so dasht out the fire in the chimnies. As this was done, there fell, as from the sieging, upon them in the truckle-beds, such quantities of water, as if it had been poured out of buckets, which stunk worse than any earthly stink could make; and as this was in doing, something crept under the high beds, tost them up to the roof of the house, with the Commissioners in them, until the testers of the beds were beaten down upon them, and the bedsted-frames broke under them; and here some pause being made, they all, as if with one consent, started up, and ran down the stairs until they came into the Council Hall, where two sate up a-brewing, but now were fallen asleep; those they scared much with wakening of them, having been much perplext before with the strange noise, which commonly was taken by them abroad for thunder, sometimes for rumbling wind. Here the Captains and their company got fire and candle, and every one carrying something of either, they returned into the presence chamber, where some applied themselves to make the fire, whilst others fell to prayers, and having got some clothes about them, they spent the residue of the night in singing psalms and prayers; during which, no noise was in that room, but most hideously round about, as at some distance.

It should have been told before, how that, when Captain Hart rose this night (who lay in the bedchamber next the fire), he found their book of valuations crosse the embers smoking, which he snacht up and cast upon the table there, which the night before was left upon the table in the presence amongst their other papers. This book was in the morning found a handful burnt, and had burnt the table where it lay; Brown, the clerk, said, he would not for a £100 and a £100 that it had been burnt a handful further.

This night it happened that there were six cony-stealers, who were come with their nets and ferrets to the cony-burrows by Rosamond's Well; but with the noise this night from the manor-house, they were so terrified, that like men dis-

travelt away they ran, and left their haies all ready pitched, ready up, and the ferrets in the cony-burrows.

Now the Commissioners, more sensible of their danger, considered more seriously of their safety, and agreed to go and confer with an Hoffman, the minister of Weston, a man not of the meanest note for life or learning, by some esteemed more high, to desire his advice, together with his company and prayers. Mr. Hoffman held it too high a point to resolve on soliciting and by himself, wherefore desired time to consider upon it, which being agreed unto, he forthwith rode to Mr. Jenkinson and Mr. Wheat, the two next justices of peace, to try what warrant they could give him for it. They both as 'tis said from themselves encouraged him to be assisting to the Commissioners, according to his calling.

But certain it is that, when they came to fetch him to go with them, Mr. Hoffman answered, that he would not lodge there one night for 2000, and being asked to pray with them, he held up his hands and said, that he would not meddle upon any terms.*

Mr. Hoffman refusing to undertake the quarrel, the Commissioners held it not safe to lodge where they had been thus entertained any longer, but caused all things to be removed into the chambers over the gatehouse, where they staid but one night, and what rest they enjoyed there, we have but an uncertain relation of, for they went away early the next morning. But if it may be held fit to set down what hath been delivered by the report of others, they were also the same night much affrighted with dreadful apparitions, but observing that these passages spread much in discourse, to be also in particulars taken notice of, and that the nature of it made not for their cause, they agreed to the concealing of things for the future; yet this is well known and certain, that the gate-keeper's wife was in so strange an agony in her bed, and in her bedchamber such noise (whilst her husband was above with the commissioners), that two maids in the next room to her durst not venture to assist her, but affrighted ran out to call company, and their master, and found the woman (at their coming in) gasping for breath; and the next day said, that she saw and suffered that which for all the world she would not be hired to again.

From Woodstock the Commissioners removed unto Euclme, and some of them returned to Woodstock the Sunday se'night after (the book of valuations wanting something that was for haste left imperfect), but lodged not in any of those rooms where they had lain before, and yet were not unvisited (as they confess themselves) by the devill, whom they called their nightly guest. Captain Crook came not until Tuesday night, and how he sped that night the gate-keeper's wife can tell if she dares, but what she hath whispered to her gossips shall not be made a part of this our narrative, nor many more particulars which have fallen from the Commissioners themselves and their servants to other persons. They are all or most of them alive, and may add to it when they please, and surely have not a better way to be revenged of him who troubled them, then according to the proverb, tell truth and shame the devill.

There remains this observation to be added, that on a Wednesday morning all these officers went away; and that since then diverse persons of severall qualities have lodged often and sometimes long in the same rooms, both in the presence, withdrawing-room, and bedchamber belonging unto his sacred Majesty; yet none have had the least disturbance, or heard the smallest noise, for which the cause was not as ordinary as apparent, except the Commissioners and their company, who came in order to the alienating and pulling down the house, which is well-nigh performed.

A SHORT SURVEY OF WOODSTOCK, NOT TAKEN BY ANY OF THE BEFORE-MENTIONED COMMISSIONERS.*

The noble seat called Woodstock is one of the ancient honors belonging to the crown. Severall manners owe suite and service to the place; but the custom of the countrey giving it but the title of a manor, we shall erre with them to be the better understood.

The manor house hath been a large fabrick, and accounted amongst his Majesty's standing houses, because there was alwaies kept a standing furniture. This great house was built by King Henry the First, but amplified with the gatehouse and outsidcs of the outer court by King Henry the Seventh, the stables by King James.

About a bow-shoot from the gate southwest remain foundation signs of that structure erected by King Henry the Second for the security of Lady Rosamond, daughter of Walter Lord Clifford, which some poets have compared to the Ded-

* By which is to be noted, that a Presbyterian minister dares not encounter an Independent devil. *Original marginal note.*

* This survey of Woodstock is appended to the preceding pamphlet.

lian labyrinth, but the form and circuit both of the place and ruins shew it to have been a house and of one pile, perhaps of strength, according to the fashion of those times, and probably was fitted with secret places of recess, and avenues to hide or convey away such persons as were not willing to be found if narrowly sought after. About the midst of the place ariseth a spring, called at present Rosamond's Well; it is but shallow, and shews to have been paved and walled about, likely contrived for the use of them within the house, when it should be of danger to go out.

A quarter of a mile distant from the king's house is seated Woodstock town, new and old. This new Woodstock did arise by some buildings which Henry the Second gave leave to be erected (as received by tradition) at the suite of the Lady Rosamond, for the use of out-servants upon the wastes of the manor of Bladon, where is the mother church; this is a hamlet belonging to it, though encreased to a market-town by the advantage of the court residing sometime near, which of late years they have been sensible of the want of; this town was made a corporation in the 11 year of Henry the Sixth, by charter, with power to send two burgesses to parliament or not, as they will themselves.

Old Woodstock is seated on the west side of the brook named Glyme, which also runneth through the park; the town consists not of above four or five houses, but it is to be conceived that it hath been much larger, but very anciently so, for in some old law historians there is mention of the assize at Woodstock, for a law made in a micelgemote (the name of parliaments before the coming of the Norman) in the days of King Ethelred.

And in like manner, that thereabout was a king's house, if not in the same place where Henry the First built the late standing pile before his; for in such days those great councils were commonly held in the king's pallaces. Some of those lands have belonged to the orders of the Knights Templers, there being records which call them *terras quas rex exambiauit cum Templariis*.

But now this late large manor-house is in a manner almost turned into heaps of rubbish; some seven or eight rooms left for the accommodation of a tenant that should rent the king's meadows (of those who had no power to let them), with several high uncovered walls standing, the prodigious spectacles of malice unto monachy, which ruins still bear semblance of their state, and yet aspire, in spite of envy or of weather, to shew, what kings do build, subjects may sometimes shake, but utterly can never overthrow.

That part of the park called the High Park hath been lately subdivided by Sir Arthur Haselrig, to make pastures for his breed of colts, and other parts plowed up. Of the whole saith Roffus Warwicensis, in MS. Hen. I., p. 122, *Fecit iste rex parcum de Woodstock, cum palatio infra predictum parcum, qui parvus erat primus parvus Anglie, et continet in circuitu septem miliaria; constructus erat anno 14 hujus regis, aut parum post*. Without the park the king's demesne woods were, it cannot well be said now are, the timber being all sold off, and underwoods so cropt and spoiled by that beast the Lord Munson, and other greedy cattel, that they are hardly recoverable. Beyond which lieth Stonefield, and other manners that hold of Woodstock, with other woods, that have been aliened by former kings, but with reservation of liberty for his Majestie's deer, and other beasts of forrest, to harbour in at pleasure, as in due place is to be shewed.

No. III.

[The following extract from a letter is docketed by the Author "to be inserted as an illustration of *Woodstock*." It does not seem to have been included in any of the editions previous to that of 1871; but has been invariably printed since.]

OXFORD, Sept. 3.

Having got sight of a letter concerning the sickness and death of old Mr. Lenthal from a person of known worth and integrity, I could not conceal it from you, being, as I conceive, of publick concern, which letter was as followeth:

SIR—When I came to his presence he told me "he was very glad to see me, for he had two great works to do, and I must assist him in both: to fit his body for the earth, and his soul for heaven," to which purpose he desired me to pray with him. I told him the Church had appointed an office at the visitation of the sick, and I must use that. He said, "Yes, he chiefly desired the prayers of the Church," wherein he joined with a great fervency and devotion. After prayers he desired absolution. I told him I was very ready and willing to pronounce it, but he must first come to Christian contrition for the sins and failings of his life. "Well, sir," said he, "then instruct me to my duty."

I desired him to examine his life by the ten commandments, and wherein he found his failings to fly to the gospel for mercy. Then I read the ten commandments in order to him, mentioning the principal sins against each commandment. To pass by other things (under the seal of this office), when I came to the fifth

commandment, and remembered him that disobedience, rebellion, and schism were the great sins against this commandment—"Yes, sir," he said, "there's my trouble, my disobedience, not against my natural parents, but against the *pater patrie*, our deceased sovereign. I confess with Saul [Paul] I held their clothes whilst they murdered him, but herein I was not so criminal as Saul was, for God thou knowest I never consented to his death. I ever prayed and endeavoured what I could against it, but I did too much, Almighty God forgive me."

I then desired him to deal freely and openly in that business, and if he knew any of those villains that plotted or contrived that horrid murder which were not yet detected, now to discover 'em. He answered, "He was a stranger to that business, his soul never entered into that secret, but what concerns myself," said he, "I will confess freely. Three things are especially laid to my charge, wherein I am indeed too guilty: that I went from the Parliament to the army, that I proposed the bloody question for trying the King, and that I sat after the King's death. To the first I may give this in answer, that Cromwell and his agents deceived a wiser man than myself, that excellent King, and then might well deceive me also, and so they did. I knew the Presbyterians would never restore the King to his just rights; these men swore they would."

"For the second no excuse can be made: but I have the King's pardon, and I hope Almighty God will grant me His mercy also. Yet, sir," said he, "even then, when I put the question, I hoped the very putting the question would have cleared him, because I believed four for one were against it: but they deceived me also."

"To the third I make this candid confession, that 'twas my own baseness, and cowardice and unworthy fear to submit my life and estate to the mercy of those men that murdered the King, that hurried me on against my own conscience to act with them. Yet then I thought I might do some good and hinder some ill. Something I did for the church and universities, something for the King when I broke the oath of abjuration, as that Sir O—B— and yourself knows, something also for his return, as my L. G., and Mr. J—T—, and yourself know, but the ill I did overweighed the little good I would have done. God forgive me for this also."

After this I remembered him that the Fathers of the Church also had been barbarously murdered and ruined, and asked whether he had any hand or gave any consent therein. He answered, "None: for he always did believe that was the primitive and best government of the church," and said he died a dutiful son of the Church of England as it was established before these times: for he had not yet seen the alteration of the liturgy.

After this office, wherein he indeed showed himself a very hearty penitent, he again desired the absolution of the church, which I then pronounced, and which he received with much content and satisfaction: for, says he, "Now—now indeed do I feel the joy and benefit of that office which Christ hath left in His church." Then praying for the King, that he might long and happily reign over us, and for the peace of the church, he again desired prayers. The next day he received the sacrament, and after that work I desired him to express himself to Dr. Pickenson, a learned physician, Fellow of Merton College, who received the sacrament with him, concerning the King's death, because he had only done it to me in confession: which he did to the same effect as he had spake to me. The rest of his time was spent in devotion and penitential meditations to his last.

'Twere vain to add one word to this letter, yet who can but observe that September the 3d, the day of renowned Montrose's banishment, of the battles of Dunbar and Worcester, and of that monster Oliver Cromwell's death, was also the day when Master Lenthall, Speaker of that long and fatal Parliament, ended his life: the candour and manner of whose departure such as were members (if yet there be any rumps of that rump) will do well to imitate.

NOTES TO WOODSTOCK

NOTE 1.—JOHN'S CHURCH, WOODSTOCK, p. 1

LITTLE remains now of this ancient church, it being rebuilt in 1785, except on the southern side, where a portion of the old structure, with a Norman doorway, is still preserved (*Laing*).

NOTE 2.—VINDICATION OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, p. 8

The author of this singular and rare tract indulges in the allegorical style, till he fairly hunts down the allegory.

But as for what you call porridge, who hatched the name I know not, neither is it worth the inquiring after, for I hold porridge good food. It is better to a sick man than meat, for a sick man will sooner eat pottage than meat. Pottage will digest with him when meat will not : pottage will nourish the blood, fill the veins, run into every part of a man, make him warmer ; so will these prayers do, set our soul and body in a heat, warm our devotion, work fervency in us, lift up our soul to God. For there be herbs of God's own planting in our pottage as you call it—the Ten Commandments, dainty herbs to season any pottage in the world : there is the Lord's Prayer, and that is a most sweet pot-herb cannot be denied ; then there is also David's herbs, his prayers and psalms, helps to make our pottage relish well ; the psalm of the blessed Virgin, a good pot-herb. Though they be, as some term them, *cock-crowd* pottage, yet they are as sweet, as good, as dainty, and as fresh as they were at the first. The sun hath not made them sour with its heat, neither hath the cold water taken away their vigor and strength. Compare them with the Scriptures, and see if they be not as well seasoned and crumbed. If you find anything in them that is either too salt, too fresh, or too bitter, that herb shall be taken out and better put in, if it can be got, or none. And as in kitchen pottage there are many good herbs, so there is likewise in this church pottage, as you call it. For first, there is in kitchen pottage good water to make them ; so, on the contrary, in the other pottage there is the water of life. 2. There is salt to season them ; so in the other is a prayer of grace to season their hearts. 3. There is oatmeal to nourish the body ; in the other is the bread of life. 4. There is thyme in them to relish them, and it is very wholesome : in the other is the wholesome exhortation not to harden our heart while it is called to-day. This relisheth well. 5. There is a small onion to give a taste ; in the other is a good herb, called Lord have mercy on us. These and many other holy herbs are contained in it, all boiling in the heart of man, will make as good pottage as the world can afford, especially if you use these herbs for digestion—the herb repentance, the herb grace, the herb faith, the herb love, the herb hope, the herb good works, the herb piety, the herb zeal, the herb fervency, the herb ardency, the herb constancy, with many more of this nature, most excellent for digestion.

Ohe! jam salis. In this manner the learned divine hunts his metaphor at a very cold scent, through a pamphlet of six mortal quarto pages.

NOTE 3.—RERE-SUPPERS, p. 185

Rere-suppers (*quasi arrière*) belonged to a species of luxury introduced in the jolly days of King James's extravagance, and continued through the subsequent reign. The supper took place at an early hour, six or seven o'clock at latest ; the rere-supper was a postliminary banquet—a *hors d'œuvre*, which made its appearance at ten or eleven, and served as an apology for prolonging the entertainment till midnight.

NOTE 4.—DR. MICHAEL HUDSON, p. 203

Michael Hudson, the 'plain-dealing' chaplain of King Charles I., resembled, in his loyalty to that unfortunate monarch, the fictitious character of Doctor

Rochecleiffe; and the circumstances of his death were copied in the narrative of the Presbyterian's account of the slaughter of his schoolfellow. He was chosen by Charles I., along with John Ashburnham, as his guide and attendant, when he adopted the ill-advised resolution of surrendering his person to the Scots army.

He was taken prisoner by the Parliament, remained long in their custody, and was treated with great severity. He made his escape for about a year [two months] in 1647, was retaken, and again escaped in 1648; and, heading an insurrection of Cavaliers, seized on a strong moated house in Lincolnshire [Northamptonshire], called Woodford [Woodcroft] House. He gained the place without resistance; and there are among Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa* several accounts of his death, among which we shall transcribe that of Bishop Kenneth, as the most correct and concise:

"I have been on the spot," saith his lordship, "and made all possible inquiries, and find that the relation given by Mr. Wood may be a little rectified and supplied.

"Mr. Hudson and his beaten party did not fly to Woodcroft, but had quietly taken possession of it, and held it for a garrison, with a good party of horse, who made a stout defense, and frequent sallies, against a party of the Parliament at Stanford, till the colonel commanding there sent a stronger detachment, under a captain, his own kinsman, who was shot from the house, upon which the colonel himself came up to renew the attack and demand surrender, and brought them to capitulate upon terms of safe quarter. But the colonel, in base revenge, commanded they should not spare that rogue Hudson. Upon which Hudson fought his way up to the leads; and when he saw they were pushing in upon him, threw himself over the battlements [another account says he caught hold of a spout or outstone], and hung by the hands as intending to fall into the moat beneath, till they cut off his wrists and let him drop, and then ran down to hunt him in the water, where they found him paddling with his stumps, and barbarously knocked him on the head."—Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, Book ix.

Other accounts mention he was refused the poor charity of coming to die on land, by one Egborough, servant to Mr. Spinks, the intruder into the parsonage. A man called Walker, a chandler or grocer, cut out the tongue of the unfortunate divine, and showed it as a trophy through the country. But it was remarked, with vindictive satisfaction, that Egborough was killed by the bursting of his own gun; and that Walker, obliged to abandon his trade through poverty, became a scorned mendicant.

For some time a grave was not vouchsafed to the remains of this brave and loyal divine, till one of the other party said, "Since he is dead, let him be buried."

NOTE 5.—CANNIBALISM IMPUTED TO THE CAVALIERS, p. 246

The terrors preceding the civil wars, which agitated the public mind, rendered the grossest and most exaggerated falsehoods current among the people. When Charles I. appointed Sir Thomas Lunsford to the situation of Lord Lieutenant of the Tower, the celebrated John Lillburn takes to himself the credit of exciting the public hatred against this officer and Lord Digby, as pitiless bravoos of the most bloody-minded description, from whom the people were to expect nothing but bloodshed and massacre. Of Sir Thomas Lunsford, in particular, it was reported that his favorite food was the flesh of children, and he was painted like an ogre in the act of cutting a child into steaks and broiling them. The colonel fell at the siege of Bristol in 1643, but the same calumny pursued his remains, and the credulous multitude were told,

The post who came from Coventry,
Riding in a red rocket,
Did tidings tell how Lunsford fell,
A child's hand in his pocket.

Many allusions to this report, as well as to the credulity of those who believed it, may be found in the satires and lampoons of the time, although, says Dr. Grey, Lunsford was a man of great sobriety, industry, and courage. Butler says, that the preachers

Made children with their lives to run for't,
As bad as Bloodybones or Lunsford.

But this extraordinary report is chiefly insisted upon in a comedy called *The Old Troop*, written by John Lacy, the comedian. The scene is laid during the civil wars of England, and the persons of the drama are chiefly those who were

in arms for the King. They are represented as plundering the country without mercy, which Lacy might draw from the life, having, in fact, begun his career as a lieutenant of cavalry, in the service of Charles I. The troopers find the peasants loth to surrender to them their provisions, on which, in order to compel them, they pretend to be in earnest in the purpose of eating the children. A scene of coarse but humorous comedy is then introduced, which Dean Swift had not, perhaps, forgotten, when he recommended the eating of the children of the poor as a mode of relieving the distresses of their parents.

Lieutenant. Second me, and I'll make them bring out all they have, I warrant you. Do but talk as if we used to eat children. . . . Why, look you, good woman, we do believe you are poor, so we'll make a shift with our old diet; you have children in the town?

Woman. Why do you ask, sir?

Lieutenant. Only have two or three to supper. Flea-flint, you have the best way of cooking children.

Flea-flint. I can powder them to make you taste your liquor. I am never without a drier child's tongue or ham.

Woman. O! bless me!

Flea-flint. Mine's but the ordinary way; but Ferret-farm is the man; he makes you the savoriest pie of a child chaldron that ever was eat.

Lieutenant. A plague! all the world cannot cook a child like Mr. Raggou [a French cook or messman to the troop, and the buffoon of the piece].

Raggou. Begar me tink so; for vat was me bred in de King of Mogul's kitchen for? Tere ve kill twenty shild of a day. Take you one shild by both his two heels, and put his head between your two leg, den take your great a knife and slice off all de buttock,—so fashion; begar, that make a de best Scots collop in de varle.

Lieutenant. Ah, he makes the best pottage of a child's head and purtenance; but you must boil it with bacon. *Woman,* you must get bacon.

Ford. And then it must be very young.

Lieutenant. Yes, yes, Good woman, it must be a fine squab child, of half a year old—a man child, dost hear?

Woman. O Lord—yes, sir!—*The Old Troop, Act iii.*

After a good deal more to this purpose, the villagers determine to carry forth their sheep, poultry, etc., to save their children. In the mean time, the Cavaliers are in some danger of being cross-bit, as they then called it; that is, caught in their own snare. A woman enters, who announces herself thus:—

Nurse. By your leaves, your good worships, I have made bold to bring you in some provisions.

Ferret. Provisions! where, where is thy provisions?

Nurse. Here, an't please you, I have brought you a couple of fine fleshy children

Cornet. Was ever such a horrid woman! what shall we do?

Nurse. Truly, gentlemen, they are fine squab children: shall I turn them up? They have the bravest brawny buttocks.

Lieutenant. No, no; but, woman, art thou not troubled to part with thy children?

Nurse. Alas, they are none of mine, sir, they are but nurse children. . . .

Lieutenant. What a beast is this!—whose children are they?

Nurse. A Londoner's that owes me for a year's nursing; I hope they'll prove excellent meat; they are twins too.

Raggou. Aha, but! but begar we never eat no twin shild, de law forbid that.—(Act iv.)

In this manner the Cavaliers escape from the embarrassing consequences of their own stratagem, which, as the reader will perceive, has been made use of in chapter xx.

NOTE 6.—WILL D'AVENANT AND SHAKSPEARE, p. 304

This gossiping tale is to be found in the *Variorum Shakspeare*. D'Avenant did not much mind throwing out hints in which he sacrificed his mother's character to his desire of being held a descendant from the admirable Shakspeare.

NOTE 7.—"BESIDES, BY ALL THE VILLAGE BOYS," p. 304

We observe this couplet in Fielding's farce of *Tumble-down-Dick*, founded on the same classical story. As it was current in the time of the Commonwealth, it must have reached the author of *Tom Jones* by tradition; for no one will suspect the present author of making the anachronism.

NOTE 8.—DR. ROCHECLIFFE'S QUOTATIONS, p. 351

The quotations of the learned doctor and antiquary were often left uninterpreted, though seldom uncommunicated, owing to his contempt for those who did not understand the learned languages, and his dislike to the labor of translation, for the benefit of ladies and of country gentlemen. That fair readers and rural thanes may not on this occasion burst in ignorance, we add the meaning of the passage in the text—"Virtue requires the aid of a governor and a director: vices are learned without a teacher."

NOTE 9.—THE FAMILISTS, p. 356

The Familists were originally founded by David George of Delft, an enthusiast, who believed himself the Messiah. They branched off into various sects of Grimletonians, Familists of the Mountains, of the Valleys, Familists of Cape Otter, etc. etc., of the Scattered Flock, etc. etc. Among doctrines too wild and foul to be quoted, they held the lawfulness of occasional conformity with any predominant sect when it suited their convenience, of complying with the order of any magistrate, or superior power, however sinful. They disowned the principal doctrines of Christianity, as a law which had been superseded by the advent of David George: nay, obeyed the wildest and loosest dictates of evil passions, and are said to have practised among themselves the grossest libertinism. See Edwards's *Gangrena*, Pagitt's *Heresiography*, and a very curious work written by Ludovic Claxton, one of the leaders of the sect, called the *Lost Sheep Found*, small quarto, London, 1660.

NOTE 10.—PATRICK CAREY, p. 382

"You do not know Patrick Carey," says King Charles in the novel: and, what is more singular, Patrick Carey has had two editors, each unknown alike to the other, except by name only. In 1771, Mr. John Murray published Carey's *Poems*, from a collection said to be in the hands of the Rev. Mr. Pierrepont Crimp (Crompt). A very probable conjecture is stated, that the author was only known to private friendship. As late as 1819, the Author of *Waverley*, ignorant of the edition of 1771, published a second quarto from an elaborate manuscript, though in bad order, apparently the autograph of the poet. Of Carey, the second editor, like the first, only knew the name and the spirit of the verses. He has since been enabled to ascertain that the poetic Cavalier was a younger brother of the celebrated Henry Lord Carey, who fell at the battle of Newbury, and escaped the researches of Horace Walpole, to whose list of noble authors he would have been an important addition. So completely has the fame of the great Lord Falkland eclipsed that of his brothers, that this brother Patrick has been overlooked even by genealogists.

NOTE 11.—SIGNAL OF DANGER, p. 392

On a particular occasion, a lady, suspecting, by the passage of a body of guards through her estate, that the arrest of her neighbor, Patrick Home of Polwarth, afterwards first Earl of Marchmont, was designed, sent him a feather by a shepherd boy, whom she dared not trust with a more explicit message. Danger sharpens the intellect, and this hint was the commencement of those romantic adventures which gave Grizzel Lady Murray the materials from which she compiled her account of her grandfather's escape, published by Mr. Thomas Thomson, Deputy Register of Scotland. The anecdote of the feather does not occur there, but the Author has often heard it from the late Lady Diana Scott, the lineal descendant and representative of Patrick Earl of Marchmont.

NOTE 12.—TREDAGH, p. 435

Tredagh, or Drogheda, was taken by Cromwell in 1649, by storm, and the governor and whole garrison put to the sword.

NOTE 13.—BEVIS, p. 465

It may interest some readers to know, that Bevis, the gallant hound, one of the handsomest and most active of the ancient Highland deer-hounds, had his prototype in a dog called Maida, the gift of the late Chief of Glengarry to the Author. A beautiful sketch of him was made by Edwin Landseer, and afterwards engraved. I cannot suppress the avowal of some personal vanity when I mention, that a friend, going through Munich, picked up a common snuff-box, such as are sold for one franc, on which was displayed the form of this veteran favorite, simply marked as "Der Lieblingshund von Walter Scott." Mr. Landseer's painting is at Blair Adam, the property of my venerable friend, the Right Honourable Lord Chief Commissioner Adam.

GLOSSARY

OF

WORDS, PHRASES, AND ALLUSIONS

Accord, harmony
Achor, valley of (p. 438).

See Joshua vii.

Actum atque tractatum, done and treated of

Adjutor, a misconception for *agitator*, a soldier of the Parliamentary forces chosen by his comrades to look after their common interests

Adust, looking as if burned or scorched

Æger intemperans, etc. (p. 470), an intractable patient makes the doctor cruel, and a wound that will not heal must be cut out with the knife

Ail, to prevent, hinder

A la mort, all melancholy, despondent

Alert, *alerte*, *an*, an alarm, surprise, sudden attack

Alicant, a strong, sweet Spanish wine, made at Alicante

Aliquid divini, something of the divine about it

Allen Thomas, mathematician (1542-1632), regarded by the vulgar as a magician

Alieyn Edward, actor (1566-1626), and founder of Dulwich College, London

Ambagitory, circumlocutory

Andrew Ferrara, a Scottish broadsword

Apelles, a famous painter of ancient Greece (Asia Minor)

Areopagus, a court of ancient Athens, which safeguarded the purity of religious faith

Argalus. See footnote on p. 55 above

"*As gentle and as jocund*," etc. (p. 417), from *Richard II.*, Act i. sc. 3

Aston, *Sir Jacob*, more probably it should be *Sir*

Arthur Aston (d. 1649), the only general officer of the Catholic religion in the Royalist army

Athenæ Ozonienses. See Wood, Anthony a

Athenodorus, a Stoic philosopher, a native of Tarsus, who possessed some influence with the Roman Emperor Augustus

Badenoch, a wild district in the southeast of Inverness-shire

Ballads, *bid him go sell his*. See *Bid him go*, etc.

Bannatyne, an Edinburgh literary club, founded in 1833 by Sir Walter Scott and others, for printing rare works illustrating Scottish history, topography, literature, etc. It was dissolved in 1861

Bastinado, a mode of punishment by beating the soles of the feet, in Turkey and Persia

Baxter, Master, the celebrated Presbyterian divine (1615-1691), author of *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*

Bedlam. *Tom of*. See *Tom of Bedlam*

Bevis of Hampton or *Southampton*, hero of a mediæval romance of chivalry

Bide the bit and the buffet, endure a good meal as well as a blow

Bid him go sell his ballads (p. 451). The origin of this saying is probably the anecdote recorded (*Biog. Brit.*, p. 631) of General Lesley, when the Cavalier poet, John Cleveland, was brought before him with nothing in his pockets except political ballads

Bilbo, or *Bilboa*, a sword, made at Bilboa in Spain

Bilked, tricked, deceived

Black-jack, a beer-jug, made of waxed leather

Blaud, a rough blow

Blenheim, the seat presented to the great Duke of Marlborough by the English nation, planned by Sir John Vanburgh (q. v.)

Bobadil, Captain, a character in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humor*

Bon camarado, a good comrade

Bonos socios, good comrades

Booth and Middleton, rising of, at Chester in August 1659, the leaders being George Booth and Sir Thomas Middleton

Bottle, oracle of. The search for Bacchus, the oracular bottle that was to give an answer to the question, "Shall Panurge marry or not?" is described in Rabelais's *Pantagruel*, Books iv. and v.

Boulter, boulder, large stone

Bow-pot, or *bough-pot*, a pot or vase for holding boughs or flowers

Brambletye House, "or *Cavaliers and Roundheads*," a historical novel (1826), by Horace Smith

Bread of Gude, God's bread, an oath

Brentford, attack on. There in 1642 the Royalists defeated the Parliamentary troops

Brown baker, a baker of brown bread

Brownist, an adherent of Robert Brown (1550-1630), who dissented from the Church of England

- form of church government
Bucephalus, the favorite war-horse of Alexander the Great
Buckingham, Duke of (rising of), in Surrey in 1648
Bulla, an ornament worn by young Romans round the neck, but laid aside on attaining manhood
Bustled, bustled
Butler (p. 480). See *Hudibras*, Part III. canto ii. lines 1112, 1113
Cambyzes's vein. See King Cambyzes's vein
Canted, tilted, turned in a slanting position
Carolus, a gold coin struck in the reign of Charles (Lat. *Carolus*) I., and worth 20s. or a little more
Cebes, Emblem of (p. 327), a table exhibiting the dangers and temptations of human life, described in a little book by Cebes, a philosopher of Thebes, and a pupil and friend of Socrates
Century White. See *Peve- ril of the Peak*, Note 1
Chaldron, or chaudron, entrails
Cheat, nubbing. See *Trine* to the nubbing cheat
Cheveron, or chevron, a glove
Choused, cheated, defrauded
City Petition, craving the abolition of Episcopacy, presented by Alderman Pennington on 11th Dec. 1641, and said to have been signed by 20,000 citizens of London
Clarendon, Edward Hyde, Earl of, minister of Charles II. after the Restoration, and historian.
Clefts, split wood for fuel
Clouterly, clumsy, awkward
Cock-crowed, that the cock has crowed over of a morning, i.e. no longer fresh, stale
Colchester was reduced, by Fairfax in August 1648; two of the Royalist defenders, Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, were executed by the victors. See *Defoe, Tour in the Eastern Counties* (1724)
Collet, the edge round the setting of a precious stone
Collaries omnium gentium, refuse, off-scourings of all nations
Comus, a poem (1634), by Milton
Concatenation accordingly, in a (p. 124). This phrase is put by Goldsmith into the mouth of one of Tony Lumpkin's boon companions in *She Stoops to Conquer*, Act i. sc. 2
Conformable, suitable, becoming to one's rank or condition
Conspiracy, horrors of (p. 268), an allusion to Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, Act ii. sc. 1
Cordovan, made at Cordoba or Cordova in Spain
Corps de garde, the guard or sentinel detachment
Couteau de chasse, a hanger, hunting-knife
Cowley, Abraham, poet (1618-1667), famous for his ingenuity and versatility of mind
C. R. (p. 10), *Carolus Rex*, i.e. King Charles
Croats, a Slav people dwelling between the Adriatic and Hungary, who furnished excellent light cavalry to the Imperial armies during the Thirty Years, Seven Years, and other wars
Cross (in purse), money stamped or marked with a cross
Culverin, an early form of cannon, very long in shape
Cutter's law, that those who have something shall share with those who have nothing; "cutter" means a ruffian, bravo
Dean, Forest of. See *Forest of Dean*
Dedalian labyrinth, constructed in the island of Crete, to keep the Minotaur, by an Athenian inventor named Dædalos
Defensio Populi Anglicani, by Milton, was written (1651) to justify the execution of Charles I., in reply to the Dutch scholar Salmasius
Demas. See *Second Epistle to Timothy* iv. 10
De quoi, the wherewithall, the essential thing
Der Lieblingshund von Walter Scott, Walter Scott's favorite dog
Deus adjutor meus, the Lord is my helper
Devinctus beneficio, bound by kindness
Digby, Lord, first Earl of Bristol (1580-1651), statesman of Charles I., proposed Lunsford for the post of lieutenant of the Tower
Divertisement, amusement, pastime
Dog, story of desertion by (p. 47), is told in Froissart's *Chronicles*, trans. Johnes, vol. iv. chap. cxxxii.
Dorset killed the Lord Bruce. See *The Guardian*, Nos. 120, 133. The duel was fought at Bergen-op-Zoom in Holland in 1613
Doone, John, poet (1573-1631), famous for his wit and his handsome person
Dowsets, or doucets, testicles of the deer
Drayton, Mike, poet (1569-1631), author of the geographical account of Great Britain entitled *Polyolbion*, and the dainty piece of fancy, the poem *Nymphidia*
Drumble, to be confused, mumble
Drummond of Hawthornden, Scottish poet (1585-1649) a fervent admirer of Charles I.
Dudgeon-dagger, a small dagger, with an ornamental wooden haft
Dunkirk, was taken by the forces of Cromwell in 1658
Dunny, deaf, dull of apprehension
Dutch-land, or Deutsch-land, Germany
Edwards, Master, Thomas Edwards, a fanatical Puritan divine, author of *Gangræna, or a Catalogue of Many of the Errors, Blasphemies, and Pernicious Practices of the Sectaries of this Time* (1646)
Ehud (p. 435). See *Judges* iii.
En berger, en bergère, after the manner of the

- swains and shepherdesses in pastoral poetry
Ethnic, heathen, non-Christian
Ewelme, or *Ewelme*, a village 3 miles from Wallingford in Oxfordshire
Euryalus. See *Nisus*
- Falkland, Lord*, Lucius Cary, a gallant adherent of Charles I., who fell at Newbury, 20th September 1643
- Family of Love*. See *Love*, *Family of*
- Fauconberg, Thomas*
Belayse, Earl, son and grandson of Royalists, went over to Cromwell, and in 1667 married his daughter Mary
- Faustus*, Dr. Faust of the well-known German legend
- Fecit iste Rex*, etc. (p. 477). This king made the park of Woodstock, and the palace there; this was the first park in England, and measured seven miles in circumference; it was laid out in the fourteenth year of this king, or a little later
- Fielding's "TUMBLE-DOWN-DICK."* See *Tumble-down-Dick*
- Foin*, to thrust in fencing
- Forest of Dean*, an ancient forest in Gloucestershire
- Fortune playhouse*, in Aldersgate, London, opened in 1600
- Fox* (broadsword), an old slang expression for a sword
- Frank*, a pen, pig-sty, used jocularly
- Frayed*, frightened, terrified
- Fugit ad salices*, fled (for refuge) to the willows (or osiers)
- Fuller, Thomas*, the shrewd and kindly divine of the Church of England (1630-61)
- Galloway nag*, a horse of small breed, under fourteen hands high
- Gamashes*, leggings
- Gambade*, a curvet, gambol
- Gardner, Saunders*. See *Know* (to) Duke of Norfolk, etc.
- Garr'd*, made, caused, forced
- Gate of horn* (p. 232). According to the ancients, dreams come to us through two gates—one of ivory, these are illusory; the other of horn, which alone prove true
- Gear*, business, affair
- "Gentle daughter,"* etc. (p. 20), from *Henry IV.*, Part II. Act ii. sc. 3
- Glanville, Joseph*, Church of England clergyman, who, though something of a rationalizer, defended the belief in *Witches and Witchcraft* (1666)
- Goring, Lord George*, Royalist cavalry general in the Civil War
- Gossiped*, friendship, good-fellowship
- Grandfather of Navarre*, Henry of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. of France
- Grand Monarque*, Louis XIV. of France (1643-1715)
- Grand Seigneur*, or *Signior*, the sultan of the Turks
- Green's "ARCADIA,"* or *Menaphon* (1599), by Robert Greene, author of *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*
- Grey, Dr. Zachary*, edited an edition of *Hudibras* (1744), with copious notes
- Grouthead*, or *growthead*, a lout, blockhead
- Guardian, The*, a periodical issued by Steele in 1713 as successor to *The Spectator*
- Gudgeoned*, cheated, imposed on
- Guy of Warwick*, hero of a mediæval romance of chivalry
- Haie*, or *hay*, a snare or net for catching rabbits and other animals
- Hail*, whole
- Hammond, Robert*, a Parliamentary officer, upon whose protection Charles I. threw himself after his escape from Hampton Court in November 1647, and from whom he was torn by the Army in the November following
- Hampden, John*, champion of liberty, a leader of the Long Parliament, and an opponent of Charles I.
- Hans en kelder* (p. 469), Jack in the cellar, a favorite Dutch toast to an expected "little stranger," drunk in a peculiar cup, out of which, when the wine was poured in, the figure of a tiny infant rose to the surface
- Haro*, or *harrow*, a cry for help, of indignation, lamentation
- Harrington's "OCEANA,"* a book, written partly as a romance, partly as a philosophical treatise, by James Harrington, to demonstrate the ideally best form of government
- Harrison's Rota Club*, more correctly *James Harrington's*, formed in November 1659 to discuss the political theories laid down in his *Oceana* (1656). See *Harrington's Oceana* above
- Hearne at Windsor*, a spectral hunter. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv. sc. 4
- Hebe*, in ancient Greek mythology, cupbearer to the Gods in Olympus
- Hemminge*, or *Heming*, John, fellow-actor (d. 1630) of Shakespeare, and editor (with Condell) of the first folio edition of Shakespeare's plays
- Henry of Bolingbroke and the dog*. See *Dog*, etc.
- Henry of France*, his grandfather. Charles I. of England married Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV. of France
- Henry Quatre*, Henry IV. of France
- Hertford, Marquis of*, William Seymour, appointed tutor or governor to Charles (II.) in 1642
- Highgate oath*, said to have been formerly exacted from travelers passing over Highgate Hill, on the north side of London, that they would never eat brown bread when they could get white, etc., but with the proviso, "unless they preferred it"
- "Himself he on an earwig set,"* etc. (p. 308), from Drayton's *Nymphidia, the Court of Fairy* (1627)
- Hogs-Norton*, noodles of. See *Noodles*, etc.
- Holland, Lord* (rising of), in Surrey in 1648

Hollinshed, or Holinshed Richard, English chronicler of the 16th century, *HolYROOD, palace of, in flames* (p. 176). The abbey and palace of Holyrood were burned by the English under the Earl of Hertford (Protector Somerset) in 1544.

Horn, gate of. See Gate of horn

Hors d'œuvre, an extra dish, meal

Hot, hit, struck

Hough, hock-joint

Hudibras, the poem (1662-78) by Samuel Butler, satirizing the Puritans

Hudson, Dr. Michael, escaped in November 1647, and was recaptured in January 1648 (to correct Note 4, p. 479)

Hunt counter, to go away from the game, back along the track

Hyde. See Clarendon, Earl of

"**I'll so maul you**," etc. (p. 298), from *King John*, Act iv. sc. 3

In cuerpo, without upper cloak, with body exposed

In verbo sacerdotis, on the word of a priest

Ipse dixit, the mere statement, simple assertion

Isis, the name given to the Thames above Oxford

Jack of Leyden. See Leyden, Jack of

January, Thirtieth, date of the beheading of Charles I.

J. B. (motto to chap. v. p. 57), James Ballantyne, the printer, "Where is this from?" asked Ballantyne on the proof-sheet. "The Devil," wrote Scott; but crossing that out, he substituted "J. B."

Jeanneton, the typical simpleton of the French pastoral romances

Joad'd, or jowled, dashed with violence

Juvenal, a Roman satirical poet of the 1st century A. D.

Keimbolton, or Kimbolton, Lord, earlier title of the Parliamentary general, the Earl of Manchester

Killigrew, Thomas, groom of the bedchamber to Charles II., a witty rep-

robate and manager of the king's players

King Cambyse's vein, an allusion to the chief character, a blustering, noisy, ranting fellow, in *Cambyse, King of Persia*, a play by Thomas Preston

Knipperdolling, or Knipperdolling, Bernhard, an Anabaptist leader at Münster in 1534-35. See further Leyden, Jack of

Knoar (to) brice of Norfolk from *Satanstoe's Garden* (p. 217). A proverbial expression. "I believe the genuine reading is to teach a man to know the Lord his God from Tam Frazer" (Scott's marginal note on proof-sheet)

Laban, "You have," etc. (p. 358). See Genesis xxxi. 30

La Belle Gabrielle, Gabrielle d'Estrées, mistress of Henry IV. of France

Lacy, John. See Note 5, p. 480

Lambert, John, republican soldier of the Fifth Monarchy type, and long a supporter of Cromwell

Lance-prisade, or lance-pesade, a sort of temporary corporal

Latus clavus, the broad stripe placed on a young Roman noble's tunic when he became a senator

Laving, lifting up water and pouring it into a utensil, lading out

Leaguer, a fortified camp

Leaked, voided urine

Lee Victor sic voluit, such was the will of Victor Lee

Leslie, David, a soldier under Gustavus Augustus of Sweden, and later under Alexander Leslie, Earl of Leven, whom Cromwell defeated at Dunbar in 1650

Levant, a signal with a trumpet

Leyden, Jack of, or Johann Borchholdt, who had himself crowned "king of the New Zion" that the Anabaptists established at Münster, in 1534-35, where they indulged in the wildest excesses

"**Like sweet bells jangled**," etc. (p. 309), *Hamlet*, from Act iii. sc. 1

Lillburn, or Lilburne,

John, a Leveller or ultra-republican, a turbulent agitator of the time of Charles I. and Cromwell

Lindbrades (p. 341), a woman of easy virtue, the name is borrowed from the heroine of *The Mirror of Knighthood*, a 16th-century translation of a Spanish romance of chivalry

Lindor, the literary type of the love-sick swain in Spanish literature

Lobster, nickname for a soldier, because of his red coat

Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, son of Henry II. and (according to untenable tradition) Rosamond Clifford

Love, Family of, or Familists, a division of the Anabaptists, traced to the Dutchman, David Joris or George; they made some stir in England in the times of Elizabeth and James I. See Note 9, p. 482

Lucretius, a Roman poet, of the 1st century B. C., a professed disbeliever in religious influences

Lunsford, Sir Thomas, a Royalist commander. See further Note 5, p. 480

"**Made children**," etc. (p. 481), from *Hudibras*, Part III. canto ii. lines 1112, 1113

Madrier, the plank on which a petard was fixed or mounted

Magna Temporum, etc. (p. 470), happy are the times in which you are allowed to think what you like, and say what you think

Maher-shal-al-hash-baz, the son of Isaiah the prophet; the name signifies "The spoil speedeth, the prey hasteth," and points to the plundering of Damascus and Samaria shortly to take place by the king of Assyria. See Isaiah viii. 1-4

Make, or mait, a half-penny

Makebate, one who stirs up quarrels and dissensions

Makkedah, cave of (p. 440). See Joshua x.

Mallard, the wild drake, male of the common wild duck

- Malleus hæresis**, the hammer of heresy
- Manchet**, a small loaf of fine white bread
- Maravedi**, an old Spanish copper coin worth less than a farthing
- Mas John**, any Presbyterian divine (p. 254). The General Assembly ordained, just previous to the battle of Dunbar, that the King should do public penance for the sins of the crown
- Mask, man in the** (p. 289), the public executioner, who was masked when he performed his gruesome functions
- Mattan, slay** (p. 202). See 2 Kings xi. 18
- Meikle**, much, a good deal
- Mermaid**, a tavern in Cheapside, a favorite haunt of Ben Jonson and other wits in the 17th century
- Micelgemote**, great council of the kingdom, national assembly
- Moab, tyrant of** (p. 435). See Judges iii.
- Mogul, King of**, the Great Mogul or Emperor of Delhi in India
- Mohun**, an actor, was a major in the Royalist army
- Moriscoes**, the descendants of the Moors settled in Spain
- Mother Redcap**. Compare *Fortunes of Nigel*, Glossary
- Muggletonian**, a follower of Lodowick Muggleton (1607-97) and John Reeve, who claimed to be prophets and taught peculiar doctrines
- Muscadine**, a sweet, strong wine made in Italy and France
- Navarre, grandfather of**. See Grandfather of Navarre
- Newcastle, Duke of**, his book (p. 302), entitled *La Méthode at Invention Nouvelle de dresser les Chevaux* (1657), and adorned with very fine engravings, was written by the Duke of Newcastle, Charles I.'s general, who took great delight in training horses
- Nicholas, Sir Edward**, Secretary of State to Charles II. after the Restoration
- Nisi dignus vindice nodus**, unless the difficulty call for such a deliverer
- Nisus and Euryalus**, devoted friends, Nisus being a companion of Æneas. See Virgil's *Æneid*, Bk. ix.
- Noble**, a gold coin—6s. 8d.
- Nom de guerre**, pseudonym, nickname
- Noodles of Hogs-Norton**, an old English proverb, pointing to boorishness and stupidity
- Norfolk, Duke of**. See Know (to) Duke of Norfolk, etc.
- Nullifidian**, one who believes nothing, an unbeliever
- Nunc Dimittis**, the well-known canticle of the Prayer Book
- Nuzzled, or nuzzled**, hid the nose under the bedclothes
- Odds pittikins**, or *Ods pittikins*, a corruption of God's pity! a kind of oath
- Œil de bœuf**, an oval window, small octagonal hall
- O he, jam satís**, Ah! enough, enough!
- Orestes and Pylades**, cousins and devoted friends; Orestes was the son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra
- Other-guess, other-gates, or other-guise**, another sort or fashion
- Over-red**, to cover over with red coloring matter, to summon up courage against (*Macbeth*, Act v. sc. 3)
- Owen, Sir John**, attempted in 1648 to stir up North Wales for the King
- Pacatumque regit**, etc. (p. 471), he rules over a world at peace through the virtues of his forefathers
- Pagitt, Ephraim**, a London clergyman, author of *Heresiography, or Description of the Hereticks and Sectaries of these Latter Times* (1645)
- Parcel**, partly, to some extent
- Parma non bene relicta**, his shield being ingloriously left behind him
- Parthenia**. See footnote on p. 55 above
- Paschal**, Easter
- Passado**, a forward thrust in fencing
- Passmented**, laced
- Pater patria**, the father of his country
- Pax nascitur ex bello**, peace grows out of war
- Peaked, or peeked, peeped**, looked in a prying manner
- Penny-fee**, wages paid in money
- Percustum Egyptium**, etc. (p. 389), he hid in the sand the Egyptian that he had killed
- Periapt**, a charm, amulet
- Petronal**, a horseman's pistol or small carbine
- Philaster**, a character in a play (1620) with that title by Beaumont and Fletcher
- Philomath**, lover of learning
- Pirithous**. See Theseus
- Pis-aller**, the last resource
- Plait-il? Your pleasure?**
- Poins**, a character in Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*
- Point de cérémonie**, make no ceremony
- Point of war**, a signal by beat of drum or by trumpet
- Portugal piece**, a silver coin=8 reals=4s., sometimes called a piece of eight
- Pottle**, a measure of wine, a large tankard
- Prophet and frogs** (p. 358), an allusion to Revelation xvi. 13
- Prophets prophesy falsely**, etc. (p. 358), from Jeremiah v. 81
- Propria quæ maribus**, the right thing for men
- Prynne, Master**, an intemperate pamphleteer, and a bitter opponent of Laud, published in 1627 *The Unloveliness of Lovelockes*, an attack upon the Cavaliers
- Pulvis fulminans**, fulminating powder
- Purchas, Samuel**, author of *Purchas his Pilgrimage; or Relations of the World and the Religions observed in all Ages* (1613)
- Pylades**. See Orestes
- Pym, John**, a champion of liberty and opponent of Charles I., who impeached Buckingham, Strafford, and Laud

"*Qualiacunque roles*," etc. (p. 190). The Jews will sell you whatever dreams you wish for; from Juvenal's *Satires*, vi. 547

Quasi arrière, as it were *arrière*, i. e. behind, later

Quean, wench, woman of light reputation

Questing Hound, one that gives tongue when in pursuit of game

Quillet, a subtlety, nicety, quibble

Quoil down, to throw, hurl down

Rainsborough, one of Cromwell's officers, was killed, whilst resisting capture, by a party of Royalists sent from Pontefract, in an inn at Doncaster, on 29th October 1648

Ralpho, the Independent squire of *Hudibras* (q. v.)

Ranter, or *Fanlist*. See Note 9, p. 482

"*Rash Humor*," etc. (p. 150), from *Julius Cæsar*, Act iv. sc. 3

Ratio, reason, conclusion

Rectus in curia, right with the court, of good character before the court

"*Respect for thy great place*," etc. (p. 420), from *Measure for Measure*, Act v. sc. 1

Richard II., deserted by his dog. See *Dog*, etc.

Rocket, or *rochet*, a short cloak

Rondelai, a peculiar form of French verse

Rood, cross

Roquelaure, a short cloak worn by both men and women

Rota. See *Harrison's Rota Club*

Rouse, a bumper

Roxburghe, a book club, instituted in London in 1812, for printing old and rare books

Rustica Fidele, more correctly *Phidyle*, to whom Horace addressed the 23d Ode of the Third Book of his *Odes*

Sack-posset, a drink made of Canary wine, milk, etc.

St. John, Oliver (circa 1598-1673), lawyer, advised Hampden in the Ship Money affair, and was a partisan of Crom-

well, whose cousin he married

Salvo, reservation

Sanctum sanctorum, holy of holies, most private apartment

Sanhedrim, the national council of the Jews

Sasine and livery, in English law, livery with seisin, an old form of conveying land

Saviolo, Vincent, an Italian fencing-master, author of *V. Saviolo, his Practice* (1595), a work on the management of the weapons in a duel

Scald, or *scalled*, scurvy, paltry, contemptible

Scumber, to dung

Sedley, Sir Charles, a profligate wit and poet of the court of Charles II.

Selah, a word occurring at the end of certain verses in the Psalms and elsewhere in the Old Testament, apparently a musical term, but of unknown meaning

Seven Sleepers, noble youths of Ephesus, who were shut up in a cave during the persecution of the Christians by the Roman Emperor Decius, about 250; there they slept until the year 447, when they awakened for a short space, and then fell back into their last long sleep

Sicilian Vespers, the massacre of their French oppressors by the people of Sicily, on 30th March 1282

Siloe, or *Siloam tower* of, an allusion to St. Luke xiii. 4

Sinning against our mercies, being ungrateful for the favors of Providence—a Scotch phrase

Sisierary, a telling blow, vehement attack

Skeldering, living by begging, tricking, etc.

Skink, to pour out wine

Slie, sly

Slot, the track, footmarks

Snift, a snivel

Spadroon, a large two-handed sword

Spay'd, castrated

Splendida moles, a grand work

Squab, an unfledged bird, very young animal

Stirling, Lord, William Alexander, Earl of Stir-

ling, Scottish poet (died 1640)

Stow, John, English chronicler (1525-1605)

Stramacon, or *stramazone*, a wrist-stroke in fencing

Sub ferula, under the master's rod, under tutelage

Sully, Maximilian de Béthune, Duke of, minister to Henry IV. of France, and personally a man of surly and imperious temper

Swatting, moving rapidly and noisily in water

Tanquam deus ex machina, like the personal interference of a deity

Tartary boys, roving fellows, strictly the High Church Tories of James II.'s time

"*Telephus et Peleus*," etc. (p. 352), from Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 98, 97

Terras quas Rex, etc. (p. 477), lands which the king exchanged with the Templars

Tester, an old silver coin 6d.

Thebans, in ancient Greece, were twitted with being stupid

"*The post who came*," etc. (p. 480), altered from John Cleveland's poem, "*Rupertismus*" (*Works*, 1677)

"*There's such divinity*," etc. (p. 272), from *Hamlet*, Act iv. sc. 5

"*These thoughts may startle*," etc. (p. 307), from Milton's *Comus* (1634)

Theseus and Pirithous, devoted friends; Theseus being an Athenian hero and Pirithous one of the Lapithæ. See Homer's *Iliad*, Bk. ii.

Thirtieth, January, the date of the beheading of Charles I.

Tiffany, a kind of gauze or thin silk

Tike, or *tyke*, a dog, cur

Tire upon, to seize and tear the quarry

"*'Tis sport to have the engineer*," etc. (p. 417), from *Hamlet*, Act iii. sc. 4

Titus, bishopric of (p. 446). Titus the companion of St. Paul, was the first

- bishop of Gortyna (Crete)
- Toledo*, a sword made at Toledo in Spain
- Tompkin's and Challoner's matter*. In 1643 these gentlemen, with Waller and others, tried to form a party amongst the Londoners to mediate between the King and Parliament. Charles countenanced the movement. Chailoner and Tomkins were executed by order of the House of Commons
- Tom of Bedlam*, crazy pauper, an inmate of Bethlehem Hospital (for the Insane) in London
- Topiary art*, landscape-gardening
- "*To witch the world*," etc. (p. 303), from *Henry IV.*, Part I. Act iv. sc. 1
- Trevisses*, divisions between the stalls in a stable
- Trine to the rubbing cheat*, to hang on the galls
- Trinidado*, Trinidad tobacco
- Tuck*, a long, narrow sword, rapier
- Tumbledown-Dick*, or *Phœton in Suds*, by Henry Fielding, was acted at the Haymarket, London, in 1737
- Tutbury bull-running*. Under a charter granted by John of Gaunt in 1381, the minstrels in the honor of Tutbury, Staffordshire, held a court there every 16th August, and were allowed to chase a maddened bull, which, if they caught it before sunset, they were permitted to keep
- Umbles*, or *humbles*, entrails of the deer
- Unbated* (weapon), unblunted, having no button on the point
- Unco*, unusually, uncommonly
- Utopia*, an ideal state with an ideal society and an ideal government
- Valeat quantum*, so far as is requisite
- Vanburgh*, more correctly *Vanbrugh*, *Sir John*, dramatist and architect of the reigns of William III. and Anne
- Vane*, *Sir Henry*, a leader of the Independents and a bitter opponent of the Church of England
- Venus and Adonis*, Shakespeare's poem
- Verdurer*, an officer who has charge of the trees and underwood in a forest
- Verstegan*, *Richard*, an English antiquary, who died in 1635
- Vert and venison*, the forest trees and the game amongst them
- Vertumnus and Pomona*, The former, an Etruscan and Roman divinity, assumed various disguises; in order to gain access to Pomona, goddess of fruit-trees
- Vicars*, *John*, a Presbyterian zealot (1582-1652), who wrote a few poems
- Villiers*, *George*, second Duke of Buckingham, a fickle but brilliant courtier of Charles II.
- Vindex*, deliverer, liberator
- Vintry*, a portion of Thames Street, London, between London and Blackfriars Bridges, where the wine-merchants unshipped their wines
- Waller*, *Edmund*, poet, who praised both Cromwell and Charles I.
- Wanton*, with a, with a vengeance, mischief be to him (it)
- Watling Street*, an old Roman Road, running from Dover, through London (where was a street of this name) and York, to the North of England
- Weird*, destiny, fate
- Western Rising*. In 1645 the Royalists organized the Western Association of Cornwall, Devon, Somerset, and Dorset, as a counterpoise to the Parliamentary Association of the Eastern counties
- Whittle*, a large knife, usually carried at the girdle
- Who but you*, a peculiar form of emphasis, laying stress upon the person indicated
- "*Why, what an intricate impeach*," etc. (p. 300), from *Comedy of Errors*, Act v. sc. 1
- Widow of Watling Street*, an old English ballad
- Will*, *honest old*, Shakespeare
- Wilmot* (p. 60), Henry Earl of Rochester, father of John, second Earl of Rochester, the witty reprobate of Charles II.'s reign
- Wilmot* (p. 281), John Earl of Rochester
- Withers*, or *Wither*, *George*, poet and satirist (1588-1667)
- Wood*, *Anthony a*, antiquary and historian of Oxford, whose *Athenæ Oxonienses* (1691) gives a history of all Oxford's scholars and writers between 1500 and 1690
- Woodford House*, *Lincolnshire* (p. 480), should read Woodcroft House, Northamptonshire
- Word'st me, girl*, a reminiscence of *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v. sc. 2
- Wussing*, wishing
- Young Man* (p. 9), Prince Charles, afterwards Charles II., was at the time of the opening of this novel a fugitive in England, seeking to escape to the Continent
- "*You saw young Harry*," etc. (p. 303), from *Henry IV.*, Part I. Act iv. sc. 1

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